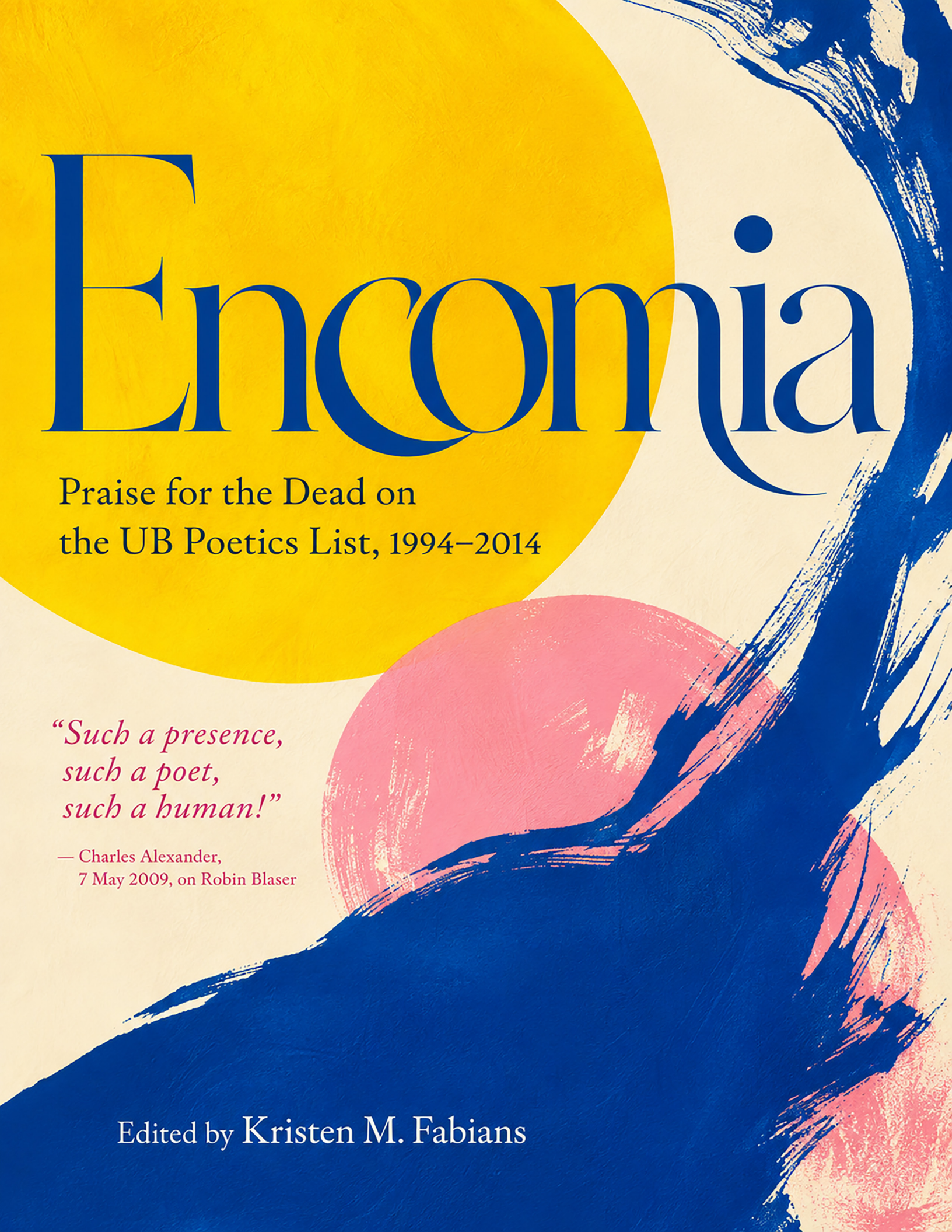
Encomia
Praise for the Dead on the UB Poetics List, 1994–2014
"Such a presence, such a poet, such a human!"
— Charles Alexander, 7 May 2009, on Robin Blaser
Edited by Kristen M. Fabians

# Encomia

*Praise for the Dead on the UB Poetics List, 1994–2014*

## 1994–2014

383 entries · 2156 messages · 472 hands

*“Such a presence, such a poet, such a human!”*
— charles alexander, 7 May 2009, on Robin Blaser

Edited by Kristen M. Fabians
*Collected from the UB Poetics List archive*

*From a single notice of Joe Brainard in May 1994 to the list writing its own in January 2014: four hundred and eight deaths, and what the room said about them.*

*Each entry opens with the initial post announcing a death and prints beneath it everything the list then wrote, in the order it arrived, whatever subject line it flew under. Every message is given whole. Life dates and the identification at the head of each note are verified from outside the archive where the list did not supply them. Notes on the contributors, and a fuller account of the editing, are at the back.*

# Introduction

*The Announcement and the Encomium*

A poetry list is built for argument, and for twenty years this one argued: about the canon, about the line, about who was permitted to say what and in whose voice. What is less often remembered is what happened when the arguing stopped. It stopped in a way so consistent that it amounts to a form. Somebody posted a subject line made of a name and two dates. Underneath it there was one plain sentence, and then the room answered. Charles Bernstein wrote that sentence more often than anyone — he opens thirty-two of these entries — and the version he sent late on 12 September 1997 is the one the form settled into: “I have very sad news to report. Hannah Weiner has died.” Two sentences, and the fact of it held back to the second. The quickest of them is Alan Sondheim's, at some point in the evening of 5 April 1997: “WCBS just announced Allen Ginsberg has died.” Seven words, and one hundred and sixteen messages after it.

What comes underneath is not, mostly, elegy. Elegy mourns; this room did something else, and the older word for it is the one on the cover. An encomium praises in public, on an occasion, in front of people who knew the person — and that is exactly the pressure these messages are written under. Robert Kelly on Stan Brakhage: his work “renewed our poetry, renewed our hearing as much as it renewed our vision. Bless him.” Charles Alexander on Donald Davie, who had given him “a permission to hear and think idiosyncratically, and with mind, ear, and heart”. Bernstein on Jackson Mac Low, beginning not with a fact but with a request — “Let me choose the kinds of light to light the passing of my friend”. Praise, in each case, of a very particular kind: not of the work in the abstract but of what the work did to the person writing.

The register's other voice is flatter and stranger, and it is the one that stays with me. Michael Heller opening the Armand Schwerner notice as though writing to a family rather than a listserv — “Dear Friends of Armand, Sad news. Armand died this morning at 9AM.” Hank Lazer, having told the list that Larry Eigner had died in the night, adding the only thing he could be sure of: “I will post additional obit/bio information in the next couple of days.” Bernstein, having placed Robert Creeley's death by the sun coming up over Odessa, Texas, stopping at “There will be time to say much more.” And, over and over, the disclaimer of standing. Christopher Alexander posted about Hannah Weiner two hours after the news to say that he had not known her, that he hesitated to write at all, and then: “I don't really feel like saying anything else.” Half this book is in that sentence: people who felt they had no standing to speak, speaking anyway, because the alternative was silence.

Whose dead a poetry list may grieve is never settled here, and the archive's refusal to settle it may be the truest thing in it. Ingmar Bergman drew more messages than any poet did that year. Anna Nicole Smith was announced by Aaron Belz with “An era has

ended.” and answered within a day by Haas Bianchi with “Such lament.” — the room arguing, in the space of a sentence, about how much of its own irony it meant. There are jazz musicians here in numbers no poetry journal would carry, and a comedian of whom the notice says he was a great poet. And there are one hundred and twenty-nine entries that consist of one message that nobody answered: a poet died, somebody knew it and said so, and the room went on to something else. Those are the hardest pages, and the reason for the book. For several of these people the notice printed here is the first published word of the death and still the easiest to find.

Ruth Lepson, hearing that Leslie Scalapino had died, wrote a line no obituary would print: “O I am sorry. She was alive & sweet, so smart & bubbly.” That is the register at its best — the thing only somebody who was there could say. It ends quietly. The last notice of a poet the list carried is one message of 9 January 2014 reporting that Roy Campbell and Amiri Baraka “both passed away yesterday and today in that order”, and nobody replied to it; Seamus Heaney had died five months earlier and the archive does not mention him at all. By then there was almost nobody left to reply. I have set the initial post at the head of each entry and everything else beneath it as it came, and I have not separated the poets from the film directors or the saxophonists or the woman who died in a Florida hotel room, because the list did not. Bernstein, closing the Warren Sonbert notice in 1995, wrote the sentence this whole book is arranged around: “This prince is dead. His films live to light up the shadow his death has cast.” The rest of it is the room refusing to leave it at that.

*— Kristen M. Fabians*

# The Register

*Every entry in the order the notice reached the list. Each links to its text; every entry links back here.*

### 1994

*Joe Brainard (1942–1994)* · 1 message

### 1995

*Eric Mottram (1924–1995)* · 8 messages
*Nina Iskrenko (1951–1995)* · 7 messages
*Julius Hemphill (1938–1995)* · 7 messages
*Carl Gay (c. 1912–1995)* · 1 message
*Andy Cole (c. 1943–1995)* · 1 message
*Don Pullen (1941–1995)* · 2 messages
*Brian Coffey (1905–1995)* · 1 message
*Warren Sonbert (1947–1995)* · 5 messages
*Jerry Garcia (1942–1995)* · 8 messages
*John Gilmore (1931–1995)* · 1 message
*Franco Beltrametti (1937–1995)* · 2 messages
*Donald Davie (1922–1995)* · 13 messages
*Don Cherry (1936–1995)* · 2 messages
*Gilles Deleuze (1925–1995)* · 4 messages

### 1996

*Charles Madge (1912–1996)* · 5 messages
*Paul Mariah (1937–1996)* · 7 messages
*Larry Eigner (1927–1996)* · 30 messages
*Brownie McGhee (1915–1996)* · 6 messages
*Odysseas Elytis (1911–1996)* · 2 messages
*Larry Levis (1946–1996)* · 4 messages
*Bert Schierbeck (1918–1996)* · 1 message
*George Starbuck (1931–1996)* · 6 messages
*David Tudor (1926–1996)* · 2 messages
*Frank Kuenstler (1928–1996)* · 2 messages
*Daniel Davidson (1952–1996)* · 4 messages
*Helmut Heißenbüttel (1921–1996)* · 3 messages
*Meridel Le Sueur (1900–1996)* · 2 messages

### 1997

*Mitchell Goodman (1923–1997)* · 3 messages
*Tony Williams (1945–1997)* · 3 messages
*Eugène Guillevic (1907–1997)* · 1 message
*Allen Ginsberg (1926–1997)* · 116 messages
*Joe Dunn (d. 1997)* · 3 messages
*Peter Winch (1926–1997)* · 1 message
*Lou Stathis (1952–1997)* · 1 message
*Amos Tutuola (1920–1997)* · 3 messages
*Gerald Burns (1940–1997)* · 4 messages
*William S. Burroughs (1914–1997)* · 4 messages
*Mac Hammond (1926–1997)* · 1 message
*Conlon Nancarrow (1912–1997)* · 27 messages
*Diana, Princess of Wales (1961–1997)* · 2 messages
*Hannah Weiner (1928–1997)* · 64 messages
*Barry Cox (d. 1997)* · 2 messages
*Hans Ebner (1945–1997)* · 1 message
*William Matthews (1942–1997)* · 3 messages
*David Ignatow (1914–1997)* · 10 messages
*Ann Petry (1908–1997)* · 2 messages
*Kathy Acker (1947–1997)* · 5 messages
*James Laughlin (1914–1997)* · 1 message
*Denise Levertov (1923–1997)* · 9 messages

### 1998

*Martha Gellhorn (1908–1998)* · *1 message*
*Henny Youngman (1906–1998)* · *5 messages*
*Jack Micheline (1929–1998)* · *5 messages*
*Ronald Johnson (1935–1998)* · *8 messages*
*Hilda Morley (1916–1998)* · *3 messages*
*Aimee Grunberger (1953–1998)* · *2 messages*
*John Forbes (1950–1998)* · *1 message*
*Octavio Paz (1914–1998)* · *5 messages*
*Daniel Kanyandekwe (1963–1997)* · *2 messages*
*Marjory Stoneman Douglas (1890–1998)* · *1 message*
*John Hawkes (1925–1998)* · *6 messages*
*Albert Cook (1925–1998)* · *1 message*
*Charles Watts (d. 1998)* · *5 messages*
*Akira Kurosawa (1910–1998)* · *2 messages*
*Pierre Martory (1920–1998)* · *2 messages*
*Dick Higgins (1938–1998)* · *11 messages*
*Ted Hughes (1930–1998)* · *6 messages*
*Ray Bremser (1934–1998)* · *1 message*
*Janet Lewis (1899–1998)* · *3 messages*

### 1999

*Jerzy Grotowski (1933–1999)* · *1 message*
*Fred Hopkins (1947–1999)* · *1 message*
*Paul Metcalf (1917–1999)* · *7 messages*
*Frances Jaffer (1921–1999)* · *1 message*
*Armand Schwerner (1927–1999)* · *19 messages*
*Norman Bluhm (1921–1999)* · *1 message*
*Paul Schmidt (1934–1999)* · *5 messages*
*William Bronk (1918–1999)* · *13 messages*
*James Broughton (1913–1999)* · *2 messages*
*Rick Fields (1942–1999)* · *1 message*
*Rudy Burckhardt (1914–1999)* · *1 message*
*João Cabral de Melo Neto (1920–1999)* · *1 message*
*Lester Bowie (1941–1999)* · *8 messages*
*Paul Bowles (1910–1999)* · *4 messages*
*Edward Dorn (1929–1999)* · *20 messages*
*Joseph Heller (1923–1999)* · *1 message*

### 2000

*Lita Hornick (1927–2000)* · *4 messages*
*Miriam Patchen (1914–2000)* · *5 messages*
*Alaric Sumner (1952–2000)* · *1 message*
*Anthony Powell (1905–2000)* · *1 message*
*Doug Oliver (1937–2000)* · *2 messages*
*Milton Kessler (1930–2000)* · *1 message*
*Ernst Jandl (1925–2000)* · *8 messages*
*Ursule Molinaro (1916–2000)* · *8 messages*
*Michael Cuddihy (1932–2000)* · *1 message*
*José Ángel Valente (1929–2000)* · *1 message*
*Philadelpho Menezes (1960–2000)* · *2 messages*
*Heberto Padilla (1932–2000)* · *1 message*
*Gwendolyn Brooks (1917–2000)* · *5 messages*

### 2001

*Daniel Krakauer (d. 2001)* · *1 message*
*Gregory Corso (1930–2001)* · *13 messages*
*John Fahey (1939–2001)* · *2 messages*
*A. R. Ammons (1926–2001)* · *4 messages*
*C. W. Truesdale (d. 2001)* · *1 message*
*Ramez Qureshi (1972–2001)* · *12 messages*
*Louis Dudek (1918–2001)* · *1 message*
*Joey Ramone (1951–2001)* · *3 messages*
*André du Bouchet (1924–2001)* · *4 messages*

*Billy Higgins (1936–2001)* · *2 messages*
*Mentor Huebner (1917–2001)* · *1 message*
*Timothy McVeigh (1968–2001)* · *5 messages*
*Tove Jansson (1914–2001)* · *1 message*
*James Hatfield (1958–2001)* · *1 message*
*Rachel Raffler (d. 2001)* · *1 message*
*Mary Barnard (1909–2001)* · *3 messages*
*Theodore Silverstein (1904–2001)* · *1 message*
*Germain Bree (1907–2001)* · *1 message*
*June Oppen Degnan (1918–2001)* · *1 message*
*Allen Curnow (1911–2001)* · *1 message*
*Gellu Naum (1915–2001)* · *2 messages*
*David Gascoyne (1916–2001)* · *1 message*
*Spencer Holst (1926–2001)* · *2 messages*
*Perdita Schaffner (c. 1919–2001)* · *1 message*

## 2002

*Juan García Esquivel (1918–2002)* · *2 messages*
*Pierre Bourdieu (1930–2002)* · *18 messages*
*Fielding Dawson (1930–2002)* · *12 messages*
*Dave Van Ronk (1936–2002)* · *7 messages*
*John Wieners (1934–2002)* · *26 messages*
*John Thomas (1930–2002)* · *2 messages*
*Mildred Wirt Benson (1905–2002)* · *1 message*
*Paul Bennett (1921–2002)* · *1 message*
*June Jordan (1936–2002)* · *10 messages*
*Philip Whalen (1923–2002)* · *21 messages*
*Jack Buck (1924–2002)* · *2 messages*
*Earle Brown (1926–2002)* · *1 message*
*Kenneth Koch (1925–2002)* · *36 messages*
*Ece Ayhan (1931–2002)* · *1 message*
*Alan Lomax (1915–2002)* · *11 messages*
*Aleksandr Ginzburg (1936–2002)* · *1 message*
*James Kopta (1972–2002)* · *5 messages*
*Jiří Kolář (1914–2002)* · *1 message*
*Louis Owens (1948–2002)* · *1 message*
*Larry Rivers (1923–2002)* · *9 messages*
*Peter Kowald (1944–2002)* · *2 messages*
*Charles Henri Ford (1908–2002)* · *5 messages*
*Bob Cobbing (1920–2002)* · *6 messages*
*Norman O. Brown (1913–2002)* · *3 messages*
*William Packard (1933–2002)* · *1 message*
*Mal Waldron (1925–2002)* · *5 messages*
*Ivan Illich (1926–2002)* · *2 messages*
*Philip Berrigan (1923–2002)* · *5 messages*
*Joe Strummer (1952–2002)* · *32 messages*

## 2003

*Rich Gold (1950–2003)* · *1 message*
*Leslie Fiedler (1917–2003)* · *2 messages*
*Lou Harrison (1917–2003)* · *9 messages*
*Jerome Robinson (1952–2003)* · *2 messages*
*Alexandra Grilikhes (1932–2003)* · *2 messages*
*Dan Moonhawk Alford (d. 2003)* · *1 message*
*Maurice Blanchot (1907–2003)* · *4 messages*
*Fred Rogers (1928–2003)* · *4 messages*
*Ann Veronica Simon (1968–2003)* · *1 message*
*Stan Brakhage (1933–2003)* · *15 messages*
*Herbert Aptheker (1915–2003)* · *1 message*
*Richard Caddel (1949–2003)* · *6 messages*
*Nina Simone (1933–2003)* · *1 message*
*Ted Joans (1928–2003)* · *19 messages*
*Gerrit Henry (1950–2003)* · *1 message*
*Jack Gelber (1932–2003)* · *2 messages*

*Kirby Doyle (1932–2003)* · *2 messages*
*Rachel Corrie (1979–2003)* · *6 messages*
*Bob Hope (1903–2003)* · *3 messages*
*F. T. Prince (1912–2003)* · *1 message*
*Walter Ong (1912–2003)* · *5 messages*
*Haroldo de Campos (1929–2003)* · *8 messages*
*Alan Dugan (1923–2003)* · *3 messages*
*Leni Riefenstahl (1902–2003)* · *3 messages*
*Johnny Cash (1932–2003)* · *1 message*
*John Ritter (1948–2003)* · *2 messages*
*Edward Said (1935–2003)* · *22 messages*
*George Plimpton (1927–2003)* · *1 message*
*Lawrence Fixel (1917–2003)* · *1 message*
*Elliott Smith (1969–2003)* · *8 messages*
*Mario Merz (1925–2003)* · *5 messages*
*Hugh Kenner (1923–2003)* · *3 messages*
*Enid Dame (1943–2003)* · *3 messages*

## 2004

*James Lowell (c. 1933–2004)* · *5 messages*
*Jeff Nuttall (1933–2004)* · *1 message*
*Jess (1923–2004)* · *3 messages*
*Gil Ott (1950–2004)* · *12 messages*
*Lyx Ish (1956–2004)* · *15 messages*
*Paul Sweezy (1910–2004)* · *1 message*
*Pedro Pietri (1944–2004)* · *6 messages*
*Cid Corman (1924–2004)* · *9 messages*
*Thom Gunn (1929–2004)* · *2 messages*
*John Whitehead (1948–2004)* · *2 messages*
*Elvin Jones (1927–2004)* · *6 messages*
*Dave Dellinger (1915–2004)* · *2 messages*
*Steve Lacy (1934–2004)* · *35 messages*
*Ronald Reagan (1911–2004)* · *28 messages*
*Bern Porter (1911–2004)* · *9 messages*
*Ralph Wiley (1952–2004)* · *1 message*
*Carl Rakosi (1903–2004)* · *10 messages*
*Ron Sukenick (1932–2004)* · *3 messages*
*Rick James (1948–2004)* · *6 messages*
*Donald Justice (1925–2004)* · *1 message*
*Czesław Miłosz (1911–2004)* · *1 message*
*Bill Keith (1929–2004)* · *3 messages*
*Jacques Derrida (1930–2004)* · *85 messages*
*Christopher Reeve (1952–2004)* · *1 message*
*Paul Nitze (1907–2004)* · *1 message*
*Ernie Garven (d. 2004)* · *3 messages*
*Christophe Tarkos (1964–2004)* · *3 messages*
*Jackson Mac Low (1922–2004)* · *24 messages*
*Susan Sontag (1933–2004)* · *9 messages*

## 2005

*Guy Davenport (1927–2005)* · *4 messages*
*Carlos Cortez (1923–2005)* · *2 messages*
*Lucien Carr (1925–2005)* · *3 messages*
*Arthur Miller (1915–2005)* · *6 messages*
*Guillermo Cabrera Infante (1929–2005)* · *1 message*
*Philip Lamantia (1927–2005)* · *8 messages*
*Robert Creeley (1926–2005)* · *121 messages*
*Harold Cruse (1916–2005)* · *2 messages*
*Rodolfo “Corky” Gonzales (1928–2005)* · *1 message*
*Andrea Dworkin (1946–2005)* · *1 message*
*Oscar Brown Jr. (1926–2005)* · *1 message*
*Richard Eberhart (1904–2005)* · *2 messages*
*Eugénio de Andrade (1923–2005)* · *1 message*
*Shelton Lea (1946–2005)* · *2 messages*

*Lorenzo Thomas (1944–2005)* · *20 messages*
*Philip Hobsbaum (1932–2005)* · *4 messages*
*Gustaf Sobin (1935–2005)* · *5 messages*
*Steven Vincent (1955–2005)* · *9 messages*
*Nadia Anjuman (1980–2005)* · *4 messages*
*Carl Thayler (c. 1933–2005)* · *5 messages*
*Vine Deloria (1933–2005)* · *2 messages*
*Link Wray (1929–2005)* · *2 messages*
*Richard Pryor (1940–2005)* · *1 message*
*Derek Bailey (1930–2005)* · *3 messages*

## 2006

*Irving Layton (1912–2006)* · *4 messages*
*Mary Beach (1919–2006)* · *2 messages*
*Endesha Ida Mae Holland (1944–2006)* · *1 message*
*Nam June Paik (1932–2006)* · *4 messages*
*Ken Wainio (1952–2006)* · *1 message*
*Barbara Guest (1920–2006)* · *17 messages*
*Gennadi Aygi (1934–2006)* · *2 messages*
*Octavia Butler (1947–2006)* · *8 messages*
*John La Rose (1927–2006)* · *2 messages*
*Ian Hamilton Finlay (1925–2006)* · *5 messages*
*Tory Dent (1958–2005)* · *1 message*
*Stanisław Lem (1921–2006)* · *6 messages*
*Jackie McLean (1931–2006)* · *3 messages*
*Allan Kaprow (1927–2006)* · *4 messages*
*Stanley Kunitz (1905–2006)* · *6 messages*
*Gilbert Sorrentino (1929–2006)* · *2 messages*
*György Ligeti (1923–2006)* · *2 messages*
*Luis Jimenez (1940–2006)* · *1 message*
*Malachi Thompson (1949–2006)* · *2 messages*
*Mickey Spillane (1918–2006)* · *1 message*
*Louise Bennett (1919–2006)* · *2 messages*
*Dewey Redman (1931–2006)* · *1 message*
*Steve Irwin (1962–2006)* · *2 messages*
*Sven Nykvist (1922–2006)* · *1 message*
*Oskar Pastior (1927–2006)* · *3 messages*
*Brad Will (1970–2006)* · *18 messages*
*Ellen Willis (1941–2006)* · *1 message*
*Robert Lockwood Jr. (1915–2006)* · *1 message*
*kari edwards (1954–2006)* · *13 messages*
*James Brown (1933–2006)* · *8 messages*

## 2007

*Tillie Olsen (1912–2007)* · *2 messages*
*Binoy Majumdar (1934–2006)* · *3 messages*
*Alice Coltrane (1937–2007)* · *4 messages*
*Molly Ivins (1944–2007)* · *2 messages*
*Anna Nicole Smith (1967–2007)* · *22 messages*
*Artie Gold (1947–2007)* · *1 message*
*Gene Frumkin (1928–2007)* · *5 messages*
*Leroy Jenkins (1932–2007)* · *1 message*
*Jean Baudrillard (1929–2007)* · *8 messages*
*Tony Scott (1921–2007)* · *2 messages*
*Kurt Vonnegut (1922–2007)* · *5 messages*
*Sol LeWitt (1928–2007)* · *1 message*
*Nancy Shaw (1962–2007)* · *6 messages*
*Roy DeForest (1930–2007)* · *1 message*
*Michael Hamburger (1924–2007)* · *2 messages*
*Mary Ellen Solt (1920–2007)* · *3 messages*
*Dmitri Prigov (1940–2007)* · *7 messages*
*Sekou Sundiata (1948–2007)* · *6 messages*
*Ingmar Bergman (1918–2007)* · *58 messages*
*Michelangelo Antonioni (1912–2007)* · *12 messages*

*Brooke Astor (1902–2007)* · *1 message*
*Philomene Long (1940–2007)* · *2 messages*
*Mary Rising Higgins (1944–2007)* · *5 messages*
*Hilly Kristal (1931–2007)* · *1 message*
*Bill Griffiths (1948–2007)* · *12 messages*
*Herschel Baron (1913–2007)* · *1 message*
*Laura Ulewicz (1930–2007)* · *2 messages*
*Vernon Bellecourt (1931–2007)* · *2 messages*
*Norman Mailer (1923–2007)* · *17 messages*
*Karlheinz Stockhausen (1928–2007)* · *5 messages*
*Frank Morgan (1933–2007)* · *1 message*
*Oscar Peterson (1925–2007)* · *10 messages*
*Siv Cedering (1939–2007)* · *2 messages*
*Sylvester Pollet (d. 2007)* · *5 messages*

## 2008

*Henri Chopin (1922–2008)* · *7 messages*
*Burton Hatlen (1936–2008)* · *7 messages*
*Bob Callahan (1942–2008)* · *2 messages*
*Landis Everson (1926–2007)* · *1 message*
*Alain Robbe-Grillet (1922–2008)* · *13 messages*
*Rochelle Ratner (1948–2008)* · *8 messages*
*Rebecca Kavaler (1920–2008)* · *1 message*
*Aimé Césaire (1913–2008)* · *7 messages*
*Edna Andrade (1917–2008)* · *1 message*
*Bebe Barron (1925–2008)* · *1 message*
*Albert Hofmann (1906–2008)* · *4 messages*
*Hanon Reznikoff (1950–2008)* · *1 message*
*Robert Rauschenberg (1925–2008)* · *4 messages*
*Cornell Capa (1918–2008)* · *1 message*
*Bo Diddley (1928–2008)* · *1 message*
*Bruce Conner (1933–2008)* · *10 messages*
*Johnny Griffin (1928–2008)* · *1 message*
*İlhan Berk (1918–2008)* · *3 messages*
*Reginald Shepherd (1963–2008)* · *4 messages*
*Robert Dunn (d. 2008)* · *1 message*
*Hayden Carruth (1921–2008)* · *1 message*
*Paavo Haavikko (1931–2008)* · *1 message*
*James Liddy (1934–2008)* · *4 messages*
*Miriam Makeba (1932–2008)* · *4 messages*
*George Brecht (1926–2008)* · *1 message*
*Harold Pinter (1930–2008)* · *4 messages*

## 2009

*Inger Christensen (1935–2009)* · *2 messages*
*Andrew Wyeth (1917–2009)* · *1 message*
*Milos Sovak (d. 2009)* · *1 message*
*Keith Wilson (1927–2009)* · *2 messages*
*Sal Salasin (d. 2009)* · *1 message*
*Franklin Rosemont (1943–2009)* · *2 messages*
*Robin Blaser (1925–2009)* · *8 messages*
*David Bromige (1933–2009)* · *16 messages*
*Harold Norse (1916–2009)* · *2 messages*
*gerry gilbert (1936–2009)* · *10 messages*
*George Russell (1923–2009)* · *1 message*
*tom taylor (d. 2009)* · *1 message*
*Raymond Federman (1928–2009)* · *4 messages*
*Jack Wiler (d. 2009)* · *1 message*
*Claude Lévi-Strauss (1908–2009)* · *5 messages*

## 2010

*David Franks (d. 2010)* · *1 message*
*Lucille Clifton (1936–2010)* · *3 messages*
*Franz Kamin (1941–2010)* · *3 messages*

*Barbara Godard (1942–2010)* · *1 message*
*Leslie Scalapino (1944–2010)* · *21 messages*
*Peter Seaton (1942–2010)* · *5 messages*
*Tuli Kupferberg (1923–2010)* · *9 messages*
*Harvey Pekar (1939–2010)* · *4 messages*
*Bill Dixon (1925–2010)* · *1 message*
*Edwin Morgan (1920–2010)* · *2 messages*
*Peter Orlovsky (1933–2010)* · *1 message*
*Michael Gizzi (1949–2010)* · *6 messages*
*Arif Damar (1925–2010)* · *1 message*
*Janine Pommy Vega (1942–2010)* · *3 messages*

## 2011

*F. A. Nettelbeck (1950–2011)* · *4 messages*
*Akilah Oliver (1961–2011)* · *6 messages*
*John Haines (1924–2011)* · *1 message*
*Billy Bang (1947–2011)* · *1 message*
*Leonora Carrington (1917–2011)* · *1 message*
*Roy McBride (1943–2011)* · *2 messages*
*Samuel Menashe (1925–2011)* · *3 messages*
*Hugh Fox (1932–2011)* · *2 messages*
*Ted Enslin (1925–2011)* · *4 messages*
*Carol Novack (1948–2011)* · *4 messages*

## 2012

*Ira Cohen (1935–2011)* · *2 messages*
*Dorothea Tanning (1910–2012)* · *1 message*
*Wisława Szymborska (1923–2012)* · *1 message*
*Morgan Lucas Schuldt (1978–2012)* · *1 message*
*Adrienne Rich (1929–2012)* · *9 messages*
*Andrew Suknaski (1942–2012)* · *1 message*
*James Harvey (1966–2012)* · *1 message*
*Daryl Hine (1936–2012)* · *1 message*
*Barbara Moore Vincent (1916–2012)* · *3 messages*
*Elliott Carter (1908–2012)* · *1 message*
*Jayne Cortez (1934–2012)* · *6 messages*

## 2013

*Sybil Kollar (1933–2012)* · *1 message*
*Harvey Shapiro (1924–2013)* · *3 messages*
*Anselm Hollo (1934–2013)* · *4 messages*
*Thomas McEvilley (1939–2013)* · *1 message*

## 2014

*Wanda Coleman (1946–2013)* · *1 message*
*Amiri Baraka (1934–2014)* · *1 message*

## 1994

# Joe Brainard

1942–1994

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American artist and writer of the New York School, who made the covers and collaborated with O'Hara, Berrigan, Padgett and Ashbery;* I Remember *(1970), a memoir built entirely of sentences beginning with those two words. He was fifty-two and died of AIDS-related pneumonia. The earliest notice in the archive, and characteristic of the list's first year in that it arrives as a footnote to something else: Bernstein's message is headed* I remember Joe Brainard*, and gives the cause of death in its first clause.*

### 1. — Charles Bernstein *27 May 1994* ↑ Register

*I remember Joe Brainard*

Joe Brainard died of AIDS on Wednesday.  He was 52 years old.

*****

PEOPLE OF THE WORLD: RELAX!

Beware of boys in tight pants
They are perverts
Beware of tight pants
They chap the fanny and irritate the leg muscles
Your friends will laugh
And your mother will know
Do not feel guilty if showers turn you on
There is nothing wrong with masturbating in the shower
I masturbate in the shower
And there is nothing wrong with that
Everyone does it
If you do not do it, try it
Everyone does it

People of the world: RELAX!

If you want to be a movie star go to Hollywood
If you want to be a dancer dance right now
Or it will be too late
And you will be unhappy
Be a dancer if you want to be a dancer
Do not be afraid
Some of the best people I know are dancers

People of the world: RELAX!

Take it easy and smoke a lot
Make all the noise you want to on the toilet
Other people will hear you but it does not matter

People of the world: RELAX!

Put on a clean white shirt and RELAX
Do not be afraid
Some of the best people I know are afraid
Do not be afraid of death
It will not hurt you

People of the World: RELAX!

This is a good life
Go of-of-doors a lot
Smell flowers
Sit down in the grass
It will not hurt you
Look at the tree
The sky is blue
Climb every mountain
Air is the only hope
Do not kill any ants
They are your best friends

PEOPLE OF THE WORLD: RELAX!

The world is yours
Here, take it

******

I remember when polio was the worst thing in the world.

I remember that little jerk you give just before you fall asleep. Like falling.

I remember a dream of meeting a man made out of very soft yellow cheese and when I went to shake his hand I just pulled his whole arm off.

--Joe Brainard, from _Selected Writings_
(New York: The Kulcher Foundation, 1971)

## 1995

## Eric Mottram

1924–1995

*8 messages · 7 hands*

*British poet, critic and editor, a central figure of the British Poetry Revival who introduced Beat writers to British audiences;* Selected Poems *(1989). Died in London.*

**2. — Charles Bernstein** *16 Jan 1995* ↑ **Register**

*Eric Mottram: In Memorium*

Martin Luther King, Jr. Day, 1995 3:45pm NYC time

Eric Mottram died this morning in London. Tom Raworth just phoned me, just while Allen Fisher was phoning Pierre Joris, both telling us that Eric had died four to five hours ago from multiple infections. He had been hospitalized a day or two ago.

Eric turned 70 on this past December 29.

From the introduction to *Alive in Parts of this Century: Eric Mottram at 70*, just out from North and South Press:

"Eric Mottram is one of the most important figures of post-war literature and teaching. He was the first to teach Beat writing in Europe in the 1950s, the first teacher of American Studies at the University of London, and a co-founder of the Institute of United States Studies in the University of London in 1963. He edited Poetry Review in 1972-75, ran the King's Poetry Series in 1967-80 and co-edited The New British Poetry (1988). He has had two dozen collections of poetry published since the late 1960s including *Elegies*, *A Book of Herne* and *Selected Poems*. [*Selected Poems (1989) *Alive in Parts of This Century*, both from North and South, are available from Small Press Distribution.] His essay collections include *The Algebra of Need*, the first essay full study of William Burroughs, and *Blood on the Nash Ambassador*, a selection of essays.

An indefatigable supporter of the most adventurous, inventive, and socially engaged poetry of the UK and USA, Mottram introduced at least two generations of poets to poetry hidden from view by the a literary establishment, on both sides of the Atlantic that, in Mottram's words, promoted a conformist poetry decoration and decorum. Mottram's own uncompromising poetry demonstrated how poetry can be political without sacrificing formal investigation. As Pierre Joris wrote of Eric's poetry — this is work of "gut passion, crystal clarity of intellect."

For *Alive in Parts of This Century*, Pierre Joris chose lines (almost all) from Eric Mottram's work for his contribution. (The format of the poem was disrupted in e-conversion; it should be flush right.)

HOMAGE/COLLAGE FOR ERIC MOTTRAM @ 70

1. ...I am searching unceasingly for my own discovery" 2. it takes leisure to be a man is revolution 3. granddad, why are they all whispering? 4. this is not what I want to do, I want to know 5. an image an open hand with things in it 6. the result of composed ascent 7. concepts as modes of ordering 8. performance as what is revealed, moving outwards 9. the embryonic form of organisation 10. laughter of naked bathers 11. of transformed beings returned to the steep sea 12. break the mesh that grips us 13. an errand in wilderness 14. consult a good bookseller as to whether a book is 15. the fields of exchange 16. back there at origins a travelling forward soul springs up 17. the waterfall the illuminating gas 18.I hope this list will be regarded as an open 19. do you enter space from edges by intersecting lines 20. you eat light your eyes carry 21. a parenthesis of what is to be known 22. but a gun to show that he was a faithful private 23. in liberty a space of flame between us 24. Social roles, rituals, taboos, manners and conventions are boundaries of 25. their bark and moan songs of the story tellers 26. believe that in offering a candid account

of himself he creates 27. to chose insecurity 28. gather surprise among limestone turf plants 29. The clearest example of work which actually leapt out of the area of 30. knows that the naturally depraved yearns to be a policeman 31. trample workers 32. Intelligent ones should generate the excellent Bodhi-mind 33. when creatures learn brain nucleic acids change 34. our nostrils move we stride on a hill curve air moves 35. from then on my road meets everymanUs road from the south of solitude 36. shieldless venture in adventure / we dare in the undaring sea 37. tracks laid down underwater 38. from seperate existence/this bites in my mouth your kiss 39.

"Collage-design method is, as he puts it, 'transformation.' It is similar 40. neck erect for songs at a high level space/ 41. on each cusp spandrel corbel lovers beside angels 42. have you woken up mad with information 43. against fluted pillars the grainy dark of news 44. "the subversions of his own power and confidence" 45. tokens of myself brought here up through clay and soil 46. so a tongue breaks words it assumed memorized 47. the balance acts refuse sacrifice the waste loneliness 48. from a man half through our wall strides towards us parts us / and 49. few leaves touch to live a difference of breath 50. satori 51. determined not to disappear 52. living in a world more or less homicidal and desperately mercantile 53.

"gut passion, crystal clarity of intellect: two energies, two modes" 54. the work: encounter between and consolidation 55. he returns me to his head 56. here rewrite the message that is you 57.shaken by the fire and darkness of his time I lived the lives of others 58. friends we need to believe 59. whereby I lived, and moved, and had my being aboard the 60. media prisons through terrors of recognition 61. three kinds of silence and movement in the long wind-strung day 62. "Mottram demonstrates how poetry can be political without" 63. a liberation into power 64. of leisure without guilt 65. shards in winter Night in Tunisia 66. fertile to recognize resemblance 67. a man goes forth stops in the sun 68. beneath light surface fold on fold 69. we to whom the world is our native country 70.

"figures always foreboded, awaited, and loved rise into view"

**3. — George Bowering** *16 Jan 1995* ↑ **Register**

Dear Charles Thanks for the word on Eric Mottram. That is bad news. But I had no idea that he was 70 already. We grow up many and too fast. I was reading him earlier today!

GB

**4. — Robert Kelly** *17 Jan 1995* ↑ **Register**

Please let us honor Eric, in text and memory. How about May Day in New York, to honor the political power of his work, all his work? When Pierre called and told me of Eric's death, I thought of a day in London when Eric chided me for climbing to the top of St Pauls---bad for the health. The man cared. And knew. I wonder if any AMerican can see our work as clearly and compassionately and all round, as he did.

RK

**5. — Tom Mandel** *17 Jan 1995* ↑ **Register**

*Mottram : In Memory's Hum*

> _The issue is the orphic difference... between the perpetuation of myth, and its agents, and the freedom of the creative process...._

_Towards Design in Poetry_ / p.24

more and more people will never have known
more and more people.

Tom Mandel

**6. — udle114** *19 Jan 1995* ↑ **Register**
*EM*

To all the friends of Eric Mottram:

This is just to keep you up to date with whatever is happening in London. Eric's family placed notices in the national papers that there will be a smallprivate cremation ceremony on the 25th of this month. They regret that it is not possible to have a ceremony open to all of Eric's friends but there will be a celebration of Eric's life and work in a few weeks time. To this all are welcome. The family have also asked that no flowers be sent -they hav asked instead for contributions to the Eric Mottram Trust Fund which they are planning to establish. The address for any donnations is The Eric Mottram Trust Fund 1 Sandford Close 72 The Avenue Beckenham Kent BR3 2ES United Kingdom

I am Shamoon Zamir at the Department of English at King's College, London. If you have any question or need further information please do not hesitate to contact me on e-mail or by phone or fax.

Shamoon Zamir Department of English King's College Strand London WC2R 2LS United Kingdom

**7. — udle114** *20 Jan 1995* ↑ **Register**
*Eric Mottram*

Update on the planned celebration for Eric Mottram:

The celebration will be held on March 3rd (Friday) between 6 and 8pm in the Great Hall at King's College in London.

If anyone wants to send messages, poems etc. (on tape, in print etc) please send be present at the event.

Shamoon Zamir Department of English King's College Strand London WC2R 2LS United Kingdom

**8. — I.lightman** *6 Feb 1995* ↑ **Register**
*forwarded posting about Eric Mottram*

Subj: Eric Mottram

The death of Eric Mottram has shocked those who knew how energetic he was to the last week of his life. That this was so, will give pleasure to all those who never saw him otherwise in his 40+ years as a teacher.

We will all have our particular memories. I lose count when I try to tally up the names of writers and titles whom I first heard of from Eric and who I cannot now imagine having "professed" American literature without having read. How DID he find out so fast? Eric was one of the original "networkers", who didn't need the electronic one. In fact, no "superhighways" for Eric (though they would fascinate him as a cultural phenomenon) - rather byways and the byways of byways, from which "probes" he would return with gold, frankincence and a lot of less salubrious matter. (He fell upon that McLuhan "probe" idea with a vengeance.)

I also recall telling Eric about the political machinations I was learning about when I went to work at the Council for National Awards. We walked endlessly up and down a tennis court at Bulmershe (as was), I think it was. He was so distressed at what I was telling him - "the bastards! the bastards! - that I found myself cheering HIM up. What good medicine.

I believe that King's is having a service for Eric on Friday 3 March.

Arnold Goldman University of Kent at Canterbury

**9. — cris cheek** *8 Feb 1995* ↑ **Register**
*Freely Espousing*

As one of the non U.S. sites on this list I'm all for keeping the freely espousing posting here too.

The specifics of your struggle differ, yet:-

I was directly involved in events at The Poetry Society in London 1977 through which petit bourgeouis bureaucrats and 'least line of resistance' cultural tsars hid under the skirts of an enquiry by a member of the House of Lords (Sir John Witt) designed in the words of Eric Mottram to finger the transatlantic influence of 'foreign poets' as 'a treacherous assault on British poetry'. This happened here under a Labour Government of MPs running ('three wheels on my wagon') scared towards re-election with the spectre of Thacherism blooming marge. The outcome effectively and resolutely closed the door on linguistically innovative poetries here, whether produced within Britain or abroad. The result - a lasting internal exile for several poets and a blinkered (or bycycle clipped) retrenchment into Little England for poetry (period) in these countries. The waters closed over so quickly as to enable Donald Hall to write in 1979 that 'the poetries of England and America have become discontinuous'.

We abandoned the site of conflict in disgust and distaste, we resigned and opted for forms resistance which have yet to impinge sufficiently exquisitely onto the rewritten agenda as to need to be addressed. A recent crop of ironic Mottram obituaries in the national press revisit such sites by calling him perhaps the best known of the "unknown poets" here. I can still remember, with a chill, Lee Harwood being surprised that the powers of reaction within the British establishment didn't behave 'like gentlemen'. As a pre-phrasing of the words of Martin Spinelli on this list (6/2/95) we sat by and shrugged and we got what we deserved.

The parellels don't seem too slender. I hope you don't berate these observations from afar.

The sites of the formations of pernicious National and Cultural Identities are still sign and syntax. Prevent the hardening of the arteries within and without of the body-politic by intensifying engagement at those sites.

Pressler sure knows what he's doing. From this distance, through networks such as Freely Espousing, it seems that there is an ability to respond being nurtured - a movement encouraged.

I for one value that activity AS the poetry.

thanks, cris

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## Nina Iskrenko

1951–1995

*7 messages · 4 hands*

*Russian poet of the Moscow New Wave, leading voice of the unofficial Poetry Club under perestroika;* The Right to Err *(1995). Died of cancer, aged 43.*

**10. — Edward Foster** *18 Feb 1995* ↑ **Register**
*Re: boy talk*

The Russian poet Nina Iskrenko died this past werek. Her principal American translators include John High, Katya Olmsted, and Patrick Henry, among others. She was John High's Russian translator as well.

**11. — Ron Silliman** *20 Feb 1995* ↑ **Register**
*Nina Iskrenko*

Nina Iskrenko, who was only 43 or 44 when she died, had one of the sharpest wits I've ever encountered. She would have known exactly what to make of the fact that her obit on this list and the one additional comment on it thus far both occurred under the header "Re: Boy Talk."

Sheeesh, as Tali would say.

Readers who don't know Iskrenko's poetry should check out _Third Wave: The New Russian Poetry_ edited by Kent Johnson & Stephen Ashby (Ann Arbor: U of Michigan Press, 1992), with an intro by Alexei Parshchikov and Andrew Wachtel. There are several excellent poems there and the book is generally a good introduction to the entire scene in Russia.

Ron Silliman

**12. — Edward Foster** *21 Feb 1995* ↑ **Register**

my apologies, ron, for having put the announcement re: Nina's death under "boy t

*[ the message breaks off here in the archive ]*

**13. — Edward Foster** *21 Feb 1995* ↑ **Register**

Third Wave is a good source for Iskrenko translations, but see also those in Exa

*[ the message breaks off here in the archive ]*

**14. — Edward Foster** *21 Feb 1995* ↑ **Register**

In answer to Tom's question, I assume Nina died of cancer, from which she has su

*[ the message breaks off here in the archive ]*

**15. — Tom Mandel** *21 Feb 1995* ↑ **Register**

I must echo what Ron said of Nina Iskrenko, whom I met only once and then in a passing way, but heard in conversation that evening. A great brilliance proceeded from her, and it is a corresponding loss.

Ed Foster's mention of her death under the rubric "boy talk" has at least the excuse that he's new to email. I have no excuse at all.

Tm

**16. — Patrick Phillips** *21 Feb 1995* ↑ **Register**

I met Nina once here in Providence last year. As Ron said, she had a keen wit and a great sense of humor. She also possessed the ability to be, to simply engage in conversation with a conviction that never once waivered. At our very brief encounter I told her of a project I'm working on and three months later, battling breast cancer, she sent four "poems for deaf people" - drawings of the slightest filigree composed entirely of words. They remind me of some of Michaux's line-work and captivate with a similar drift between language and line, between cultures - so to speak. This gesture provides a lasting tether. Here's one of her poems from "Third-Wave" (pg 91) translated by Anesa Miller-Pogacar:

/a biography from the opposed, 1989/

The author belongs to the generation born in the 1950's and realizing its creative strivings in that period of our history that proved to be an epoch of sharply developed absurdism and carefully preserved principles of highly artistic stagnation. Being accustomed since childhood to the paradoxical phenomena of everyday life with theri unforseeable consequences, knowing how to get my in the majority of situations without common sense or psychological ease, with a strict immunity to all that can be had without struggle, that wich is passed out one apice-all of this sooner or later creates a corresponding supply of firmness, or, if you wish, a natural conservatism, pritecting its bearer from simple decisions and direct paths to even the most obvious truths, This healthy conservatism lays a noticeable imprint on the stylistics and character of the depicted, and it also explains-metaphorically at least - a cluster of phenomena that defy more reasoned means of interpretation.

> Specifically, these are certain facts of the "biography from the opposed." Having obvious inclinatins toward the humanities-toward literature, musci, drawing, etc.- the author nonetheless spends six years studying at Moscow University in order to, having obtained a diploma in physics, never again to return to the natural sciences, those ex-personal froms of interacting with the surrounding reality; having selected, as primary orientation, the word, and as shelter of necessity - the trivial pusuit of work as a translator of scientific and techinical literature from English to Russian. A family and two children convincingly fill out the picture of a normal existence for a Russian woman in the contemporary literary process, an existence that was secret for many years and even shameful in the eyes of others, to reveal itself only in the past year or two with a few publications.
>
> Thus, it is not surprising that the author accepts any signs of attention paid to her humble persona with a certain dubiousness and perplexity; for this she offers excuses in the form of gratitude, and gratitude in the form of a text whose rehearsal coincides with its final result.

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# Julius Hemphill

1938–1995

*7 messages · 5 hands*

*American jazz saxophonist and composer who founded the World Saxophone Quartet in 1976;* Fat Man and the Hard Blues *(1991). Identified in the notice as "sax player and composer". Died from complications of diabetes, in New York City.*

**17. — Aldon L Nielsen** *3 Apr 1995* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Julius Hemphill*

I just received word that the brilliant alto sax player and composer Julius Hemphill died yesterday, at 57. If you've listened to early World Saxophone Quartet, you know his work. If you have never heard him, get a copy of _Dogon A.D._ and listen carefully. Julius was a great friend to poets and often worked with poets' texts in his compositions. Since his illness began to make it difficult to perform, his compositions have been presented in public frequently by the Julius Hemphill Sextet.

If we could only listen to each other as attentively and inventively as Julius listened to the other musicians in his bands . . .

**18. — Jed** *5 Apr 1995* ↑ **Register**

Thanks to Aldon Nielson for the news of Julius Hemphill's passing. I'd feared as much, given that his last recording ("Five Chord Stud" on Black Saint) featu red "The Julius Hemphill Sextet" without JH himself playing, though as conducto r/composer his presence was indelible as ever. He was playing on the sextet's previous "Fat Man and the Hard Blues." He seems to have had a special knack for reaching inside other people's playing. Uncanny. I caught the World Saxophone Quartet many times over the years and, while he clearly didn't have the energy toward the end, he still somehow summoned everything around him, like Stevens' jar in Tennessee. Aldon, is "Dogon A.D." available on cd? It was a cutout on lp for many years, & probably still possible to skim up in vinyl bins. It's got a dirtgrit undertone to it that most jazz producers shy away from, as does its companion album, "Coon Bidness." Pieces from both these discs were done in an inspired concert at Willisau in '84 by Hemphill's "JAH band"—issued as "Georgi a Blue" (Minor Music). The LA poet K. Curtis Lyle's poem "Drunk on God" is feat ured on Hemphill's only large ensemble recording, "Julius Hemphill Big Band" (Elektra) & well worth scouting down. There are another half dozen of his, but I should mention the stunning homage by Tim Berne that came out last year: "Diminutive

Mysteries" (JMT), featuring compositions written by JH for the project, along with a 21 minute Dedalian twist by Berne that will pry your ears all the way back to the fur. —Jed Rasula

**19. — Aldon L Nielsen** *7 Apr 1995* ↑ **Register**

Jed — Thanks for word of that tribute piece — I hadn't heard of it. I don't think _Dogon A.D._ or _Coon Bidness_ have been reissued yet — I thought they were available because the LP I got from a cut-out bin was an Arista reissue of the original, and I expected it was still part of the catalogue after Arista re-aligned with Columbia years ago. Maybe it will reappear one of these days.

Several years ago, Hemphill did a residency in D.C. with District Curators, culmianting in a free outdoor performance of his compositions by a huge gathering of talented volunteer instrumentalists. (culminating, too — I'm back on that uncorrectable keyboard again)

I've been collecting recordings of jazz with poetry, and a chapter on the subject will be in a book I'm doing with Cambridge. I love the Hemphill Big Band sessions, though I'm not thrilled by the poem by my neighbor K. Curtis. I'm told the new Henry Threadgill recording has a poem on it. Have you heard that one yet? Would be interested in hearing from anyone who knows of lesser-known recordings of jazz with text. An old one I stumbles across recently is a setting of an Elouise Loftin poem by Andreww Cyrille.

Anybody out there heard Steve Lacy's songs made from Creeley poems?

**20. — Pierre Joris** *8 Apr 1995* ↑ **Register**

writes anon:

> *"Anybody out there heard Steve Lacy's songs made from Creeley poems?"*

yes. I wa slucky enough to be at the ur-performance at the Festival de Lille where the combination of the music, the dance & Kenneth Noland's stage set/painting made for one of the greatest jazz experiences I had.

BTW, for those on the list in driving distance, on April 18 at 8:00 p.m. Steve Lacy & Irene Aebi will be giving a concert in Page Hall here in Alabany, Nueva York. & it's free!

Pierre

**21. — Stephen Cope** *8 Apr 1995* ↑ **Register**

Aldon-

Threadgill's new disc has a couple of poems, with Mossa Bildner (introduced on 'Song Out of My Trees') and Sentienla Toy on Vocals. And liner 'poems' more than notes...

Other discs that come to mind re: jazz and text:

Jayne Cortez and the Firespitters (featuring Denardo Coleman, Al McDowell, Charles Moffett Jr. and Bern Nix) was released in Eurpoe by Radio Bremen in 1994 (and subsequently put out by Tradition & Moderne and Indigo Records, all, I think, in Eurpoe).

Joseph Jarman's 'Song For' (on Delmark, 1991) features his reading of 'Non-Cognitive Aspects of the City' (with Thurman Barker, among others).

George Lewis also did that disc for New World (last year?) that features Jerome Rothenberg, Quincy Troupe and Bernard Mixon reading...

I'm sure there's others, but these off the top of my head...

Hope it's of use...

-Stephen Cope

**22. — Bruce Comens** *10 Apr 1995* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Poetry/Jazz, Hemphill, etc.*

Mike and others: The Lacy/Creeley CDs are on Hat Art (6031 and 6032) and are available from Cadence, Redwood, NY 13679, , along with all the other wonderful material from Hat Art, fmp, etc. Cadence, incidentally, is well worth the subscription if you're at all interested in "creative improvised music," as they call it. Also Cage, Feldman, Scelsi, etc. I heard the Julius Hemphill saxophone sextet (actually a septet, with Julius soloing occasionally from his wheelchair) last fall. The first set was one of the most thrilling sets I've ever heard, and the second damn near as good. And I still recall just how astonished I was when I first heard "The Hard Blues" on the Coon Bidness LP back in the 70s, that mix of Texas "gutbucket" blues and a smart "avant-garde" edge. So sad to know there'll be no more such news, that we've lost that intelligence.... To whoever (sorry to have forgotten) was interested in jazz/poetry mixes: I believe Cecil Taylor and Clark Coolidge performed together a while back in NYC. I heard Coolidge read the piece later, but without, alas, Cecil. Perhaps it's on tape?—in which case I'd love to get a copy.

Hope this proves useful.

Bruce Comens

P.S.: Cadence is much cheaper than buying from Tower, etc. And a "good cause" as well.

**23. — Aldon L Nielsen** *24 Apr 1995* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Don Pullen*

I hate to be the bearer of this kind of bad news twice in such rapid order, but I have just learned that Don Pullen died Saturday of lymphoma.

Don was one of the great pianists and composers of our time, and, like Julius Hemphill, he was a great friend of poets and a supporter of communities of writers. He was only 53 when he died. As a soloist and as the leader of a series of remarkable jazz groups, Pullen recorded prolifically and he has left us a body of work that we will be listening to and thinking about for generations to come.

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## Carl Gay

c. 1912–1995

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American librarian, former curator of the University at Buffalo Poetry Collection. Aged 83 and died in Palma, Majorca.*

**24. — Loss Glazier** *10 Apr 1995* ↑ **Register**
*Carl Gay Obituary*

FYI, from A University at Buffalo Press release:

Karl Gay, Former Poetry Curator, Dies

"Karl" (Kenneth) Gay, former curator of the University at Buffalo Poetry Collection, died March 26 in Palma, Majorca, at age 83. He was curator from 1968 to 1978 and was secretary to and friend of Robert Graves for thirty years. This relationship provided UB with a sizable collection of Graves' manuscripts and publications. Graves, too, lived on Majorca for many years; he died in 1985.

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## Andy Cole

c. 1943–1995

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Nothing about this person could be verified outside the archive. The notice says: “Have received word, from Nemi Frost and Larry Kearney, of the death earlier this year in Marin County (Northern California) of Andy Cole, aged 52.”*

### 25. — Kevin Killian *11 Apr 1995* ↑ Register

*Death of Andy Cole*

Have received word, from Nemi Frost and Larry Kearney, of the death earlier this year in Marin County (Northern California) of Andy Cole, aged 52. When he arrived in San Francisco in 1964 from Binghampton and Brooklyn, Andy Cole was 21. He and his friends were promptly dubbed the "Jesuits" by Jack Spicer and his circle at Gino & Carlo's, the North Beach bar/site of the poetic activity surrounding "Open Space" and Spicer's penultimate book "Language." In "Language" these Brooklyn Catholic boys flicker in and out of vision, flames casting shadows, forever young, scared, near death, untouchable. Like his great friends Spicer and Richard Brautigan, Andy Cole died "essentially of alcoholism." (LK)

"The trees Of some dark forest where we wander amazed at the selves of ourselves. Stumbling. Roots Stay. You cannot lose your innocence, Andy Nor could Alice. Nor could anyone Given the right woods"

-Spicer,

"Morphemics 4"

## Don Pullen

1941–1995

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*American jazz pianist and organist of strikingly individual style, known for work with Charles Mingus and the George Adams/Don Pullen Quartet;* New Beginnings *(1989). Died of lymphoma, shortly after recording Sacred Common Ground.*

### 26. — Aldon L Nielsen *24 Apr 1995* ↑ Register

*Re: Don Pullen*

I hate to be the bearer of this kind of bad news twice in such rapid order, but I have just learned that Don Pullen died Saturday of lymphoma.

Don was one of the great pianists and composers of our time, and, like Julius Hemphill, he was a great friend of poets and a supporter of communities of writers. He was only 53 when he died. As a soloist and as the leader of a series of remarkable jazz groups, Pullen recorded prolifically and he has left us a body of work that we will be listening to and thinking about for generations to come.

**27. — George Bowering** *26 Apr 1995* ↑ **Register**

Agree that is awful news about Don Pullen. Anazing to think that he was just that young. I thought he must be 60 by now. God, the way that man illuminated the 60s and 70s! Especially during that time when so many great groups were abandoning the piano. Ah shit.

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## Brian Coffey

1905–1995

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Irish modernist poet and publisher shaped by Catholicism, surrealism and philosophy, who ran the Advent Books small press;* Missouri Sequence *(1962). Identified in the notice as "little known Irish poet". Died in Southampton, England.*

**28. — Peter Quartermain** *26 Apr 1995* ↑ **Register**

*Brian Coffey 1905-1995*

"Dennis Devlin and Brian Coffey are
without question the most interesting of
the younger generation of Irish poets."
Samuel Beckett, 1934.

WHOSE WHO

Dad not at eighty cured
shapes under clouds fair girls
where sunshafts lie
while Pete or somesuch chasing
Pussy homes on Doll
the Bod who's Babs the Mind

Bab's interests cross Doll's
Dad she phones sighs "I want
to talk" meaning to stalk
in Dad what Doll refuses

Babs the Peeper Doll the Tease
Dad self-deceiver
Pete at graze

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Too little known Irish poet Brian Coffey died on Good Friday, 14 April 1995. Born 8 June 1905, his father Professor of Anatomy (and first President, 1904-1940) at University College, Dublin. Baccalaurate in Classics 1924, studied Chemistry Mathematics and Physics at UCD (master's degree in 1930), research in Physical Chemistry in Paris in early 1930s, gradually switching to "the philosophical problems which arise out of any fundamental research." Works with Jacques Maritain 1933-1936. Meets Samuel Beckett, London 1934; begins doctoral studies on Thomas Aquinas, Sorbonne 1937 (completed 1947); meets Joyce at Beckett's, 1938: as he later wrote, "in that quite informal atmosphere he profited, as the young always do, from the opportunity to see

and listen to an eminent elder in unpremeditated action, but he felt no deire to follow up the chance encounters." Works mainly teaching school till 1972, when he retired, with a brief interval as Assistant Professor of Philosophy, St Louis University MO 1947-1952. Learned printing 1966 and established Advent Press in 1967, published work by Dennis Devlin and others (including himself). Translator of Mallarme (Coup Des Des), Neruda, Bonheur, Eluard, Nerval, etc etc.

A representative sampling of his work is in the Brian Coffey issue of the Irish University Review 5.1 (Spring 1975); his Selected Poems (1983) are (I think) still available from The Raven Arts Press, 31 North Frederick Street, Dublin 1, and his long poem _Advent_ (1986) might (like his _Death of Hektor_) still be available from Menard Press, 8 The Oaks, Woodside Avenue, London N12 8AR, distributed by SPD. Harry Gilonis has recently (1994) published the pamphlet _Salute/Verse/Circumstance_ through his Form Books, 42A Lowden Road, Herne Hill, London SE24 0BH

_Advent_ occupies a place in Irish writing similar to that occupied in English-language poetry at large by Bunting's _Briggflatts_ and Oppen's _Of Being Numerous_. Another major poet who we only learn to read after he's dead.

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## Warren Sonbert

1947–1995

*5 messages · 3 hands*

> *American experimental filmmaker celebrated for virtuosic montage editing, called the supreme Romantic diarist of the cinema;* Carriage Trade *(1972). Identified in the notice as "Independent filmmaker" and dead of AIDS.*

### 29. — Charles Bernstein *6 Jun 1995* ↑ Register

*Warren Sonbert 1947-1995*

Warren Sonbert died on Wednesday, at home and surrounded by friends. He was 47 years old. I got the news in a letters from Lyn Hejinian and Tom Mandel. Tom wrote:

> *"Charles, the news may have reached you already. Warren died yesterday (wednesday) at 10:30 am. In his bed, in his sleep, and with friends at his side. Beth and I had been in SF the whole weekend, left tuesday, and were with him daily. He was conscious on thursday when we arrived, tho in pain with organs failing and unable to speak or to move much, and would confirm requests by squeezing his hand around yours. We read to him, to a strong attention. Whitman. The days that followed he was agitated, feverish, only occasionally responsive (hands) and in much discomfort increasing. By sunday evening it had become obvious that fluids and pureed food only caused intense pain and prolonged it too, by whatever number of hours or few days, and the decision was taken to limit them severely and to up his morphine substantially. By monday afternoon, when I kissed him goodbye, he was fading and probably not conscious of one's presence or only fleetingly and as shallow this sense of any world as his breath, shallow, effortful, unsustaining. I will miss him, deeply and for a long time. tom"*

Lyn, after telling me the news, and remembering Warren, mentioned that there is to be a screening of his early films at the Yerba Buena Center in San Francisco on June 22. Carla Harryman will introduce.

Warren's wonderful, poetic, films immeasurably enriched the art of cinema.

His 15 films are:

Amphetamine (1966). "First film, heavy influence by Goddard and Warhol —designed to shock." (sound/10 min.)

Where Did Our Love Go? (1966). "First pleasure romp: along the various venues of culture, circa 1966, New York." (sound/15 min.)

Hall of Mirrors (1966) — made while a student at NYU film school: `correcting' dailies from a 1947 murder film, with added sequences of Rene Ricard at home, Gerard Malanga at a show of Lucas Samaras's `Hall of Mirrors'. (sound/7 min)

The Bad and the Beautiful (1967). "Mutual (I film them, they film each other) portraits of eight New York couples, mercifully, you'll be relieved to learn, only one pair of whom are still together. Editing in camera" (sound/30 min.)

Holiday (1967). "High spirited glances (along with *Truth Serum*) at Coney Island, Appalachian Trail, New Jersey, the Janis Gallery." (silent/15 min.)

Truth Serum (1967). (silent/12 min)

Carriage Trade (1971) — the first film of his most characteristic mode consisting of a procession of intercut images, an open-ended collage of shots taken in widely disparate locations. Warren himself wrote: "Magnum opus (and my first real silent) made up of section of [early films]. The strategies of combing `old' images with recent trips through Asia, North Africa, Europe and North America. I went to see this film with my daughter Emma (then 9) this past fall; it played as part of the Museum of Modern Art's October Sonbert retrospective. It is hard to believe that a film this stylistically commanding and elegant was made by Warren when he was in his early 20s. Like many of Warren's films, there is an elegiac quality to the passing of the images, of the evanescent quality of scenes screened, time slipping by. (silent / 61 min.)

Rude Awakening (1972). "Tautening this silent period's approach." (silent/36 min)

Divided Loyalties (1978). "Further development of editing concerns." (silent/22 min.)

Noblesse Oblige (1981). "Furthest distillation (along with *The Cup and the Lip*) of later manner editing/dislocation approach." (silent/58 min.)

A Woman's Touch (1983). "A backslide into earlier `personality' scheme." (silent/23 min.)

The Cup and the Lip (1987). (silent/20 min.)

Honor and Obey (1988). "Quick setting (two weeks?) of a film on a dare for the NY Film Festival." (silent/22 minutes.) Since Warren often worked for years on setting, eg cutting, his films, his comment is striking. It was fun to see Sonbert's film as among the few such works shown at the NY Film Festival. At this point, such films were shown as shorts, accompanying feature films, always provoking the ire of the "sophisticated" film

festival audience. The running joke was that someone would yell out "SOUND!". Later, the festival grouped such films together under the title "avant garde visions" as I recall: they've got narrative we've got visions. Actually, Sonbert's films are a running revision of the possibility of narrative in the cinema.

Friendly Witness (1989). NY Film Festival again with music/image interplay. (32 min.)

Short Fuse (1991). "Last NY Film Festival music/image experiment." (37 min.)

[All quotes from the flier for his October 1995 MoMA retrospective.]

Whiplash - According to Tom Mandel a rough cut of this film exists; hopefully, a version of this final film will one day be available.

(((((((((

"The body dies, the body's beauty lives" — Wallace Stevens

On the Poetics list there has been a recent discussion of sentimentality and I suppose it's in a notice like this that it is most difficult to find a balance between sentiment and substance. Because nothing you can say can account for the fact of Warren's death at 47 and because grief over Warren's dying also echos with that of many others of our generation who have died of AIDS. So there is a need to balance that hideous, unrepresentable, general fact with the specifics of this particular person.

Warren had an extraordinary grace both in his films and in his life. Talking about this quality of Warren's with Abby Child yesterday she said "he was a `prince'". But only in the sense that he made you feel graceful too, to be with him, to talk of movies or poetry or music or gossip about friends. He seemed to live a charmed life — travelling the world, attending operas in Europe and North American, having his work shown at Festivals and museums. But charms are haunted.

As part of his MoMA retrospective, Warren got to pick four feature films that he particularly liked, and these were shown alongside his films. For those who can't get one of Warren's films, rent a video of one of these and watch it in his honor: Lubitsch's "The Man I Killed (Broken Lullaby)" (1932), Wilder's "Kiss Me Stupid" (1964), Preminger's "The Cardinal" (1963), and Vertov's "Man with a Movie Camera" (1929). Last night, AMC was playing one of the Sirk films that Warren loved: "Imitation of Life" (where early on the earnest young photographer tells of his implausible ambition to have his pictures shown at the Museum of Modern Art). When I mentioned this to Tom Mandel he pointed to Sirk's "Magnificent Obsession"; catch it, if you can, *tonight* on AMC.

When Warren was visiting us in the Fall, Emma was taping interviews of friends, relatives, and neighbors. She asked Warren what his favorite holiday was. He said, "Halloween, because I like to dress up."

This prince is dead. His films live to light up the shadow his death has cast.

—Charles Bernstein

**30. — Chris Stroffolino** *7 Jun 1995* ↑ **Register**

So—why doesn't somebody with money (like James $herry or somebody) put on a Warren Sonbert retrospective and film festival in some poetry/art space in NYC (and somebody else

can do it on the west coast)---The reason i ask is because there is so little crossover between genres these days---it seems the specialization of the art world is harder to overcome than it was 35 or even 20 years ago—Who are the young experiental filmakers of my generation? (or of LINDzzzzz's generation)? Are they too busy trying to get funding to come down and meet us poets? Are they working in video? Maybe I haven't looked around enough, so I'm trying to keep my eyes pried open. Chris (oh—I got off the point—the point is that for those of us who have only the vaguest memory of Sonbert from college experimental film shows—it would be good for the poetry community to actually get out of its sick little "words words words" attitude at least for awhile and come together over (it)).....

**31. — Kevin Killian** *7 Jun 1995* ↑ **Register**

Thank you Charles for reminding us all about Warren Sonbert.

Oh how I remember how I kept bugging Warren to "cast" me in one of his films & him explaining patiently that his films weren't really "cast" in that way-he said once that my shadow could appear in one-but that wasn't enough for me . . . I remember how he was so generous & expansive & we argued about George Cukor over and over. How when my 2nd play appeared he wrote this thumbs-up review in the paper that thrilled all of us who were in it, tho' I knew he only came in the 1st place to take in Carla Harryman's skillful, wiggy impersonation of Dodie. Oh, when will this terrible disease leave us all alone & go back to whatever hole it climbed out of in space, but that will never happen unless we do more. God bless him & thank you again, Charles.

-Kevin Killian

**32. — Charles Bernstein** *8 Jun 1995* ↑ **Register**

*Warren Sonbert*

* * * Independent filmmaker Warren Sonbert, 47, died May 31 at his home in San Francisco, of complications from AIDS. His work is of particular interest to poets, and not just because he counted many poets and writers, especially in New York and San Francisco, among his friends.

Warren's career as a filmmaker began in the mid-60s while he was still at NYU film school. Although based in San Francisco since the early 1970s, he spent much time in New York and traveled frequently throughout North America and Europe, making nearly 200 personal appearances at one-person shows of his work. Passionate interest in film, opera, classical music, other performing and visual arts, and travel is reflected in his films, which document a life totally engaged in art and in the daily experience that provides the artist's material.

The titles of his later films reveal a poet's concern with ironies and valences of received phrase—Carriage Trade, Rude Awakening, Divided Loyalties, Noblesse Oblige, A Woman's Touch, The Cup and the Lip, Honor and Obey, Friendly Witness, Short Fuse—just as his earlier titles conjure up the mid-60s New York underground where he came on the scene—Amphetamine, Where Did Our Love Go?, Hall of Mirrors, Truth Serum, The Bad and the Beautiful, Holiday—not to mention his lifelong fascination with Hollywood and the narrative film.

Warren's own work is non-narrative, not following characters through a foregrounded plotline but, rather, has been called collisional montage. "Critics have tried to pin down Sonbert's cinema with catchy formulations . . . . His works are not really diary films, since their carefully shaped contours are determined more by aesthetic insight than daily experience, and to compare them with 'explosions in a postcard factory' is to acknowledge their boisterous variety while missing their ecstatic precision," wrote Christian Science Monitor review David Sterritt.

Of his own work, Warren said, "I think the films I make are, hopefully, a series of arguments, with each image, shot, a statement to be read and digested in turn," ("Film Syntax," a transcript of a talk that is at once an intensely close reading of several shot sequences and a

primer on the art of film, published in Hills, 1980, republished by So. Illinois University Press in Hills/Talks, ed. Bob Perelman).

Asked about discontinuity by David Simpson in a mid-80s interview, Warren said, "For me, one of the aspects of producing works, or art, let's say, is that there's definitely an element of disturbance, or astounding—sort of like some kind of conjuring trick. And one thing that's always attracted me about film, as opposed to photography or painting, is the ability to do that by removing an image and replacing it with another. And it's both an aesthetic and moral, ethical choice to do that. . . . The works that most astound and influence me are the ones that I can't, as you say, predict. . . ." Anyone pondering the affinity between Warren and poets could start right there.

Although film was his primary medium, Warren was just as serious and meticulous about his writing. His music, opera, book, and film reviews—sometimes written under the Scotty Ferguson byline (protagonist of Hitchcock's Vertigo, perhaps Warren's favorite narrative film) appeared for years in weekly gay publications in San Francisco. Not a musician himself, he was intensely involved in the classical and operatic repertoire.

Warren made 18 films, widely exhibited at arts, educational, and cultural institutions in the United States and Europe, as well as at the world's major film festivals. He was honored by numerous retrospectives, by six Cineprobes at the Museum of Modern Art and six Biennals at the Whitney Museum of American Art. His films are in the collections of more than a dozen prominent archives and universities. He also taught filmmaking at the San Francisco Art Institute, the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, and Bard College, and gave graduate seminars at a dozen other institutions.

Warren is survived by his companion, Ascension Serrano, of San Francisco; his father, Jack Sonbert, of San Diego; and two brothers. For over 15 years he lived with graphic designer and art historian Ray Larsen, who died in 1992.

The San Francisco Cinematheque is presenting a tribute to Sonbert, including an exhibition of three of his early films, 7:30 p.m., Thursday, June 22 at the Media Screening Room, Center for the Arts, Yerba Buena Gardens. Admission, $6.00.

A memorial is planned for July at the San Francisco Zen Center Green Gulch Farm in Marin. Date to be announced.

The Museum of Modern Art Department of Film in New York City is hosting an informal memorial gathering Wednesday evening, June 28, in the upstairs screening room. Call Department of Film for details.

—Alan Bernheimer

**33. — Charles Bernstein** *8 Jun 1995* ↑ **Register**
*note: previous Sonbert post is by Alan Bernheimer*

The previous message on Warren Sonbert is by Alan Bernheimer. The forwarded header making that clear was automatically removed in transmission. Alan asked me to pass on his obituary for Warren to our list.

# Jerry Garcia

1942–1995

*8 messages · 5 hands*

*American guitarist, singer and songwriter who co-founded the Grateful Dead and was its lead guitarist for thirty years;* American Beauty *(1970). Died of a heart attack, at a rehabilitation facility in California.*

**34. — Rod Smith** *9 Aug 1995* ↑ **Register**

*Re: JG*

I've just heard that Jerry Garcia died this morning. Thought some folks out there might like to know. —Rod

**35. — Alan Sondheim** *9 Aug 1995* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Renga3? II*

> *"Emerging just as prose dialogue declines within the ascendant moment of radical political conservativisms: ironic poetic thesis, useful for"*

Thinking about Jerry Garcia, thinking about little murders, thinking about the good die young, thinking about Janis Joplin, thinking about nothing left to lose, thinking about Abbie Hoffman, thinking about insurrection, thinking about flowers, thinking about flowers, thinking about insurrection

**36. — Maria Damon** *9 Aug 1995* ↑ **Register**

*Re: JG*

yes, i'm stunned and, strange to say, can't find any twin cities radio stations playing all day Dead.  my albums were stolen years ago.—md

**37. — Maria Damon** *9 Aug 1995* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Renga3? II*

and Jimi the Gem lancing his rare guitar-artiste heart for us, thinking about Mumia still to come, and George jackson who's smile was so loving it stopped a bullet before his time

**38. — Maria Damon** *11 Aug 1995* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Renga 11*

ryan k writes:

> *"jerry garcia's*
> *In your dreams*
> *In the books were dreams, and"*

**39. — Herb Levy** *11 Aug 1995* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Renga 11: Invasion from Mars*

the child woke up & the renga was over.

Herb Levy

**40. — Chris Stroffolino** *14 Aug 1995* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Rejected posting to POETICS@UBVM.CC.BUFFALO.EDU (fwd)*

I'm readng Alfred Corn's posting to POETICS and wondering who it was a response to—perhaps Rachel...or maybe Herb Levy—though Levy's lengthy post did not really suggest "changing people's minds" so maybe that idea was a Corn intepolation. It sees to me that herb was less interested in changing people's minds than he was in wanting people to come out of the closet a little me and be willing to "define" themselves. But maybe that's a

misreading too. As for myself, I'd like to see more of a attempt at such "definition" but I don't think a discussion of the work of somebody on the list would necessarily work---(esp. when there's a thread around still called "Jerry Garcia" which has nothing to say about its ostensible subject but "nifty" swear words)---in parts because then the list becomes subordinated to the published body of someone's work---for me, one of the values of the list is that to some extent it's AN ESCAPE from that, a possibility for a different mode of dialogue than "poetry" and "essay writing"—i still have some kind of faith in the possibility of "organic" "improvisation" or something among the rengas...

And the possibilities of ISSUES that have come up here (such as metaphor, the self/the soul,and others) seems more fruitful than bringing egos into it too much by discussing the work of a "big name" or career level ( i meant "mid-career level"—mandel's term) or unknown poet----Jordan Davis asked this question of what do we want to happen on this list awhile ago, and it's still an open question...I'm on a SHAKESPEARE list and though the arguments there are not so much analogous to the ones here (I.e.—not a matter of JONSON vs. SHAKESPEARE like OLSON vs. O'HARA) but there is HUGE division about critical approaches and/or temperaments (IF anyone still believes in that), and it's handeld for the most part very gracefully—..and maybe in the POETICS world "candor" is nothing but the title of a book by alan davies (though maria damon and others have been quite candid), and maybe this is due to fear of alienating potential supporters---I keep thinking of that thing in Midsummer Night's Dream where the actors are afraid that roaring like a lion will scare the audience...when of course even a VERY GOOD actor can not convincingly roar like a lion enough to scare, let alone THEM!

(us)—or the dylan line about "the one who tries to hide what it don't know to begin with"—And, MAYBE MAYBE dear Alfred Corn I'm just loving to hear myself speak—(and this has gone on long even for me—but what the hell---) but since I don't always believe you have to try to change someon's mind in order not to "just hear yourself speak" it may be something else..... sloppily yours (unwinding)

chris s.

**41. — Rod Smith** *11 Sep 1995* ↑ **Register**
*Re: SPECIAL AGENCY*

Hello David! Welcome to the list. As a sleazy deadhead of the first order & having traveled in Tibet and spoken with many lamas (not Lamas, mind you) your appearance here was prophecied unto me & we wld like to welcome you to our boring Williamsian hullabaloo & say that we agree w/ everything you said abt Charles Bernstein & are hoping he will consider stepping in for Jerry Garcia so that the transparent evilisms of post-industrial poetry & music might be more easily located when the time of destruction arrives.

I don't have a watch, but I like to.

This transcript is in a modified Conversation Analysis transcription method. All *uh*s and *um*s are recorded as well as cut-offs (abruptly cutting off a word in mid-utterance, indicated by a hyphen at the end of the word) and restarts (repeating or rephrasing what same speaker just said). Also, punctuation is used to indicate intonation. A comma (,) indicates a falling-into-rising tone, similar to the intonation used in counting or listing items. A period (.) indicates a falling tone, not necessarily the grammatical end of a sentence. Pauses are indicated by a period within parentheses. Longer pauses can be timed and may be indicated in tenths of seconds within parentheses -> (.2). Words in caps are stressed slightly more than others. (hhh*) indicates inhalation; (hhh) indicates exhalation; asterisks around words indicate that they are spoken at a lower volume than surrounding speech.

# John Gilmore

1931–1995

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American jazz tenor saxophonist, longtime member and later leader of Sun Ra Arkestra;*
Blowing in from Chicago *(1957).*

**42. — Aldon L Nielsen** *27 Aug 1995* ↑ Register

*Re: Another Death in the Family*

Just heard on the radio last night that John Gilmore had died recently. John was one of the greatest tenor saxophone players of our era, a major influence on Coltrane, and another great freind of poets throughout the world. — One of those musicians who actually thought about the poem he was creating music to accompany — not sure if any of that ever got recorded, though — Since John never had the musical equivalent of Ashbery's grand slam (Nat'l book award, pulitzer & nat'l book critics' circle award all in one gulp), the establishment (I liked it in the 60s when we used the even vaguer term "the system") never felt compelled to appropriate him.

("friend" for "freind" above)

If you've ever heard John once, you'll never forget his work — and he was one of the most generous and open-minded people I ever met

If you don't know his work, _Sun Ra Live at Montreaux_ is a good place to hear him.

Speaking of Ashbery, his "case" presents an interesting opportunity for reception studies — compare the Bloom Ashbery to the David Lehman Ashbery to the Silliman Ashbery to the Ashbery as he is taught to college senior English majors from the Norton Anth — a real study in contrasts — and the work to be done by us critic types (often the same people who appear on other pages as poet types) is to account for the ways that those varied reading spring from the same texts (though, as with Williams, it's often the case that readers choose the Ashbery texts that seem most fitted to their own aesthetic, which explains the nearly universal rejection of _Tennis Court Oath_ along the Bloom-Vendler-you name it route)))

got to drive to San Jose State in the morning to start a new semester —see y'all when I get there.

# Franco Beltrametti

1937–1995

*2 messages · 2 hands*

> *Swiss poet and visual artist regarded as one of the most important Swiss authors of the Beat Generation;* Face to Face *(1973).*

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**43. — Pierre Joris** *4 Sep 1995* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Jabes*

Will try to answer a few messages in one shot on this Labor day (get it back to the first of May!) morning

First a sad announcement: About ten days ago the Swiss-Italian poet Franco Beltrametti died suddenly. He was one of our last great peripatetic travelling companeros, at home as much in Kalifornia or here on the East Coast than in Japan, Holland, France or Italy. & one of the gentlest sould it has been my privilege to know. Here a little poem from his book _Target_.

il monte verita

the mountain is
the same, the truth
changed

19/VIII/78

Good that Jerry filled the experiemntal/concrete/soungpoetry gaps in my quick list of frog poets. One could add Julien Blaine & the work of his Marseille group & magazine DOC(K)S (a scene on which, incidentally, Franco had been very active these last years). There are any number of other figures to add to my list: Claude Miniere, Valere Novarina, Guy Darol for example, but also such towering experiemtal prose figures as Pierre Guyotat (the last French writer, to my knowledge to have one of his Gallimard-published works censored by the French Government!). The list is endless...

Besides the anthologies already mentioned on the list, here are two other books worth investigating as they have some of the younger writers not in the other one:

_French Poets of Today_ published in 1987 by Guernica Editions (Montreal then, now based in Toronto) I don't know if the book is still in print, but worth trying to pick up.

The spring '87 (Vol 30. n. 3) issue of "The Literary Review" pubvlished by Fairleigh Dickinson Universioty. This issue is subtitled "New French Writing" & includes some experiemntal prose by Guyotat & Sollers (from the latter's _Paradiso_) (my translations) as well as the usual suspects (Albiach, Hocquard, Jabes, Roet-Journoud) plus a short bit by one of my favorite French (prose)witers, Pascal Quignard. Importantly, the issue contains a secoind section edited by Eric Sellin, called "Francophone Literature of the Maghreb" presenting writers such as Dib, Alloula, Amrouche, Sebti, Said, Boujedra, Mimouni & others. Sellin edits (edited?) a magazine called _The Celfan Review_ essentially on Maghrebian writers from temple University where he teaches. Otherwise Maghrebian literature is unknown & untranslated here. I'll pass along more information as I come across it.

Pierre, but

before signing off, one more by Franco Beltrametti

mental one

_____

(a few hits of the keys) (finally for once) (she would like that it would never end) (to focus) (the problem is choice) (finally for once) (a few hits of the keys)

15/II/78 for J.L. Godard

**44. — Ron Silliman** *4 Sep 1995* ↑ **Register**
*Poets, Nations, Goblins*

> *"Now, how about contemporary Russian writing...*
> *Well, how about Nina Eskrenko?*
> *Charles Hartman"*

Like Franco Beltrametti, a wonderful witty gentle person who died much too soon.

The best one volume intro to contemporary Russian poetry that I know of is Third Wave, edited by Kent Johnson (who may or may not be the trickster behind the fictive Araki Yasusada) and Stephen Avery, with by Alexei Parshchikov and Andrew Wachtel (U Michigan, 1992), which grew out of Kent and Stephen's participation in the 1989 Leningrad conference.

All these poets seem bedeviled by the relationship of writing to nationhood. Beltrametti, whom I only met twice (once at Canessa Park in SF and once in the south of France), was I believe from Belgium or Switzerland and had a knack for European languages akin to Pierre or Anselm Hollo's. If his work isn't well known in the west, it's precisely because of that ambiguity of place.

The Russian literary scene seems to have been exploded with the end of the Soviet state. Many of the best Russian poets are now expatriates (like Ilya Kutik) or at least spend as much time out of the country as possible, while others have watched the safety net that was Stalinism collapse out from under them (such as Parshchikov who, last I heard, was homeless and living a street alcoholic's life in Moscow, less than a decade after having been a very successful editor of an agricultural youth magazine and a stint in California, where the alienness of it all proved too much). I haven't heard in ages from or about Ivan Zhdanov, who was already at the Bob Kauffman/Gregory Corseo level of social tenuousness before the collapse of Communism.

There is no question in my mind that many of the best/most exciting writers of my generation are Russians, but it seems very difficult to imagine what the future of Russian (or, more broadly, "post Soviet") writing itself can be under such circumstances. Somebody like Arkadii Dragomoshchenko, after all, is Ukraine by birth and would, in today's circumstances, never become part of "Russian" literature alongside a Tartar from Moscow like Parshchikov or a Siberian like Zhdanov.

I have often wondered what it would be like, as a life experience, to participate in a literature of fewer than 100 million people, like French (say). Imagine California poetry as a national literature. That would I imagine change the experience of a "career" as a poet a lot. Leland Hickman's willingness to publish poets not strictly local to Los Angeles would have seemed an even more radical act than it was (and, as it was, it got him pretty well ostracized in LA).

And I used to think that some of the great similarities between Russian and American writing had to do with their vast populations and expanse and multicultural roots COMBINED (very central) with a deep ambivalence about their relationship to Europe. But that Russia doesn't exist any more.

Ron Silliman

# Donald Davie

1922–1995

*13 messages · 11 hands*

*English poet and critic of the Movement, known for plain diction and criticism of poetic syntax;* Purity of Diction in English Verse *(1952). Died of cancer, in Exeter.*

**45. — I.lightman** *26 Sep 1995* ↑ **Register**

*Donald Davie 1922-1995*

I'm taking time out from unexpectedly heavy grieving to note the loss of a great British poet, Donald Davie. He and I corresponded and met and, like at least some of the obituary writers on him in recent days, fell out; I wish now, like some of them I suspect, that I had sorted this out, but there always seemed more time to come. I only found out that he'd died when I moved into a new flat and his face was peering out of the obituary page of a newspaper in the bin in the empty room. He was always used as a whipping boy, an establishment figure to rebel against, and rarely thanked for his critical work recommending not just British poets but British poetry - as a poetry that should be international and should make serious work with language, and let language work on the poet.

He was attacked jealously by many who wanted his position of eminence (he could always get an article in the TLS much better than any others there) but who would never do the labour, of writing well at length and dealing with institutions, that Davie did to *achieve* this eminence. It was always assumed that this eminence was somehow given to him, as privilege, and always assumed that he reacted out of fear and stupidity to certain areas of the avant-garde that he didn't favour as much as he favoured Pound. For me, however, his *criticisms* based on *reading* (rather than *assent*) of the British avant-garde stick.

See Barry and Hampson eds. _The Scope of The Possible_, Manchester University Press, 1994, for a fine example of such Davie-bashing. If his criticism was begrudged, his poetry was ignored; yet, its emphasis on language, its sometimes entirely abstract pleasure with difficult syntax and vocabulary, and its constant self-questioning and interest in ideas and epistemology, certainly helped me, as a schoolboy knowing only Philip Larkin, to bridge to Pound and, indeed, the Language Writers - to whom he is much closer in energy and labour and *vanguardism* (ie the desire to bring the future in, from the margin, not stay in the margin) than any other post-war British poet.

If I were to compare him to a painter, I would say no other had such a fine grasp of one aspect of her or his (colour/pigment/mixing/framing/brushwork) art - for none has the skill below with vocabulary, with verbs, with a form that is both syntactically spacious and *not* spare and stripped-down in vocabulary; he is somewhere between Creeley/Neidecker and Yeats, and that amazes me as a feat:

OX-BOW

The time is at an end.
The river swirled
Into an ox-box bend, but now
It shudders and re-unites:
Adversary! Friend!

Adverse currents drove
This pair apart.
A twin tormented throe embraced,
Enisled between them, one
Quadrant of earth, one grove.

Now for each other they yearn
Across the eyot
That the particular flow of each
Carved out, determined. Now,
Now to each other they turn.

And it is past belief
That once they forked;
Or that, upstream and bypassed, trees
Mirrored in mid-reach still
Break into annual leaf.

DONALD DAVIE

**46. — Herb Levy** *26 Sep 1995* ↑ **Register**

I want to thank Ira for posting this eulogy on Donald Davie.

Herb Levy

**47. — George Bowering** *26 Sep 1995* ↑ **Register**

I think that Lightman's encomium for Davie is apt and shd surely be welcomed. Davie , despite his crankiness in some areas, at least announced to the stiff-necked English p[oetry crowd that there was something happening elsewhere. His poetry sounds a little 19thC English to North American ears, but it sounds a lot more beautiful than the stuff you usually see printed in the establishment papers over there. I think that North Americans always wonder how the hell the Brits ever thought that Larkin was more than a light poet. But Davie rests somewhere between the tight collar and proper vest, and Mr Bunting, say. Maybe closest to someone like Tomlinson, who also had an ear cocked westward. Only time I had a real serious talk with Davie, though, was once when I visited Essex with a view to doing a PhD on Bunting in 1966, and Davie sais not a chance, he was saving him for himself. Better than the prof at Sussex who told me not a chance, he had heard that this Bunting fellow was still alive.

**48. — Mark Scroggins** *26 Sep 1995* ↑ **Register**

My thanks as well to Ira for the Davie obituary.

I remember a pleasant hour spent with him in his office at Vanderbilt University, watching him continually relight his pipe and counsel me, a prospective graduate student, that I would be better off pursuing my honors thesis on Bunting than on Robert Duncan.

When I told him how fascinated I was by the eclecticism of Duncan's influences, he shook his head slowly: "Eclectic indeed—rather an eclectic _fudge_, I should say."

That was my introduction to Bunting's work.

Later, he would send me a syllabus for a graduate seminar he had taught on the Objectivists, from which Zukofsky was unaccountably absent(!); "He would have taken up far too much of the semester, with too little reward," was Davie's explanation. I was inclined to dismiss him as an old fart at the time, an impression further strengthened by his scathing review of Williams's collected poems a couple of years later, and his casual dropping (somewhere) of the opinion that Niedecker was on a par with Dickinson—both "minor female poets."

But if Davie was never quite vanguard enough for my tastes, he always remained a staunch advocate of a Poundian poetics—not a popular position in England, nor in America, where Helen Vendler takes every opportunity to berate Davie for his "unaccountable" appreciation of Pound. [Speaking of which, does anyone have a citation for the Ashbery interview where he says that Vendler told him (Ashbery) in conversation, "Of course you don't like The Cantos.

You have to be a fascist to like The Cantos"?]

He was always a graceful writer—not a skill valued by many American academics, nor, unfortunately, by many of those who write about poetry in America—and he was never afraid to hold unpopular opinions. His Pound books remain useful.

His _Under Briggflatts_,while highly spotty, is consistently entertaining.

My personal favorite of his books is _A Gathered Church: the Literature of the English Dissenting Interest, 1700-1930_, a lovely and eclectic piece of historical scholarship and criticism.

Mark Scroggins

**49. — Marjorie Perloff** *26 Sep 1995* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Donald Davie*

I too mourn the loss of Donald Davie! I first met Donald at one of those Pound conferences at Orono and he was feisty and terrific: I like his first Pound book very much, ARTICULATE ENERGY even better. But he was a very difficult and self-destructive person. When I published my Frank O'Hara book, he wrote me a letter scolding me for writing about such a terrible person and objected vehemently to Frank's being gay. "The Muse," he told me, "is female!" and so GAYS CAN'T WRITE POETRY! An amazing, absurd letter. He took the line, "I drink to keep from getting bored," and said "If he's so bored let him leave poetry to those of us who are not bored!" etc etc.

At some point in the 70s, he seemed to derail somewhat. Having been such a passionate fighter for the new, he left Stanford first for Vanderbilt (which he sadly and mistakenly took for the "Old South") and then back to England and became increasingly pugnacious and defensive. I suspect it was because he felt his poetry wasn't getting its due—and it's true (to my mind) that DD was much better critic than poet. But he did write some wonderful reviews (collected in Barry Alpert's book) and essays on Pound. One of the best is the one about a walking tour in Provence and how geography works in poetry. He wrote brilliantly about syntax: the difference a shift to the past tense could make. But his politics became increasingly problematic as did his social/cultural attitudes—and so it was a sad last few years.

It's interesting to me that Ira is so keen on the poetry—makes me want to go back and reread.

Marjorie Perloff

**50. — Hank Lazer** *27 Sep 1995* ↑ **Register**

My one vivid recollection of Donald Davie comes from the late 1960s, at Stanford. Bruce Franklin, who was organizing an armed militia (The Venceremos Brigade), would challenge fellow faculty members to political debates. Franklin was quite popular with the students; he was also a quick thinker. Nearly all of the faculty refused the offer of a public debate. (Bear in mind, these teach-ins took place during a series of three successive springs when we shut down the campus.) Davie was the only one who took up Franklin's offer. The position that

Davie took, which befuddled nearly everyone, was an advocacy of the value of irony, a position which he articulated based in part on some writings by Thomas Mann....

Hank Lazer

**51. — Richard Caddel** *27 Sep 1995* ↑ **Register**

Good to read so many positive testimonials to Donald Davie. Like many I grew up with his criticism around me, particularly the Pound work, and I'll miss him, grumpiness and all. It seemed to fall on me to disagree with him in public quite a lot - such as (a) when he suggested that the Native North Americans are absent from Lorine Niedecker's Lake Superior, (b) when he argued that Bunting was a poet of religious orthodoxy and (c) when he asserted that Zukofsky wasn't worth talking about. So that when we met we were both a little surprised to find that the other wasn't as fierce as we'd expected. The remarkable thing was that he did generally continue talking about such people when most UK "establishment" critics didn't.

In his south-yorkshire bloody-mindedness ("the Geoff Boycott of literature" someone said) Davie was very like the late Eric Mottram - a comparison which would make both of them grumble a lot. But where Davie came to assert tradition and authority, Mottram remained committed to everything radical. With mentors like these, what shall we do but go schizophrenic? And miss them both, in their various ways.

**52. — charles alexander** *27 Sep 1995* ↑ **Register**

Nice to hear all the words about Donald Davie. He was, when I was an undergraduate at Stanford (mid-70's), the most influential teacher I had. I generally found him warm and kind, rather than difficult and self-destructive, although I agree with Marjorie that it seemed as if he became more difficult later. He taught me to hear poetry in a way no one had (nor has since), as he had an ear which could encompass the music of Pound and that of Tennyson (at his best, in some poems in the middle of In Memoriam). He gave me an abiding love of the works and spirit of Christopher Smart. Those may sound to some here like small gifts, but they weren't, because they were, in part, a permission to hear and think idiosyncratically, and with mind, ear, and heart. He also was the first to lead me to read Edward Dorn, who in turn led me to Duncan, Olson, and Creeley, and indirectly to much of my work since. I rather think he didn't approve of places I eventually got to in reading and writing, but I know that in a way he helped me get there. He certainly had his blind spots, and some found him arrogant, but mostly I found him challenging in a rather fine way. He gave quite a lot of himself to students who were curious.

**53. — Aldon L Nielsen** *27 Sep 1995* ↑ **Register**

*things & stuff*

1) As an old and still/continually emerging poet, I wonder at this tendency to equate — new=emerging=young

I know for a fact that I am not the only old poet writing new poems that are in no books — similarly, I know many young poets writing old poems,,, and new poets who don't emerge at all

but I'm always willing to listen to good old fashioned intergenerational grousing — it stirs my soul

Hey Mark — you can be in my generation if I can be in yours

2) Many years ago I asked Donald Davie to autograph a book of his poems for me (the one about the Shires) — As he wrote his name, he said, "This is very generous of you."

3) I read Jay Wright — so does Carole Doreski — & I'd bet there are others of us on the list — assume you know Vera Kutzinski's book _Against the American Grain_ — look it up if you haven't already seen it — she looks at Williams, Wright and Guillen — (to my mind she makes Guillen more interesting than his poems — that's N. Guillen, not J. Guillen) — Special issue of _Callalloo some years back had lots of good Wright stuff in it.

4)
The distorted conception of the clam
A concentrated scene of panic
Then calm as the sea slips
Out of the poem and sand
Clumps together at line's end

(banal abstract lyric)

**54. — Tony Green** *28 Sep 1995* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Donald Davie*

south-yorkshire bloody-mindedness is maybe one mode of survival in a culture that bludgeons regularly any but sanctioned positions isn't Boycott altogether milder and more amenable, after all he does still get work as a TV commentator?

Tony Green,

**55. — H. T. Kirby-smith** *28 Sep 1995* ↑ **Register**

I guess the closest I came to Donald Davie was Alan Shapiro, who was a colleague for some years; Davie claimed that before publishing any poem he first showed it to someone who was older than he was and someone who was younger, and that the younger person was Shapiro.

It seemed to me that Davie was following some sort of reactionary spoor in the United States. He wrote admiringly of Yvor Winters, and then went to Stanford; then he went to Vanderbilt where I suppose there was still a lingering odor of the Fugitives, who in their reincarnation as Agrarians were —well, let's say, as Jeffersonian as Pound. Donald Davidson, and I mean Davidson, the Fugitive and the Agrarian of the 1920s and 30s who went on living for decades —was such a fascist that when admiring his poems one has that awful feeling as if one were admiring Hitler's water colors. None of this is applicable to Davie, of course, but his American wanderings had a very odd pattern to them.

I was very put off by a piece that Davie wrote about Larkin some ten years or so ago, in which he found fault with Larkin for not being a romantic. It seemed to me it was like faulting Eeyore for not being Winnie-the-Pooh.

Tom Kirby-Smith

**56. — Mark Scroggins** *23 Oct 1995* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Niedecker/Zukofsky*

Dodie:

of course, Ric Caddel, when referring to those who didn't take LN seriously, meant mostly Donald Davie.

Chris:

Ken Sherwood cited most of the stuff I would have used to argue for LZ as a New York poet; maybe the poetics themselves could have come out of _any_ environment (tho I bet that can be argued too—imagine Wordsworth's "fittings" coming out of 18th century London, if you can), but the poems are surely urban.

Mark

**57. — Richard Caddel** *24 Oct 1995* ↑ **Register**

Dear Dodie,

I know you're only kidding when you spell my name "Cadel". The write-down Niedecker movement has been big in its time, and has always included US and UK men and women who should've known better (and her supporters and publishers were also on occasions aghast at the circumstances of her life). Davie, I guess, was in the praise-with-faint-damns end of things, along with those who called her work "delicate" or "slight" or even "wispy" - but he wasn't alone. Hopefully that school's on the decline and more accurate readings are on the

> increase - and perhaps when there's a good edition of her work available, the Niedecker Vigilantes can stand down.
>
> But because there IS still a current of "My God! How could anyone actually LIVE there?" - and because your slightly-parodied-revisioning was so complete, I'm afraid I linked your "sad little shack" and "poorness of the lives" (which are pretty disparaging phrases - this side of the Atlantic) to the more general malaise: hence the generalisation of my address. Sorry - but pleased to know the linkage was misplaced.
>
> I've just got no idea how sad your dad's tool shed is. My dad's shed needs painting, but seems quite emotionally stable. Our own shed collapsed last week - couldn't take the strain...

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## Don Cherry

1936–1995

*2 messages · 2 hands*

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> *American jazz trumpeter who pioneered free jazz with Ornette Coleman and later world-fusion music;* Complete Communion *(1966). Died of liver cancer, in Málaga, Spain.*

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**58. — Aldon L Nielsen** *29 Oct 1995* ↑ **Register**

*Re: the shape of jazz to come/gone*

according to L.A. Times, Don Cherry died at age 58 a few days ago —Anybody who saw him perform recently (the only trumpet player i know of in jazz to play from a lotus position!) knows how energetic and inventive Cherry continued to be in the years after departing from the Ornette Coleman band — Once read poems with him at D.C. space between his sets at the piano and trumpet — a beautiful musician and a great friend to all who knew him

> **59. — kathryne lindberg** *29 Oct 1995* ↑ **Register**
>
> re: Don Cherry's death. Sacrilege no doubt on the day after the conclusion of the World Series; preface too to a Stormy Monday after this first day of Day Light Savings, but. . . Cherry died of liver cancer, one might say of not having access to the repacement parts available to the Mick.
>
> Don Cherry, Ornette Coleman, Ed Blackwell, Charlie Hayden are still on recordings and YET to be appreciated. The character of that "yet" is manifold—prospective but not Emersonian.

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# Gilles Deleuze

1925–1995

*4 messages · 4 hands*

*French philosopher, author of* Difference and Repetition *and, with Félix Guattari,* Anti-Oedipus *and* A Thousand Plateaus*; taught at Vincennes and Paris VIII for over twenty years. He was sixty-nine and had been ill for years with the lung disease that left him unable to write; the wire Bernstein posted reported that he took his own life by leaping from the window of his Paris apartment. What the list sent back was not elegy but translation — André Bernold's SUIDAS, which writes Deleuze up as an entry in an ancient encyclopaedia.*

### 60. — Charles Bernstein *5 Nov 1995* ↑ Register

*Giles Deleuze 1925-1995*

Sad news—

Group clari.living.books article 2255

> *"PARIS (AP) — Prominent French philosopher, writer and university professor Gilles Deleuze committed suicide by leaping from the window of his Paris apartment, his family said Sunday. Deleuze, whom French philosopher Michel Foucault once called ``the only philosophical mind in France,'' died Saturday. He was 70. The author of one of the world's best selling philosophy books, ``The Anti-Oedipus,'' had suffered for years from a serious respiratory illness and recently underwent a tracheotomy. Deleuze was born in 1925 into a conservative Paris family, but spent his life as a leftist and considered himself almost militantly so. He became a familiar figure in the city's bohemian Latin Quarter, his trademark felt hat cocked at a rakish angle. Deleuze began his academic life in 1955 as a teaching assistant at the Sorbonne and taught later at the university at Vincennes, retiring in 1987. In 1972, he and longtime friend Felix Guattari published ``The Anti-Oedipus,'' a scathing look at the concepts and ``schizo-analysis'' of Sigmund Freud and Melanie Klein. In 1993, he published ``Critic and Clinic,'' in which he explored the works of Herman Melville and Lewis Carroll, among others. Throughout his long career, Deleuze refused to appear on television, but he agreed earlier this year to develop a philosophy-oriented program for France's arts-oriented Arte channel. Details on Deleuze's survivors were not immediately available."*

### 61. — Alan Sondheim *6 Nov 1995* ↑ Register

*Re: gory story*

And Deleuze died yesterday, throwing himself from a window.

Alan

### 62. — charles alexander *6 Nov 1995* ↑ Register

*Re: Giles Deleuze 1925-1995*

This from Jack Sinclair, and containing his message which came to him from Melissa McMahon, appeared on the book arts list in response to my forwarding the note there about Deleuze's death.

charles alexander

My introduction to Deleuze was in a critical theory class trying to ascend A Thousand Plateaus, co authored by Felix Guattari. Interestingly *the book*, was likened to a record in that we were told there would be parts that we would like or understand and might repeatedly return to, while other parts we would want to skip over and completely ignore. Forever. Thinking back it was sort of a hypertext use of the book. Anyway, it was noted in the forward by translator Brian Massumi that Deleuze felt that as artists we are all philosophical thinkers to the extent that we explore the potentials of our respective mediums and break

away from the beaten paths. Ideas that certainly coincided with his concept of nomadic thought, and, seem to be just as relevant today in our ongoing discussions of the future of *the book*.

As a follow up to Charles' post regarding the suicide of Deleuze I offer the following which was forwarded to me. For those of you that find this off topic I would only suggest that you read *the book*.

Below is a translation (rapidly, stutteringly done this morning) of a piece included in the issue of _Philosophie_ dedicated to Deleuze. Obituaries give me the horrors a bit - something _fatal_ about them, like wanting to end death, or silence it with endless words. This, importantly, was written before his death, thus is not an obituary, and has a taste for the singularities (rather than molar categories) and the power of the false (rather than that of 'summing up') that are so lacking in the newspaper articles...

SUIDAS
Andre Bernold
_Philosophie_ no.47, September 1995 (issue dedicated to Deleuze)

_Deleuze_, philosopher, son of Diogenes and Hypatia, spent time in Lyon. Nothing is known of his life. He lived to a very old age, even though he was often very sick. He illustrated what he himself said: that there are lives where difficulties approach the extraordinary. He defined as active all force which goes to the limit of its power. This is, he said, the opposite of the law. It is thus that he lived, going always further that he would have thought possible. Although he explained Chryssippus, it is above all his constancy which makes him worthy of the name Stoic.

He was one of the most remarkable orators of his time, and the greatest of those who made it their profession to teach philosophy. He was only understood by a few. He was persecuted; the object of a jealousy which never disarmed him. He despised these miseryguts, because of the joy of his life, which was to philosophise.

Of a lofty temperament, he tolerated only the people. But formidable was his irony. His voice was one of the most extraordinary. Athena compared it to a grater, then to a torrent of pebbles. His elocution was of an extreme distinction, a little tired, his diction slow and sweet. Appollodorus compares his voice to that of  a wizard. He was a man of perfect nobility, who had a horror of all that belittled.

He wrote much, perhaps more than anyone, when one considers the density of his works. While he treated amply the subjects of logic and morality, he must be placed among the ranks of physicists, indeed among the first rank. He left behind him an _Of Nature_, that Stobee ranked with those of Heraclitus and Lucretius, relating an oracle: in a very distant future, nothing so great will have appeared, if not a certain _Ethics_, which is not Aristotle's.

He said that three anecdotes are enough: the place, the time and the element. His own place found him towards the east. As for the time, it is that of the deepest twilight: for there is much terror in his books. Even the sky suffers of its cardinal points and constellations, he says. As for the element, we can permit ourselves to hesitate, for he speaks of all of them with a rare splendour. He passionately loves the earth; Aratos says that he was a troglodyte. He celebrates the hairy lines of the waters, and fire, according to him, is soluble. His element however is aerial, overhanging, suspense, and profound fall.

He was also a doctor, the last to treat medicine as an art. We can cite two books on monsters, two on wounds and the most famous, on the oedema of the feet.

We read in Aristoxena his _Treaty of the Refrain_, whose boldness is extreme. One can also find _De linea_, and _Of sublime images_.

Proclus copies out a very obscure passage on "the Virgin, the one who was never lived, beyond the lover and beyond the mother, coexisting with the one and contemporary with the other." In the same place, he says that all reminiscence is erotic. Strabo maintains that he was an astonishing "geologist". With Felix, he composed, besides _Against oedema_, which

also contains a _Politics_ and a _Geography_ of which it is said that never have such mad ones been seen: _On strata_, which also contains a _Strategy_. This latter seems never to have been understood by anybody, among philosophical circles.

In geometry, he discovered the pulsation of spirals. He professed that the love of children for their mother repeats other loves of adults, in regard to other women.

There was a multitude of other Deleuzes.

Here is a list of his works: _Of the event_, in 34 books. _Of the constellations which run through us_. _Of the impassibility of incorporeals_. _On the wounds received while sleeping_. _Symptoms_. _On the jump of demons_. _Of tubercules_. _Of the noble man_. _On the ugliness of the human face_. _Of idiots_. _Of the invisible witnesses_. _The Prince of philosophers_. _On degrees_. _Of the three testaments_. _The Galician_, or _Of cold_, or _Of cruelty_. _Of larvae_. _Of the Idea which watches us_. _Misosophy_. _Of the egg_. _Of the clear and obscure_. _Of the universal spider_. _That allintensity is tearing_. _Of the sardine_. _On the question "who?"_. _Of the orgy_. _Of nobody_. _On universal foundering (effondrement)_. _Eulogy of Lucretius_. _Of viscera_. _Of complication_. _Resume of twists_. _That it is better to not explain oneself too much_. _Of the singularities which ruffle us_. _Of the cloacal_. _Of the triumph of the slaves_. _The hammer_. _What belongs to us upon a subtler prompting_. _Of absolute depth_. _Of unknown joy_.

**63. — Steve Carll** *4 Nov 1995* ↑ **Register**
*Re: signs taken for wonders*

*"Aldon -In any event — part of the confusion seems to arise from people assuming that because there are an infinite number of possible interpretations, any interpretation can be "valid." I don't know of anybody who makes that claim seriously (which does not mean that such people don't exist.)"*

Tom Beard:

*"Most of my high school English teachers claimed this, saying that "everyone has their own truth, each of which is equally valid". I don't know if they learnt this through some form of theory, or whether it is part of the Zeitgeist that grew up along with the theory."*

Gilles Deleuze points out, in both _The Fold_ and _What Is Philosophy?_ (probably elsewhere as well), that what the partial observer in Einstein represents is "not a relativity of truth [which is what Tom's teachers claimed], but, on the contrary, a truth of the relative." This is elaborated on in terms of Deleuze's interpretation of monads, each of which, he says, "express the entire world, but only clearly express one particular area."

*"There was also a controversy here recently when the Museum of NZ had an exhibit ("Voices", I think) portraying the origins of NZ, and the "voice of the Maori" was presented alongside the "voice of science" as equally valid thruths about the origin of the earth and its landforms. This seemed akin to the Southern state (Alabama? Tennessee?) that decreed in the 80s that "Creation Science" had to be taught alongside evolution in classrooms."*

There seems to be a difference in the mode of presentation here, though, in that "the voice of the Maori" doesn't present itself as science but myth, with a mythical truth that IS as valid in the realm of myth as the voice of science is in the realm of science. What creation science wants to do is to present mythical truths AS scientific ones; and further, as BETTER scientific truths than evolution attains to.

*"Anyway, it seems that the distinction between "response" and "interpretation" is vital here. There is no such thing as an "invalid" response - to claim so would be nonsense. When a reader/perceiver projects that response back upon the text and attempts to draw conclusions about it, then questions of (in)validity come into play. As a very crude example, I might read a poem as making a comparison between an apple and a lightbulb, and I might be struck by this image. This response cannot be judged as valid or otherwise. If, however, I then interpret the poem as meaning that apples & lightbulbs share the property of edibility, I might be in for a painful demonstration of the invalidity of this interpretation.*

> Yes, if you were to interpret the poem as saying that apples and lightbulbs share the property of edibility *outside the frame of the poem.* Within that frame, the distinction between a response and an interpretation (which would seem to me to always begin at the response—correct me if I've neglected something—) is much blurrier.
>
> *"But seriously, as you say, _both_ extremes (_I'm_ right & _you're_ wrong; vs. well, we're all right in our own ways, aren't we?) will end the conversation. Perhaps we need some sort of Popperian approach to interpretation: each viewpoint is tentative & cannot be proven, but should be open to falsification if it is to be considered. This might keep the dialogue open."*
>
> This makes good sense.

## 1996

# Charles Madge

1912–1996

*5 messages · 4 hands*

*English poet, journalist and sociologist who co-founded the Mass-Observation social research movement in 1937;* The Disappearing Castle *(1937).*

### 64. — Ken Edwards *26 Jan 1996* ↑ Register

*Charles Madge 1912-1996*

I thought I'd just record here sadly the death of Charles Madge, on 17 January (obituary spotted in The Guardian, London, yesterday).

He was the founder of Mass Observation, the social reportage movement of the 1930s and 40s, which had its roots in socialism and surrealism but became a precursor of the opinion polling and market research industries. He was also a poet, initially associated with Auden, Spender and Day-Lewis (and once married to Kathleen Raine). He was taken up by T S Eliot, who published two collections under the Faber imprint — The Disappearing Castle (1937) and The Father Found (1941). They were republished by Anvil Press in 1994, together with uncollected poems, under the title Of Love, Time and Places: Selected Poems.

Robert Hampson and I reprinted "Bourgeois News", a collage prose poem from the first (1937) collection in an early issue of Alembic in the 1970s. It anticipates the "new sentence" by some years! Here's the opening paragraph:

"Floods are frequent because the rivers of Britain have been neglected for a century. Positive movements of transgression carry the sea and its deposits over the lands, drowning them and their features under tens or hundreds of fathoms of water. Efforts to advance the prosperity of the country should be directed towards building on the foundations already laid by the native himself, rather than to hazardous introductions or innovations. Commercial possibilities are not clearly and courageously visualised, and the new ventures are often the product and concern of individuals facing the traditional difficulties of lonely pioneers. The indoor staff remains comparatively small. The vigour of mountain building, of volcanoes, and of other manifestations of unrest,

has shown no sign of senility or lack of energy. An operator received concussion and a wound on the head from a cast-iron cover blown off a 60A switch-fuse box."

Much of his output is more conventional (after all, there wasn't the context for this kind of stuff in Britain in the 30s) but to my mind Madge was a consistently more interesting poet than, say, Spender or Graves.

**65. — cris cheek** *26 Jan 1996* ↑ **Register**

Thanks Ken for posting on Charles Madge. An aye-aye to his considerably rangey influence. Also, for those who know nothing as yet of such matters, cross over at least to the films of Humphrey Jennings.

I'd go as far as to say that somehow, and there's a useful paper lurking here, an understanding of the work of Mass Observation would be a strong grounding for reading English poetry out of the loosely affiliated London core in the 1970-1990 period. Mass Observation's work, taken at its broadest trajectories intercedes Robert Smithson's writings (in particular the unbelievably highly recommended, in my opinion, 'Frederick Law Olmsted and the Dialectical Landscape', 'The Spiral Jetty', 'Incidents of Mirror-Travel in the Yucatan' and 'A Tour of the Monuments of Passaic, New Jersey' - most of which Barrett Watten cites in his essay 'Total Syntax'); even the Situationist International 'derive'.

love and love cris

**66. — Keith Tuma** *26 Jan 1996* ↑ **Register**

More on Charles Madge.

In _Parataxis 4_, there's the following little note from a short letter devoted to "lost precursors":

"Charles Madge. _The Disappearing Castle_, Faber 1937, is probably all. But enough for anyone, I mean long lifetimes of assiduous modern-poeting haven't touched the penetrative delicacy of this one book."

Signed by one "Reginald." I'm guessing that's Peter Riley. Anybody know for sure?

**67. — David Kellogg** *26 Jan 1996* ↑ **Register**

I had not known his work but now must find it. (Duke either doesn't have it or hasn't logged it electronically yet). Did he more recently edit *Pandemonium*, a book of reportage about machines?

Thanks to all who know his work for posting.

Cheers,
David

**68. — cris cheek** *29 Jan 1996* ↑ **Register**

*Madge and Pandaemonium / beside reading*

David Kellogg was asking about Pandaemonium. In fact it was written or should I say compiled by Humphrey Jennings who I mentioned in Madge's wake. Jennings together with Madge and Tom Harrison founded Mass Observation together in 1937. Madge contributes an introduction to 'Pandaemonium' (subtitled - the Coming of the Machine as seen by Contemporary Observers) and himself worked on the manuscript, while the edition I have is edited by Humphrey's daughter Mary-Lou (Macmillan, 1995).

It's an anthology edited from twelve books. Of the selection Jennings said 'The presence of Imagination is apprehended by the Imagination: therefore the reasons for choice are not reasonable'. Materials are grouped under the dates and titles:

1660 - 1729 : Observations and Reports
1730-1790: Exploitation

1791-1850: Revolution
1851-1886: Confusion

the Revolution section by far the fattest. It's worth seeking out. Jennings worked on the manuscript between '37 and 1950 when he himself died.

It's hovering somewhere on a table which holds the back-burners for the edge of my current bedside batch, along with

Blaise Cendrars 'Complete Poems' translated by Ron Padgett (University of California, 1992) - terrific work and terrific translations

Keston Sutherland and Andrea Brady '20 Poems' (Barque, 1995) - two young poets here who interest me

'o(rphan) d(rift)' (Cabinet Editions, 1995) - over 400 pages of writings from the eponymous collective (very interesting) 'orphan drift is spreading, signal with no memory' , 'this is flatline country' / same sort of territory as Collapse magazine

Allen Fisher 'Fish Jet' (Torque, 1995) - part of his current hot deliveries from the ongoing 'gravity as a consequence of shape' as is the smaller but no less notable ''Now's the Time' (from Books, 1995)

Walter Benjamin 'One Way Street and other writings' (Verso, 1985) - a current fave crit theory dip along with

Bakhtin's soaring 'Rabelais and His World' (Midland, 1984)

Peter Burke's 'Popular Culture in Early Modern Europe' (Scolar, 1994) -an energising tandem with the Bakhtin

Charles Alexander's 'Hopeful Buildings' (Chax, 1990) - which I'm reviewing and very much enjoying

a special issue of Parataxis given over to 'Original: Chinese Language-Poetry Group (Parataxis, 1995) - Zhou Yaping has particularly caught my eye

and Robert Smithson 'Le Paysage Entropique' (an excellent and extensive 312 page catalogue from a retrospective at the Museum of Marseilles 1995) - I'm in a Smithson phase right now, somewhat later than many I know but hit in deep at last, whereas an interest has been lurkng for years

well, that's what's by the bed. Can't imagine how I ever get the time to sleep. But i still do yet

love and love cris

---

## Paul Mariah

1937–1996

*7 messages · 5 hands*

*American poet and publisher, pioneer of San Francisco's gay literary scene, who co-founded ManRoot Books in 1969;* This Light Will Spread *(1978). Dead of pneumonia.*

### 69. — Ron Silliman *26 Jan 1996* ↑ Register

*Paul Mariah*

Poet, editor and publisher of Manroot books, Paul Mariah died of pneumonia on January 12. He was 58.

The name Mariah was chosen by Paul when he moved to San Francisco after having served a term in prison somewhere in the midwest for homosexual activity (!). By the

mid 1960s, he was a one-man campaign for the idea of a poetics out of the closet. When Judy Grahn and Pat Parker began actively promoting a lesbian aesthetic, Paul's work had already created a context for thinking and writing in similar terms. After Spicer's death in '65 and the move of Blaser, Stanley and Persky up to British Columbia, Mariah actively promoted the Spicer Circle and the SF Renaissance, always foregrounding the issue of gender orientation.

In publishing Spicer's _15 False Propositions About God_ and the Manroot issue celebrating Spicer (#10), Mariah was one of the few people to make Spicer's work available in the period between that poet's death and the arrival of the Collected Books in 1975. He also published books by Cocteau, Stephen Jonas (again, _Two for Jack Spicer_), Lynn Lonidier, Robert Ingersoll and others.

His own books of poetry included _The Spoon Ring_, _Persona Non Grata_, _Diana_ and _Six Imaginary Letters of Young Caesar on the Bythenian Tour, 81 B.C._.

Paul was one of the first poets to support my own work and it was through his reading series held at the old Albany Public Library on Solano Avenue in 1968 (the same room, by chance, where six years earlier I'd discovered Williams _The Desert Music_ and realized that I was going to be a poet) that I first met both David Bromige and David Melnick. Melnick used to kid me that I'd lifted my public reading style directly from Paul.

Paul moved up to the Russian River later on and gradually became less visible on the scene. The last time I saw him was at the Eigner celebration at the University Art Museum in Berkeley a couple of years ago. He was surprisingly frail, with a long beard, full of humor and playing the Ancient Fairye role to the hilt.

Here's a sample of his work. I believe that it's a portrait of the Irish lawyer/poet James Liddy. Around '67, Liddy was at SF State and, when drunk (any day after 5 pm), would take on the persona of Spicer.

SOCRATES, MISGNOMED
for Victor Turks

O I could never call _him_, Socrates.  He is too

Irish-Catholic, bourgeois Middle-class white collar

Lawyer and liberal, the Worst kind, smug.

His liberalness: Boys and booze.

His only suffering That he himself knows.

O what's a little Suffering, more or less.

"Jack Spicer is alive And well in Ireland." No

He is sleeping In too few libraries

With his boots on And nothing else

But "the radio."

**70. — Maria Damon** *26 Jan 1996* ↑ **Register**

thanks, ron, for the obit and news. i'd never read his work until you posted this piece, but i know of his heroic stature and have admired his role in the scene.—maria d

**71. — Chris Stroffolino** *26 Jan 1996* ↑ **Register**

maria---considering that you were were writing to ron, i hope you
weren't using the phrase "heroic stature" ironically....
just curious. cs

**72. — Maria Damon** *27 Jan 1996* ↑ **Register**

chris, i've never met ron, is there some irony in my referring to paul mariah's "heroic stature" in a post to ron? if so, twas unintentional —bests, maria d

**73. — Chris Stroffolino** *28 Jan 1996* ↑ **Register**

Maria(h): No, I didn't mean anything necessarily PERSONAL viz-a-viz you and Ron. I suppose I was trying to use the mariah issue to bring up the red heroing once again of the alleged anti-hero stance of ron, etc... (mistake, actually, HERRING!)---well, as blake would say "would all the world were prophets" or something. I guess I have a tendency to read TOO MUCh into your posts maria, cs

**74. — Rachel Loden** *29 Jan 1996* ↑ **Register**

Paul Mariah was indeed a powerful reader of his own poems. And he did something in between the poems that I very much appreciated, 25 years ago: he talked (sometimes with apparent pain) about his struggle to publish them in U.S. magazines. Since they were admirable poems, and he had persisted to publication, he became a model of useful stubbornness.

A brave and lovely guy. I found this in the SF Chronicle (Ron's was much better):

The San Francisco Chronicle, JANUARY 25, 1996

HEADLINE: Paul Mariah

BYLINE: Stephen Schwartz

BODY: A memorial will be held next month for Paul Mariah, a pioneer of the gay literary scene in San Francisco during the 1960s and 1970s. Mr. Mariah died of pneumonia January 12. He was 58.

Mr. Mariah was born in Whittington, Ill. but long resided in the Bay Area. He had served time in prison before coming to San Francisco. In a 1977 newspaper article, his prison experiences were cited as crucial to his personal and literary development.

He started Manroot Books and a literary magazine with the same title in 1969. A dozen issues of the magazine appeared, along with 30 monographs. His enterprise published many leading writers of the time, including notable editions of such major poets as Jack Spicer, James Broughton, Robert Peters, and Thom Gunn.

Mr. Mariah also issued bilingual editions of Jean Cocteau and Jean Genet, and revived interest in the work of Robert Ingersoll, the 19th century prison

reformer and social critic.

His own poetry appeared in two collections, ''Personae Non Gratae'' in 1971 and ''This Light Will Spread'' in 1978.

Mr. Mariah was also prominent in the movement for prisoners' rights.

He is survived by his mother, Ada Jones; a brother, George W. Jones; and a sister, Mary Alice Sims, all of Benton, Ill.

A memorial will be held at 3 p.m. February 11 at the Sonoma Community Center, 276 East Napa, Sonoma. Memorial contributions are requested for the San Francisco Public Library.

**75. — Steve Carll** *29 Jan 1996* ↑ **Register**

He was a sight to behold at that reading. I remember how he had helpers hand out ribbons to everyone in the audience, which we were to wave around at the appropriate cue from Paul. Everyone in the audience, from the neo-beats to the experimental poets to the little kids, waved right on cue with no embarrassment. I'd never seen him before, so I didn't have any way of comparing, but I did think he looked pretty frail. But I'll never forget his performance that day.

Steve

---

## Larry Eigner

1927–1996

*30 messages · 18 hands*

*American poet, born with cerebral palsy from a forceps injury and writing all his life with the index finger and thumb of his right hand on a 1940 Royal typewriter, whose fixed measure set the spacing of the verse; his first book was published by Robert Creeley in 1953, and he was claimed in turn by the Black Mountain poets and the Language poets. He was sixty-eight and died of pneumonia. This is the list's first extended mourning and the template for everything after it: Hank Lazer's notice is a bare paragraph of biography, and what follows works in the two modes the list would use for the next eighteen years — the poem typed out from the shelf, and the specific afternoon remembered.*

**76. — Ron Silliman** *5 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**

*Larry Eigner*

When the University Art Museum celebrated Larry Eigner's work by posting "Again Dawn" in humongous letters on the outside of the museum and held the big reading with and for Larry, Kit Robinson and I did a session with an earnest interviewer on the university radio station. The interviewer wanted to make of the occasion an uplifting "my left foot" kind of tale, amazed that someone so afflicted with cerebral palsey could write poetry at all. But that of course was NOT the story. The story might have been this: that one of the great poets of the 20th century — no further qualification needed — happened to have had cerebral palsey.

One value of that exhibition at UCB was that those of us who were there had the opportunity to tell Larry just how much he meant to us all.

Like so many other readers, I had fallen entirely in love with Larry's poetry long before I had any understanding of how challenged he was by his own body. Even though David Gitin and others had tried to convey this to me years before and I had all the evidence of his letters beginning around 1969, back when I first wrote for some work for Tottel's, when Larry first moved to Berkeley in 1978 my immediate instinct was to call him on the phone! Over the years, as Larry's speech improved markedly by his exposure to so many different people in Berkeley (very different I gather from the isolation within his parents house in Swampscott for 51 years), and as I also learned to listen, I could and did have real conversations over the phone with him. And of course in person. It was great good luck that Larry's brother had settled in Berkeley.

Sun & Moon has a new book of Larry's forthcoming and there no doubt must be hundreds, perhaps thousands, of poems yet to be collected. Hopefully somebody (UC Press comes to mind as the logical place) will put together a collected, edited by Grenier. In addition to Eigner's own 40+ small press books, I would call people's attention to "Missing 'X'" by Barrett Watten (in _Total Syntax_) as a superb discussion of the dynamics of Larry's work.

Ron

**77. — Hank Lazer** *4 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**

Poet Larry Eigner died last night of pneumonia and other complications. I will post additional obit/bio information in the next couple of days. Here, a few basics: born 1927, got cerebral palsy at birth, non-ambulatory, lived in Massachusetts until 1978, then Berkeley. First book published by Robert Creeley in 1953, over the past 35 years, Larry authored more than 40 books—some recent ones: _Areas/Lights/Heights: Writings 1954-1989_ (Roof, 1989); _Windows Walls Yards Ways_ (Black Sparrow, 1994). Work appeared in _Origin_, _The Black Mountain Review_, _L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E_, and in Donald Allen's _The New American Poetry_. Important to many poets, among them Denise Levertov and Robert Duncan, and a good many on this Poetics List....

from _Selected Poems_ (1971):

the knowledge of death, and now
knowledge of the stars
there is one end
and the endless
Room at the center
passage / in no time
a rail thickets hills grass

from _Windows Walls Yard Ways_ (1994), last poem in the book:

September 16 92

so years been passing
the road quiet
still often enough
night and then day
light up in the sky
behind a towering tree
shadowed dense

**78. — Tom Mandel** *5 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**

Goodbye Larry

tm

**79. — Douglas Messerli** *5 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**

Thanks for the mention of our forthcoming Eigner book, readiness / enough / depends / on. Edited by Bob Grenier, this is one of Eigner's major works. It will be available in the August - December season.

Also, you should be on the lookout for our wonderful new web-site, which will be up tomorrow. I'll be posting an address today or tomorrow. It will be a wonderful in-depth site, with all Sun & Moon listings (eventually), information on the authors, ordering form, and dozens of links.

Douglas

**80. — Charles Bernstein** *5 Feb 1996* **↑ Register**
*Larry Eiger (1927-1996) [long post]*

I can't collect my thoughts any further, dwelling on the meanings of Larry Eigner's life, except to remember the time spent with him in conversation, or say the time Bob Grenier, Brian McInerney and I took him to the Museum of Natural History on his one trip to New York. As we came into the room with some of the largest dinosaurs, Larry pointed straight ahead and said "that's interesting". He wasn't pointing to a dinosaur skeleton, though, but to an old sign posted on the back wall; it _was_ interesting, in a style long banished (in exhibition halls now replaced). I think of that remark of Larry's as displaying how much he lived out his version of a democracy of particulars, as against the craving for highlights, for the heightened, that is as much a literacy aesthetic as a consumer imperative. For Eigner, this didn't mean a flattening of affect; on the contrary it meant a luminosity of every detail: the perceptual vividness that his work so uncannily concatenates. This acknowledgement of the daily, a series of remarks on the otherwise unremarkable, a sort of poetic alchemy that is not dissimilar to one strain of Jewish mysticism (a strain in which the mysticism dissolves into an active apprehension of the real), is an abiding model of and for a poetry where things as they are let to stand for themselves.

This poet of the ordinary lived an extraordinary life, as if the physical challenges he faced since birth were spun by poetic license into mental acrobatics. Larry Eigner is hero of our times. His will to think was unsuppressible. It was no ordinary privilege to have known him. I can't think of anyone I admired more.

********** I wrote this for an Eigner celebration at UC-Berkeley's University Art Museum in June 1993:

AGAIN EIGNER

There is no writing I know as vivid as Larry Eigner's. He's invented, for poetry, something equivalent to three-dimensional photography: his works present a series of perceptions etched deep into the mind, where the mind is charted on a page and the page becomes a model of the thinking field. Perception and thought (words and things) are completely intertwined in Eigner's work, which brings to a visionary crescendo the exploration of the ordinary — the transient flickerings of the everyday that otherwise pass more unnoticed than regarded, more dismissed than revered. In Eigner's poems, one "fragment" is rivetted to the next, so that one becomes, in reading this work, likewise riveted by the uncanny democracy of details, where attention is focussed unhesitatingly on each particular with equal weight, equal exhilaration. This is a poetics of "noticing things," where, as Eigner writes, "nothing is too dull" with "material (things, words) more and more dense around you." But equally, Eigner's is a poetics of coincidence, where "serendipity" (contingency) takes its rightful place as animating spirit, displacing the anthropocentric sentimentality of much of the verse of our time.

In 1988, Leslie Scalapino's O Books republished Eigner's "Anything on Its Side" in O One/An Anthology, for which I wrote this verse commentary:

"THE ONLY WORLD WE'VE GOT"
_Anything on Its Side_ is placed, like
a volume in a tank of water, with utter
gravity against the next moment that occurs
in what is called time but for Eigner is always
spaced, for example on a page. What
would it be to be grounded, to know
the ground under you by the weight
it pushes back with? "Every atom of me
. . . across distances." No awful trembling

> unto undecidability, everything founded in
> its site, cleaves to what there is, to
> what is there.  "_To be_ is involved
> such words that hold / times in the mind":
> a way, still, that a poem can enact its
> own presence, with full measure of the
> necessary determination to move from
> anything to that which juts against it,
> a conviction that life is made of (of)
> just such leaps, the contingency of an eye
> (aye, I) 'gainst a field of "r/oars" ("_suddenly
> a day").  Something like deep
> focus, as if the poems had become
> an organ, the sky bellows.  Step by
> step, slowly turning.  Yet there is no
> opening onto image here, no mime of
> a rehearsal of a scene. Eigner's depth-of-
> field _charges_ each page to _hold_ its own,
> "to have things whole".  "to see / dark
> the / invisible".  Perception all right,
> but not sun-drenched barns: "fishmongers",
> "pigment", "air".  If there's
> narrative, it's narrative unhinged
> of causal nexus, logical spools.  Each
> line rivets its moment & moves on, like
> angels on the head of a quill pin, nor
> looks ahead nor back, but "bangs" indissoluble
> at precise splice ("each fief") that
> bodies the moment from one to next.  "to
> negotiate the ocean drop by drop
> if there were time".  In adjacency
> is act-uality: "you thought it was
> as it is".  Nuggets of sound carving
> space.  "Motion" "motor" "process"
> "winds" "bells" "floating" "echoing"
> "coursing" "falling" "roaming" "wading"
> "spilling" "flying" "dazzling" "burning"
> "unflagging" "blows" "stirs" "curves"
> "spirals" "stagger" "dives" "slips"
> "slicks" "shakes" "hums" "simmers"
> "twist" "float" "flap" "dangle" "glitter"
> "subside": "_imagine_ the extent" (a
> geometry of ties that blind in music,

"the great sea orchestrated with men"—
"what's unseen" "what sound for our
ears"). What is "_displaced_" at each
juncture is the plenitude of eyes seeing
beyond sight, the replenishment of
occlusion's hold, storehouse of an
interior horizon s(t)olid as emplacement.
"What you / see you / settle / on"—
settlement, homestead in the moment's
whole, "such words that hold" nor need
an other embrace. "your eyes open" "we
_see_ something to _say_ or / listen to".
Imagine the extent.
[—ch. bernstein]

**81. — Chris Stroffolino** *5 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**

I only knew Larry through his work, but knew that he had CP and since I have a part time job at a local CP center, I have loaned my copy of his early selected on ocassion to some of the "clients" (the recent PC word for CP people here)—as an example of what CAN BE DONE....At least one young woman was very inspired by him. I always was hoping to someohow relay this to Larry, not knowing whether he'd appreciate it or not, but I say it now.... cs.

**82. — Charles Bernstein** *5 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**

*Larry Eigner (1927-1996)*

One of the rituals of Jewish funerals is to rip a piece of clothing as an expression of grief. (This is more often done symbolically, by pinning a ripped piece of cloth to your jacket so as to avoid actual damage to your actual expensive tie.) Anyway, I have too much experience turning around my errors, or having them turned on me.

Eigne

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EIGNER

**83. — Loss Glazier** *6 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Larry Eigner*

I am creating a brief announcement for Larry out of some of the recent postings to this list. If anyone has work they might like to add to the EPC Larry Eigner home page (essays or writings or photos) please contact me directly. Thanks...

**84. — Douglas Messerli** *6 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**

*Larry Eigner: in memoriam*

Two Eigner poems in memoriam of Larry:

This one was published in THE GERTRUDE STEIN AWARDS volume. Norma Cole reminded me its appropriateness:

n o m o r e p o e t r y !

but the window
I suddenly shifted positon and
really have to go
N o w a g a i n
Mountain ice
on the rocky path
with the knockout view
---I watch my step
in time
*

G o o d
I've had the bagel and I've
eaten it too

FROM Eigner's forthcoming volume: readiness / enough / depends / on

If life,
things,
weren't so
intersting, it,
they,
would kill
me

**85. — Aldon L Nielsen** *6 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Eigner*

One of the great surprises to me upon moving to the Bay area in '87 was hearing the conversations between Eigner and poet friends around town. I was never able to undersatnd Larry Eigner's speech, but poets who had gotten to know him carried on deeply interesting conversations with him, which I followed as best I could as if listening to one side of a phone conversation.

Which is by way of lead up to mention that at the conclusion of that tremendous tribute reading fro Eigner at Berkeley, Eigner gave an extended reading himself. Hearing his reading of the work gave me a new sense of his use of line break and space — not sure I can explain it, but I think I had been reading over the line breaks too quickly before

By the way — anyone seen Andrea Wyat, who edited the old selected Eigner, in recent years — Last saw her in D.C. in about '83 — haven't heard of her since

**86. — Chris Funkhouser** *6 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**

* * * ANNOUNCEMENT * * *

The editors of the on-line poetics journal PASSAGES are preparing an issue dedicated to Larry Eigner. We are collecting remembrances, reflections, and correspondences, personal or philosophical, by persons acquainted with Larry's accomplishments and spirit.

We are soliciting tributes from non-email members of the poetics community, and ask that you spread word of our project to anyone who might be interested.

Contributions may be sent to PASSAGES c/o

We hope to hear from you,

Don Byrd
Ben Friedlander

Chris Funkhouser
Belle Gironda
editors

**87. — Edward Foster** *6 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**

chris: i don't think jack foley out in oakland participates in this chatroom, but if not you should call him. he was very close to larry eigner in recent years, and eigner was very enthusiastic about jack's work.

**88. — Ron Silliman** *7 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**

It takes some remembering, but I think it's probably easy to see those clusters of words about the page in such a way as to interpret them as airy, even wispy, and I think that's an error a lot of people do make in reading Eigner. The minute one realizes how fully he utilized his limited physical vocabularly in order simply to put word to page, the whole weight of movement shifts, and those poems never have that "light" feeling again. I cannot fathom exactly how strangers will read that work a century from now, but I assume it will be rather different.

Ron

**89. — David Kellogg** *7 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**

Dear Ron and others,

I never had the privilege of meeting Eigner or hearing him read. I want to thank you all for posting your remembrances. This is a moment when the POETICS list becomes a real community.

I'm wondering: Could we generate a bibliography of video and audio recordings of Eigner, and where they're available, that might be housed at the EPC? If it's true that Eigner will be features on USOP, great; but there must be other recordings at SFSU and elsewhere, no?

Speaking for myself, as one who came "from" MFA-establishment poetics and who is slowly learning the fullness of what's available, I would find such a list of enormous personal value.

Cheers,
David

**90. — Jerry Rothenberg** *7 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**

The first Eigner recording that I can recall was published (as both cassette & reel-to-reel by S-Press (Germany) in 1975. Title: AROUND NEW / SOUND DAILY / MEANS: A SELECTION OF POEMS (or: SELECTED POEMS. 27 poems are included, and the recording data (circumstances) read as follows: Recorded by Michael Koehler at Swampscott, Mass., on July 1st and 11th, 1974.

I assume that this is now out of print, but who knows.

Jerome Rothenberg

**91. — Laura Moriarty** *7 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**

David -

Yes there is a tape of Larry Eigner reading at the Poetry Center at SFSU -It is from November 29, 1984 and is the reading Larry did for co-winning the Poetry Center Book Award in 1983 for Water/Places/A Time. He read with Tina Darragh.

I also want to mention that the initial version of the web site for the Poetry Center and American Poetry Archives is up at www.sfsu.edu/~newlit/welcome.htm.It has our current reading schedule plus some basic information about the Archives.

Laura Moriarty

**92.** **— Jonathan Brannen** *7 Feb 1996* **↑ Register**
*Larry Eigner*

I open the door  not the window
so the air beyond glass
and somehow the stars
invisible now

Larry Eigner
(from _now there's/a morning/hulk of sky_)

I am saddened to learn that Larry Eigner died. His work was important to us all.

Jonathan Brannen

**93.** **— Ron Silliman** *8 Feb 1996* **↑ Register**

This appeared in the SF Chronicle on February 5th. In spite of the byline, it would appear to be essentially an abbreviated version of a draft originally done by Jack Foley.

OBITUARY — Lawrence Joel Eigner Stephen Schwartz

A funeral will be held tomorrow for Lawrence Joel (Larry) Eigner, a leading American modernist poet, who died of pneumonia Saturday at Alta Bates Hospital in Berkeley. He was 68.

Mr. Eigner was born in Swampscott, Mass., and suffered a birth injury that left him non-ambulatory with cerebral palsy throughout his life. He was educated at home and took correspondence courses with the University of Chicago.

In 1949, Mr. Eigner first heard the poet and editor Cid Corman reading William Butler Yeats on the radio and began a correspondence with him that brought Mr. Eigner's work to the attention of the poetry scene of the time. ``The ice broke considerably,'' Mr. Eigner noted modestly.

Mr. Eigner became associated with the ``Black Mountain poets,'' a group that included the late Robert Duncan, Charles Olson, Robert Creeley, and Denise Levertov. These writers published in Black Mountain Review, printed at Black Mountain College, a small experimental institution in North Carolina, and in Corman's magazine, Origin.

``From the Sustaining Air,'' Mr. Eigner's first mature book of poems, was issued by Creeley's Divers Press in 1953. The author was praised by the poet William Carlos Williams for his ``perfect ear,'' and as a ``new and outstanding writer.'' Williams commented of that book, ``It's strange how old fashioned he makes much of the work of the past appear.''

Mr. Eigner's work was included in the landmark anthology, ``The New American Poetry,'' published in 1960 by Donald M. Allen. Mr. Eigner went on to publish numerous other books, including ``Selected Poems,'' in 1972, edited by Samuel Charters and Andrea Wyatt, and ``Areas Lights Heights, Selected Writings 1954-1989,'' edited by Benjamin Friedlander and printed in 1989.

In 1983 the San Francisco State University Poetry Prize was awarded to Mr. Eigner for ``Waters/Places/A Time,'' edited by Robert Grenier.

A 1986 anthology of language poetry, ``In the American Tree,'' edited by Ronald Silliman, was dedicated to Mr. Eigner.

He was the subject of a 1973 film with Allen Ginsberg, ``Getting It Together.''

Mr. Eigner is survived by his brothers Richard, of Berkeley, and Joseph, of St. Louis.

A funeral will be held at 2 p.m. tomorrow at Rolling Hills Memorial Park (Tel Shalom section) near the Interstate 80 intersection with Hilltop Drive in Richmond.

Memorial contributions are requested for KPFA-FM, 1929 Martin Luther King Jr. Way, Berkeley 94704.

**94. — Aldon L Nielsen** *8 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Eigner recordings*

I seem to remember the Berkeley organizers videotaping the Eigner tribute readings (but maybe I just remember seeing Kush there) — perhaps someone from among the readers will recall, since they all were busied with the signing of varied forms prior to the affair. I made a good audio tape of the readings for the radio program I operated in those days, but of course the tape is in San Jose and I am in L.A. — Once I retireve the tape (perhaps late Spring), I'd be hap[py to put a copy on deposit at the Buffalo collection. Since I had permission for the radio taping, I think it's O.K. to deposit the tape as a record of that event, though circulation beyond that would require further permissions from the U.C. Berkeley organizers. Point is, that marathon session of tribute readings followed by Eigner himself was preserved.

**95. — Charles Bernstein** *8 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**
*Jack Foley on Larry Eigner*

Jack Foley has given me permission to forward this letter to the Poetics list. I had sent him the comments on Larry Eigner I posted to the list a few days ago.

*"-Dear Charles,*

*Thank you for your touching, eloquent remarks about Larry.*

*As you suggested, I'll email my press release and also fax it to you.*

*I've been so busy, partly with trying to spread the news about Larry and partly with other things (had to record radio interviews with Adrienne Rich and Jerry Rothenberg), that I've been barely able to put my thoughts together.*

*Larry had been in the hospital for a week before his death, comatose.*

*This morning, quite early, both Michael McClure and my son Sean phoned me to tell me they'd heard of Larry's death and funeral arrangements on NPR.*

*That was exactly the kind of thing Larry would do—phone me at an hour when no one else would phone me to tell about something he'd heard on the radio.*

*He's been my friend for ten years—I'd see him once a week and hear from him on the phone quite often.*

*Our birthdays were two days apart—we had a joint party once.*

*He wrote a preface to my first book, LETTERS/LIGHTS—WORDS FOR ADELLE, the only preface he wrote to anyone's book. (Except for the few remarks he made at the beginning of Ron Silliman's CROW. I had asked Larry for a blurb.*

*He responded with a preface.)*

*My current book, EXILES, was at his bedside during the last conscious week of his life. His voice on a message machine was something to hear.*

*He once left a message on Michael McClure's machine.*

*Michael couldn't make heads nor tails of it, but I was able to catch what Larry was saying.*

*Larry was not easy to be friends with.*

*The pattern tended to be for people to visit him for a while, make some effort to understand his speech, and then to drift away.*

*I was able to stay friends partly because I didn't live with him and partly because I understood his speech as well as anyone.*

*This was more something I willed than something I learned.*

*I was running a poetry series in Berkeley and I admired Larry's work and wanted him to read in the series.*

*Barry Watten gave me Larry's phone number, not his address, only his phone number. I've never known whether this was some sort of joke on Barry's part, since he certainly had his address as well as his phone number.*

*I phoned and Larry answered, saying something like "UNGHHHHH."*

*I had known that Larry was disabled but hadn't realized until that moment that the disability extended to his speech.*

*I simply decided I would understand Larry.*

*There is no other way to put it.*

*By the time the conversation was over, Larry had given me his address and directions to his house, and we had agreed on a date when he was to read.*

*Kathleen Frumkin told me later that she had been listening on an extension phone and had been ready to help me out if I needed it.*

*She never said anything because I seemed to be managing.*

*You write, "His will to think was unsuppressible."*

*Yes, but so was his will to speak—to speak in any manner he could.*

*You've been with Larry and know how he would talk all the time. "To break out with a man's cry," if I'm quoting correctly.*

*His writing, with all its silences, necessarily partook of that urge towards talk.*

*People complained of it—Bob and others accused him of "monologuing." Yet there it was, at his very center, controlled in certain ways but in others not.*

*Hard to think of him silent.*

*Here is the piece I wrote at the request of the Eigner family:*

*LARRY EIGNER: 1927-1996*

*Distinguished American poet and writer Lawrence Joel (Larry) Eigner died Saturday February 3rd of pneumonia at Alta Bates Hospital in Berkeley. Eigner was 68 and is survived by two brothers, Richard, who lives in Berkeley, and Joseph, who lives in Saint Louis, Missouri.*

*Born August 7, 1927, in Swampscott, Massachusetts, on the North Shore of Boston, Eigner got cerebral palsy as a result of a birth injury.*

*Though he remained "non-ambulatory" throughout his life, he recalled that his mother, Bessie Eigner, encouraged him to develop a "work ethic," and his schooling was conducted at home through Swampscott High School.*

*Later, seven correspondence courses from the University of Chicago gave him "a toe-hold of application and hope."*

*Curiosity, he claimed, was always an important factor, "my eyes still big for my head, most things...always tantalizing beyond or almost beyond sight and hearing, out of reach."*

*In 1949 Eigner "bumped into [poet] Cid Corman reading Yeats, on the radio" and wrote a letter disagreeing with Corman's non-declamatory way of reciting. "This began a correspondence in which I got introduced to things, and the ice broke considerably."*

*Donald Allen's landmark 1960 anthology, THE NEW AMERICAN POETRY, includes Eigner's exquisite, often enigmatic verse in the section devoted to "The Black Mountain Poets," a group of writers publishing in THE BLACK MOUNTAIN REVIEW, an experimental magazine printed by Black Mountain College in North Carolina.*

*Many of these poets had also appeared in Corman's magazine, ORIGIN.*

*Among the poets associated with this group were Charles Olson, Robert Duncan, Denise Levertov, and Robert Creeley, whose Divers Press published Eigner's first mature book, FROM*

*THE SUSTAINING AIR, in 1953.*

*After reading that book, William Carlos Williams remarked on Eigner's "perfect ear" and added, "It's strange how oldfashioned he makes much of the work of the past appear.*

*But it is always so with every new and outstanding writer."*

*Eigner's many books, all of them published through small presses, include: ON MY EYES (1960, edited by Denise Levertov); ANOTHER TIME IN FRAGMENTS (1967); SELECTED POEMS (1972, edited by Samuel Charters and Andrea Wyatt); THINGS STIRRING TOGETHER OR FAR AWAY (1974); COUNTRY / HARBOR / QUIET / ACT / AROUND (1978, selected prose edited by Barrett Watten), and WATERS / PLACES / A TIME (edited by Robert Grenier, the book was co-winner of the San Francisco State Poetry Award in 1983).*

*AREAS LIGHTS HEIGHTS, SELECTED WRITINGS 1954-1989, edited by Benjamin Friedlander, appeared from Roof Books in 1989.*

*Eigner's current book of poetry, again edited by Grenier, WINDOWS WALLS YARD WAYS, appeared in 1994 from Black Sparrow Press, publisher of many of his titles.*

*Another volume of poetry edited by Grenier, READINESS / ENOUGH / DEPENDS / ON, is forthcoming from Sun & Moon Press.*

*In 1967 Toad Press published a second, expanded edition of FROM THE SUSTAINING AIR, and in 1988 The Coincidence Press reprinted the original edition.*

*Ron Silliman's 1986 anthology of L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E poetry, IN THE AMERICAN TREE, was dedicated to Larry Eigner.*

*A short "Autobiography" is forthcoming from Gale Research, Inc. in Detroit.*

*In Eigner's poems, themes of ecology and explorations of his Jewish heritage exist side by side with the most advanced experimental techniques and deep, deceptively simple, sensuous evocations of the world around him. "Parodying Socrates a little," he wrote, "you might say I know enough to feel naive."*

*In August, 1978, a few months after his father's death, Eigner relocated to Berkeley, CA, where his brother Richard was residing and where he lived till his death.*

*Many young poets visited him there, and he carried on an active correspondence with poets throughout the world.*

*The door to his home was frequently unlocked.*

*As a regular at Jack Foley's Larry Blake's reading series in Berkeley, Eigner became a familiar figure to the Bay Area poetry scene.*

*Despite the difficulty many people had in understanding his speech, he gave many readings of his poetry, often in the company of Foley.*

*Eigner was also something of a media figure.*

*In 1973, Leonard Henny and Jan Boon made GETTING IT TOGETHER, a documentary film about Eigner with poetry readings by Allen Ginsberg.*

*In August, 1994, Foley broadcast an hour-long interview with Eigner on KPFA radio.*

*THE UNITED STATES OF POETRY, a forthcoming series made for public television by Bob Holman, has a segment featuring Eigner.*

*In the summer of 1993, at the suggestion of Berkeley poet Lyn Hejinian, the UC Berkeley University Art Museum paid tribute to Eigner with a special MATRIX exhibition.*

*His poem, "again dawn," from ANOTHER TIME IN FRAGMENTS, was inscribed on the building's facade.*

*A special poetry reading at which Eigner appeared was held to commemorate the event.*

*Eigner's last public appearance was at a tribute to Gertrude Stein which Hejinian presented at New College of California in November, 1995.*

*Eigner's innovative poetry was widely admired by poets of very different persuasions.*

*The poets to whom he returned again and again were Hart Crane, William Carlos Williams, and Charles Olson.*

*Denise Levertov wrote, "More than almost any poet I can think of, he demands a suppleness, an imaginative agility, a willingness and ability to leap with him from image to image...." Robert Duncan asserted that Eigner had produced "a new development of Williams's line: his phrasings are not broken off in an abrupt juncture but hover, having a margin of their own—stanzaic phrasings—suspended in their own time within the time of the poem."*

*Funeral services will take place on Tuesday, at 2 p.m., at The Rolling Hills Memorial Park*

*(Tel Shalom section), Richmond, Interstate 80 at Hilltop Drive.*

*Eigner's family requests that the public and freinds not send flowers.*

*A contribution can be made in Larry Eigner's name to KPFA-FM, 1929 Martin Luther King, Jr. Way, Berkeley, CA 94704.*

*Jack*”

**96. — James Sherry** *9 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**
*Eigner*

Roof published Eigner's essays, edited by Ben Friedlander, in 1989. I would like to make interested readers of the list aware of the book and sell it for $10 including postage from: Segue Foundation 303 E. 8th St. NYC 10009

I was always amazed at how a person with such vitality of mind could tolerate such a physical situation. Larry must have had unimaginable control of himself to withstand the intensity of his thoughts. Eigner's writing invokes an inner life without trivializing it, a life of the mind

without relying on it, and continuing optimism in the face of human fragility. He ended "Responsibility is to keep the ability to respond" with a poem about his uncle:

the typewriter
of a man
recently dead
what spirits
in our heads
all we
depend on

**97. — Chris Stroffolino** *9 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**

To tie a couple of threads together
(Erique's----let's focus on births)
(Emily's---put your money where your mouth is)
(James'---Buy Eigner's book)
Maybe James could donate the proceeds from the book sold to
A United C.P. center—or set up some fund specifically in Eigner's name
for poets with C.P.? cs

**98. — Douglas Messerli** *11 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**

*Larry Eigner*

This obituary appeared in THE NEW YORK TIMES this morning, Sunday, February 11, 1996

LARRY EIGNER, 68, POET WHO SAW THE WORLD FROM HIS WEELCHAIR

*"By William Grimes*

*Larry Eigner, whose spare, dense and impassioned poetry carried on the tradition of William Carlos Williams, died on Feb. 3, at Alta Bates Hospital in Berkeley, Calif. He was 68. The cause was complications from pneumonia, said Charles Bernstein, a poet and professor of English at the State University of New York at Buffalo. Mr. Eigner, who published under his nickname rather than under his given name, Laurence, was born in Swampscott, Mass., near Boston. As a result of a birth injury, he developed cerebral palsy, a condition that confined him to a wheelchair. His disability had a profound influence on his poetry, which often captured, in emotional bursts of language, fleeting impressions received through the window of a house, an air-plane or a car window.*

*"It seems I feel the world as a neighborhood, or two dozen miles of it, anyway," he once told an interviewer. "My eyes are still big for my head; most things were always beyond sight and hearing, out of reach." Mr. Eigner was educated at home and took correspondence courses from the University of Chicago. In 1949, after hearing the poet Cid Corman read Yeats on the radio, he started writing to him. A correspondence developed, and Corman brought Mr. Eigner's work to the attention of such poets as Robert Duncan, Charles Olson, Denise Levertov and Robert Creeley, whose work was published in Black Mountain Review and in Corman's mag-azine, Origin.*

*Mr. Eigner's first mature book of poetry, "From the Sustain-ing Air," won the praise of Williams, but it was his inclusion in the anthology "The New American Poetry" (1960) that carried his name to a wider audience. His many works included "Another Time in Fragments" (1967), "Things Stirring Together or Far Away" (1974), "Waters/Places/A Time" (1981) and "Windows / Walls Yard / Ways" (1964). His poetry and prose were collected in "Selected Poems" (1972) and "Areas Lights Heights: Selected Writings, 1954-1989" (1989). At the time of his death he had completed "readiness / enough / depends / on," which Sun & Moon Press is to publish this summer.*

*He is survived by two brothers, Richard, of Berkeley, and Joseph, of St. Louis.*

*Finally, I'd thought I'd share one more poem. From a correspondence with Larry in 1976, I found this poem in manuscript form: how much a squirrel is in the road knocked dead the same generations they going around the wires up the pole down the tree not leaves call the patrol wagon after how little blood from far away slow an action of your mind is to take your time when does the sun come out or it's dark back in the woods*

*Larry wrote of his process accompanying this and other poems: "A reader of course can revise at will or imagine alternate versions, how things might (or for all he now might have been) differently done. It's a way into the piece on the page if he cant think of anything that seems better or anyway as good and if he can the original writer might agree, that it's better or as good. (Not the same of course - when I have had two ways I've often solved the dilemma, avoided the necessity of choice by coming up with a third (or 4th...?) thing which seems preferable.) A couple of alterations editors (consciously or unconsciously) or*

*printers have made have seemed at least as good, everything being al freco or ad-libbed, though many more not so. "Ok I've thought for an audience during a reading to break in with some questions say in the course of a piece, turning the poet's monologue into a dialogue or conversation, it's saving things, the poem returning to its communal source, intercourse (not to say language), sory of like DNA after cell replication disbanded again from chromosomes and the genes spread out in the nucleaus to modulate though maybe not regulate the cell." "It's saving things, the poem returning to its communal source, intercourse...."*

*That's the heart of Larry Eigner's writing. —Douglas Messerli*”

**99. — Hank Lazer** *13 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Eigner*

If you are in or near Tuscaloosa: Lyn Hejinian & I will be having an informal memorial service for Larry Eigner today at 4:30-6:00. We'll provide wine, snacks, poems, audiotapes (of Larry's KPFA radio show), and information about Larry's life and poetry. The event will take place at Lyn Hejinian's house. (e-mail me for directions....)

Hank Lazer

**100. — Loss Glazier** *18 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**
*Some Thoughts on Eigner [long post]*

Loss Pequen~o Glazier

WHAT SOUND A WALL

For Larry Eigner

walls, soundless, are stable, allow the application of pressure as swallows reflect sound where you think of what a wall is. How it reflects. How its position swounds an acoustic however auditory acrostic of stunned steps from the straits of its audiational vista bay is a bowl the geographic sun room's horticulture not hormuz how zounds leads is the wall that stands outside which sends windows sounds "The Music, The Rooms" in "silence silence silence silence sound" where sound only capable amid the profusion of wounds. Silence marks the beat, its time, makes sounds possible within the noise of whitespace caterwauling when insisted marking to side is what words spark remark "on the walls" sustain. On both sides, whether the push outside punctuates birds its conscious present of paper cosmos whether "times advance" ie tides, ties, pools or manmade poles, pinpoints, power ... "with desperate ease" sees color's infrared light also from a punctuation of circling, "the food, the power" inside its simple strait plunge which is the food and the powder, torpid "tropic" for fleck, as light is a speck or inspect how birds themselves circle before blunting, plunging, plageant "pinpoint" "how distance is to some birds" simply said how IS distance to some? Is any distance possible when circling—no distance—leads to food? The answer that such distance is the "pinpoint"—the sun point, the pole from perspective of bird's sky view, "back up" its cries "the meaning of change" is in a change of rooms. This is information itself, which room and which side is outside (or "so the words go up/ into thin air" how "the parlor" pauses "the speaking" only existing against the parlor and MADE POSSIBLE by a physical pause as this pause leads to "room". Room for pause and the pause which makes room place once inside. There windowed against the spoken pause musical parlor under skies skies hold mutable pause midwing "birds pass the window" pause "the curves together") sound only plays against its instrument (forgotten) "on the screen" "the clock shakes out" as is player piano—a scroll of white of "silence silence silence silence sound" where sound

only capable amid the profusion of wounds—the punctuations as punctures the scroll
makes room for. The player piano is an instrument forgotten of silence which produces
sound song written as if through a wall which pauses sense of sound. Elsewise
a vase for precarious things "a live broadcast" indeed when marks behind screen
which mars sounds themselves how ... circling ... how silence is to some birds.
It takes some remembering, but I think it's probably easy to see those
clusters of words about the page in such a way as to interpret them as
airy, even wispy, and I think that's an error a lot of people do make (rs)
"wampum gulls broke shells" determine rhythm insist sound defines—beyond walls
"directed" how to eyes, Africa, dogs, hair bleach, and scurvy roll off five such beats
between pivots that pinpoint bikes sea sights voyage the studio that spins dark strife
how did those gulls break shells? as "they might" dive "headlong into" spells? how
is wampum also shells and broke also without wampum but moreso there are not
things here: the currency of the letter in stuttering conjunction of zounds ("wonder
and astonishment") and swounds (wound + swoons)—falling from the sky, mating
in the hand but distant "how distance is to some birds" is "the dim expanding miles"
see sea saw as white white white white light holds steady "they might drive headlong"
as headlights hound the wall of sight:

a steady white light
they might drive headlong into
the mist like a magnet
blows lost bearings
belows of hearings

“*... as if the poems had become*
*an organ, the sky bellows. (cb)*”

The magnet is a pivot and the pivot is the space on the wall its attractive drawn
magnetism as physical as the pull between 'they might drive like a magnet' and
'the mist blows like a magnet'. The pull creates the space which is the magnet that
"blows lost bearings" next, of course rest. Sounds come from rests which next
"nest in fisherman's pocket"—nets contains the same letters as nest—as nets which
sent tens the magnet of a pocket. An afterword note describes Pokagan the note itself
as much SHAPE as lexical value. As words, trace of magnet drawn across glass, scores
flight of pigeons across "nuggets of sound carving space" (cb) storm craving place
how the birds sound there—in is in all cases sound there "commingling", mix of

“*"geometry of ties that blind in music" (cb) "What sound for our ears"*”

sleigh of ear bells and thundering of encroaching charm. The birds as charm of
sound's astonished sense fluttering "all about me; gently" an onset as extinct
however never more vivid than in Pokagan's description—brought even more
to vivacity against a wall, with the screen and its "live performance" which is less

pivot spun
sERK Life

irises*

*headlights, sights, "a steady white light"

how you would "carefully concealed them under my blanket" why and what is the blanket? Simply the silence that makes sound possible only as an outline in its furls. Words are present passing as they did "like a cloud through the branches of the high trees"—the driving "headlong into / the mist"—that is this blanketing action where a plane lengthens through fog / or cloud bends away / the curves together—the largest or smallest action may have immense MASS though it's not a mass dependent on size or bulk but a mass which takes its form from its immediate position in a spectrum of activity where pages ARE on the page, where places are, or objects are inside a plane or outside. Whether circling, plunging—but always dependent on its relation. Indeed, where is the bird when it is raining? Just as what is a sound without a wall, window, or objects for its reflection? Its sounding without mass but there..."a bird / depending on the weather"

**101. — Douglas Messerli** *19 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**
*Eigner post by Loss Glazier*

Loss:
Thanks for the beautiful Eigner piece.
Douglas Messerli

**102. — Maria Damon** *23 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Some Thoughts on Eigner [long post]*

hey loss: coolness.  exponential groove factor.—maria

**103. — Charles Smith** *26 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Trans Sending*

Ron Silliman writes:

*"The interesting case, it seems to me, would be Whalen, who seems genuinely and profoundly spiritual without using it to make claims for authority in his work. It's simply a fact of the writing, take it or leave it. (I find it most evident in his use of the noun.) This is a strategy that has been taken as well by many later writers, Norman Fischer, Fanny Howe, Steve Benson, Alan Davies, Kit Robinson all being fine examples. ..... Ron, could you talk more about how you see Whalen using the noun?  I think Snyder may sometimes approach this when he's not caught up in making a "point," something he'd characterize as "spiritual materialism."  What about the noun in Oppen?  Another poet I'd look at here is Sobin who so often brings across a sense of the numinous through his nouns, despite his assertions that his work has been a sruggle to get away from their static quality.  I'd also be inclined to add Larry Eigner to your list above...  all best, Charles Smith"*

**104. — Ron Silliman** *27 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**

Charles Smith,

I'd also be inclined to add Larry Eigner to your list above..." (your ellipsis)

---

I'd thought of Larry as I wrote my original comments, actually. And Oppen I can see, though I'd never characterize him as a spiritual poet. However, I do seem to be allergic to Sobin, who strikes me as precious and pompous and tries for musicality with a very tin ear.

Turning to Whalen (a chance to see if, having moved this past week, my books are in enough order yet to find something), I get lost, as always I do, in On Bear's Head. A lot of his work doesn't translate easily to email (or even HTML), but here's an example of what I was getting at:

MYSTERIES OF 1961

Lazy tongs
Jacobs ladder
magnetized flywheel
gyroscope
folding mesh ring basket
*
Mr KNIBX, a sinister
*
"_A_ is for jelly,
_B_ is for Jell-O"
*
"You are the how
they call panic"

This is a text just crying for New Critical exposition, no? Tho, as somebody noted awhile back, it's got that "not about anything, it just is" quality all over. Actually, I read it as a list, moving outward from tiny phrases to the last two sections which I think function as equivalents to those early short lines with greater weight. There is, in Whalen's work, an absolute opacity to the nominal that is both insisted on (KNIBX) and permitted, rather than imposed (contrast here with the heroic backlighting of a Sobin or, in some places, Snyder)

The poem shifts between emotional states (as do so many of Whalen's, and so often in just this direction) from "lazy" to "panic." The next to last section is an index of the slightest shifts (from jelly to Jell-O in antialphabetical order) as ontologically absolute. What exactly IS that object that appears to be described in the first stanza and why is Mr KNIBX sinister? What I note, thinking of Whalen as a spiritual poet, is how integral the word "lazy" is to "tongs" and how "how" as a noun has the same character (no going after the precious, but picking up an accent that is noted but not named).

Ron Silliman

**105. — Steve Carll** *17 Mar 1996* ↑ **Register**
*Re: switzerland*

The new issue (#4) of _Lyric &_ Jacques Derrida: _Of Spirit: Heidegger and The Question_ Aris Fioretos, ed: _Word Traces: Readings of Paul Celan_ E.E. Cummings: _Eimi_ Larry Eigner: _Selected Poems_ (Oyez) Bill Watterson: _Attack of the Deranged Mutant Killer Monster Snow Goons_ (Calvin and Hobbes) and a bunch of Burning Deck titles I just received:

Brita Bergland, _The Rebirth of the Older Child_ Claire Needell, _Not a Balancing Act_ Claude Royet-Journoud, _i.e._ Pam Rehm, _Piecework_ and Jackson MacLow, _The Virginia Woolf Poems

Steve

# Brownie McGhee

1915–1996

*6 messages · 6 hands*

*American Piedmont blues singer and guitarist known for his decades-long duo with harmonica player Sonny Terry;* Folk Songs of Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee *(1958). Died of stomach cancer, in Oakland, California.*

**106. — Aldon L Nielsen** *19 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Brownie McGhee*

And now, Brownie McGhee has died — another good friend to poets everywhere — appeared memorably in Langston Hughes's _Simply Heaven_ years ago — KLON just ran a one hour tribute, and Taj Mahal, who happened to be in for an interview, played some of the most moving guitar I've ever heard from him, remembering McGhee. Look up some of the old photos of Brownie and Sonny playing around the Village during the Weavers & Woody era

**107. — Chris Stroffolino** *19 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**

Mcgee's great.....
Hey, this is off the subject, but I've been meaning to ask this,
since Mario Damon asked her question about Mitch Ryder....
I've just recently discovered the music of Charles Wright (not the
kinda lamo poet of the same name) and the Watts 103rd St. Rhythm
Band------does anybody know what ever happened to him??????
happy black history month,
(un)glibly yours,cs.

**108. — Patrick Phillips** *19 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**

Thanks Aldon, I was just listening to the Okeh Mcgee collection today. Wow... I wish I could send everyone a take of Back Home Blues...now he's "east of the sun, west of the moon and everywhere..."

**109. — Eryque Gleason** *19 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**

I saw McGhee in chicago at the blues festival last june. Once i got past all the drunk 26 year old guys from the suburbs, he was absolutely great.

It's been a cloudy day here in albany.

eryque

**110. — henry gould** *20 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**

Gonna leave you now,
Goin' anyhow,
Know where I'm bound,
I'm just packin up gettin ready to go.

I'm packin one shoebox for all my clothes
(just packin' up gettin ready to go)
Got so little to carry and so far to go
(just packin up gettin ready to go)

Well you can read my lips, you can't read my mind
(just packin up)
I'm leavin now, gotta leave you behind
(packin up)

Now there's only one thing worryin my mind
(just packin up)

> Somebody's gonna enjoy what I'm leavin behind
> (Just packin up...gettin ready... to go)
>
> bye bye Brownie

**111. — Maria Damon** *23 Feb 1996* ↑ **Register**

> no, say it aint so...rest in poetics —brownie, i saw him a coupla times at passim, in harvard square..., and sanders theatre...is it true he and sonny terry never really got along?—md

---

## Odysseas Elytis

1911–1996

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*Greek poet, definitive exponent of romantic modernism in Greece, who won the 1979 Nobel Prize in Literature;* Axion Esti *(1959). Died of heart failure, in Athens.*

**112. — David Baratier** *22 Mar 1996* ↑ **Register**

*Odysseas Elytis*

Last night I hear from my friend Ethel at APR that Odysseas Elytis had died earlier in the week. I'm not sure if this is common knowledge (or even correct for that matter). Considering I don't read daily media, this might be known, but is there anyone else on the list who has any more information. What I do know is that the Axiom Esti is a phenominal piece, one that taught me an intense layering of the lyric.

**113. — Ron Silliman** *23 Mar 1996* ↑ **Register**

> There was an obit in the NY Times on Tuesday, 3/19. On the same page, I believe (or maybe the facing page), as one for Olga Rudge. Made no mention of his time as a political prisoner on Youra.
>
> Ron Silliman

---

## Larry Levis

1946–1996

*4 messages · 4 hands*

*American poet and teacher whose debut* Wrecking Crew *won the International Poetry Forum's U.S. Award; two posthumous volumes won acclaim;* Winter Stars *(1985). Died of cardiac arrest, in Richmond, Virginia.*

**114. — Bill Luoma** *11 May 1996* ↑ **Register**

*Larry Levis*

The poet Larry Levis has died. A heart attack. He was 49 and teaching in Virginia. Born and raised near Fresno, CA. Student and long time friend of Phil Levine. The books I have of his are The Afterlife, Wrecking Crew and Winter Stars. I have another one of his books, On Out by Lew Welch. It is inscribed:

For Larry --
get out of town

Lew
7/10/68

I remember kicking field goals with him and his son through the goal posts of almond trees at his mother's selma ranch. The mountain bluebirds down from the sierra winter lighting on the short grafted trees. Playing pool at a mexican bar in perfectly normal crossroads. A lowrider pulling up next to him and saying: You and me man, we just can't get low enough. On his harley in suit and his lovely bride in white on the back. His gentle and sexy deep voice. He could never get a group of lions at the zoo to roar but would instead have them swooning. I'm going over to my mom's to get some lampshades for Louise.

What follows is Rhododendrons by Larry Levis.

Rhododendrons

WINTER has moved off
somewhere, writing its journals
in ice.

But I am still afraid to move,
afraid to speak,
as if I lived in a house
wallpapered with the cries of birds
I cannot identify.

Beneath the trees
a young couple sits talking
about the afterlife,
where no one, I think, is
whittling toys for the stillborn,
I laugh,

but don't know.
Maybe the whole world is absent minded
or floating. Maybe the new lovers undress
without wondering how
the snow grows over the Andes,
or how a horse cannot remember those
frozen in the sleigh behind it,
but keeps running until the lines tangle,
while the dead sit coolly beneath their pet stars.

As I write this,
some blown rhododendrons are nodding
in the first breezes. I want
to resemble them, and remember nothing,
the way a photograph of an excavation
cannot remember the sun.

The wind rises or stops
and it means nothing.

I want to be circular;
a pond or a column of smoke
revolving, slowly, its aches.

I want to turn back and go up
to myself at age 20,
and press five dollars into his hand
so he can sleep.
While he stands trembling on a street in Fresno,
suddenly one among many in a crowd
that strolls down Fulton Street,
among the stores that are closing,
and is never heard of again.

**115. — Maria Damon** *11 May 1996* ↑ **Register**

thanks maz for the eulogy and poem. never heard of levis before, but now i have and am glad. esp to hear of someone else whose mother's called selma. went to a funeral myself this a.m., and heard a 10 yr old girl read a poem to her dad whose 34 yr old dad's car crashed a coupla mornings ago, and he went up in the fiery wreckage..."I sit here in grief, listening with disbelief...daddy daddy why'd you leave? daddy daddy come back please." it was...poetic. i didn't know the guy he was a friend of friends and i went cuz they wanted to show up in my car instead of their own work truck. bests, maria d

**116. — Gary Hawkins** *11 May 1996* ↑ **Register**

from Laura Hope-Gill c/o

In kind response to Bill Luoma's picture of Levis amid the almond tree goalposts and outside the lion's cage, I want to offer more pictures of him, from just January— such a surprising short time until this.

I had the great however brief pleasure of knowing Larry Levis as student/acquaintance at Warren Wilson College MFA Prog. last winter, my first and his many-eth, and I am sad. remembering him clearly there in the snowed-in campus, smoking a Marlboro, drinking beer, the music from the "Sweatheart Ball" coming out into the night, looking over the snow-buried gardens and mountains saying "you expect Jack Nicholson to come around in the SnowCat any second don't you?"

Larry Levis wore v-necked sweaters w/o turtleneck or undershirt under a thin overcoat in 0 degree wind, broke mid-lecture into full-text "Life Stories", danced madly in large steps and wide spins, quoted Talking Heads in the same sentence as Ezra Pound and made it work.

He was calm, understated, dry, realistic, (when can we say "brilliant.") When Tony Hoagland asked, after the reading and outside smoking, "How's your class on "Thought and Feeling" coming along?" Levis responded, leaning on the iced rail, exhaling thickly "I ditched the thought portion and my life's been easier since."

I called a friend who was corresponding with him this semester and was as of yesterday without "teacher," and we agreed: there's just a certain breed of human we can't stand to lose.

A former student and friend of the poet sent us this excerpt from "Adolescence" in Winter Stars:

> *-He had been drinking steadily all week,*
> *And was dealing cards*
> *When the muscle of his own heart*
> *Kicked him back into his chair so hard its wood snapped.*
> *He must have thought there was something*

*Suddenly very young inside his body,*
*If he had time to think . . .*"

I hear the heart attack was so massive he probably didn't know, and I hope.

There are others out there who are much sadder than I am I'm sure, with deeper memories which pain more deeply, and I wish you well with your memories of "the Levis of the Levis of the Levis. ("Self Portrait with Radio"), who did not "think that anything could choose me/ To be a Larry Levis before there even was/ a Larry Levis. ("Family Romance")"

"When he died it was like a whole library had burned down." -Laurie Anderson

I am glad I saved the cap off the bottle of champagne shared between Levis and a few students including myself at the final dinner, not knowing why I was tucking it safely into my pocket as I believed myself "over" the tchotchke phase (perhaps it's the swooning of lions, Bill), on which I read today the word pressed into the metal: BRUT and think no, not at all.

**117. — Sam Pereira** *14 May 1996* ↑ **Register**
*The Death Of Larry Levis*

Let me add my distress at this news. Larry was a dear friend...we shared Fresno and Iowa City along with lots of good people. Now, we lose another one. I have added a WAV file of Larry reading from a 1984 Fresno appearance to my WEB page. I hope his friends and the lovers of his work will find it calming. Larry would be amused by all the attention, I think, but he was one of the good guys.

The address is: http://home.aol.com/LITSAM

The sound file is at the very end of the page. Let me know what you think.

Sam

---

## Bert Schierbeck

1918–1996

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Dutch writer associated with the Cobra movement who wrote the first experimental novel in the Dutch language;* Het Boek Ik *(1951). Died at his home in Amsterdam.*

**118. — Jerry Rothenberg** *10 Jun 1996* ↑ **Register**
*(no subject)*

Word came today that Bert Schierbeck, who was one of the truly classy postwar poets, died yesterday at his home in Amsterdam. Anyone who spent any time among the Dutch poets would have known him: a wonderfully present & wonderfully life-affirming man, who broke much new ground in poetry & prose & in the necessary links between them. It was always a great pleasure to drink & talk with him — talk (really) more than drink — and though he was ailing & under sentence for the last few years, I hope he kept it going to the end.

What follows is in no sense an obituary but the commentary that Pierre Joris and I wrote for inclusion with several of his poems in the second volume of _Poems for the Millennium .

Signed off, with love.

jr

BERT SCHIERBECK

there comes over us / that awful silence / which we saw in picture books / of animals in that vast sort of space / where they almost didn t exist at all / drifting in the mist of a still / bigger animal that devours us all. (B.S.)

The work emerges from the vortex of the European & Dutch avant-garde (post-World War II), with affiliations to the mixed-means poetics of Cobra (page 000) &, at a greater distance, American poets like Williams, Olson, Burroughs. The defining breakthrough is his creation, circa 1950, of the _compositional novel_, in which the stated aim is the removal of the borderlines of the _I_ and their redistribution — for him, as others, an act of defiance against imposed, inherited notions of the predetermined Self. Regarding the early means employed he writes (1952): [quote] At that time I wrote down on scraps of paper every conversation I heard, all the words I came across; I saved clippings from newspapers, I traveled through Spain and took notes on what I saw along the road, at the outdoor cafis, all kinds of conversations and forms of life. That can all be recovered in the book. Arranged upon a rhythmic base that was determined by _the breath of the people,_ which we have in common. Everything carefully, typographically divided up to make the whole surveyable.[unquote] Moving from prose to verse — or holding some rich ground in between — the resultant form works toward the creation of cross sections of reality where everything rhymes.

His long novel-poems available in English include _Shape of the Voice_, _Cross Roads_, and _Keeping It Up_, along with short works like _The Sun: Day_ presented here.

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## George Starbuck

1931–1996

*6 messages · 5 hands*

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> *American neo-formalist poet and educator known for witty, virtuosic rhyme; his debut won the Yale Series of Younger Poets;* Bone Thoughts *(1960). Died in Tuscaloosa, Alabama.*

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**119. — Anselm Hollo** *18 Aug 1996* ↑ Register

*George Starbuck*

17 Aug 96

Emerging from my lair here, to salute the memory of George Starbuck, first met in Buffalo thirty years ago, during my first summer there in the company of G.S., Ann London, Robert Creeley, John Logan, John Wieners, Robert Hogg, Basil Bunting, George Bowering, Jack Clarke, Al Glover, Duncan McNaughton...a summer that definitely changed my life, as did George's subsequent invitation to come and teach at the Iowa Writers' Workshop, whose director he then was. Cet ouvroir was a very different place during his tenure than what it had been before, and, I believe, what it has been since. Not only did he invite Kathleen Fraser and her then husband Jack Marshall, he also invited Ted Berrigan, Steve Katz, Seymour Krim, David Ray—all, at that time,

regarded as pretty 'cutting edge' makaris, somewhat threatening, even, to the post-Paul Engle neo-Frostian/pseudo-WCWilliamsian 'Iowa' establishment.

George was a wit, an ironic master of traditional Anglo form, and a gentleman of a wide and utterly non-provincial understanding of the art. I believe that he, Ted Berrigan, and your humble servant deserve credit in Poetry Heaven for our work in that place and time (Ted was politicked out of there after only one year, by the above mentioned establishmentarians; I outlasted George by a couple of years, thanks to painter Hans Breder of the art department who fixed me up with an 'interdisciplinary' gig for a couple more years): the roll call of 'our' (and, yes, Kathleen's & Jack's & Seymour's & Steve's) students looks pretty impressive today: Alice Notley, Robert Grenier, Ray DiPalma, Merrill Gilfillan, Michael Lally, Darrell Gray, Barrett Watten, Bob Perelman, Arthur Vogelsang. (None of them, of course, quite as famous in the Old Iowa Lineage as, say, Norman Dubie or Michael Ryan.)

So—Thank You, Captain George.

Anselm Hollo

**120. — Hank Lazer** *17 Aug 1996* ↑ **Register**

George Starbuck died Thursday morning at his home in Tuscaloosa at age 65 after a twenty year bout with Parkinson's disease. A fine poet and generous person, George directed the graduate writing programs in creative writing at Iowa (where, ages ago, he hired Kathleen Fraser) and at Boston University. While at SUNY-Buffalo in 1963, he initiated a successful challenge of New York's Feinberg loyalty-oath law. After a semester as writer-in-residence, George decided to live in Tuscaloosa. For the past several years, he has been a kind friend, much valued for his learning, his conversation, and his advocacy of a wide range of poetries.

—Hank Lazer

**121. — Maria Damon** *17 Aug 1996* ↑ **Register**

thanks for the news hank. 65 is much younger than i would have placed him... md

**122. — George Bowering** *18 Aug 1996* ↑ **Register**

Gad, about 1957 in Oliver, B.C., I was picking up drugstore poetry anthologies, and didnt know any names later than WCWilliams, and there was George Starbuck, so I was reading him before I read any of you people, and I am glad that I did. Odd, eh? If he was really 65 at his death, he was pretty young in 1957!

George Bowering. "Sighing is extra."

2499 West 37th Ave., —Gertrude Stein

**123. — George Bowering** *19 Aug 1996* ↑ **Register**

*"George, It is a question how old any of us might be at 26. I wasn't so young at that age, married, mortgage, one child, a few grey hairs. How young were you? Tony Green"*

Well, I wasnt married yet. I was pretty young, actually. Hmm, 26. That was 1962. I was pretty innocent, though a heavy Olson reader. Well, some smoke. A little jazz. French movies. Didnt get to Mexico till 1963. Didnt get to Europe till 1966. Didnt get to New Zealand till 1984. Pretty innocent still.

George Bowering. "The BAZOOKA is only for my

**124. — Tony Green** *21 Aug 1996* ↑ **Register**

But 26 AND a poet published in a book is young enough.

Tony Green,

# David Tudor

1926–1996

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*American avant-garde pianist and pioneer of live electronic music who premiered John Cage's 4'33" in 1952;* Rainforest *(1968). Identified in the notice as “composer”. Died after a series of strokes, in Tomkins Cove, New York.*

## 125. — Pierre Joris *2 Sep 1996* ↑ Register

*[Fwd: David Tudor Obituary]*

Hi folks — thot this may ineterest you — Pierre

John Whiting wrote:

> *“The [London] Guardian*
>
> *August 28 1996*
>
> *OBITUARY*
>
> *David Tudor*
>
> *Black Mountain sounds*
>
> *DAVID Tudor, who has died aged 70, abandoned a career as a virtuoso performer of contemporary piano music to devote himself to the composition and performance of electronic music.*
>
> *Tudor was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, where he began his career as an organist.*
>
> *After studying composition and piano, he began to concentrate on the piano and soon became known as an interpreter of some of the most demanding works in the contemporary repertory.*
>
> *In New York in 1950, he gave the American premiere - and the second performance anywhere - of Pierre Boulez's Second Piano Sonata.*
>
> *He also gave the first performances of works by Karlheinz Stockhausen, who dedicated a piece to him, and many others.*
>
> *But his closest association was with John Cage, who said that all his works until 1970 were written either directly for Tudor or with him in mind.*
>
> *He gave the first performances of Cage's Music of Changes (1952) and the Concert for Piano and Orchestra, the latter at a retrospective concert of Cage's music at New York Town Hall in 1958, when the work was "conducted" by Merce Cunningham.*
>
> *When the Merce Cunningham Dance Company was formed at Black Mountain College in North Carolina, in the summer of 1953, with John Cage as musical director, Tudor joined him as company musician.*
>
> *He continued to perform and tour with the company until the end of 1994, when ill-health caused him to retire. After the death of Cage in August 1992, Tudor had succeeded him as the company's musical director, and he continued as musical advisor.*
>
> *In the early days, Tudor loved to play 19th century salon music, and he made a selection of such pieces for Cunningham's Dime a Dance in 1953.*
>
> *Another Cunningham dance of that year was Banjo, to music by Louis Moreau Gottschalk.*

*Cunningham's dancers could not understand why the choreographer had chosen the piece when they heard it played by another pianist, so Cunningham asked Tudor to play it for one rehearsal. "It sounded like 50 banjos all played at once," Cunningham has said, and when they heard, the dancers understood.*

*Tudor also played music of this kind for dances by the eccentric and beautiful Katherine Litz.*

*At Black Mountain in 1952, where Tudor was an instructor, he took part in Cage's famous untitled, unstructured theatre piece, together with Cunningham, the poets Mary Caroline Richards and Charles Olson, and the painter Robert Rauschenberg.*

*A number of friends from Black Mountain later formed the Gate Hill Co-op in Stony Point, New York, known as "The Land," where Cage, Tudor, Richards, and other artists lived for many years.*

*In the early 1960s, Cage and Tudor initiated the trend towards "live" (as opposed to taped) electronic music in the Cunningham company's musical repertory, and Tudor ended his active career as a pianist.*

*In 1968 he composed his first score, for Cunningham's Rain Forest.*

*This was followed by Sounddance (1975), Exchange (1978), Channels/Inserts (1981), Quartet (1982), Phrases (1984), Shards (1987), Five Stone Wind (with Cage and Takehisa Kosugi) (1988), Polarity (1990), and Enter (1992).*

*In the autumn of 1992, he returned to the acoustic piano in concert performances of Cage's Winter Music with Atlas Eclipticalis and, in 1993, Solo for Piano.*

*In 1994, Cunningham was able to realise his final collaborations with Cage, Ocean, to which Tudor contributed the electric component, Soundings: Ocean Diary. The orchestral element, played by 112 musicians, is by Andrew Culver, following Cage's original concept.*

*The work was performed earlier this summer, at the Lincoln Center Festival in New York.*

*Many of the electronic devices used in Tudor's compositions were designed and made by himself.*

*Tudor was one of four core artists who collaborated on the design of the Pepsi Pavilion for Expo '70, Osaka, Japan, a project of Experiments in Art and Technology.*

*With the visual artist Jacqueline Monnier, he developed a kite environment that was installed at the Whitney Museum in New York in 1986, in Dusseldorf in 1988, and at the Jack Tilton Gallery. in New York in 1990.*

*Other collaborators included the filmmaker Molly Davies, the choreographer Viola Farber, and the painter Robert Rauschenberg.*

*He was a great cook, particularly of the cuisine of India, where he had spent much time. "John Cage said David had a golden ear," Merce Cunningham said recently, and added, "that he did, but he also had a marvellous sense of humour." In general, Tudor's contribution to the life and work of the Cunningham company was more than just musical; as much as Cunningham and Cage themselves, he personified its philosophy.*

*One day at Black Mountain when Cunningham was rehearsing an extremely complex solo, one of the first he had choreographed with chance process, he sat down in despair.*

*Tudor then remarked: "Well, this is clearly impossible - but we'll go right ahead and do it anyway."*

*David Vaughan*

*David Tudor, composer, born January 20, 1926; died August 13, 1996*”

**126. — Rod Smith** *13 Sep 1996* ↑ **Register**
*David Tudor Memorial*

In Celebration of David Tudor January 20, 1926 - August 13, 1996

Judson Memorial Church 55 Washington Square South New York, New York Tuesday, September 17, 1996 8:00 P. M.

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# Frank Kuenstler

1928–1996

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*American experimental poet and filmmaker of New York's Eventorium collective, known for the dense book-length collage* Lens.

**127. — Charles Bernstein** *2 Sep 1996* ↑ **Register**
*Frank Kuenstler 1928-1996*

Frank Kuenstler 1928-1996

Poet and film maker Frank Kuenstler died on August 11. A short obituary appeared in The New York Times, August 31. There will be a memorial service for Frank on Wednesday, September 4, at 670 West End Avenue (call for more information).

In the next month I hope to have a full bibliography of Kuenstler's work on the EPC. His books are:

LENS (New York: Fim Cultures, 1964) Selected Poems (New York: Eventorium Press, 1964) Paradise News (New York: Eventorium Press, 1966) Fugitives. Rounds (1966) 13½ Poems (New York: SZ/Press, 1984) Continued (New York: Night Three Press. 1987) Miscellany (New York: Night Three Press. 1987) In Which (New York: Cairn Editions, 1994)

Here's what I wrote for 13½ Poems:

The publication of 13½ Poems marks the twentieth anniversary of Film Culture's edition of Frank Kuenster's first book Lens. Lens's brilliantly iconoclastic and cosmic compression of syntax and lexicon ranks Kuenstler with such pioneers of Zaum (Khlebnikov's word for pervasively neologistic poetry) as Gillespie, Melnick, and Inman. In 13 ½ Poems, we get another side of Kuenstler – less intractably opaque, more lightheartedly amusing. Each of the poems in the new collection suggests a different style: Kuenstler has provided a group show all on his own. More remarkably, in the long, final poem, "Text", Kuenstler achieves a maniacally nonstop synthesis of "blunt" cut-up and everyday "pandemonium" —"Foolish spirit foolish theory zeal almost macabre A craze … alert aggressive, military Maudlin, extreme."

LENS remains, for me, Kuenstler's great work. It is composed, basically, of two-word pairs joined by a period (though a period follows every word pair as well); though sometimes phrases stand in for single words. It is flush right, with hyphens noting split words. It runs 92 pages and is dated at the end: 1952-1964. Here is the opening of LENS (minus the italic "f."s and accents on metie'r and cre'me & not justified):

mm.Pris. metier.AAA. prime.Airies. numbers.Racquet. comma.Dei. rr.1919. peru.Ruse. glen.A. ggg.Ire. leapfrog.Mick. creme.Nail. game.Ble. flame-Bouyant. f.Rose. not.Ice. door.I. nigh.Eve. feather.Rail. mm.Error. mm.-Pris. Oscar.Later. f.Oil. I'm.Moon. bb.Abe count.Tokay. newman.Asiatics. mezzo.Potomac. sinned.Drone. signed.Hormone. rr.Asp. clues.Ott. oft.Shoes. Deaf.Acid. ggg.Own. rape.Cyclical. Faith.Per Se. soul.Elicit. F.Unction. tie-Grass. sign.Am carp.Pathagorean gas.Tone mm.Acquire f.Rail salon.-Leica. Canine.Father tv.Jeeps it must be spring-A. picture of a flower just flashed upon the screen. rr.Lourdes. rr.Lao-tse. rr-Enter. Rr.Entire.

Frank lived in my neighborhood not only metaphorically but literally: I occasionally ran into him in the xerox store and on the streets. For a number of years he send out xeroxed pages of found art, with just an almost anonymous ARCHIVE stamped where a return address would usually be. Bruce Andrews did a cut-up of LENS for L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E #13 (1981); he called it: "And For Anything I Could Call My Own Thinking".

*** finally a haiku from Paradise News:

Fish swim. They die. They rise to the surface. It is their way of falling.

> **128. — filch** *2 Sep 1996* ↑ **Register**
>
> Mr. Bernstein wrote-"Lens's brilliantly iconoclastic and cosmic compression of syntax and lexicon ranks Kuenstler with such pioneers of Zaum (Khlebnikov's word for pervasively neologistic poetry) as Gillespie, Melnick, and Inman."
>
> I am quite probably wrong and in need of correction but it is my understanding that zaum is more accurately translated as transrational, trans-sense, or beyond sense. I'm not sure I understand how one gets from that to "pervasively neologistic" which I understand to mean "new words". I suppose the argument could be made that zaum encompasses this idea of "new words" however it is my understanding that Khlebnikov had a distinct fascination with the origins of words as such and prefered greatly to return to the origins of the Russian language rather than to create something new. From what I understand, his coinages etc. were, in his opinion, a sort of "etymologism" which seems to leave little room for "new words".
>
> I believe Markov wrote, at one point, that Kruchonykh & Khlebnikov together created the foundation for zaum in their piece entitled "The Word As Such." I believe also there has been a great deal of uncertainty about the actual origins of the word, popularly attributed to Khlebnikov, as it seems several different people actually claim "the rights" as it were. I even remember reading on a plane a few years ago a rather bizaare theory which held that the word actually originated with one of the Burliuk brothers, probably D. God help me if I can remember where I got that one.
>
> Any help clarifying this would be greatly appreciated.
>
> BTW I am still wondering if anyone knows of an English translation of A.N. Chicherin's "Change of All"?
>
> filch

# Daniel Davidson

1952–1996

*4 messages · 4 hands*

*American experimental poet who emerged from punk into the San Francisco Bay Area scene; his books were collected as* Culture.

### 129. — Kevin Killian *8 Sep 1996* ↑ Register

*Dan Davidson*

We have some sad news to deliver. San Francisco poet Daniel Davidson died Saturday night, apparently by his own hand, after many years of pain following open heart surgery. Details are sketchy at this point, but more detailed obituaries will follow.

I (Dodie) met Dan in the mid-80s (actually got to know him, since I'd seen him around) at the UCSF medical center where I was a temp secretary and he was coming frequently for follow-up for his heart surgery. He and I spend many an evening together discussing writing, living, music, art (and drugs). We were both avid about Messiaen's "Quartet for the End of Time" and sometimes we'd shut up long enough to listen to it at his apartment on Haight Street. I've never seen anyone live more grandly on a fixed income than Dan—he was amazing. Bringing home castoff clothing from the Salvation Army, dyeing them black, and cutting such a dashing figure. At that time Dan hadn't published much, but shortly afterward he became an important figure in the Bay Area writing scene, writing, giving readings, curating series. He taught an after-school program for small children at Small Press Traffic when it was still on 24th Street.

I (Kevin) remember Dan always in the audience at every kind of poetry reading you could imagine, always with his own determined take on things. Perhaps because he came to poetry late, he was burning up with poetry fever, and he could be exhausting in his naked need to know more.

And because he had this plastic heart valve he often thought of himself as not having much time.

He was generous to a wide variety of young writers and attentive to his elders.

I was glad to be able to write a "blurb" for his first book "Product."

In recent years I didn't see him around much. Couldn't figure it out.

The last reading I saw him give was with Bob Perelman at New Langton Arts, and when was that?

At least 2 years ago.

He shied away from all the events he used to shine at.

Last month when Anselm Berrigan and Katie Lederer left for parts East, Dan came to the party for them—still Byronic, still dashing, but gray, gray.... and he and I talked then about this and that.

God!

The ironic thing is that he was scheduled to participate in the "Proliferation 3" reading Dodie and Mary Burger are holding at Small Press Traffic this coming Friday (the 13th).

And now their plans are to make it into some kind of memorial in his honor, I guess.

Sorry to fill up the bandwidth with all this info about Dan and us, but as you can see, we have the kind of grief that's hard to take hold of and make sense of—a grief not unmixed with guilt. I know that the book Dan wrote with Tom Mandel is coming out soon, the collaboration from Poets and Potes Press of which he was so pleased and so proud. That's something, tho' right now I don't know what.

**130. — Douglas Messerli** *9 Sep 1996* ↑ **Register**

Dear Kevin,

Is this the same Daniel Davidson who wrote "Bureaucrat, My Love," some of which appeared in Gertrude Stein Awards in 1993-1994?

Douglas

**131. — John Geraets** *10 Sep 1996* ↑ **Register**

How emptying to hear of Daniel Davidson's death. My knowledge of him comes from email exchanges over the past few months, a thing or two sent in the mail. Last Thurs he finished a note, Gotta go... good to hear from you. I enjoyed our exchanges, he said he did too, and though there was a strong sense of him, there's also the sense now of how suddenly that's stopped.

In the limited way I knew him, much respect,

John

**132. — Jonathan Brannen** *10 Sep 1996* ↑ **Register**

Other than some minimalist correspondance, I didn't know Daniel Davidson but I do know and greatly admire his work. Daniel Davidson was a brilliant poet, one of the few. I am stunned and deeply saddened to learn of his death. The following is a poem he wrote and enclosed in a letter I received from him last February.

Imperative

1.

We walk and talk, shore filling the past.

To bring myself along
I dig my eyes into
the lap of liquid, what we've learned

is such an elegant poison
in pieces of elements, buoyed
by the warped and narrow walkways, the

curtain staring between us. Then to remember
our occupation, refrain, circumstance
around which everything happens
blank of water and muscle, where a heart
grasps the blood inside it, stillness
otherwise so common. Breathing credulity, a turbulent

condition for sight, a sign of touch
that "Spectator, of the Willing Participant", is part of you.

2.

The ships of sail in mourning washed
the feet of the sea, bread, cirrus, circuses
blanketing after dawn, and the birds following

each impose their directions. One light between us,
or two?, for our sprouting wings, for silence, for sleep

> or sleepless daydreams purging the stones underfoot,
> where falling proceeds, one step coming after to another.
>
> 3.
>
> Bare embraces every earth, handwritten cornices
> gleaming fictions, sweet, tasty entrances
> borders eveary country life, whatever is pursued.
>
> I've learned to believe when you describe the imaginable
> when tracing the outlines of passing simplicity
> a self-sealing break making room for another
>
> listening, to the selves we've gathered.
>
> Daniel Davidson, February 1996

---

## Helmut Heißenbüttel

1921–1996

*3 messages · 3 hands*

*German experimental poet, essayist and radio editor, central to postwar concrete and combinatory writing;* Textbuch 1 *(1960). Died of pneumonia after a long illness.*

### 133. — Charles Bernstein *22 Sep 1996* ↑ Register

*Helmut Heissenbuttel 1921-1996*

I note with sadness a small item in today's New York Times marking the death of Helmut Heissenbuttel, a marvelous German poet, whose work will be known to many on this list. The Times, via the AP, presents Heissenbuttel as a "leader in the post-Dada style of literature known as concrete poetry, an experimental form relying on puns and other wordplay, and not adhering to the rules of grammar and punctuation." What? Well ... not quite, not even nearly ...

I have three pamphlets of Heissenbuttel translated by Rosmaire Waldrop and published by Diana's BiMonthly (Tom Ahearn) in 1977: The Dilemma of Being High and Dry, Schematic Development of Tradition, and Novel. The middle of these ends like this:

"and thus those who aren't there any more have already taken along immeasurably much of what those who were there did and resolved in memory of those who weren't there immeasurably much is in possession of those who aren't there and it will always grow more and more and since they have it in their possession and this possession is ever growing one can in regard to those who aren't there speak of their memory of those who are there

because those who aren't there any more were once there

not being there is something that is thought of while being there and being there is living off the possession which those what aren't there are still accumulating

in the name of those who aren't there any more and are more

because those who aren't there anymore and are more have a name and we are there in their name."

*****

And to all those out in Poeticsville
Have a good 5757

**134. — Pierre Joris** *23 Sep 1996* ↑ **Register**

I recently translated a text by Heissenbuttel for the second volume of POEMS FOR THE MILLENNIUM, & would like to offer it here to honor him, preceded by the "commentary" Jerry Rothenberg & I composed for HH. —Pierre

Helmut Heissenbuttel

Changes in language mean changes in the interpretation of the world. (H.H.)

Probably the most consistently experimental of the postwar Gruppe 47 writers, Heissenbüttel's prodigious & very varied output (poems, proses, essays, novels, & concrete & semantic experiments that prove him a true heir to Dada & Gertrude Stein) has been shockingly little translated into English to date. The final section of his theoretical text, Premises, reads in part: "My experience of a fundamental change arose from the situtation in which literary speech, exemplary speech, is forced to involve itself explicitly and specifically with the ground of language itself. When the traditional way of saying things failed, it became a matter of penetrating, so to say, into the interior of language to break it open and question it in its most hidden connections. The result of this cannot be a new language. It is a way of speaking that plays on its contrasts with traditional syntax and word usage. ... This essential indeterminacy factor never permits it to arrive at what one could call image or metaphor.

Image and metaphor, as something clearly identifiable, would be part of that language which is withdrawing itself.

The subjects, objects and predicates of the sentence drop away because the experience, which is being related, stands outside the subject-object relation. ...

Connections are made not through systematic and logico-syntactical interweavings, but through connota-tions, through ambiguities — outgrowths of a decayed syntax. Uncertainty, alienation, fumbling-in-the-dark (...) become thematically visible in the most wornout cliches and petrified slogans of culture, become thematic with the use of the little particle 'because.'

None of this happens in an 'abstract' combination of 'linguistic matter,' as if instead of stains, drips and brush-slaps one now used words and sentence fragments. Nor is it some kind of 'encipherment.'

It happens as a first time attempt to penetrate and get a foothold in a world that still seems to escape language. The boundary that is reached (...) is the boundary of that which is not yet sayable."

Helmut Heissenbuttel

from Textbook 10

Lesson 3

and then down into the black soul

1

to stylize to deny the body can be traced back to rationality in that context also the desirable body it has to be that that too part of the calculation the desirable a kind of lure

2

and then down into the black soul

3

what I want to say is I saw it the room naked as a hand I locked up the black princess the sheath of the angel naked I swear it from head to toe from anus to navel what I want to say is

my mind rotates in images of beauty and desire my gaze embraces naked what I want to say is fruit of a suit flight of a bird

4

and then down into the black soul

5

enjoyably and deeply I lost myself in all the minglings and intertwinings of joy and pain from which emanate the spice of life and the flower of feelings a florid fire flowed through my veins what I dreamed was not just some kiss not just the wish to break the smarting stings of longing it is not for your lips alone that I long or for your eyes or for your body but it was a romantic confusion of all of these things a wondrous tangle of all the various remembrances and longings.

6

and then down into the black soul

7

the element wherein desire and its object exist indifferently against each other and autonomously is the alive Dasein the gratification of desire sublates this as far as it concerns its object but this is the element which gives both their separate reality rather a Being that is essentially a representation

8

and the down into the black soul

9

gratified lust does indeed carry the positive meaning to have become itself as objective self-consciousness but just as much the negative one namely to have sublated itself and by grasping its realization only in terms of that meaning its experience enters its consciousness as contradiction wherein the achieved reality of its singleness sees itself annihilated by the negative being and yet is the selfsame's devouring power

10

and then down into the black soul

11

in the silver moonlight alongside the ships and the large buildings and the canals which cut into and through the city's innermost core the forest of masts the lines of beams and cordage crossing a thousand fold all in moonlight strange and magic at one corner but a glance into a brightly lit room where a hundred diligent hands were sewing  sails

12

and then down into the black soul

13

actually today everything is like yesterday except for the hallway where yesterday the handbag kept surprising me today I am surprised that the handbag is no longer there thus it would be more accurate to say that today everything is completely different from yesterday but then again not really either

translated by Pierre Joris

Page 000

**135. — robert drake** *24 Sep 1996* ↑ **Register**

Emmett Williams included several poems of Heissenbuttel's in his _Anthology of Concrete Poetry_, w/ the note: "Although Heissenbuttel does not consider himself a concrete poet, Daniel Spoerri inclueded this poem ["das sagbare sagen..."] and two others by H. in the first international anthology of concrete poetry in 1958."

> blame it on th anthologists...
> lbd

---

## Meridel Le Sueur

1900–1996

*2 messages · 1 hand*

*American writer and journalist of 1930s proletarian literature, chronicling working-class women from Marxist and feminist perspectives;* Women on the Breadlines *(1932). Died in Hudson, Wisconsin, at age 96.*

### 136. — Eliza McGrand *20 Nov 1996* ↑ Register

*sad news about Meridel Le Sueur*

i am forwarding a note i received from my friend jo grant at bookzen. meridel le sueur has died.

it is hard news, though she is very old and has led an incredibly rich, giving life. it is hard to think there will be no new stories, poems, essays. her work is, like that of tillie olson, judy grahn, adrienne rich, pat parker, audre lord, an unflinching, careful, strong writing of women's lives with a particular tender, lyric quality of its own. i am sometimes reminded of sarah orne jewett when i read her gentle, image-filled text, and yet her words also have the anger and social ferocity of dreiser, of the vietnam poets and writers, of sharon olds and dorothy allison. i try and describe her in terms of other writers, other texts, because i am trying to hold on to her, connect her so tha it won't feel as if she has gone quite so far.

i know jo grant and her family would be moved to hear any words anyone would like to send in tribute to, or memory of, meridel. you may reach them at the address in jo's mailing (appended).

Friends,

Very sad to inform the many Iowa Citians who were friends of Meridel LeSueur that she died yesterday. For those who attended her last appearence in Iowa City, at Old Brick, during her final Iowa Tour will remember her telling us:

"I was born at the beginning of the swiftest and bloodiest century at Murray, Iowa, in a white square puritan house in the corn belt, of two physically beautiful people who had come west through the Indian and the Lincoln country, creating the new race of the Americas by enormous and rugged and gay matings with the Dutch, the Indian, the Irish; being preachers, abolitionists, agrarians, radical lawyers on the Lincoln, Illinois, circuit.

"Dissenters and democrats and radicals through five generations.

Meridel LeSueur - 1900-1996

That night at Old Brick Meridel spoke about the years of being blacklisted by McCarthy and the difficult time she and her children had trying to survive during the reign of the House UnAmerican Activities Committee. At one point her agent told her she could sell

more books if she would write like Ernest Hemingway. She responded "I would, but I have better things to do with my time than write about fighting, fishing and fucking."

A feminist decades before the term entered everyday use, she spent her life on the front line fighting for the rights of women, minorities, Native Americans, gays and the disabled.

A review of her most recent book, THE DREAD ROAD, and an article about her can be found at www.bookzen.com. Both have been downloaded by newspapers from around the world, along with embarassingly few from the U.S.

The book review is at: <http://www.bookzen.com/books/0000066r1.html

The article is at: <http://www.bookzen.com/books/0000066a1.html

Both were written by Chuck Miller. When Meridel read them she was so touched she cried. It was rare when anything as insightful as Miller's article and review had ever been written about her. After many hours of audio and video recording of Meridel over a period of 13 years it was the first time I witnessed her crying.

But what a life...

As a young girl she marched with Mother Bloor in Colorado to protest the massacre of miners and their families at Ludlow; during her early teens lived with Emma Goldman and Alexander Berkman; grew up a prolitarian writer who counted as her friends: Agnes Smedley, Josephine Herbst, Nelson Algren, Grace Lumpkin, Upton Sinclair, Jack Conroy, Richard Wright, Zona Gale, Theodore Drieser, Kenneth Fearing, Mari Sandoz...Boris Israel and too many others to name here. Her grandfather, whose wife was identified only as a squaw—since the state of Ohio didn't include names of Native Americans who married white men—was a friend of John Chapman (Johnny Appleseed)....

I've gone on too long.

I'll close with this quote from Miller's article:

"Henry Miller, Keraouc and Bukowski are all dead. There is no one else left of LeSueur's stature in American literature today. She stands alone, a giant, waiting to be discovered by her own nation."

Amen to thjat, or rather, A(wo)men!

If anyone does not have access to the World Wide Web E-mail me and I will send the article and the review by return mail.

All of Meridel's books are in Special Collections at the main UI library if the Iowa City Public Library doesn't have them.

Some people have contacted me and asked if they can share thoughts about Meridel and have them posted where their friends could find them and respond. We're setting it up with all comments being printed and copies being placed in the LeSueur collections in MN, WI & IA.

j grant

E, Don't hesitate to share this with any friends who know about Meridel.

**137. — Eliza McGrand** *21 Nov 1996* ↑ **Register**
*Re: the poets and land and landing poets*

when you ask abut western american writers, i think of richard hugo, meridel le sueur, bruce weigl, lorine neidecker, joy harjo, carl sandburg (i know it is fashionable to dump on him, but while there are some pretty bad poems, there are some very lovely ones too. when i have midwestern nostalgia, i sometimes read him); for prose, raymond carver, tim o'brien, larry heineman, laura ingalls wilder, frontier women's diaries, a book about the infamous donner party by Ruth Whitman (that is poetry)... e

## 1997

## Mitchell Goodman

1923–1997
*3 messages · 3 hands*

*American writer, teacher, and antiwar activist, one of the Boston Five draft-resistance defendants;* The End of It *(1961). Died at his home in Temple, Maine.*

**138. — Sylvester Pollet** *3 Feb 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Mitch Goodman*

Sad news from Maine. Mitchell Goodman died Saturday at his home in Temple, Maine, of pancreatic cancer. Poet, novelist, anti-war activist all his life. He was 73, and when I saw him last, at the Poets of the 1950s conference in Orono in June, he was full of life. We exchanged books & had a good talk. Here's a poem from his book More Light: Selected Poems (Dog Ear Press 1989).

Circles within Circles

That's how it goes: the old man
who understands it all in the end
dies and in the same moment a new one
in the same form comes pushing up
out of the wet earth
crying out in surprise.

Sylvester Pollet

Backwoods Broadsides
RR 5 Box 3630
Ellsworth ME

National Poetry Foundation
Room 302
5752 Neville Hall

**139. — Maria Damon** *3 Feb 1997* ↑ **Register**
*goodman*

does anyone have a mailing address for denise levertov? wd it be appropriate to send condolences to an ex-spouse (i don't know the protocol here)?

**140. — Michael Boughn** *28 Feb 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Holy Moly!*

Thanks, Lisa.

> I don't know why this would be a surprise. This is the core of Duncan's argument with Denise Levertov (or Leveton as the NY Times has it in Mitchell Goodman's obit) and the foundation of his poetics.
>
> Mike
>
> *"In "Man's Fulfillment in Order and Strife" Duncan writes: "Reject Mae West as vulgar or Hitler as the enemy, reject them as fellows of our kind, and you have to go to battle against the very nature of Man himself, against the truth of things." I kind of thought it made sense in the context of the Dorn discussion since there has been talk of counteracting ignorance with physical violence. there's not much foolishness in Duncan. Yours, LIsa"*

---

# Tony Williams

1945–1997

*3 messages · 3 hands*

---

*American jazz drummer of Miles Davis's Second Great Quintet who pioneered fusion with his band Lifetime;* Emergency! *(1969). Dead of a heart attack in Daly City at age.*

---

### 141. — Maria Damon *26 Feb 1997* ↑ Register

*Re: Sad News*

thanks for sad indeed news; 51 is young. i feel lucky to have seen williams here at the dakota bar and grill a few years ago, where he thanked folks for coming to the show because "not a lot of people understand this kind of music; it's loud, it's aggressive, and some people are afraid of it." those few words made a deep impression, as did the thrillingly loud, aggressive music.

At 10:49 AM 2/26/97, Aldon L. Nielsen wrote:

> *"I just learned that Tony Williams died of a heart attack in Daly City at age 51. A Tony Williams memorial fund has been set up — address is: Tony Williams Memorial Fund P.O. Box 1429 Pacifica, CA 94044 contributions sent here will be controlled by the family — funeral details not yet announced — Listening again to "In A Silent Way""*

### 142. — Issa Clubb *26 Feb 1997* ↑ Register

For those of you in NYC, I believe the radio station KCR (89.9 FM) is playing Tony Williams all 24 hrs today (Wed)...

_____
Issa Clubb
Voyager Art Dept.
mailto:

### 143. — Franklin Bruno *27 Feb 1997* ↑ Register

*cd info*

A week or so ago, someone (Maria Damon, I think) posted some information about a CD magazine that sounded quite interesting. I don't remember the details, though I thought an upcoming volume was about Stein. I managed to lose the info. Could someone post it again. Backchannel is fine.

Tony Williams (very sad) died young, but he started young too—he first played with Miles Davis at 17!

> Townes Van Zandt was indeed quite a songwriter (see "Lungs," "Pancho & Lefty"), but I shudder to imagine what his politics might have been.
>
> All you people got me to dig out Berrigan's -The Sonnets-. No cogent comment, but thanks.
>
> Special to Stroffolino (the only one interested, I bet)—I'm seeing Pavement tomorrow, if I see Malkmus, I'll get to the bottom of this Ashbery thing.
>
> fjb

---

## Eugène Guillevic

1907–1997

*1 message · 1 hand*

---

*French poet from Brittany known for spare, object-focused verse, author of* Carnac. *Died in Paris.*

---

### 144. — Pierre Joris *21 Mar 1997* ↑ Register

*Guillevic*

Eugene Guillevic, the French or rather the Breton poet who wrote in French, died yesterday in Paris at the age of 89. A terse, sparse poetry that says more than it sings the objects of his scapes. In English there are two "Selected Poems" — one, translated by Denise Levertov from New Direction (1969), the other translated by teo Savory from Penguin (1974). I don't know if either of them are still in print.

FACE

Country of rubble, country of brush — rocks Rasped by drought.

Earth
Like an inflamed throat
Calling for milk,
Woman without man, hill
Like a scaled antheap,
Earth without womb, music of brass:
Judge-face.

(translated by Teo Savary)

ETERNITY...

Eternity
never was lost.

What we did not know

was how to translate it into days,
skies, landscapes,

into words for others,
authentic gestures.

But holding on to it for ourselves,
that was not difficult,

and there were moments
when it seemed clear to us
we ourselves were eternity.

(translated by Denise Levertov)

Everything that allows men to become rooted, through values or sentiments, in _one_ time, in _one_ history, in _one_ language, is the principle of alienation which constitutes man as privileged in so far as he is what he is, [...] imprisoning him in contentment with his own reality and encouraging him to offer it as an example or impose it as a conquering assertion. -- Maurice Blanchot

---

## Allen Ginsberg

1926–1997

*116 messages · 63 hands*

*American poet, central figure of the Beat Generation, whose* Howl *(1956) survived an obscenity trial that ruled it possessed redeeming social importance and made him famous for the rest of his life;* Kaddish *(1961) is the elegy for his mother. He was seventy and died of liver cancer in his loft in Manhattan. The largest single event in the archive: one hundred and sixteen messages from sixty-three hands across sixty-three subject lines in five weeks. Alan Sondheim got there first, in the evening of 5 April, with "WCBS just announced Allen Ginsberg has died." Bernstein answered with the whole of Blake's Introduction to the Songs of Innocence and nothing else. Within four days the thread had become an argument about celebrity, and it never entirely stopped being one.*

---

**145. — Alan Sondheim** *5 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Allen Ginsberg +*

WCBS just announced Allen Ginsberg has died.

Alan

> **146. — mIEKAL aND** *5 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
> hath die sly bath died live as death live as who those lips kiss
>
> miekal
>
> **147. — Joseph Zitt** *5 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
> *Re: Allen Ginsberg*
>
> Wendy Battin wrote:
>
> "*On Fri, 4 Apr 1997, KENT JOHNSON wrote: for it is not to be spoken of. Now since death is so pornographic, what will be the first line of this renga? Now, since death is so pornographic, where can they sell it?*"
>
> OK, a first line:
>
> Now, since death is so pornographic,
>
> BTW, if a renga evolves, I *will* keep on top of this one and try to make it into a hypertext as it goes along.

|||/ Joseph Zitt ===== ===== Human Systems \||| ||/ Austin, Texas! ========== SILENCE: The John Cage Mailing List \

**148. — Bob Holman** *5 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Allen Ginsberg's Death*

Kent, it is never too late to stop and not smell the cat's milk. Please, Loss, cut "smelling of" and let cat's milk simply be cat's milk (my opinion, good edit). First thought, Second thought...

I was 15, New Richmond, Ohio, 1964, cursing under breath, weeding the weekly chore, HOWL Pocket Poets Series in back pocket, touchstone of sanity, poetry.

Bob Holman

**149. — michael corbin** *5 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Allen Ginsberg +*

Alan Jen Sondheim wrote:

> *"WCBS just announced Allen Ginsberg has died."*

R.I.P.

"Ah, dear father, graybeard, lonely old courage-teacher, what America did you have when Charon quit poling his ferry and you got out on a smoking bank and stood watching the boat disappear on the black waters of Lethe?"

(A Supermarket in California)

mc

**150. — Alan Sondheim** *5 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Allen Ginsberg*

> *"I feel really weird. Is anyone else out there crying too?*
> *Kent"*

Yes - many of us -

Alan

**151. — Maria Damon** *5 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**

At 1:04 PM +0600 4/5/97, KENT JOHNSON wrote:

> *"I didn't mean to offend. But I apologize, because the message was silly and unnecessary. I'm sitting here now, just having read Alan Sondheim's post. I feel really weird. Is anyone else out there crying too?*
> *Kent"*

not yet. just having a quiet time. it's raining outside, like it's crying in my heart; what *is* this lethargy that penetrates my heart? must be grief.

**152. — Pat Pritchett** *5 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**

I'm with you Kent & Alan. Listening right now to P. Glass's "Wichita Vortex Sutra" which sounds all of a sudden like ave atque vale.

And I'm truly surprised by how hard and how deeply Allen's death is affecting me. I've driven around town today in a weird daze, everything feeling and looking uncanny, as if a great silent shockwave had passed through the world and nobody's noticed, nobody's noticed at all. And everything is the same and goes on being the same, just as it ought. It ought to be the same. Only it isn't and it can't be. But it's the same all the same and only this very weird feeling of a tiny vacuum at the center of things.

I never knew Allen; only brushed by him twice in passing as it were. The first time was 1989 at City Lights, the day before the quake and the Series and I was handing out copies of a miserable poetry rag I'd put together and which is best forgotten but we bumped into each

other at the crowded front counter and naturally being alert for favorable omens I was delighted. The second time was last year in Anselm Hollo's backyard where I found myself sitting, rather like Aldon, apart from the main group, on a lawn chair, and Allen and his nephew I guess it was Al came up and joined my wife and I and Lindsay Hill. We were all eating veggie burgers and watermelon and I thought how frail Allen looks and then he and Lindsay talked a bit about somebody's mother, maybe it was Steven Marks'? maybe not - the name has faded. He was wearing bright red suspenders which I put into a poem a few days later. And that was all very funny really since I'd panned his last book in a brief review I'd done for the Daily Camera and was mortally afraid to introduce myself in case someone had told him about it and that review was how Anselm Hollo and I met, by vigourous exchange of letter, and eventually led me to joining the list so I owe it this chance of expression and amends I guess in retrospect to my hubristic attempt to take Allen Ginsberg down a notch what a silly thing to do and I will miss him who else has done more for poetry and there should be a state funeral if there was such a thing as a state with honor that could see itself that way but then what need for Allen Ginsberg except the example of his beauty and anyway such ceremonies are deceptive flatteries that cannot take the place or can they of real grieving as this list will do very nicely even better for that I say.

I intend to get drunk tonight and watch Jerry Aronson's "The Life & Times of Allen Ginsberg."

GINSBERG AT 70

Dharma Lion thin now, skin a little sallow.

Huddles over veggie burger on the half bun, pink crescent of watermelon shining on plate (adjunct to Gemini).

Big red X of suspenders
marks the spot on his back
as if to say,
here it is folks, look no farther:
the matchless candor of the human heart.

Alan

**153. — David Israel** *5 Apr 1997* **↑ Register**
*cyberRenga for Ginsberg*

*Back to the Renga*

The renga so far (as best I can put it together —from going through yesterday's & today's posts). [Please see notes below, for (a) attributions and (b) some explanations.]

RENGA

1| pull my daisy, poet
2| Happening to notice the willow leaves in the garden, a braille page of words
3| the wind a simultaneous translation
4| the sorority girls sing of fucking in a plaintive way
5| nothing has happened, no one has died
6| brushed silk blouses darkening in the midday heat, dank hyacinths
7| beside a bowl of old cat's milk, Jeniffer weeps
8| the stars seemed more acute as we turned back toward the town
9| I'm sitting here now, just having read Alan Sondheim's post
10| I feel really weird. Is anyone else out there crying too?
11| not yet. just having a quiet time.
12| it's raining outside, like it's crying in my heart
13| what *is* this lethargy that penetrates my heart? must be grief.
14| we were all eating veggie burgers and watermelon and I

thought how frail Allen looks
15| circa '67, strange chanting on TV -- I was eleven & wide-eyed
16| According to Usenet, Ginsberg's body is lying in state
17|
18|

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

writers/sources of the above lines:

1: Daniel Zimmerman
2: Kent Johnson
3:? Daniel Zimmerman
4: Kent Johnson
5: Alan Jen Sondheim
6: Daniel Zimmerman
7: Kent Johnson
8: Aldon L. Nielsen
9: Kent Johnson
10: Kent Johnson
11: Maria Damon
12: Maria Damon
13: Maria Damon
14: Pat Pritchett
15: David R. Israel
16: Kenneth Goldsmith
17:
18:

Some cyberRenga comments:

Note A:
~~~~~~~~~~
Date: Fri, 4 Apr 1997 22:50:44 +0600
From: KENT JOHNSON
Subject: renga

can one take back something in cyber-renga? for example, in the line "beside an old bowl smelling of cat's milk, Jenniffer weeps," the 'smelling' is unnecessary.

Or is it too late? kent
~~~~~~~~~~
d.i.'s comment: sure, if one is the author thereof (as is true here).

Note B:
~~~~~~~~~~

Perhaps the beginnings at this point should be rewritten, restarted; everything is fluid here, fissured, uninscribed -

Alan
~~~~~~~~~~
d.i.'s comment: the beginning was the beginning (& seems perhaps a good one). And things developed from that (& seem good, too). How about if we proceed & see where it goes?

Note C:
~~~~~~~~~~

I've been away from the list for a while -- but will say this -- . . .

[an excellent anecdote from Nielson followed, and concluded with this solitary line]:

the stars seemed more acute as we turned back toward the town
~~~~~~~~~~
d.i.'s comment: that last line seems in the spirit of the renga, ergo I'm putting it in as the NEXT renga line (which is line 8, where I've put it -- see above). Alright with you, Aldon? (Okay w/ others?)

Note D:
~~~~~~~~~~

At 1:04 PM +0600 4/5/97, KENT JOHNSON wrote:

*"I didn't mean to offend. But I apologize, because the message was silly and unnecessary. I'm sitting here now, just having read Alan Sondheim's post. I feel really weird. Is anyone else out there crying too?*

*Kent"*

not yet. just having a quiet time. it's raining outside, like it's crying in my heart; what *is* this lethargy that penetrates my heart? must be grief. ~~~~~~~~~~ d.i.'s comment: by way of "found poetry" (or "found cyber-renga lines"), I'd like to propose incorporating lines from these posts nto the renga.

Question as to form: [In present instance at least], is it alright to have 2 (or even 3) lines in succession from the *same* poet? I'm rather vague on "renga rules," but suspect this had not been traditionally done. Still, if nobody objects, I'll lift a some lines in succession from the above. [See the results, and then judge.]

(Others may edit, as suitable.)

Caveat: naturally, respective poets can vito, edit, or whatnot. I'm just tinkering here for this portion of the cyberrenga — then will forthwith (in fact, hereby) send downstream for others. So we have from Kent J, lines 9-10), and Maria D, lines 11-13.

Note E:
~~~~~~~~~~
Date: 04/05/97 06:28pm
From: Pritchett,Pat @Silverplume
Subject: Re: Allen Ginsberg

And I'm truly surprised by how hard and how deeply Allen's death is affecting me.

I never knew Allen; only brushed by him twice in passing as it were. . . . The second time was last year in Anselm Hollo's backyard where I found myself sitting, rather like Aldon, apart from the main group, on a lawn chair, and Allen and his nephew I guess it was Al came up and joined my wife and I and Lindsay Hill. We were all eating veggie burgers and watermelon and I thought how frail Allen looks . . . ~~~~~~~~~~ d.i.'s comment: Pat, would you permit me to put that last line into the renga above? (That becomes, here, renga line 14.)

Note F: Okay, I'm putting in my own line (line 15) at this piont.

/ / / / /

Folks: will this work, as method? Care to take it up & go further?

(The fact that the death-announcement occurred mid-Renga does render this a unique cyberRenga, I'd say.)

Do consider Sondheim's suggestion of not including ENTIRE posts, but just clipping out the renga & adding a line to it. The method he suggests -- "forrwarding" rather than "replying" is one way to avoid the carets. (Or: whatever.)
- David R. Israel

post-script:

Note G: (this just in)
~~~~~~~~~~

According to Usenet, Ginsberg's body is lying in state . . .

I'll put that in as line 16.

best,
d.i.

**154. — David Israel** *5 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**

Folks,

having sent out that back-to-cyberRenga post (& then reread same), realize I was amiss re: the 2 & 3 line entries — (both for reason of form and bec. the single lines seem to work better).

Ergo — PLEASE NOTE — here's a revised version. (ok?)

best,
d.i.

RENGA

1| pull my daisy, poet
2| Happening to notice the willow leaves in the garden, a braille page of words
3| the wind a simultaneous translation
4| the sorority girls sing of fucking in a plaintive way
5| nothing has happened, no one has died
6| brushed silk blouses darkening in the midday heat, dank hyacinths
7| beside a bowl of old cat's milk, Jeniffer weeps
8| the stars seemed more acute as we turned back toward the town
9| I feel really weird. Is anyone else out there crying too?
10| it's raining outside, like it's crying in my heart
11| we were all eating veggie burgers and watermelon and I thought how frail Allen looks
12| circa '67, strange chanting on TV -- I was eleven & wide-eyed
13| According to Usenet, Ginsberg's body is lying in state
14|
15|
16|
17|
18|
19|
20|

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

authorial notes:

1: Daniel Zimmerman
2: Kent Johnson
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6: Daniel Zimmerman
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8: Aldon L. Nielsen
9: Kent Johnson
10: Maria Damon
11: Pat Pritchett
12: David R. Israel
13: Kenneth Goldsmith
14:
15:
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

16:
17:
18:
19:
20:

**155. — Charles Bernstein** *5 Apr 1997* **↑ Register**
*Allen Ginsberg (1926-1997)*

Piping down the valleys wild Piping songs of pleasant glee On a cloud I saw a child.. And he laughing said to me.

Pipe a song about a Lamb: So I piped with merry chear, Piper pipe that song again So I piped he wept to hear.

Drop thy pipe thy happy pipe Sing thy songs of happy chear So I sung the same again While he wept with joy to hear.

Piper sit thee down and write In a book that all my read —So he vanish'd from my sight, And I plucked a hollow reed

And I made a rural pen, And I stain'd the water clear, And I wrote my happy songs, Every child may joy to hear

**156. — Kenneth Goldsmith** *5 Apr 1997* **↑ Register**
*Ginsberg's Body Lies In State*

According to Usenet, Ginsberg's body is lying in state at:

Shambhala Center
118 W.22nd St.
NYC

Usenet advises to call first

**157. — David Israel** *5 Apr 1997* **↑ Register**
*Re: cyberRenga for Ginsberg*

Here's, now (w/ your collective permission):

proposed (VERSION #3) cyberRenga (so far)

Pat Pritchett rightly notes:
~~~start~~~
04/05/97 07:48pm >>>

Looks fine to me except what about Wendy Battin's line:
Now since death is so pornographic where can they sell it? which
I thought was the first line but wld also do fine as line 17.
~~~end~~~

yes, good catch. (And daresay that line prob. works better than
the daisy line for line 1). I'll put it in & readjust accordingly.

best,
d.i.

p.s.: just got Peter Jaeger's quotation of lines from Ginsberg
himself. Allowing (majorly) for principle of serendipity, I've added
the final line from that excerpt (now line 15, see below).

Okay, now I'll turn this back over to you'all.

//////////////////
RENGA

1| Now since death is so pornographic where can they sell it?
2| pull my daisy, poet
3| Happening to notice the willow leaves in the garden, a braille

page of words
4| the wind a simultaneous translation
5| the sorority girls sing of fucking in a plaintive way
6| nothing has happened, no one has died
7| brushed silk blouses darkening in the midday heat, dank hyacinths
8| beside a bowl of old cat's milk, Jeniffer weeps
9| the stars seemed more acute as we turned back toward the town
10| I feel really weird. Is anyone else out there crying too?
11| it's raining outside, like it's crying in my heart
12| we were all eating veggie burgers and watermelon and I thought how frail Allen looks
13| circa '67, strange chanting on TV -- I was eleven & wide-eyed
14| According to Usenet, Ginsberg's body is lying in state
15| Now at last I can speak to you beloved brothers of an unknown moon
16|
17|
18|
19|
20|
21|

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

authorial notes:

1: Wndy Battin
2: Daniel Zimmerman
3: Kent Johnson
4: Daniel Zimmerman
5: Kent Johnson
6: Alan Jen Sondheim
7: Daniel Zimmerman
8: Kent Johnson
9: Aldon L. Nielsen
10: Kent Johnson
11: Maria Damon
12: Pat Pritchett
13: David R. Israel
14: Kenneth Goldsmith
15: Allen Ginsberg, *Kaddish* (via Peter Jaeger's post)
16:
17:
18:
19:
20:
21:

(kindly join)

**158. — David Israel** *5 Apr 1997* ↑ Register

Erratum (typo):

> *"authorial notes:*
> *1: Wndy Battin"*

that should be: 1: Wendy Battin

-d.i.
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

**159. — David Israel** *5 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**

Grant Jenkins writes —

<>

Grant, as you'll have noted (before you read these words), in latest update (my so-called "version #3"), a line from Kaddish *was* put in as (new) line #15.

Also agree it would be fine to put in more from Ginsberg and Kaddish. Must say, as I'm "learning on the fly" here abt. cyberRenga form, I do feel it's best to always alternate poets w/ lines — if not in some oldworld orderly way (i.e., poet a, b, c, a, b, c, etc.) at least not havving any aa's or bb's — ergo, how about, Grant, you select a line of Ginsberg's (from your noted selection) and put it in yourself? — hopefully by time you do that, someone will have added another line (new line 16 [or, et seq.]), so that we won't have Ginsberg *immediately* following Ginsberg . . . but yes, I'm sure there's room for many lines from him — & in a cyberRenga, I suppose the addition of such lines depends on the poster/poets — submit a line of your own or (in some cases) of Ginsberg's (or even others' — in fact, to get that ball rolling, I'll put in a line from Gary Snyder right now . . .!)

Note re: the Snyder line (from poem "High Quality Information"): this is from memory. Though it's a fave poem, not sure I recall the line aright (a word or two might be off — so it can to be corrected later by someone with a book — it's from North Point Press vol. *Left Out in the Rain*).

Also to note: it's great that Joseph Zitt is doing the web-based hypertext on this. As for me, I expect to be getting on an airplane (to Calif.) in abt. 9 hours — & thus prob. won't be able to check out the website (or the further renga-route) for a certain while.

"om shantih" d.i.

(now I return the Renga to you'all — e.g., Grant?, or anyone else)

/ / / / \ \ \ \ / / / / \ \ \ \ / / / / \ \ \ \

********** Version #4 cyberRenga

1: Wndy Battin
2: Daniel Zimmerman
3: Kent Johnson
4: Daniel Zimmerman
5: Kent Johnson
6: Alan Jen Sondheim
7: Daniel Zimmerman
8: Kent Johnson
9: Aldon L. Nielsen
10: Kent Johnson
11: Maria Damon
12: Pat Pritchett
13: David R. Israel
14: Kenneth Goldsmith
15: Allen Ginsberg, *Kaddish* (via Peter Jaeger's post)
16: Gary Snyder (from "High Quality Information" -- via David R. Israel's post )
17:
18:
19:
20:
21:

(kindly join)

**160. — Peter Jaeger** *5 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Allen Ginsberg*

I write you a poem long ago already my feet are washed in death Here I am naked without identity with no more body than the fine black tracery of pen marks on soft paper as star talks to star multiple beams of sunlight all the same myriad thought in one fold of the universe where Whitman was and Blake and Shelley saw Milton dwelling in a starry temple brooding in his blindness seeing all -Now at last I can speak to you beloved brothers of an unknown moon

from "POEM Rocket" in Kaddish

**161. — David Israel** *5 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: cyberRenga for Ginsberg*

Joseph—

<< I've started saving the messages into a Filemaker database, and tomorrow will (with the help of Tim Wood, also of this list) be creating scripts to turn this into an evloving Web site, at a URL I'll point y'all to. The hypertext is almost required to handle the branching of the texts; besides, it's an interesting challenge:-)

Thanks for the note. Do hope it proceeds & goes well. (I'll be heading out of town in less than 10 hours, so I might not be back with this for a some while . . . )

I guess it's mainly the fact that the renga starting happening on eve (& then in the midst) of the descent of the "news," that might lend it particular note. I can also understand the poss. reticence of some to chime in at this point. (Perhaps it'll revive, as might be felt appropriate, in course of next few days . . .)

best,
d.i.

**162. — Joseph Zitt** *5 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**

David Israel wrote:

"*Here's, now (w/ your collective permission):*
*proposed (VERSION #3) cyberRenga (so far)*"

|||/ Joseph Zitt ===== ===== Human Systems \||| ||/ Austin, Texas! ========== SILENCE: The John Cage Mailing List \

**163. — Aldon L Nielsen** *5 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: the rhythm, the rhythm*

Don't know which Ray Charles song it was that Ginsberg was listening to —but Charles's big hit of that day went to the rhythm and melody of: "There's a man going 'round taking names"

As Charles transmuted the sacred into the erotic ("I got a woman, way across town, she's good to me") — Ginsberg must have heard a kindred spirit

pg. 144 of the journals (early 50s/60s):

The Eye of Everything: to be a photo of
Allen Ginsberg

**164. — Grant Jenkins** *5 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: cyberRenga for Ginsberg*

Perhaps a passage from Ginsberg himself would go nicely here:

Strange now to think of you, gone without corsets & eyes, while I walk on the sunny pavement of Greenwich Village.

downtown Manhattan, clear winter noon, and I've been up all night, talking, talking, reading Kaddish aloud, listening to Ray Charles blues shout blind on the phonograph

the rhythm the rhythm—and your memory in my head three years after—And read Adonais' last triumphant stanzas aloud—wept, realizing how we suffer

And how Death is that remedy all singers dream of, sing, remember prophesy as in the Hebrew Anthem, or the Buddhist book of answers—and my own imagination of a withered leaf—at dawn

Dreaming back thru life, Your time—and mine accelerating toward Apocalypse

the final moment—the flower burning in the Day—and what comes after. . .

—from *Kaddish*

**165. — shoemakers** *5 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Allen Ginsberg / No Apologies*

No need for apologies, David, as far as I can see. And there was nothing "superficial" about your "dabbling"—that's just *writing*. I think Kent's right that everyone will deal with the news in their own way, and in their own time. As it happens, I feel like writing—out of the sense expressed by others of Allen's death sudden and hard, harder even than might have been expected. I saw/heard Allen "live" on two occasions, most recently at the Orono Confernece in '93. There, thanks to Burt Hatlen's generosity, I got the chance to introduce Allen's tandem reading with Carl Rakosi.

That double reading was a moving & beautiful event for me, a bridging and spanning of poetic lives & energies drawing on experience of the better part of the century (Carl 88 at the time). The other time I heard Allen read was when i was an undergrad at U of MD, College Park, ca. '83 or '84. I think Allen must have read, or rather performed, for about an hour and a half or 2 hours—reciting, chanting, singing & playing that little harmonium—or whatever it's called. As i recall, he did it all from memory, no recourse at all to the printed word, a real bard—something i have not heard/seen anyone do since.

I made a tape, using a cheap little portable recorder, and just now, remarkably, i managed to dig this tape out of an old box of junk. I rewound it to the beginning of a side, which turned out to be side 2, coming in somewhere in the middle of the reading. The first words are Allen asking a question "Go on...?" asking the audience whether he shld keep going, and the crowd responding w/ rousing affirmation. (As i remember it, it was a not very large room filled to overflowing, people standing in the corners & sitting on the floors, spilling out into the halls—the tape is full of sounds of people gabbing, chatting & laughing between & sometimes during poems.)

Then Allen begins talking about the death of his father from cancer, & reads 2 sections from "Don't Grow Old," and then sings/plays "Father Death Blues." My first listen-thru to this sitting at the kitchen table sent a chill up my spine, & then when i tried to play it again the tape began to self-destruct, but i did manage to transcribe Allen's intro to the poems:

"1976--On the death of my father, Louis Ginsberg, who was a poet...who was a considerably gifted lyric poet...& for the 10 years before he died, at the age of 80, I gave poetry readings with him & we were relatively close. He died of cancer in 1976, in a relatively philosophic mood, without much pain. So these are a few notes & a song written during his illness & after his death. He was a high school teacher & he used to teach Wordsworth...and, uh, Poe. So I've learned a lot of poetry from him..."

[reads sections 3&4 of "Don't Grow Old"] (Even on this very poor tape, his wonderfully warm, expressive, charismatic, humorous, playful voice comes over.)

III.

Wasted arms, feeble knees
80 years old, hair thin & white
cheek bonier than I'd remembered--
head bowed on his neck, eyes opened
now and then, he listened--

I read my father Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality*
[Allen reads following quote w/ deep and comical sonority]
"...trailing clouds of glory do we come
from God, who is our home..."
"That's beautiful," he said, "but it's not true."

"When I was a boy, we had a house
on Boyd Street, Newark--the backyard
was a big empty lot full of bushes and tall grass,
I always wondered what was behind those trees.
When I grew older, I walked around the block,
and found out what was back there--
it was a glue factory."

[as read, father's story hits quite funny note of anticlimax, audience laughs--Allen helping them to see this humor even in death]

IV.

[Reads opening question w/ great, childish credulity]

Will that happen to me?
Of course, it'll happen to thee.

Will my arms wither away?
Yes yr arm hair will turn gray.

Will my knees grow weak & collapse?
Your knees will need crutches perhaps.

Will my chest get thin?
Your breasts will be hanging skin.

Where will go--my teeth?
You'll keep the ones beneath.

What'll happen to my bones?
They'll get mixed up with stones.

[Goes on to play & sing "Father Death Blues"...]

Steve Shoemaker

Steve Shoemaker

**166. — George Bowering** *5 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Allen Ginsberg (1926-1997)*

etc.

Charles, I am glad that you quoted that poem. I have been today and yesteday trying to call up all my Allen memories since first talking with him on his return from Asia, 1963. And you reminded me of the time I drove Allen westward thru the streets of Montreal, probably 1969, and he sat beside me and sang that song, pumping on that weird meoleon or whatever it was from India. so I veered off the street and took him and banged on F.R. Scott's door, and introduced the 2 poets, and Frank made one of his famous martinis for us, and I do believe that AG drank his, too.

George Bowering. , 2499 West 37th Ave., Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6M 1P4

**167. — shoemakers** *6 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*ginsdead.htm*

April 5, 1997
Beat Poet Laureate Ginsberg Dies

*"NEW YORK (AP) — Allen Ginsberg, the poet laureate of the Beat Generation whose writing and lifestyle shaped the music, politics and protests of the next 40 years, died this morning. He was 70.*

*Ginsberg died in his Lower East Side apartment at 2:39 a.m. of a heart attack related to his terminal liver cancer, said Bill Morgan, his friend and archivist. The poet was surrounded by family and friends.*

*Ginsberg suffered from chronic hepatitis for years, which eventually led to cirrhosis of the liver. His diagnosis of terminal liver cancer was made eight days ago and made public on Thursday. He suffered a stroke Thursday night and slipped into a coma.*

*Ginsberg has spent several days in a hospice after the diagnosis, but then decided he wanted to return home.*

*``He was very energetic,'' Morgan said. ``He wore himself out (Thursday) talking to friends and writing poems.''*

*He wrote about a dozen short poems on Wednesday. One of the last was titled ``On Fame and Death''; others ran the gamut from nursery rhymes to politics.*

*During the McCarthy era in the 1950s, when TV's married couples slept in separate beds, Ginsberg wrote ``Howl'' — a profane, graphic poem that dealt with his own homosexuality and communist upbringing.*

*``I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness, starving hysterical naked, '' began the seminal ``Howl.'' It was dedicated to Carl Solomon, a patient he met during a stay in a psychiatric ward.*

*Ginsberg became America's most popular and recognizable poet, his balding, bearded visage one of the enduring images of the 1950s beatnik explosion of Jack Kerouac, William S. Burroughs and Neal Cassady. The group, disillusioned with conventional society, created their own subculture.*

*Ginsberg's acolytes comprised a who's who of pop culture: Bob Dylan, Yoko Ono, Vaclav Havel, Patti Smith, Michael Stipe and Billy Corgan.*

*Irwin Allen Ginsberg was born June 3, 1926, in Newark, N.J., the second son of poet Louis Ginsberg and his wife, Naomi. The family moved to Paterson, N.J., while Ginsberg was a youngster.*

*Ginsberg intended to become a lawyer and enrolled at Columbia University. But while still a teen-ager, he fell in with a crowd that included Kerouac, Burroughs and Cassady — the leaders of what became known as the Beat Generation.*

*``I think it was when I ran into Kerouac and Burroughs when I was 17 that I realized I was talking through an empty skull,'' Ginsberg once said. ``I wasn't thinking my own thoughts or saying my own thoughts.''*

*Ginsberg's first taste of notoriety came after the publication of ``Howl'' in 1956. Copies of the book were seized by San Francisco police and U.S. Customs officials, and publisher Lawrence Ferlinghetti was charged with publishing an obscene book.*

*Ferlinghetti was acquitted a year later, but the case generated enormous publicity for Ginsberg and his work. Ginsberg was suddenly in demand.*

*One of his other great works, ``Kaddish,'' was a confessional work dealing with his mother's life and death in a mental hospital. It was written, stream of consciousness-style, in his Manhattan apartment, fueled by a combination of amphetamines and morphine.*

*Ginsberg experimented heavily with drugs, taking LSD under the guidance of the late Timothy Leary in the 1960s.*

*As he grew older, Ginsberg became a guru to the counterculture movement. He coined the term ``flower power.'' He was arrested in 1967 for protesting against the Vietnam War in New York, and tear-gassed a year later while protesting at the Democratic convention in Chicago.*

*His National Book Award came in 1973 for ``The Fall of America: Poems of These States, 1965-1971.'' He was a finalist for a Pulitzer Prize in poetry in 1995 for his book, ``Cosmopolitan Greetings: Poems 1986-1992.''*

*Ginsberg toured with Dylan's Rolling Thunder Revue in 1977, doing spontaneously composed blues poems. He toured Eastern Europe in 1986, receiving an award in the former Yugoslavia, recording with a Hungarian rock band and meeting a congress of young Polish poets.*

*``In the Eastern bloc, the people realize the governments are up to no good, whereas Americans still maintain that the government is looking after their best interest,'' Ginsberg said at the time.*

*Ginsberg remained vital and active well into his 60s, performing in Manhattan nightclubs and doing poetry readings. Last year, he recorded his poem ``The Ballad of the Skeletons'' with musical backing from Paul McCartney and Philip Glass.*

*He did a video version of the poem, a pre-election political rant. At 69, Ginsberg's video appeared in heavy rotation on MTV's ``Buzz Bin.''*

*The funeral will be private. In lieu of flowers, donations should be sent to Jewel Heart Buddhist Center in Ann Arbor, Mich.*

*Back to the Archives*”

**168. — Bob Holman** *6 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Allen Ginsberg's Death*

Tonight at War Resister's Benefit, Grace Paley tells wonderful AG tale, as does David McReynolds, a story of AG at Gem spa, walking out w/ Sunday (appropriately) Times, into a sidewalk junky drama, defused with the offer of a fig newton... Kimiko Hahn reads "tomb" section of Moloch/Howl... David Henderson reads Bob Kaufman's "To Ginsberg Allen" from SOLITUDES CROWDED... I read "Nazi Capish" (from new Longshot), new verses "Amazing Grace," "After Lelon," "Ballad of the Skeletons," and as benediction (we were gathered at Washington Square Church), "America" end, starting with "America you don't really want to go to war." It was a great place to be tonight. WRL is 75 years old next year.

All day swamped with grief I just sit, all day swamped with grief. Allen, the great orchestrator, has outdone himself with his passing.

BobH

**169. — Simon Schuchat** *6 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Allen dead*

Summer 1975, I've just moved to New York, with roommate Steve Hamilton go to call on Allen since we're living in the poetry fortress, 437 E. 12th Street, where Allen also lives; we sit in the kitchen and, among a variety of topics, Allen tells us, "you can never experience your own death"

what an awful feeling now, so strange to think of him gone

**170. — Joseph Zitt** *6 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Allen Ginsberg's Death*

wrote:

“*Tonight at War Resister's Benefit, Grace Paley tells wonderful AG tale*”

All of yesterday and today at the Austin International Poetry Festival, people have been performing pieces for and about Ginsberg (Friday in honor, Saturday in memory). I heard about a wonderful event that erupted at one venue, where various parts of the audience got into chanting sections of his name while other recited bits of his poetry.

My group will be performing "Hum Bom" tomorrow night — we had been thinking of retiring that piece, but it seems appropriate to do it one more time.

|||/ Joseph Zitt ===== ===== Human Systems \||| ||/ Austin, Texas! ========== SILENCE: The John Cage Mailing List \

**171. — Maria Damon** *6 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Ginsberg*

first time i met ginsberg 1977 he told me how great peter was in bed and quoted the tempest to me. (he was making chicken soup with grapes; i sd, that looks pretty potent, he sd, this so potent magic i do abjure, what's that from. i sd tempest, he sd any student of the tempest is a friend of mine, and are u related to s foster damon. no, i sd, it used to be diamond, i'm half jewish. why only half he sd.) later that summer i spent a few minutes in bed w/ him before i bailed. the last time i saw ginsberg 1996 was at St Marks do for Bob Kaufman. we both presented stuff along w/ many others. (i'd had many encounters w/ him in between, and often he seemed petulant and distracted as i was awkward around him and not of the right gender for commanding his attention. one time i wove him a white silk opera scarf. when i gave it to him he sd what's an opera scarf, i sd it's what they all wear in proust novels, so he seemed happy with it or at least gracious about accepting it.) so, last time i saw ginsberg about a year ago after the kaufman evening's ceremonies i pulled him aside and said, allen i want to tell you something i think you would understand. when i saw bob kaufman's ashes i put some

of them in my mouth. he said, yes, that's a very common understandable impulse, eating the ashes of the dead. he was nice, tender as he'd been all evening when recounting tales of kaufman, not petulant and distracted but patient and kind, i thought, he knows he's going to die soon, that' why he's being so nice. then ira cohen? or someone? snapped a photo of us that i would love to have. just last week i was at the ginsberg archives at stanford looking for kaufman stuff, and found some.

**172. — Loss Glazier** *6 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**

Dear Poetics: We are working on an EPC Ginsberg page related to these posts. (We'll have a link there to the cyber renga page, when I get the URL for that.) Short pieces posted to Poetics will be considered for the tribute compilation; you do not need to send a duplicate of posts to me. If anyone has longer pieces, poems, essays, etc. they'd like to have on the Ginsberg page, please let me know at Also, we're in great need of photos! Please contact me if you have any photos we can borrow for this tribute. More news on this but NOT until week after next. Thanks, Loss

**173. — J. Kuszai** *6 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**

in the interest of salvaging the memory of lesser-known poets, here's goes something that I have been thinking about posting for some time

I met Chris Ide [1966-1994] when we were first year students at Michigan State University. After departing our first class, Barry Gross' freshman english major required "Intro to the Study of Lit," we went immediately to a coffeeshop where we had a cup of coffee (my first, although it seems hard to imagine now) and discussed poetry, punk rock, and god knows what else. We became instant best-friends and spent a lot of time together reading, writing, talking talking talking and also as young boys are wont to do, drinking and expressing the adolescent ennui of that time in life. We shared a common background in high school introductions to poetry and it was, as has been discussed on this list, the role of the normative-making english teacher who, as if in some sly signal to a radical past, taught Ginsberg's poetry as if it were a forbidden text that was only to be given to truants, drifting creative types, etc. Much of the ginsberg/beat nexus materials existed in my high school library, although often edited through torn-out pages. We found—at a hipster bookstore that was one of the original Borders client stores—everything that we needed.

Although I first read him in high school, Chris Ide was my introduction to Ginsberg, whom I was fortunate to have had the opportunity to speak with on a number of occasions. We had a number of interactions that were often quite humourous. I once wrote him an angry letter complaining that his tour through Portland in 1990 was too expensive for a poet to attend (it was $15) and that he was becoming a rockstar/media celebrity and was out of touch with young poets. I was astonished with one of my housemates handed me the phone a week later, saying "it's Allen Ginsberg." He was calling to apologize and offered me free tickets to the reading! In Boulder, 1991, I cornered him at one point asked him why he didn't appreciate Oppen's poetry, at which time he told me that he knew and liked George, but that he never understood his poetry. This blindness, on Allen's part—his inability to read beyond a certain canonical set of texts (I have a copy of an anthology he prepared for a summer session, "Photographic Poetics" in which cubo-futurists and other kinds of European avant-garde works are included but American experimentalists are mostly absent, for obvious reasons, such as his Steiglitz influenced notion of photography)—this limitation is really the great problem with people, like my friend Chris Ide, who become swept up in the greatness of the man and the greatness of the great man theory of literature. While as a poet I think I have learned a great deal from Allen Ginsberg, I have also been led to things that he would never have approved of—and Oppen and Zukofsky are examples of this, or the Creeley of the 70s—etc.

This rejection of Allen was an essential part of my growth. [and you can get all crazy about that anxiety game, blah blah blah]

My friend Chris really found a friend in these limited ideas of what a poet was or what a poem should be or look like. Also, for Chris, the lifestyle promised in the pages of Keroac's novels or in some of the surrounding mythologies was dionysian and ecstatic harmony with love and the muse, in which people are always young and their bodies as crisp as the teenager who sleeps for hours as if to rest for the inevitably of an eternity. Chris found himself at age 18 attracted to boys of that age and younger and as he got older this became "an impossible love," which as in the Williams poem, "which has no hope of the world and cannot change the world to its delight" (I think it is the poem "Rain"?). Lately, through reading Paul Goodman's writing, I've been returned to these dilemmas of impossible love which terrorized Chris.

When Chris died in 1994, he was in recovery from years of methadone treatment for his addiction to heroin. Even while on methadone, he relapsed several times. He had been clean and relapsed. Going immediately to a hospitcal in Chicago, where he was living, he was treated and released. Scheduled for a trip to a rehab center outside of the city the next morning, by agreement he went back to his room in a kind of home for recovering addicts. On the way, he gave in and stopped in Wicker Park to buy a bag, which he snorted when he got back to his room. He had stumbled onto some "bad stuff" that hit the city at that time, killing a dozen or so people within a week. A friend, came to get him in the morning, to go to the clinic. When he didn't respond, his friend (who happened to be African American) asked the person at the door to let him into Chris' room to see what was the matter, alerting the doorperson as to the emergency. He was told (in effect) that because he was African American he wouldn't be admitted to check and see. When family finally intervened and he in his room was found, it was too late. The coroner reported that Chris spent many hours in a coma before passing and that in the morning when his friend to get him, he was probably still alive.

Until yesterday, I held Allen responsible for Chris' death. I could go into this in some detail, and it involves Ginsberg sending Chris money at inopportune times, etc. With Allen being gone, I felt that a bit of Chris was even further from earth than when he left. Ginsberg was a champion of his work, which remains unpublished (although underground beat zines have published a few and I think that Lee Renaldo's magazine was going to).

I felt and still feel enormous guilt about Chris Ide's death myself. He saw me as entirely academic, I think, and he completely misunderstood the passion required to keep it together in grad school. I don't think he really ever understood why I felt I needed to deal with school seriously, and he never really appreciated the kinds of texts I produced, although I know that he appreciated and loved me. The poems he wrote are of interest to me in a way that I can't really describe.

What follows are the first letters that Chris wrote to Ginsberg in the Fall of 1985 and a couple from the Winter and Spring of 1986. They are photocopies that Peter Orlovsky sent to Chris' sister, and I have them on loan from her. The originals would probably be at Stanford. If anyone is interested, I will send more back-channel, as they are a real social document. There are letters and postcards through Spring of 1993.

CHRIS IDE
557 [street address]
E. Lansing, MICH 10/31 [1985]
48823

Allen,
I'm drunk, have just read the Kaddish and cried. I'm not at home, found it in someone's bedroom, and after reading I just had to write. I always cry when I get to the part of you being 12 yrs old. I'm in love with that Allen Ginsberg, the one that followed R-- to college. I wish I would've known you when 12. Could've had love then. Now 18, loveless, lonely, are you? Did you get last letter? Please write me back sometime, Allen, I would be touched. God, I'm getting

drunker, refuse to change paragraphs. This letter probably pathetic, but I'm going to send it anyway tomorrow. Allen I just read "Many Loves" today for first time and was deeply affected close to tears in the desensitized library. I think I love you Allen, don't know how, please don't file me away as another young poet scribbling bullshit kiss ass note to you; there's more, sweet Allen. Yes, I hve just read letters between you & Neal, finished today, depressed, I lay on couch all day thinking of you. I must talk to you, for real, someday. Do you remember talking to me in Ann Arbor after your reading? Talk of dreams of you & of love strangers. Anyway, I'll mail this drunken note tomorrow to you c/o Naropa and I beg that you might write back. Oh god, I am so lonely and sad, in love with the young Allen Ginsberg whose picture from, say, Jack's book, or young Empty Mirror photo I long for. Oh same older wiser but just as Sweet Allen please write to this weak sad young admirer lover poet, I wait.
Love, Chris Ide

1/23/86 11:59pm

Allen--
Maybe you're in Nicaragua now, but I thought i'd take the time to send these poems off to you. Particularly the one that begins with a quote of yous (hope you don't mind). This poem attempts to explain the debt I owe you; how much you've affected my life so unknowningly, maybe just by trying to live yous. Anyway, if i'm ever able to express that debt to you, through my poems, then all of the futile scribling will have been worth it I spose. Anyway, hope to see you before "time," before that "final spontaneous leap." Write if you have a chance.

another thanx,

-- Chris Ide [1]

2/14 1:46pm

Allen,
Happy valentines day! May the ghost of Rimbaud come kiss you sweetly.

Can't tank you enough for sending poems to David Cope-- he liked 'em, wrote back + is printing "cuz I don't know." You don't know how encouraging that is to me. My biggest problem is that I don't hae anyone here whose aesthetics I'm in total agreement with. I have a class w/ Diane Wakoski, who I owe a good deal + trust to an extent -- but she's an admitted Apollonian + is quite critical of mentioning the actual composition of a poem, inside the poem. I've been doing this constantly, and probably always will to some extent--dunno if I can help it, or if I should try to. Seems to me if a poem is merely a hunk of a day, it'll pint a finger at the eternal w/o even trying. Revision is cheap, but revision of the Truth is downright *sleazy*! Sometimes I re-weave things and even though it might make for a better poem, I never feel as good about it. It just that typical ... [words unreadable, end of page].

I dunno-- I just want someone to point a finger + say "You are a poet!" so I can settle down a bit.

Enclosed a couple more poems for you to glance at. Sent more to Cope also. A couple of them I am fairly happy with, but it always seems to me that there's a whole side of of me that doesn't come through i.e. the side that is miserable + falls in love with beautiful unobtainable boys--no otther sorrow like that!

Hope you are well
in the east--
Chris

4/16/86 Chris Ide
[address]
E. Lansing, MICH

Allen,
This another drunk note, but no regrets this time--whatever's said is meant. No answer to my last letter ('round valentine's day)--I know, you're busy, but if possible would you send at least a postcard answering this?

Appreciate much your giving me Cope's address & mailing my poems to him--have written quite a few times w/ him + am visiting him this weekend--a great poet & a great guy!

I was supposed to be goign to Paris in August, but international travel is looking worse & worse, as is most everything politically, and i'm thinking more & more of Naropa Summer session. Am writing to them for $ info. but Cope says I may want to just stay w/whoever I can in Boulder and pick up on the scene as it happens--what do you think? This sounds fine to me, but i'd like to be able to pick up on whatever you're offering--what're you teaching/lecturing on & would I be able to sit in on things if not enrolled in session? Basically what i'm asking is will I be able to see & spend time w/ you--should I enroll or just be in Boulder, etc. -- whadda you think as you're the main reason i'd attend?

Here are a cople more poems, please anser if you've time--
Chris Ide [2]

5/7/86 10:30 am

Allen,
Thanks for the kind words on the poems I sent--encouraging to hear! Here are a couple more--don't bother making specific comments on each when you're exhausted/busy etc., I just like for you to be able to read 'em. As far as sending stuff to NYZ & Paris Review & telling them you suggested to--I haven't done so yet, only because I thought it'd sound like a fishy brag or something--I mean, I think it's fine for a knowledgeable poet to suggest the work of a youngster, but when the youngster's the one to relay the message, I dunno, I can just see editors sniveling at it. Maybe i'm just being stupid, in which case tell me & i'll go ahead & seend the poems + suggestion out. As far as NYQ--i've been rejected twice by them & D. Cope said in his last letter that he was going to try them for me (after he'd just succeeded in getting a couple more things in print for me: _Action_ (you know Jim Cohn, right?) took 2 poems. Just let me know what I should do about sending

that stuff out.
I'll get together a batch of poems like you said, & will
bring 'em to Boulder this summer--the plan now is to
attend 1st week of classes, then stay a week or so w/ friends-
-(maybe even arrive a week before classes start)--I'll bring
the poems & you can see what you think we can do w/ 'em.
When do *you* arrive & how do I get in touch w/ you?
Well, all right for now--here's another pic (I hope)--let
me know what to do on sending stuf out etc.--Chris

You off cigareets yet?
I've been slowing way down on drinking, "the old screwy
love,"--when's _White Shroud_ coming out?

[1] this letter contained poems, including:

"I need a bed to sleep in, a grave to rest my ashes,"
sings Allen Ginsberg, American Poetry Review December '85
58 years old now, our Whitman
he too will leave behind the earth madly spinning
will take that final spontaneous leap, to where Jack Kerouac
lies down eith the jazz/blues of the earth
will leave behind those of us whose throats are sore
from tying to find our voices.
Meanwhile, "Howl" is required reading in English 453
and we discuss the "beat generation" as if it were
some sort of baseball game
"Did Ginsberg get a hi? Kerouac slide into home?"
In the classroom we liten to a cassette of Ginsberg
reading "Howl"
no one runs around the room in tears
nothing but blank faces behind desks so that i'm almost
embarrassed
until the ghost of Jack Kerouac appears rolling around the
front of the room with a pint of rotgut, laughing.
"I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed"
by fear of nuclear devastation
tongues drenched with surrealist budwiser escapism
guts all aflame with the six o'clock news
whose poetry reviews seeped flowery academia--
who'll wear Rimbaud's pants?
All of you grad school poets
clutching unpublished manuscripts
let's drop out of the New Yorker world series
and sing in the romantic unpublished streets.

1/23/86

[2] this letter also contained poems, including:

What will *you* do with the rest of my life?

I confess that I haven't the urge to work with hand or foot
in order to prove myself to the planet or bank.
Isn't it enough that I vow to beat my chest & yell
for love, an humanity, and all of these four letter words?
It's true my hands are lazy--my heart is not;
I believe that the tree is there to lie beneath;
notice the way the fruit falls without a single plucking finger?
Flat on my back, that'll do,
let the heart slave over the problems of the sky;

the stars are arithmetic enough for me.
But no, each time the grass accomodates me
I wake to the hounds of reality sniffing at my anus.
"I don't see any want ads for poes,
do you wanna be a dishwasher all your life?
Dishwasher/poet, it's not so bad a title,
a drifter, the parents'll say.
But don't they see that they too drift
towards that place where no dishes are washed?
The whole planet adrift in fact--
what a creaky futile barge it becomes
with Reagan clutching silo shaped oars
and you, you have the nerve to ask
"What will you do with the rest of your life?"
I was about to ask you the very same question.

**174. — SSchu30844** *6 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Allen Ginsberg's Death*

I met Ginsberg briefly in an airport van at the end of the Orono poetry conference; we were wedged up against each other, hardly a space in which to breathe. He asked what I'd been speaking on and when I said that I'd given a talk on Hart Crane he said how much he loved Crane's work. Then, that he had his Naropa students read "Atlantis" out loud because the movements of the mouth while reading that poem were so like those of cock-sucking. I've never quite known how to take that remark, though I choose to think of it as representing the words of a man for whom nothing was shameful. He had been a very generous presence at the conference, seemingly in attendance everywhere.

Susan

**175. — Burt Kimmelman** *6 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**

Bob Holman's remark that Ginsberg was the great orchestrator quintessentially describes my favorite memory of AG.

I think it was 1966. I was home from college and hanging out in Washington Square Park in NYC. All of a sudden some people started cheering and otherwise celebrating, shouting that "The War Is Over." People around the park took up the mantra; very soon hundreds of us, with Ginsberg and Corso in the lead, starting marching up Fifth Avenue. As we exited the park, cheering continuously "The War Is Over," people of all kinds, dressed all ways, and of all ages joined us. I remember seeing two middle aged guys greeting each other on the edge of this crazy parade, shaking hands and joining up as they were laughing out loud, obviously enjoying the wonderful pranksterish seriousness of the spontaneous occasion, saying to each other in unison, "Hey the war is over!" By the time we were approaching 14th Street we were at least a thousand strong. The police, for whatever reason, did not try to stop us. We kept on, with these two zany poets in the lead, until we got to 42nd Street, now in the multiple thousands. There, like two possessed visionary field marshalls, the two, conferring at the tops of their lungs, decided to split up, the one leading those who would follow to the United Nations, as a final destination, the other, Allen, to Times Square.

I followed him. It was a rainy day, kind of gray, but it was a day of wildly unfounded, Surreal optimism. It was a moment of genius, flamboyance, and lyricism. It now sums up his poetry for me. As Charles B has said, how can one imagine life without Allen?

I always found him incredibly generous. He (and that day Corso) was a role model. I remember talking with him some decades later at a poetry function at the MOMA. Our paths had crossed numerous times, but he was someone who met so many people in so many places, for so long. If he would recognize me he didn't go out of his way to show it. Yet over wine and cheese we talked at length that night about various things. He was someone who, it struck me after that night, never wasted a moment of life. He was incredibly smart and

interested in EVERYTHING. And he was incredibly gentle. I could go on. I last spoke with him some few years ago at the Orono conference already mentioned here on this list. I came up to him to ask him for some work for Poetry New York. I allowed as how I might be bugging him, but he was quick to point out that, no, as an honored guest, that was his job, to hear me and others like me out.

He understood who he was. It was I who was still trying to comprehend the meaning of him. Yes he has been part of the fabric of my life.

Who will ever read and sing Blake for us again?

Burt Kimmelman

**176. — Marjorie Perloff** *6 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Allen's death*

A number of listmembers—Joe Amato, Norman Finkelstein, Cole Swensen, and I were in the middle of a conference in Denver—a conference on relation of poetry to theory—when the news came in that Allen had died. It was truly heart-breaking. I thought immediately of the wonderful way Allen read the lines "To die in Denver...." from "Howl" and of the last time I saw Allen, which was appropriately in a California Supermarket—Gelson's in Pacific Palisades. I was approaching the deli and there was Allen with Stan Grinstein, the art patron, with whom Allen was staying for the Burroughs festival. We were happy to see each other and wandered around the gorgeous store and when we got to the bakery Allen said, "Marjorie, don't tell anyone you saw me in this FANCY grocery store!" But he was half-kidding. It was shortly before his 70th birthday and he was in good spirits and was having dinner with Dennis Hopper.

It's a nice memory of someone I always found totally endearing—the way he CARED about his work, your work—everything that was happening...

Marjorie P.

**177. — henry g** *6 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*my Ginsberg story*

Unlike these other storytellers, I never met Allen Ginsberg, though my

(ex) father-in-law John Tagliabue was at Columbia with him & is a sort of Italian-American Maine Shelleyan straight academic double - both of them from north Jersey (Tagliabue's dad was a chauffeur & restaurant owner from Cantu, near lake Como - he himself was born there) & some similarities in their approach to poetry (exuberant, against revision & wasp-anglo refinement, & WHITMAN & China & buddhism) in fact John Tagliabue is another of those poets out there. anyway, this was early 1970s, I was hitchiking around in a sort of private-early-Xtian-gnostic daze, having dropped out of college... was in SF., had just had my guitar stolen & the back of my head bashed in by a huge enormous fat Hells'Angel at the stage door of a Dead concert, where I had gone with my old high school buddies TOM DAVIS & AL FRANKEN of soon-to-be SNL fame... anyway, I was somewhere in SF & met this young Ginsberg protege who had just come out there from NY, he was dressed in a buddist toga type thin g & sandals & carrying a sheaf of poems... told me he loved Ginsberg & followed him around (I thought...poor Ginsberg) & he was heading up to the bookstore, so I tagged along... we got to City Lights, which was closed & he started calling out in this pitiful tone, "Allen...Allen...Allen..." up to the 2nd floo r window - no response.

After some time I said to him, hey, why don't you just take these poems and make paper airplanes & THROW them into that window. So we did. & we were able to land some right through the 2nd floor window. My compadre kept moaning out, "Allen...Allen..." & finally 2 heads popped out the window - Ginsberg & Ferlinghetti.

They looked at us & smiled for about a minute, didn't say anything - then went back inside.

My ever-hopeful poet-pal resumed his mournful calling... so I bid him farewell & headed on my way.

What else happened in SF?

I played guitar at a healthfood restaurant & made a few bucks.

A guy in a very large pink cadillac convertible offered to show me around town, & he did show me Columbus Park at sunset which was lovely...but he was trying to make me while I tried to convert him to my version of Xtianity, so we bid each other farewell... next day I hitched out toward Salt Lake City - that was my 1st & last visit to the beautiful city of SF where I spoke with Jerry Garcia, had my head bashed by a NY Hells Angel, goofed around with the head honchos of the HA Rotary clubs (it was a national convention they were having there at the Dead concert), met a Ginsberg acolyte, met a denizen of that fair city, played my other guitar, & caught a glimpse of Allen Ginsberg.

Some of us inhabit the interstices between the road & the roar there's St. Francis on the roof with three sparrows & Martin Luther King (29 yrs before) black milk we drink you today, tomorrow we'll be singing again we'll be singing again we'll be singing again

breathe deep it's the whale, it's the trumpets in the sky

**178. — Michael Magee** *6 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Ginsberg*

I thought it might be nice to hear something about Ginsberg from a younger/new list member, so, here goes:

I met Ginsberg I guess about two years ago now when he came to read "Kaddish" at Penn, for the first time in awhile as I understand it.

By a mix-up which left him without someone to drive him to Penn Towers and his hotel room, I got a chance to meet him.

Bob Perelman and I took him to the hotel and Bob had a class to get to so I walked him up.

His heart condition kept him from carrying his own bags and I think Bob thought he might drop dead.

There had been some talk about whether he'd even be able to read that day.

At the hotel counter he asked for two keys, then held one up at me and said jokingly, "For some lucky boy later."

It didn't seem directed towards me or, really, anyone - a kind of nod towards days gone by or a playful attempt to agitate the guy at the counter.

He seemed, despite the gesture towards his sexual gamesmenship, a gentle old man.

He was very kind, asked me whether I was a poet, what kinds of poems I was writing, who I liked, what my academic work was about, etc, all with a sense of genuine interest, it seemed to me.

In the elevator we got into a conversation about Lowell.

He told the story of how Lowell came to hear him read "Kaddish" at Harvard (1958, '59?).

A third of the way through the reading Lowell got up and left - Ginsberg assumed it was a snub and felt bad about it for years, until 1976 when he decided to ask him about it.

They were reading at the 92nd St. Y and Ginsberg asked Lowell why he'd walked out. Lowell said he had been sitting in between several Harvard bigwigs who he knew and had started to cry uncontrollably.

Embarrassed, he got up quickly and left.

Ginsberg then said he always liked Lowell which surprised me for a moment, thinking of battles between camps, etc, but just as quickly made alot a sense, since it didn't seem just then like this guy standing with me in the elevator could dislike anyone.

I brought his bags into his room.

He seemed tired and said he better get some rest.

I thought of having him sign my Collected Poems which I had in a backpack, but didn't.

I had a weird, morbid feeling that I might be the last person to see him alive.

Later he read "Kaddish" very beautifully.

No idea whether this will sound familiar to anyone but, great poet and poetry aside, I've had a lasting affection for the guy ever since.

-Mike Magee

**179. — Poetics List Administrator** *6 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**

*Forwarded mail....Re: Ginsberg*

sent by mistake to poetics listowner address...

*"-Allen Ginsberg, our great poet and teacher, this saint and holy madman, has died. I first heard of his illness last week without hearing any details, and thought, oh, he will still be with us for years yet. Then George Stanley told me last night that he had been diagnosed with incurable cancer. Together we discussed the need for Vancouver poets to come together and write to him in his extremity expressing our undying gratitude and appreciation for his great life.*

*This afternoon, I spoke to George Bowering on the telephone to begin this process, and George told me Allen had died during the night, and now it is too late. He had been scheduled to read in our city on the very night that he died, but the engagement was cancelled because of his illness, and now we will never see him in the flesh again.*

*He had not visited in our city for many years, and all of us, including a whole new generation of young people who remain interested in his work and vision were looking forward to seeing and hearing him again. The last time I saw him in the flesh and talked to him was in 1963 at the poets' conference here. My wife and I and some friends took Allen on the Grouse Mountain chairlift for an outing.*

*I the day as one of the most beautiful of many beautiful days that summer. Allen carried with him a set of thumb cymbals, which he beat together prayerfully as the chairlift slowly ascended the mountain, delivering us an exalted view of the ocean and the city. I am not at all religious, but Allen was able to inspire in me a sense of the tremendous beauty of the world and the cosmos, and of human beings which has never left me.*

*I don't often speak of the soul, it's something that I barely understand, but the human soul and its universal quality of love was always the substance of Allen's discourse, so I am free to do so today, and I have Allen to thank for this freedom.*

*The silvery, insistent sound of Allen's cymbals echoed off the tops of the mountains. The top of my head seemed to open and become part of the sky. The thundering power of Hare, of Rama, of Krishna, gods I still do not know, seemed imminent, seemed present. Yet the day remained a perfectly ordinary day, and all of us were here on earth, plain beings of human flesh.*

*The night before at a party at my place, saying he liked the way he danced , he had propositioned my friend*

*Dallas Selman, who was accompanying us that morning. But Dallas, who was not gay, put him off by lying, telling him that his wife wouldn't like it if he went with Allen. In the morning, as we set out to drive up the mountain, Allen asked Dallas about his wife, and, stupid me, big mouth, blurted out, "What wife?"*

*There was plenty of silliness and laughter surrounding Allen Ginsberg, but he was serious, and critical, too.*

*I remember he made harsh fun of me later for my "hip" affectations, because that was his way of love. His aim both in his poetry and his life was to shock and to awaken, and he was so momentously successful at his work.*

*The last time I saw him was in Montreal in 1975. Thousands, (literally thousands!) of Quebecois young people came to see him and William Burroughs there, and listened with close attention, even though many of them spoke only French, and they were awakened as they had expected to be, because Allen never stinted in his the speaking of his truth.*

*He came to Vancouver again about 1990, when he gave a reading with Gregory Corso and Michael McClure, I think. But I was living elsewhere and wasn't able to attend. Gregg Simpson, an artist friend who is also a musician and lives close by to me, often speaks with great pride about working as the percussionist in the band that opened the reading. There are many people in Vancouver whose lives have been touched by his presence in ways they will never forget. In the near days to come all of us will*

*be talking together about Allen and remembering what he gave to us from the unparalleled generosity of his American soul, from his grand passion.*

*There are not many poets and poems of which it can be said that they have changed the direction of human life. Leaves of Grass is certainly one such poem, and Allen Ginsberg, through the stewardship of his beloved William Carlos Williams, is the direct inheritor of that wonderful fearless American public democratic voice. The opening lines of HOWL, that holy poem, cannot be erased from the consciousness of North America or the world. From the moment that I first read HOWL, my life was changed forever, and the same is true of almost all my contemporaries and friends. This sexy apocalyptical rant was the clearest and steadiest voice of the visions of a generation.There was a time when I could recite the poem completely off by heart like the Bible itself. Mad as Ginsberg sometimes like to act, had a scholar's knowledge of so many things, of the Jewish rabbinical tradition, of Buddhism, classical and Zen, of Hindu visions, and of Tantric meditations. He was instrumental in awakening an entire generation of America to the fact that there were other powerful forms of knowledge that could enrich the American pragmatic and scientific consciousness and expand the possibilities of human life. From this mix, Ginsberg concocted a stew both flavourful and spicy. And full of a delightful laughter.*

*He never went passive in the world, he was always striving to make an effect, to wring some changes, and even when at his most clown-like, playing, the fool, beneath it and under it all was a deep and important human dignity which commanded respect, but especially love.*

*Official America laughs and makes a joke of this holy fool, but he, in his person and in his work, represents the new soul of the New America which is still being born. For many years he mainly disappeared from the public media, but recently I have seen on television a wonderful documentary about the life and work of William Carlos Williams, in which Allen gives a wise and beautiful analysis and summation of the contradictions within the American society and psyche which were expressed by Allen's great teacher, the hope and the desire for a richer and more humane human life, thwarted by the blindness of official morals and society in America— "The pure products of America/go crazy." "I have seen the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness."*

*With these and the lines that followed, Ginsberg fashioned a call and a program for a kind of mental and social insurrection which is still going on in America, and there is no going back. Once said, this cannot be cancelled, and the message will be heard by this generation, and the next generation, and the next. Allen cannot die. He has already joined the Immortals.*

*Then again, during the Gulf War, Allen Ginsberg appeared on television, the only one among thousands of Americans who gave their views during those horrifying traumatic months, to speak unequivocally and clearly in the voice of an Old Testament prophet, with the learning of a rabbi, and the deep understanding of the American democratic political tradition, condemning the holocaust visited on the Iraqi people by the merciless bombs of American military power, so unjustifiably, so contrary to the purest ideals of American democracy. It was the speech of a hero, an act of the purest human courage and made me proud that I had once stood in the living presence of this wonderful American human being. That one speech erased forever my skeptical doubts about the power of the truth that Allen Ginsberg carried in his soul and daily spoke, the mightiness of that "queer shoulder" he vowed so many years ago to put to the wheel in hiis poem called "America," tough, unbending speaker of human love that he was.*

*These two television programs and anything else that he has done, should be made available to the world as we think back upon the life of this great poet and the profound knowledge he has given us of America and its soul.*

*It was through Allen Ginsberg and his friends that I came to know so many things*

*I would otherwise have never known. Today, I know*

*I am together with poets in my own country and in the United States, England, The Czech Republic, Slovakia, Russia, Cuba, India, Mexico, Japan—all the places in the world that his monumental love has touched. Allen was instrumental in bringing to the consciousness of ignorant North Americans, the beauty and wisdom of the religious texts of the East, including the Tibetan Book of the Dead. Now Allen is receiving the emanations of all our love assisting his soul in its passage to that other world.*

*Dearest, beloved Allen, I am not alone in loving you: there are thousands world wide who are thinking about you today with love and gratitude. People everywhere are sending you their blessings as you pass into the spirit. All of our shoulders are still at the wheel, still at the work which you showed us must be done, and how to do it, given the example of your own magnificent courage and devotion, the splendour of your awakened human vision.*

*Jamie Reid*”

**180. — David Bromige** *6 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Jamie Reid's eulogy for A.G.*

I will backchannel to Jamie my appreciation also, but I want to thank him on the list for his splendid eulogy forwarded to us today. Reading it, I thought of all that AG survived in order to flesh out his three-score-and-ten, while not only keeping his mind but growing in humanity, and I thought of how infectious his spirit, finding as I did a scale and tone in Jamie's eulogy I had too little appreciated, in these many years of our separation, were part of this man's range, but which surely owed something to the topic of his address.

By way of postscript to Jamie's posting and those many of others, I'd like to say my Ginsberg piece. While AG and I met several times over the decades, I did not become close with him until we were neighbors in the faculty dorms at Naropa. During those conversations I learned about him firsthand what everyone has been speaking to the list—most notably, of his breadth, humility, and unremitting hunt for the intelligent heart of the world. Through his position and stature as a world leader, he bore the continual brunt of exponential information and once I had to ask him to put aside what he knew of injustice and misery from all over, so that we might feel happier while we talked. Scrupulously obliging, as one hears he so often could be, he did what he could to shut out what must have been a virtually uninterruptible clamor for succor and witness beaming in to his radio-brain.

Where AG was concerned, it was not love at first sight for me (the first time we met, in Vancouver in 63, he was wearing white robes and would have preferred to bow, I guess, but reluctantly did shake my hand, saying "Oh, are we still doing that?" : one might have said the same to him!) but at Naropa I found myself on his wavelength, an unforgettable experience. (For which opportunity, which this once I was not so dumb as to reject, my thanks to Anselm Hollo, Anne Waldman, Andrew Schelling and the other Naropa lights.)

He and I spoke of his health problems, and he complained of being tired, but he gave off a spry resilience that assured one he was good for a long time yet. That was only 18 months ago. But we see what life he continues to have as anecdote and eulogy flood in; and it was never clearer that he belongs to the ages.

Sorry for the length—meant to keep it short but something about Allen can take one over I notice. And thanks again to Jamie for his inspiring words. db

**181. — Maria Damon** *7 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Ginsberg NY Times obit*

At 12:30 PM 4/7/97, Michael Leddy wrote:

> *"I read yesterday's log this morning with the expectation that someone would've commented already on the NYT obituary. But no one has. I didn't expect the Times to get it right, but still— Wilborn Hampton adds an exclamation point to the title _Howl_ (even though the front page photo has the Facsimile Edition right there, no exclamation point). (A photo on page 21 almost certainly misidentifies someone else as William Burroughs.) Hampton quotes John Leonard (of all people) and Saul Bellow (of all people) on AG's significance as a writer. He describes AG as "a protege of William Carlos Williams." He says that AG "used the celebrity he gained with 'Howl!' to travel widely during the next two decades" (living off his fame, sure). He misspells John Clellon Holmes' name and seems confused about the circumstances concerning _Howl_ and WBAI. The obit seems generally disdainful: "[Ginsberg] declared he had found a new method of poetry. 'All you have to do,' he said, ' is think of anything that comes into your head," etc. And Neal Cassady is identified as "a railway worker who had literary aspirations." The headlines—"Master of Beat Poets" and "Master of the Outrageous" also seem to cast AG as someone not to be taken (all that) seriously. Now I know the work of three Hamptons. I still prefer Lionel and Hawes. (But what did I expect for four dollars?) Michael Leddy Charleston, IL these seem like trivial peccadillos. i was actually surprised by how little there was to complain about in the obit."*

**182. — T-Bone Prone** *7 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Ginsberg*

I am summoned from my bed to the Great City of the Dead

-Allen Ginsberg, "White Shroud", composed the night of October 5, 1983 and signed at 6:35 AM.

"<< >> <<"

**183. — Pete Landers** *7 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: my Ginsberg story*

Once I was at a gathering in Buffalo, having driven Tom Raworth there from Rochester. Susan Howe was there, too, and Allen Ginsburg and several Buffalodians who are on this list. Somehow along the drive I had developed one of those really nasty neck-ache / sinus headache pains and wasn't able to talk with anyone. I was sitting apart, resting my neck, when I felt hands on my shoulders. It was Allen, concerned about someone he never even met. We exchanged a few words, I thanked him for writing honestly and told him he was an inspiration to me. We talked a little politics. Since then whenever some self-appointed literary didact has tried to make pronouncements about Ginsberg's personality, I have argued. Here was a man who did not give himself airs. He tried his best to live honestly in this crazy world.

Pete Landers

**184. — Douglas** *7 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Allen Ginsberg poem*

Just a few months ago Allen sent a poem to Sun & Moon Press for inclusion in THE POETS' CALENDAR.

I think it sums up his incredible career, and we'd like to offer it as a brief memorial:

Multiple Identity Questionnaire

"Nature empty, everything's pure; Naturally pure, that's what I am"

I'm a jew? a nice jewish boy? A flaky Buddhist, certainly Gay in fact pederast? I'm exaggering? Not only queer an amateur S & M fan, someone should spank me for saying that Columbia Alumnus, class of '48, Beat icon, students tell me. White, if jews are "white race," American by birth, passport and residence Slavic heritage, mama from Vitebsk, father's forebears Kamenetz-Podolska near Lvov. I'm an intellectual! An anti-intellectual, anti academic Distinguished Professor of English, City University of New York, Manhattanite, Brooklyn College Faculty, Another middle class liberal, but lower class second generation immigrant, Upperclass, I own a condo loft, go to art gallery Buddhist vernissage dinner parties with Nicarchos, Rockefeller, and the Luces Oh what a sissy, Professor Four-eyes, can't catch a baseball or drive a car—courageous Shambhala Graduate Warrior! Still student, chela, disciple, my guru Gelek Rinpoche, Myself addressed "Maestro" in Milan, Venice, Napoli because Septuagenarian, got Senior Citizen discount at Alfalfa Healthfoods New York subway—Mr. Sentient Being! — Absolutely empty Non-being Non not-being neti neti identity, Maya delusion, Nobodaddy, a nonentity

7/5/96 Naropa Tent
Boulder, CO

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**185. — henry gould** *7 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Ginsberg NY Times obit*

always ready to defend the status quo... just a few comments on Michael Leddy's comments.

the obit could have been better, granted. But it was a far cry from generally disdainful. Why NOT quote laudatory remarks from figures outside of the circle of admirers (i.e. Saul Bellow)? That seems the most objective kind of praise. The photo mentioned certainly WAS Burroughs. Would Ginsberg himself want to be taken ALL THAT SERIOUSLY? Do you want to have it both ways? I thought for a brief time AG WAS a "protege" of Williams -before going to college. I could have this wrong. People know AG 's letter turns up (amazingly!!) in

_Paterson_ - not the letter of a disciple, for sure - in fact a critical letter, critical of some myopic aspects of Wms' epic - but it's still the letter of a young writer in dialogue with an older. but hey, let's not have a hash-over debate over the tombs... love, love, & sorrow these days, & joy too yoo too - Henry G

**186. — Pat Pritchett** *7 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: naked*

Richard Howard relates (in _Alone With America_, that most parochial of books masquerading as a universal history) how Ginsberg once stood before the assemblage at a literary conference in the 60's and humbly, piously, decently stripped naked - as naked as the self he revealed (and created) in his poems.

Whenever I think of Allen Ginsberg I think of that: a theatricality that transcended itself through sheer openess and sweetness.

I think of the line from Ruben Dario:

"From its own nakedness does the star shine."

**187. — Kenneth Goldsmith** *7 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*"Kaddish for Allen Ginsberg" Playlist*

"Unpopular Music with Kenny G." Monday Mornings 9-Noon WFMU, 91.1 FM Serving the NYC/Catskills area

**********
"Kaddish for Allen Ginsberg"
Playlist for Monday April 7, 1997
**********

Allen Ginsberg "Father Death Blues" Allen Ginsberg Part 1 of "Kaddish" Fugs "Nothing"

Eliane Radigue "Mila's Song in the Rain, Pt. 1" Allen Ginsberg "The End" Eliane Radigue "Mila's Song in the Rain, Pt. 2"

Jack Kerouac & Steve Allen "Deadbelly" Irving Jacobson "Az Men Muzsh Muzsh Men" Mystic Fugu Orchestra (John Zorn/Yamantaka Eye) Allen Ginsberg "Kral Majales" Abe Elenkrig's Yiddishe Orchestra "Fon der Choope" (1913)

Bob Dylan "Sad Eyed Lady of the Lowlands" Allen Ginsberg "Infant Joy" Allen Ginsberg "The Little Fish Devours the Big Fish"

Tom Waits "Jack & Neal/Califonia Here I Come"
Charlie Parker "Carving the Bird"
"Footloose in Greenwich Village"--1960 WNYC Broadcast
Bob McFadden & Dor "The Beat Generation"
David Amram "Pull My Daisy"
Allen Ginsberg "Pull My Daisy"

William S. Burroughs & Kurt Cobain "The Priest They Called Him"
Timothy Leary "You Can Be Anyone This Time Around"
Allen Ginsberg "Prayer Blues"

Billy Bragg "The Internationale"
Allen Ginsberg "Hum Bomb"
Brion Gysin "Pistol Poem"
Brion Gysin "Pistol Poem Part 2"
Brion Gysin "Recalling All Active Agents"
Master Musicians of Jojuka "Brahim Jones Jojuka Very Stoned"
Paul Bowles "Baptism of Solitude"
The Splendid Master Gnawa Musicians of Morroco "La Voix Errante"

The Clash & Allen Ginsberg "Capitol Air"
The Clash & Allen Ginsberg "Ghetto Defendent"
Allen Ginsberg "Birdbrain"

Walt Whitman "America"
Loseling Dratsang of Drenng Monastery "Ornament for Clear Realization"

**188. — shoemakers** *7 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**

Kenny—Thanx for posting your playlist. Great show!

steve (an ex-dj missing my old "slot," & my old station—if you're ever in Charlottesville, VA, WTJU rules! 91.1 FM—same call # as you, love the left o' the dial!)

Allen Ginsberg "Father Death Blues" Allen Ginsberg Part 1 of "Kaddish" Fugs "Nothing"

The Clash & Allen Ginsberg "Capitol Air"
The Clash & Allen Ginsberg "Ghetto Defendent"
Allen Ginsberg "Birdbrain"

Walt Whitman "America"
Loseling Dratsang of Drenng Monastery "Ornament for Clear Realization"

**189. — henry gould** *8 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Poetic Briefs*

On Tue, 8 Apr 1997 09:03:06 -0600 Jeff Hansen said:

> *"Hansen, in an interview with a major television network, said, "We might not be right, but at least we're funny.....Some of the time."*

I'm looking forward to reading, & watching the show too. Was struck by a Ginsberg quote in the paper (or was it on the list?) - "You don't need to be right, just candid." (this may not be exact). It reminded me of a mysterious statement Mandelstam made when asked something like, "what is poetry". He said - "Poetry is the poet's sense of being right." - HG "always right (not), always left (out)"

**190. — Joel Lewis** *8 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Allen Ginsberg*

I spent a chunk of an afternoon speaking to a reporter from the Newark Star-Ledger talking about Allen (I did an anthology of NJ poets a few years back and I seem to be on every reporter's rolodexs). This beatnik/sex revolutionary/guru stuff seems to be the inevitable way the press sees the story. I hope this is not what he'll be remembered for.

I was his student at Naropa in '81 & was friends with him over the last years and was always amazed at his generosity and kindness despite the enormous demands many people put on him. He would tell me at naropa that he wanted to retire and go off to a mountain colorado towrite in peace, but there was another part of him that wanted to be out there. He was much like Sartre — who used his fame as a way for advocating for his causes and friends. Where would American poetry be now if it where not for Allen's push in the 50's? Although Allen's inability to "get" poets outside his sphere was a source of some humor and consternation at Naropa, Allen did try hard to understand poets like Clark Coolidge and Ron Silliman. As Rexroth once said, he was a radical conservative who made his breakthrough by bringing back the cadences of the Hebrew Bible and Walt Whitman.

I must say that I hadn't looked at his work seriously in a number of years. Reviewing the collected, I'm struck by his innovative short lyrics and his use of numerous forms and that his work kept shifting and changing over the years. He was one of the most self-critical of major poets. I once asked him why he rarely read from Reality Sandwiches. He said: "Oh, I just don't think those poems are that good." The best reading I ever heard him do was in the early 80's at the old Brentanno's Books on 8th St. The reading was undepublicized and the audience was mostly st marks poets. Without harmonium or finger cymbals, etc., he stated "I want to read some new poems" and did just that, in quiet (for Allen) voice

I don't think we'l see another literary figure with as much influence as Allen had. He was the first living poet I was aware of (age 11 — those evergreen review posters w/ allen as uncle sam) . It's hard to imagine him not around

joel lewis

**191. — Joe Amato** *8 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*denver conference etc...*

fresh back from denver, to hundreds of messages... some incredibly touching commentary on allen ginsberg, much appreciated by this list member... being in denver, hearing the news of his death (from marjorie) was, well...

"reconcilable (in) differences: the marriage of writers and critics" was a small, friendly conference---i regret, esp. b/c it was small, not having had the occasion to speak more with norman f. and others... seeing marjorie again, meeting chris alexander and linda russo of this list region, and elizabeth franken (not from this list region, but from here in chicago), among the highlights of my time there... and of course seeing the mountains---which i so dearly miss, living now in flatland... perhaps the friendliness of the conference stemmed from it having been put together, in large part, by grad students at du...

gerald graff's keynote, "teaching the conflicts between creators and theorists," didn't do much for me... i tried to indicate the problems i had with graff's presentation, but unfortunately my hand was not called upon... not least of such problems being that he made no mention at all of the possibilities of *this* medium for crossing institutional boundaries, for consolidating support among different levels of the academic hierarchy... graff himself struck me as, well, a nice guy... but i'm not sure that he really had all that much to add to the creative-critical split (he was by his own account a bit tentative about his talk), albeit i respect his attempt at least to deal with the classroom, with teaching as such... i left his talk wishing he'd spent a bit more time online---seems to me he hasn't, though maybe i'm mistaken... ensuing discussion, provoked in part by marjorie, seemed to surface graff's decision not to discuss specifically literary formations... for my part, i would have mentioned that the academic scene is now entirely disrupted and fractured by job market considerations, that good work is being done in spite of this fact, but that we need to develop alternative structures for negotiating our conflicts and woes...

marjorie's paper, imnsho, was apropos to the conference itself, sifting through the poetic-publishing-cultural implications of kent johnson's probably aka araki yasusada's poetry... marjorie's was a lesson in scholarly thoroughness and insight---not to mention her performance, which was utterly enjoyable... ensuing discussion raised the issue of identity politics and how it functioned in marjorie's paper---a discussion that might be picked up here upon the paper's forthcoming publication (in _the boston review_---right marjorie?)...

as to panels: i very much enjoyed carole maso's reading, and laura mullen's reading... otherwise, i was taken by susannah breslin and lily james talk on "postfeminist cyborgs"... these two women have set up a web site, the postfeminist playground, that looks to be provocative and useful: <http://www.pfplayground.com>... there were of course a few papers that seemed to exploit "can poetry matter" issues (yes, but it must be "real") in the expected ways... not much to say here that hasn't already been said...

as to the "featured" reading, i was struck by poet and alum heather mchugh's capacity for 'reading' her audience (to borrow from my wife kass fleisher, who was also in attendance)... heather came across as a warm and genuine person of real integrity... her work is certainly more traditional, but her performance, her narrative ruminations as such seemed to me to be very much a part of her reading that evening...

kass and i played hookie on sunday (no apologies!) and drove up to lookout mountain, a short jaunt from denver... neither of us had ever visited the buffalo bill museum... it was fun, if a bit hokey, and the view from the top of the mountain, covered in a crystalline white blanket, was invigorating...

in all, i'm not certain whether any critics and writers actually reconciled their differences as a result of this conference, but i DO see the conference itself as symptomatic of, hence contributing to, a general awareness that the writerly and the critical are more complex

constructions than might at one time have been generally acknowledged... perhaps this itself signals a willingness to talk, accompanied by the demise of certain categorical quibbles, among specific subsets of (largely academic) writers/critics... if power-laden structures are not so easily dismantled, there is nonetheless great value to getting together... the conference organizers evidently (wisely) will put together a listserv to discuss some of the issues that were raised at the conference... stupid me, i forgot to drop off my email address (!)... if any of you 'out there' have info. on the listserv, please post me backchannel... or maybe here is more appropriate...

in all, i/we had fun... the one structural problem with the conference was that panel sessions were staged with no 'in between' time, back-to-back... three panels ended at ten o'clock and three more began at ten-o'clock, meaning you had to skip out on panels if you wished to shoot the shit (which i did)... in any case, i judge conferences by their ability to nurture new and existing networks, and in such terms, the conference was a success...

best,

joe

**192. — Charles Bernstein** *8 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Ginsberg Memorial*

There will be a memorial for Allen Ginsberg this Saturday, April 12, from 12 to 4, at the Poetry Project, St. Mark's Church, Second Avenue at Tenth Street. No details of the program are currently available. If I get more information, I will pass it on.

**193. — Maria Damon** *9 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Allen Ginsberg*

i'll be there in spirit

At 11:02 PM 4/8/97, Marjorie Perloff wrote:

*"For those in the South Bay area or even north of it! Maeera Schreiber and Susan Dunn (both on this List) and I are sponsoring, with the help of eager undergrads, a Memorial for Allen this Friday (11th) at noon at White Plaza (between bookstore and Tressider Union—great outdoor space). We plan to have anyone who cares to read a favorite Ginsberg poem or say whatever s/he has to say. If you are coming from outside the campus (drive #280 to Alpine, right on Alpine to Junipero Serra, right on Junipero Serra to Campus Drive East—left on Campus drive into the campus; left on Mayfield to big parking lot from which you can almost see and probably hear activity in White Plaza). If you want to read, please call Ranita at the English Dept, --so she can put your name on the sign-up sheet we have. It will be quite informal but we did want to do something. Best wishes, Marjorie Perloff"*

**194. — Maria Damon** *8 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Ginsberg Memorial*

and could we get lots of detailed reviews, those of us who can't be there but are in serious mourning, that'd be great, thanks. i had no idea i'd feel so — incapacitated, for lack of a better word —by this turn of events. thanks—md

**195. — George Bowering** *9 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Allen GinsbErg*

ginsbErg

ginsbErg

ginsbErg

With an E. The way it is written on the covers of his books.

George Bowering. , 2499 West 37th Ave., Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6M 1P4

**196. — Kent Johnson** *10 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**

Linda:

For what it's worth, I've spelled Allen's last name with a "u" instead of an "e" a few times myself. I've blanked and used the wrong letters in other many-covered names as well. (And so, I'm sure, have lots of other fairly well-read people on this list!) Thanks for the thoughtful and warm post on AG in Boston.

Kent

"*Date sent: Wed, 9 Apr 1997 22:28:58 -0700*

*Send reply to: UB Poetics discussion group*"

**197. — Kent Johnson** *10 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Will's column*

But maybe, so hard as it is, we shouldn't get too angry. If AG were here, he might well be doing a compassion meditation, taking in, with each breath, a small bit of Will's deep pain.

Kent

Date sent: Thu, 10 Apr 1997 12:25:29 -0400 Send reply to: UB Poetics discussion group

George F. Will, symptomatic symbol of "the Reagan Revolution" and other malignancies to human existence, will die someday just like Allen Ginsberg. He once wrote of Ginsberg's death with a sneering condescension which proved to readers several things, among them 1) he never read Allen Ginsberg, and 2) he felt threatened by the very IDEA of Ginsberg's work.

George F. Will writes of Allen Ginsberg's life in market terms—that of being a "commodity." Confronted with the severe limitations of Will's intellect what is one to do? Will is a columnist who is paid well to write apologias for technocrats, thieves and murderers. Any person whose life work consisted of promoting peace and charity toward his fellows must by necessity be "the enemy." With a change in particulars, Will could have a written a similar column on the death of Christ—'that long-haired preaching radical got His just desserts!' To Ginsberg's credit however, he never claimed to be the Son of God (to my knowledge).

George F. Will, soldier of American Values, will be forgotten a month after his death.

Allen Ginsberg's poetry will live and grow in the heart's of readers.

Fuck George F. Will.

_____

The Ginsberg Commodity

"*By George F. Will Wednesday, April 9 1997; Page A21 The Washington Post Allen Ginsberg, symptomatic symbol of the "beat generation" and other intellectual fads, died last Saturday at age 70. He once wrote, "I'm so lucky to be nutty." Actually, his pose of paranoia was not luck, it was a sound career move. It became big box office with his famous declamation of his poem "Howl" in San Francisco in 1955. That was the year "Rock Around the Clock," in the soundtrack to the movie "The Blackboard Jungle," helped launch what was to become the third element in the trinity of '60s ecstasies — sex, drugs and rock-and-roll. Ginsberg made the first two his projects. He composed "Howl" with the help of a cocktail of peyote, amphetamines and Dexedrine. Thirty years later his reward for a career of execrating American values and works was a six-figure contract for a volume of his collected poetry. It is a distinctive American genius, this ability to transmute attempted subversion into a marketable commodity. The adjective "beat" was appropriated by Jack Kerouac from a drug-addicted Times Square thief and male prostitute, who meant by it the condition of being exhausted by existence. (That man's existence must have been wearying.) Kerouac attached the adjective to the noun "generation," emulating Gertrude Stein's identification of the "lost generation" of the 1920s. Soon Life magazine, happy to find some titillating unhappiness in a decade defined by Eisenhower's smile, was writing about the beats as "The Only Revolution Around." That's entertainment. Back then, poetry commanded crowds. In his book "When the Going Was Good: American Life in the 1950s," Jeffrey Hart, now a professor of English at Dartmouth, wrote: "Robert Frost strode onto the stage at Carnegie Hall to a standing ovation from an overflow house. . . . One night in 1957, T. S. Eliot was reading his poems to an overflow audience in Columbia's McMillin Theater. Even faculty members had difficulty getting tickets, and people were crowded into the windows and doors, and listening outside to Eliot*

*over loudspeakers. . . . Dylan Thomas stood at the podium . . . his third American tour in two years." When Ginsberg came to Columbia "there was a vast throng that had been unable to get in. They pounded on the doors and milled around. Ticket-holders entered between lines of police." Today no poet could cause such excitement on any campus, or any other American venue, so complete has been the supplanting of words, written and spoken, by music and movies as preferred modes of communication. One of Ginsberg's young acolytes, Robert Zimmerman of Hibbing, Minn., put the dissenting impulse to music as Bob Dylan. Some beats wrote the way some jazz musicians made music, in the heat of chemically assisted improvisation. Truman Capote's famous dismissal of Kerouac's work — "That isn't writing at all, it's typing" — had a point. Granted, Kerouac revised "On the Road" for six years before it was published in 1957. However, fueled by Benzedrine, he wrote the first draft of that novel in 1951 in less than three weeks, as one long single-spaced paragraph — 120 feet long on 12-foot strips of tracing paper taped together. Here is its beginning: "I first met Dean not long after my wife and I split up. I had just gotten over a serious illness that I won't bother to talk about, except that it had something to do with the miserably weary split-up and my feeling that everything was dead." Does that tone of voice seem familiar? Here is the beginning of a novel published in 1951, the year of Kerouac's typing frenzy: "If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you'll probably want to know is where I was born, and what my lousy childhood was like, and how my parents were occupied and all before they had me, and all that David Copperfield kind of crap, but I don't feel like going into it, if you want to know the truth." Yes, "The Catcher in the Rye." Holden Caulfield, adolescent scold, strong in disapproving "phonies," was a precursor of the beats with their passion for "authenticity," which to Ginsberg meant howling echoes of whatever constituted coffeehouse radicalism of the moment. ("Slaves of Plastic! . . . Striped tie addicts! . . . Whiskey freaks bombed out on 530 billion cigarettes a year. . . . Steak swallowers zonked on Television!") With a talent that rarely rose to mediocrity, but with a flair for vulgar exhibitionism, Ginsberg shrewdly advertised his persona as a symptom of a dysfunctional society. He died full of honors, including a front-page (and a full page inside) obituary in the New York Times, a symptom to the end.*”

**198. — Dale Smith** *10 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Will's column/ my reply*

Actually, as pig-headed as Will is, his piece on GinsbErg does attempt to locate the poet within the cultural market in which he participated. And his implication of Ginsberg as a culture industry cynosure is not entirely off the mark. Ginsberg was a cultural icon, a marketable commodity. I remember seeing huge billboards in San Francisco with Ginsberg's image selling Gap khaki pants. His warmth and affability also made him an attractive PR spokesman for a group of writers in the 50's. He attracted the kind of media attention Kerouac would have preferred to avoid. But promotion is, you know, how to stay in business. And poetry is still affected by a relentless economic structure. What's interesting, and what Will doesn't mention, is how the culture industry makes its own social subversion into a marketable commodity.

The other relevant moment in the article is when Will writes:

*“*"

*When Ginsberg came to Columbia 'there was a vast throng that had been unable to get in.*

*They pounded on the doors and milled around. Ticket-holders entered between lines of police.'*

*Today no poet could cause such excitement on any campus, or any other American venue, so complete has been the supplanting of words, written and spoken, by music and movies as preferred modes of communication."*

*This is a perfectly candid statement to hear as a poet, but the implication is that Ginsberg's writing is partially responisble for a deterioration in values which has made the market more open to the movies than poetry. Wills doesn't follow up on this point, but I find it an important acknowledgement of poetry's inability to maintain prominence in a market Ginsberg implicitly condoned and benefitted from.*

*Anyway, the rest of Will's piece falls apart with the Kerouac quotes, (he couldn't find Ginsberg quotes?), which are out of place and confusing because, well, Will wants to say Ginsberg sucks, but he can't say 'sucks' in public. All of this leads me, however, to Maria Damon's statement about poetry and politics.*

*How does one fight for social change and still survive as an individual in a corrupt economic system?*

*How do the contradictions of political integrity and economic survival play out in the works of dedicated poets?*

*The contradictory impulses in Ginsberg's life reveal the difficult position facing poets today.*

*Somewhere, between our ideals and the necessity of the dollar, our lives and art are made.”*

**199. — Christopher Alexander** *10 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Allen GinsbErg*

oh, lighten up fer chrissake gEorgE. or is this one of those instances where I'm misreading your tone, which sounds, from here, distinctly sanctimonious.

chris
..
christopher alexander, etc. / nominative press collective

**200. — Dale Smith** *10 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Will's column/ my reply*

I apologize if you receive this message twice. I don't think it went through the first time:

The other relevant moment in the article is when Will writes:

**201. — Pat Pritchett** *10 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: LAURA NYRO (one child born to carry*

According to the paper, she died of ovarian cancer. A sad loss, indeed.

Also in my paper today - did anyone else see this? - a column by the excerable George Will about Ginsberg which made me see red. What a perfect little shit Mr. Will is. Tom Mandel, you are in Washington. Would you please deliver him a way overdue "pop to the puss?"

I just heard on the radio this morning that LAURA NYRO (who wrote "I swear there ain't no heaven and I pray there ain't no hell") died on tuesday at the age of 49..... Does anybody know anything about this? What she died of, etc? I'd appreciate any info....."And all I ask of dying is to go naturally...." ----------chris stroffolino

**202. — Maria Damon** *10 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Will's column/ my reply*

At 12:25 PM -0400 4/10/97, Daniel Bouchard wrote:

*“To Ginsberg's credit however, he never claimed to be the Son of God (to my knowledge). he should have. (tho no more so than anyone else) the will article is indeed one of the meanest-spirited, pointless wastes of print space i've ever seen.—md”*

**203. — Pat Pritchett** *10 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**

Daniel, that is beautifully, forcifully said. Will's outrageous assault should not go without a public response. I intend to write him personally and I suggest others do the same. For all the difference it will make. Still, better to speak out then mutter in one's room.

George F. Will, soldier of American Values, will be forgotten a month after his death.

Allen Ginsberg's poetry will live and grow in the heart's of readers.

Fuck George F. Will.

**204. — Aldon L Nielsen** *10 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: The Will of King George*

One unforgettable moment in "The Life and Times of Allen Ginsberg" is the footage from a Ginsberg appearance on Firing Line as Buckley pronounces Ginsberg "politically naive." Will, of course, got his start as a protege of Buckley (remember the YAF of yore?), and might be presumed to represent what somebody wants us to think of as politcally sophisticated — Always easier to sneer at that which one has not read carefully

But there's another moment in the old Buckley show, following Ginsberg's reading of "Wales Visitation," when Buckley, I think sincerely, admits to liking the poem he has just heard (and we can posit all sorts of reasons rooted in Romanticism and the lyric for why that might have happened)

Not to defend Buckley or to prefer him over Will by any means — point is, that even that thin veneer of responsiveness to intellect has been stripped from today's "politcal sophistication."

and can somebody give me a citation for the Will piece so that I can read it?

**205. — SSchu30844** *10 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Will's column/ my reply*

I haven't read the Ginsberg piece by George Will, but I am looking forward to reading it with and against his recent defense of the Baltimore Orioles' Roberto Alomar (as I recall, Will proposed to his second wife at home plate—my god!—in Camden Yards) for spitting on the umpire last season. Will goes out of his way to attack umpires in this piece and to defend Alomar. Apparently, Will is a non-paid member of the Baltimore Orioles' board. Which leads me to my modest proposal: why not put the man on the poetics list and conflict his interests a bit?

Susan (whose Cards are off to their worst start in history)

**206. — Hank Lazer** *11 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: AG & the columnists*

If you think that the Will version of Ginsberg was lame, see today's column by Paul Ginsburg (a columnist via Arkansas, whose columns appear in places like The Tuscaloosa News, a NY Times owned newspaper). PG's claim (which I read hastily & angrily early this morning) is that AG is a personality but NOT A POET. That AG's poems aren't really poetry. That interest in AG's poetry is symptomatic of "our" swerve away from "real" "great" poetry. That AG's poetry will soon fade from view, and then "we" can return to reading truly "great" poetry again. Makes me uncertain: scream, or barf. Of course, much of AG's poetry stems from prior examples of what I think of as "poetry": Blake, Whitman, and the Prophets of the Old Testament. I hope others on the List run across PG's column....

Hank Lazer

**207. — henry** *11 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: orbit*

is this another orbituary?

George Will, will you please george up. George Will, your motha was a car salesman for the Edsel when Allen Ginsberg was a protege of a potato. George Will, Shake your brocolli experiment offa my check-out line. George Will, hey, do you like MY poem? Huh? What the...

- Jack Spandrift

Jack's new CD, "Cowboys Rain Cowshit on the Plain" is available (in Spain only) from Teatro Bouncayore Czech Productions, El Raygonner, Wyo. Send money now.

**208. — Michael Magee** *11 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Ginsberg and the Gap*

For what it's worth, I once, as a beginning grad student not knowing my place, asked Ginsberg about the Gap Ad (even going so far as to remind him that the Gap was utterly complicit in the Asian child-labor catastrophes which were prominent in the news at the time). To his credit, he didn't duck the question. He said he had a good deal of doubt about his decision, that he had rejected the Gap many times, but had, the last time, decided that donating the money (I think to Naropa?) would do more good than harm. He then went on to a talk about his complicity in the marketplace, a monologue not unlike the dialogue we've been having about AG & capitalism.

-Mike.

**209.** **— Kent Johnson** *11 Apr 1997* **↑ Register**
*ginsberg and snyder*

Gary Snyder lectured and read here in Freeport, Illinois tonight. It was quite incredible, frankly. He finished by reading/singing the magpie poem, prefacing it with a long, moving eulogy for AG. When he started to choke-up, he said it was his asthma, which disappointed me a little bit, but that's ok.

Inclement weather of the worst kind, but still over 150 people in attendance, maybe a couple dozen of them farmers who came because (my romantic leftist mind hopes) the lecture was entitled "The Relationship between Capitalism, Ethics, and the Environment." Probably, though, because Gary was billed to be introduced by my beloved friend, Dan Smith, a Freeport poet with a very big local following and who's a dairy farmer well-known for his "sustainable ag" practices (new book, _Home Land_, out from Bottom Dog Press).

As I was driving him to Dan's house where he spent the morning, Gary told me of a long telephone talk he had with AG two days before Allen died. At the time, Allen was operating under the impression of two to six months. Gary said that AG was "sad but not overly so," and was "a bit pissed-off that he'd just put this new kitchen into his apartment and now was barely going to get to use it." Then he changed the subject.

As you approach Dan's farm, there is a trailer surounded with 50 or 60 carcasses of cars, some of them 40's and 50's models. I noticed that Snyder was looking intently at this sight (the infamous "white trash" Bechtel household). Then he said with the utmost conviction: "Now there is some really really good stuff."

By the way, I haven't seen any posts about this: does everyone know that _Mountains and Rivers without End_ was awarded the Bollingen a few weeks back?

I'm driving Gary to the airport tomorrow and I'm going to askl him what he thinks about Allen posing for the Gap ad.

Kent

**210.** **— Kent Johnson** *11 Apr 1997* **↑ Register**
*Re: The Don Allan Anthology*

Linda:

I'm not sure why you put me in the same law firm as Bromage and Boring. I was the guy who said to not pay any attention to the lawyers specializing in copyright and said nice post! Or are you referring to my "ue" and "eu" inserts into Ginsberg in my reply to Dale Smith? I did this only as a little riposte to Attorney Boring, who had slammed his fist repeatedly against the table objecting E E E E E E!

Sorry if my message was not clear.

Kent

*"Priority: normal*
*Date sent: Fri, 11 Apr 1997 13:00:40 +0000*
*Send reply to: UB Poetics discussion group*

*To the Mr.'s Bromige, Alexander, Johnson & Bowering (not to make you sound like a law firm or anything): thanks for the words — now that i look at it, it doesn't look quite right with a 'u'. I'm usually much more adroit & academic in checking these things. I do wonder though abt. the vitriol? (maria damon where are you?!) I can't consciously recall such copyediting in the 6 long months or so i've been a member on the list. — l. Come on, George, the allusion was to the Don Allan Anthology, you know, the one with John Ashberry in it, and Robert Creely, and Charles Olsen, and Denise Leverton. bd. — linda v. russo"*

**211. — Michael Boughn** *11 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Will's column/ my reply*

*"it's called "stomping on your enemy's grave". Usually the living dead are specially hired for that purpose. - Henry G."*

Isn't this the battle for history, and wasn't Allen Ginsberg always on the frontlines, for better or for worse? Which is why the GWs hate him so much. How would he have responded to Wills? I don't think with anger . . .

Did anyone else see the obit in the NY Post? It opened something like "Allen Ginsberg, who wrested poetry away from the academics and returned it to the people . . ."

Mike

**212. — William Burmeister** *11 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*G. Swill caught perturbating infragrante delicto*

Dear sir,

Could you send me a copy of Jack Spandrift's new CD, "Cowboys Rain Cowshit on the Plain" from Teatro Bouncayore Czech Productions. I am not able to enclose money right now since I am a little short. You can look for my 2 cents worth in my next review.

was a protege of a potato.

*"- Jack Spandrift"*

**213. — Hugh Steinberg** *11 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: AG & the columnists*

Yeah, so the world is full of jerks. What else is new? I think all the post-mortem arguments about Ginsberg only point to his immense vitality as a poet and as a cultural figure, the linkage of which has become increasingly rare in popular American culture.

Hugh Steinberg

**214. — Daniel Bouchard** *11 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Will's column*

"America, go fuck yourself with your atom bomb."
—Allen Ginsberg (1926-1997)

"America, I'm not sorry."
—same guy

Dales,

I'm not sorry if you think my "fuck George F. Will" is "stupid and irresponsible."

I'm not sorry if you think my "fuck George F. Will" "confirms his belief in the poverty of cultural values today."

If he could define them, and if I could take the time to read them, I'm sure I could have a grand time mocking them for the amusement of the Poetics list.

If you think my "fuck George F. Will" is an act of cowardice because it was "behind his back" let me assure that I would love to have the opportunity to meet the man and enjoy a real conversation, in which I may or may not use the oh-so-shocking "F" word, depending on the amount of sneering condescension he emits.

You are obviously impressed with George F. Will's authority to the extent that in a worthless diatribe in which he shits on a man's life work you find "scant points . . . which seemed appropriate." Which points were they Dales? The ones that implicate all writers and activists in "cultural and economic market practices." Are you taking a correspondence course with George F. Will?

You said, "his death is the occasion for such moments as these and I think as much meaning should be milked from debate rather than saturating ourselves only with warm platitudes."

Yes, let's debate and milk (milk?) the moment and we may learn something from one another, but don't begin by telling ME to settle down and be reasonable because it only makes me more angry.

**215. — Mark Weiss** *11 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Will's column/ my reply*

That we're all implicated in the system constitutes a platitude in my book. I haven't taken its temperature. I'm wearing 501s, but that's because I'm hipper than you guys.

*"Ginsberg didn't step through any threshold. There is no threshold, as far as I can tell. We're all implicated in cultural and economic market practices. Whether posing for Gap pants or wearing them makes no difference. But if you endorse a certain product while simultaneously engaging in social activism, then the irony of that position will be noticed, whether it's right or wrong. Will's article pointed out this contradiction in a cultural industry Will, Ginsberg, myself-anyone who writes-is a part of. This position is magnified with Ginsberg, however, so he's an easy target for people like Will who act as if they are themselves beyond reproach. And, by the way, I never said Ginsberg sold out and I don't even think I implied it, and if I did, well, that's my fault as a critical writer. And I'm sad he's dead but his death is the occasion for such moments as these and I think as much meaning should be milked from debate rather than saturating ourselves only with warm platitudes."*

**216. — Rod Smith** *11 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**

Dale Smith wrote:

*"Will's article is grossly unfair, if not evil and pernicious, but telling Will to"*

fuck himself behind his back, or not, simply confirms >his belief in the poverty of cultural values today.

The point is our telling Will to fuck himself or not has absolutely no consequence. Personally I think it more appropriate to ask him to shut up about something of which he knows nothing. Fucking is so lovely after all. A deluge of letters of the oh shut up fool variety might at least raise his eyebrow.

Will came in my place of employ on Tuesday (his office is two blocks away), the day after I'd got back from going to New York to sit w/ Allen G. I have NOTHING to say to George Will. He represents the obligatory violence of mass media controled society. I do not think he is aware of this as he is so thoroughly indoctrinated. The man, tho human, is lost to that part of being human which Ginsberg & so many other artists— what's the right word here—give? represent? create? In any case there is as much reason to feel sorry for George Will as to be angry— to make a living spewing the idiot venom, this cannot be good for any "soul."

—Rod

**217. — henry gould** *11 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**

fame - critique joke - serious $$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$$ gap - hole knee - crotch essay - guessay insider? email - demon square - hip Ginsberg - Ginsberg, Jr. bug? flog - fog (fghrist's sake) etc. - gnats flood - Fargo bug spray?? ice - dike Faust - stuff one-up, stupid? * ? glory...

- Jack Spandrift

Jack's new CD, "How to become a Millionaire without Taking your Spurs Off in Bed, plus Interviews with Famous People On Tape and WORMS on HOOKS For BAIT if you Like to FISH", is available from Cootie Productions, POB 2399999990-etxc, Bronx, NY 10035. The question is, how to order, that is, what's it worth to you. Faust paid a lot down but ended up regretting the whole deal. You can also pay on installment - send a toad's eye, one ear of a wet bowl of cornmeal mush, and three dollars/mo. It might get to you? Well, scratch where it itches, bro. Death rides in mighty record companies.

p.s. George Will = Ol' Wrigglee Allen Ginsberg = L' B'ggar Senile

**218. — Kent Johnson** *12 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*snyder/gap/ginsberg*

Took Snyder to the airport bus today and told him about the Will article. He didn't know about it. He said, "Really? Good. That's good. This will help start up a bigger discussion about Allen." I told him about the many heartfelt, moving statements about Allen on this list. He said, "Really? Good. That's Charles Bernstein's creation, right? Hmmmm... Good, good..."

Snyder really is a warm and impressive guy. He's reading at Harvard May 1 for those of you in that area. When he sings some of his poems, he sounds like Pete Seeger. I mentioned here yesterday that magpie poem he sang for AG. When it's over he says, "And then the magpie flew away."

Hey Chris Alexander, that was some tour de force with the last post. And I don't care if you're in Utah. I've never been invited to a party in Utah. Call me.

cardinals in spring snow,

Kent

**219. — Maria Damon** *12 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Will's column/ my reply*

At 6:09 PM -0400 4/11/97, wrote:

> *etc i agree. the focus has become what an asshole george will is, rather than anything abt ginsberg. will's shortcomings are not exceptional and don't warrant much time and energy. why waste time on his mean-spirited nonsense?*

**220. — Dave Zauhar** *12 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Will's column*

actually, the strangest obituary I've heard in the electronic media occured on an Altoona/Johnstown Pennsylvania station. An anchorwoman coiffed to look like a humanoid version of Miss Polly Purebred concluded the 7 second piece (part of the "around the world in a minute" feature common to most local newscasts) by saying, "Ginsberg's poetry grew out of his homosexual experiences and his communistic upbringing." For a brief moment, I had a sense of what it was like to be alive during the 1950s (especially given the production values of this particular newscast).

Dave Zauhar, whose Pirates organization would embarrass a slow-pitch softball team

**221. — Herb Levy** *12 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Ginsberg, Nyro, & media coverage for the arts*

Charles Bernstein wrote:

> *Nyro is being played quite a bit on the radio here in New York City*

& others have written or implied similarly about both Ginsberg & Nyro.

When I hear a recording by someone I'm interested in on almost ANY radio station, NPR or otherwise, I assume that the artist has died, 'cause otherwise the work w0uldn't be on the air.

Herb

Herb Levy

**222. — David Bromige** *12 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Triumph and the Will*

Thank you, Tom. But my recollection of your conversation (which we sorely miss, old chum) suggests you wd do better in a duel of wits with Will to bat for yourself. But whether you or I. it'll be like shooting goldfish in a rainbarrel.

I agree re the anecdotal testimony re Allen. (oops! or is it Alan? Allan? — George, George Bowering, while you're up, would you go the the Ginsberg section of my bookshelves, check that out? Thanks George!) Some of the best reading on the List, in my brief months upon it.

The Will part is not so good—would be better if he were on the list I think. I know I posted re-him, but I was one over the eight that night & forget what I wrote.

If it cd now be regarded as vitriol-free, I'd like to continue the naming of contributors to the Don Allan Anthology (or Apology). How abt Jackson McLow, Michael Mac Lure, Gary Spicer and Jack Snyder? And of course, Jerome Rothenburg.

dbde

**223. — Nick Piombino** *12 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: George Wills and the Imago of Alan Ginsbuerg, in the 2nd circle*

At the risk of stating the obvious, perhaps some of our concerns about Wills' obit grow out of a feeling of becoming worried not only about the loss of a very important poet, but also a great leader. AG used his literary notoriety extremely effectively for excellent causes. Like many other poets and artists he stood up non-violently against the Government's war in Vietnam. Today's media avoids the process of creating revolutionary figures like Ginsberg. We are grieving, in this cruel April of a Nazional Poetry Month, not only the loss of a great poet ,but one of the last of the media revolutionaries that helped save this country from disaster. I think this is sad also because a heavier responsibility falls on us survivors. The most astounding thing about AG is that he insisted on making all this look like fun!

Best wishes,

Nick

**224. — henry gould** *12 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*GWAG*

It's easy now to look back with historical hindsight & conflate or deflate the Gap between Bob Dylan & Allen Ginsberg on the cybernet revolution front.

But no one has been able to deny the pivotal importance of Dan Bouchard's post of early april 1997 in which he wrote, "fuck you George Will".

The repercussions have been endless, the ramifications proliferate dissertationly in a dizzying pyrotechnic of etc. Dan, did you mean by this - I mean, were you conscious when you put on those overalls so to speak - of the immense sea-change about to take place?

I think you were.

I want to tell a personal anecdote about Dan: this must have been in about 2004 - he was confronted by a pack of nouveau-zelot-heads with microphones - & he EMPATHIZED with thier CONCERNS - I KNOW he THOUGHT TWICE before he lifted that pack of million-yen contributions & tossed it into the Yangtzee.

Henry Gould, (remember him?), before he died in that fatal sewing accident (those needles...) in 1999, often said - in those quaint little Spandrift posts of his - "Dan's o.k.

He'll make a good Chairman, whatever they say."

No one can obligerate the truth of that modest observation, at least at this late hour, not by any means (or ends, for that matter). Shantih shantih shantih - Eric Blarnes

**225. — Thomas Bell** *12 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*ginsberg and snyder*

“*Gary Snyder lectured and read here in Freeport, Illinois tonight. It*”

... KENT JOHNSON wrote.

Does using adjacent urinals in two different states at two times 25 years apart count as a reverent or irreverent memory? Or is this sexist or too personal? tom bell

GS and i - not to implicate others.

**226. — Thomas Bell** *12 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*(no subject)*

Maria Damon wrote

> *"At 6:09 PM -0400 4/11/97, wrote: etc"*

AG was responsible for my family. My wife correctly identified him in a multiple-choice come on letter sent when he gave a reading in the mid seventies. (He was in a temporary eclipse as a "commodity" and too few of the students at that time had any idea who he was, had been, and would be).

AG range/renga impulse

unsquandering infinite egrets he

tom bell

**227. — Maria Damon** *14 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: George Wills and the Imago of Alan Ginsbuerg, in the 2nd circle*

At 10:08 AM 4/14/97, wrote:

> *"At 12:02 PM -0400 4/14/97, Piombino/Simon wrote: My concern is: how will we move out of a position of passivity today? Especially without Allen Ginsberg to lead. This totalizing "we" is problematic to me. Personally, Ginsberg never lead me anywhere (even though I had a poster of him on my bedroom wall when I was in high school)—and I think his influence is marginal to large "marginal" populations. As I see it, he embodied alienation for a bunch of white guys (and a few women such as Maria D.), a fine thing to do—but other people have embodied that for other groups and will continue to. Dodie"*

hi dodie, i certainly see your point and have no desire to add to the sense of totalizing. ag did mean a lot to me, but i'm certainly aware that he didn't have that significance for others.... xo, md

**228. — Dale Smith** *14 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Will's column*

Daniel Bouchard-

If you read my posts you will notice that I did not address you. I addressed several "fuck-you" posts from the list.

Mabe you should go back and reread those posts before you begin accusing me of being symathetic with Gearge Will. Yours is a very fascist response, cruel and totalizing in an attempt to voice a pathetic and deluded sense of frustration at my Will/Ginsberg comments. In the future I suggest a LITTLE forethought and attention in your replies.

**229. — Nick Piombino** *14 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: George Wills and the Imago of Alan Ginsbuerg, in the 2nd circle*

The disaster I was thinking of was the disaster of complicit silence. By taking a stand in the public light, Allen Ginsberg and others helped move many people from a position of passivity to one of also taking a stand, in non-violent acts such a draft-card burning, etc. Your point is well taken from the standpoint of social outcomes, and the current social reality..My concern is: how will we move out of a position of passivity today? Especially without Allen Ginsberg to lead. I feel that this makes his loss especially heavy. Thank you for your clarifying response.On Mon, 14 Apr 1997, Dale Smith wrote:

> *"We are grieving, in this cruel April of a Nazional Poetry Month, not only the loss of a great poet ,but one of the last of the media revolutionaries that helped save this country from disaster. What disasters have been spared? The social, political, and aesthetic reality of this country today resembles Victorian England more than ever."*

**230.** **— Daniel Bouchard** *14 Apr 1997* **↑ Register**
*Fifth Column*

Dear Fellow List Members:

As has been the pattern for the past two years, the SEND button on my Mail program responds with a shock of ambiguity each time I touch it & post to the Poetics List. Successive efforts don't deaden the nerves; in fact, the sensation consistently grows more painfully apparent. One way I have found to counter this negative impact is a smaller group correspondence—a "sub" poetics list, where the talk is considered amongst friends—even those I haven't yet met in person.

And valuable as smaller groups are, I still find great value in the larger list—more voices in the room: disparate, redundant, informative, entertaining, illuminating, drab & trite. This List still has plenty of promise and potential to fill as a powerful resource in the arts community. I would much rather hear of Allen Ginsberg's failing health from Charles Bernstein than from an Associated Press release—not to mention a news column from GFW. I would rather hear about who read in San Francisco over the weekend from Steve Carll than . . . than what? — you either hear it from Steve (or Kevin) or you don't hear it.

My original "reply" to Will's column was an outburst— a parody of his own writing on AG--- a catharsis, fun, meant to shame GFW (for what that's worth) more than to invite serious discussion on how the media reacts to poetry, etc. etc. I think that saying "Fuck George F. Will" at the end (NOT "Fuck you George Will"— there is a difference) is a rather standard (and fitting) epigram.

And finally, while I am aware that some of my posts have pissed off many people on the List, I will remind you that I have not (and do not) engage(d) in name calling.

This is the most serious note I have ever posted.

May God forgive me, if She remembers my name.

Not to get in the middle of personal name-calling exchanges, but my response to Will's column (which I haven't read & don't intend to seek out) is to let lying dogs sleep. sp

**231.** **— Daniel Bouchard** *14 Apr 1997* **↑ Register**
*What I Want: An Essay*

What I want is to exercise my right to throw potato salad at CCNY lecturers
on Dadaism . . . (or their cyberspace equivalients).

Dear Daniel Bouchard:

It seems to me that this message was/is meant to intimidate anyone who may comment or critique on this list, especially if you understand them to be differing from your point of view or responding to something you said. Mocking someone's name? (see below) I do not think that Dale was "obvious[ly] impressed by George Will". (see below).

Will you mock my name? Will you write that I am defending George Will? Do you really want a debate or for everyone to go along with you? (These are real questions.)

**232.** **— Michael Boughn** *14 Apr 1997* **↑ Register**
*Re: George Wills and the Imago of Alan Ginsbuerg,*

Yikes, you think you need a leader? This is moving out of a position of passivity?

Mike

**233.** **— Bob Holman** *14 Apr 1997* **↑ Register**
*Ginsberg the Rock Star*

<>

Excuse me, Maxine? Are you suggesting better for kids never to have heard of Allen at all then to have seen the video of "The Ballad of the Skeletons" on MTV?

I love to hear from the kids who found their way to Allen's because of that exposure. It does happen!

Cheers,

Bob Ho

**234. — Herb Levy** *15 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: media coverage for the arts(long reply)*

Christine Palma,

I love radio. I've done programming and fund-raising for community stations on & off for fifteen of the last twenty years. It's a great medium, full of amazing potential, but all-too-often this potential is unrealized and in general this situation is getting worse.

Christina, you're VERY lucky to live in an area in which you not only have a good Pacifica station, but also community stations like KCRW which haven't entirely bought into the NPR model of narrowing the program content to widen the audience size. The areas around New York (hi Kenny) & San Francisco are similarly blessed. The rest of us in the States get very spotty service from our "public" broadcasters in terms of adventurous arts, poetry or otherwise.

Most radio stations who broadcast stories about Ginsberg's death hadn't presented Ginsberg's work on the air (if they ever had) since the multiple CD boxset of recordings was released and, hence, newsworthy. How many radio stations regularly broadcast poetry with roots in the experimental tradition? How many broadcast such poetry mainstreamed within their regular programming, rather than in a specialty program aired a few hours every week or once or twice a month? How many broadcast ANY poetry (even mainstream crap) at ANY time?

In general "public" stations in the States are focusing more on increasing their market share and less on serving diverse underserved communities. The result is homogenous & bland "classical" (no vocal music, no weird contemporary music, just oceans of pretty music), "jazz" (nothing weird, please, what would Wynton say, & often nothing old enough to not be in stereo), or "alternative pop" music (the oxymoronic label says it all, if it doesn't a drum kit and an electric guitar forget about it) stations. "Public" stations are dropping specialty programs, focusing on a specific format, and coverage of all but the most mainstream events is declining, cause they might alienate those folks in the upscale demographic that the station's advertisers (oops, I mean underwriters) pay to reach throughout the day.

That these stations ARE often better than the other media in a given area, is more a sign of how bad the other media have become, rather than how great these stations really are.

There are still many wonderful individuals involved in public, and especially community, radio (we can't do without them & they deserve all the support we can give them), and isolated stations even outside of major markets can be quite good, but increasingly every non-mainstream interview or feature has to be justified, usually by tying it to a product or event.

Even with this kind of tie-in, this stuff is rarely distributed nationally and is almost never actually produced by NPR. The vast majority of adventurous programming available for stations via satellite is independently produced by folks who must rent satellite time from NPR for distribution, & then most stations don't broadcast it anyway.

How many people on this list heard LINEbreak, the radio series produced by Charles Bernstein & Martin Spinelli, on a radio station in their area? Martin, do you know how many stations aired the series? For thaat matter how many programs have been downloaded how many times from the EPC Web site?

Christina, it sounds like what you're doing is cool, but most of us don't have this range of radio options where we live.

I've really got to go finish up some other folks taxes now, talk to you later.

Bests,

Herb

*"Herb Levy wrote:*

*When I hear a recording by someone I'm interested in on almost ANY radio station, NPR or otherwise, I assume that the artist has died, 'cause otherwise the work w0uldn't be on the air.*

*I've been an evesdropper on this list for about 8 months or so, and I feel compelled to chime in and also to introduce myself... Herb Levy's comment touches close to home.*

*When I finished up my undergraduate degree in English almost three years ago, I felt a big void in my education.*

*I felt that I'd been introduced to work, poetry and fiction, representative of what is academically "embraced" and that the bulk of what I had studied for the past four years was not contemporary work.*

*I am saying this even though I understand that a big goal of the curriculum in English depts. is to give students an historical grounding of literature.*

*I would never trade in this education.*

*But still, I questioned the relevance of what I'd been told to read.*

*I felt that the contemporary work I'd become acquainted with through my classes was not "dangerous writing" and I felt that that the selection of work took on an academic cast because there was such a narrow selection of writers. Somehow when I looked at my bookshelf and the bookshelves of other English majors at other colleges, I saw the same books, books that were supposed to be on the bleeding edge of creative writing. How could we all be reading the same books?*

*Could they really be that alternative or different or more importantly "contemporary," if most universities were teaching the same authors.*

*I wondered how a silent consensus could have formed about who the important writers of today are.*

*Isn't a canon of contemporary writers a contradiction.*

*It would be easy for an aspiring writer or a reader who aspires to understand the tone of contemporary writing to just accept these people and look to them as the thematic (moral) and stylistic voice of our time.*

*What's worse is to accept the opposite condition of this, that perhaps it's very difficult today to stumble upon a relevant writer who enjoys obscurity as a result of work that breaks so radically from what's taught in the university system, or worse still, that it's impossible because they don't exist.*

*I felt estranged from what I'd just gotten a degree in.*

*This bothered me enough that I decided I would produce and host a radio show about poetry, literary fiction and performance and fill in the gap.*

*The format is open, but usually the guests read their work for the bulk of the program and the discussion is on the climate of creative writing and not on an analysis of the particular pieces they've just read.*

*The best part for me is that good writers recommend good writers and are so excited to share them.*

*Also coming across people with interesting work, but who don't have any immediate aspirations to publish, ie. closet writers.*

*I feel as though I can now make the connection between what I've gotten academically with the diversity of what I've encountered.*

*And I can now be thankful for the survey classes and Norton Anthology for giving me a body of work to relate it to.*

*I've also made it a point to educate myself on what the media coverage for the arts is like.*

*I'm in Los Angeles so I can only speak for Los Angeles. I think the climate has changed in the past few years and that arts and literary programs broadcasting to Los Angeles are breaking out of the after-midnight airtime ghetto.*

*For the first year, I had an 11 PM to 2 AM weekly timeslot.*

*Now I am on at 8 PM.*

*At other public stations, we had Wanda Coleman at KPFK doing Poetry Connection also at 8 PM.*

*KCRW out of Santa Monica College has Michael Silverblatt hosting Bookworm during the day!*

*2 PM.*

*KCRW has also made the full broadcasts of his shows available for download at their website (www.kcrw.org) and the sound quality is fine.*

*I think there is a growing public demand for arts programming and an awareness of the radio's and internet's potential to meet that.*

*Part of this is due to independent publishing houses putting out spoken word releases and these getting into Virgin Megastore and the like.*

*A small non-profit experimental audio group in New York called Tellus/Harvestworks which puts out recordings like those of Paul Bowles and John Cage and Shelley Hirsh is now at my local record store.*

*The internet will certainly improve public access... it's convenient.*

*I don't know how long this particular list has been around, but I sure would have welcomed it five years ago.*

*A radio show, an e-mail list, streaming audio, they can do wonders.*

*Christine _____ christine palma*

*samples: high-bandwidth, communications, bpm, asia in the yr 2000, fractal structures, cu-seeme fuzzy, memory encapsulated, radio, a sculpture in every living room, a sculpture in every park, a sculpture in every body, cyborgs, e-mail, letterpress, return to drawing, kitchensink genetics, mindoro, coincidence, encaustic, pedestrian's rights, sleep depriviation high, the moon . . .*"

Herb Levy

**235. — Hoa Nguyen** *15 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Will's column/ Daniel Bouchard*

(Sorry if I have posted this twice—I can't tell--- my service is a bit slow)

Mocking someone's name? (see below) I do not think that Dale was "obvious[ly] impressed by George Will". (see below).

You said, "his death is the occasion for such moments as these and I think

**236. — Christina Fairbank Chirot** *16 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Will's column/Plus ca change . . .*

"Poetry America was born before us & will live after us—and
would've been visible for every eye to see but for the scientists of
poetry & sociologists of Academy measuring the vast mind with monkey
calipers & teaspsoons of ink—"
Allen Ginsberg

Plus ca change, plus c'est la meme chose . . . George Will's column, the attendant brou-haha —it doesn't make Norman Podhoretz's attack on the Beats "The Know Nothing Bohemians" seem so far distant.

an underappreciated aspect of Ginsberg, Kerouac, Burroughs, Snyder, Whalen, DiPrima et als work is the serious independent scholarship and study it continues to inspire—in many fields—in many ways—by many people—in poetry, languages, history, religion, philosophy, music—at two Kerouac Birthday celebrations and Ginsberg memorial at Woodland Pattern here in Milwaukee—this much in evidence, spanning now a number of generations

"Poetry America was born before us & will live after us" as
Ginsberg wrote—whatever Will or Podhoretz & Co. say—

(note that Will, a Cubs fan, must be having a rough time of late himself—what with the eleven game losing streak to open the season—but then, there again, with the Cubs—plus ca change . . .)

dbc

**237. — Charles Bernstein** *16 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: George Wills and the Imago of Alan Ginsbuerg in Victorian England: The Opera*

"*I simply meant to imply that in certain ways today our social milieu shares many traits with those of Victorian England. . . . My point in writing the post you quote was to learn what disasters had been spared by 'media revolutionaries.'*"

A hundred years ago Oscar Wilde — a writer perhaps even more celebrated in Victorian England than Allen Ginsberg in postwar America — was hounded to death while at the very height of his fame and at the top of his magnificent form. Allen Ginsberg, and to be sure many others, courageously refused to be bashed down by the perverts who would end a person's life and career because of their sexual orientation or lifestyle. He was part of a massive cultural movement to make what happened to Wilde if not unthinkable at least unacceptable in the U S of A. He did this not by presenting "positive" images of being gay or smoking pot but by presenting by turns joyous and defiant images of these things and a number of others. Wilde ends his days in jail and then disgrace. Ginsberg is celebrated even in the pages that reviled him — the Times, the New Yorker, &c

I write that not because it is not well known to the people on this list, but because it bears repeating.

**238. — Alan Sondheim** *16 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Will's column/Plus ca change . . .*

I would say this is definitely true - at least for me in relation to Di Prima and her earliest work like Dinners and Nightmares, which seemed much more interesting to me than any other lit of that period (and still does to some extent) - and her trajectory through the years has taught me a lot - just finished rereading Revolutionary Letters though which reifies the NME to such an extent that HE disappears into monolith and we are always painted as the good guys and I'm as corrupt as they come, we're all, and can't identify

Alan - but these thinkings wouldn't otherwise surface

**239. — Ken Edwards** *16 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Ginsberg PS*

I've been having difficulty getting my messages bounced back (I hope it's sorted now) so I'm a bit late with this, but I was reminded when Ginsberg died of my report to this list of the Albert Hall gig he starred in, in London, back in Oct 95; I quote myself:

"I find his first poem incredibly moving in its wry, humorous acceptance of death and dis-solution ("What a mess I am, Allen Ginsberg"; "Allen Ginsberg warns you: don't follow my path to extinction")."

Seems like he saw it coming from way off.

In the midst of a UK general election campaign that is unprecedentedly dismal in its hypocrisy, cant and soundbite-count, I long for some of that honesty & humanity.

**240. — henry gould** *16 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: George Wills and the Imago of Alan Ginsbuerg in Victorian England: The Opera*

On Wed, 16 Apr 1997 13:52:58 -0700 Mark Weiss said:

*"Along with our national flag, anthem, bird, miss, mrs, etc, we have at the moment a national psychological strategu—passive aggression—and a national affect—the smirk."*

Do I detect a smirk on the end of this critique? Is this an example of the iterative function of criticism in a de-centered sensorium? Or is that just me again - smirking? - Errant Blarndrift (whose Grandmother, Florence Hale Ainsworth, was born on the 4th of July, 1900, was a member of the D.A.R., and whose grandson Errant loves the Stars & Stripes along with the Union Jackdrift.) (& Allen Ginsberg, the Leader of the Cultural Revolution, can go fly a Pantoum over the United Gaps of America)

**241. — David Bromige** *17 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*if this is still under discussion*

But "secuction" is good. Surely a word that Ginsberg would like. A secret, seductive concoction of return-of-the-repressed, hiccuping, cocksucking by the Secaucus 7, suction masters & section doctors, etcetera. Just what Flaubert in Henry's quote is talking about, and

certainly art is a process, but when I wrote "Discontents" I was suggestion an origin for that process. For as someone said, writing is hard work, although the joy ("secuction!") can be great. Something h a s to come out. Were you there when it all came out? Ginsberg came out early. Something out of sight deep inside is going to come out any . . . time . . .NOW! It doesnt erupt from the author, does it? It appears to erupt from the sentence, to the erupting reader. It hadn't been part of our content, it had been dis-content, denied & hidden content or mine or yours, & now, it's all over the papers, all over the newssheets. Barely civilized, it was, until we saw how expected it had, all along, (honky commas) been. Honky commas sit on it so as it wont blow, blow away. Until we began to tame it, to domesticate it, find ways to compromise with it, married to it must live with it, must alter it misunderstand it deny it ignore it. Must ask if its author got out of bed on the wrong side the morning of the night he made this *object* this non-ad-hominumizable object, this un homicidal ding-an-sich, this ding in his fender, "it just [not simply] happened to me as it were or was." As I-were-or-was was watching.

"Will have to [insert verb here] later" is also good, thanks Katherine Lynes. Lets say the verb, whichever, is the process Henry mentions. We dont know what it is yet but we know to leave a place for it, and we know to cover up that place (read as a sentence without brackets, the reader finds nothing open.)

Robin Blaser : "poets are the deodorant pucks in the urinal of life." In any state, simultaneously. A suggestion that poetry is in the pisser, pissoir that is. But with its nose towards the stars, blossoms in an appletree. Keep remembering to spell, so that it isnt just masterbation. (Geoffrey Timmons, stop flagellating yourself! You'll wake Mister Bowering, and he'll be thumping the lectern with his shoe again.) With the Don Allan Anthology, apologies to Don M-for-Modern-follows-the Postmodern Allen. Ectoplasm keeps leaking out of the parentheses into the above-board sentences, the open-faced sentences, and you got some on your pants! Now they'll all know . . what they already knew. They knew it of themselves. Now they know you know it of yourself, they'll know they know it of themselves. Then deny it. Go back and do it over. I love you, all of you. That's art for you.

**242. — henry gould** *17 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: George Wills and the Imago of Alan Ginsbuerg in Victorian England: The Opera*

On Wed, 16 Apr 1997 14:42:38 -0400 Charles Bernstein said:

Could it be said then that from a historical perspective Ginsberg and other leaders of the 60s represent the dialectical flip-side of American rugged individualism? Individual liberty (in terms of "lifestyle") over social and political "correctness"? The same movement expressed in different form in the confessional poetry of the time and the ego styles of the 70s. Since then, the self and her/his authorial intentions have gone out of fashion, both on the left and the right. On the latter we have bland traditionalist focus on superficialities of technique, on the former turgid avant-garde focus on superficialities of technique. - Henry Gould

**243. — Christopher Alexander** *17 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Begin migration of all users to new*

Dodie--
just wanted to offer a belated thanks for your post
on Ginsberg:

I know you ended up feeling a little regretful of this post (why do we worry so much on Poetics?)—all the more reason to say "thanks". I was beginning to feel a bit awkward, as my experience of Ginsberg, despite the importance of his work, is perfectly, if unintentionally, evoked by the poster you mention. Which isn't to come down too hard on him—as I said in my earlier post, this isn't a case of disappointed rock fan syndrome. ["Joe Strummer once said he cared..."]. It's more that, having grown up in the Reagan era, the kind of optimism Ginsberg seems, in part, to represent—it just wasn't available to me, &, to a great extent still isn't. However I may have appreciated his work, it couldn't compare as politicized art to, for

example, The Minutemen. ["If—if Reagan played disco..."]. That situation could explain, in part, my attraction to, for instance, Bourdieu as a post-Marxist, & the conflict model that's implicit or explicit, variously, in his work. The social field as site of continuous struggle versus (what I'd like to believe in) the Revolution that signals the end of history as we have known it.

Not that I mean to ascribe this position, or this subject-position to you (I assume you're older than I am—most of the more vocal listmembers seem to be), nor am I thanking you for "speaking up for" me—I didn't speak up more because I felt like maybe I was pissing on the parade, or the procession, as the case may be. But I thought I'd, I don't know, say "hi & I liked your post".

best, Chris

ps—You & Kevin did receive those books I sent, right? They should have arrived some time ago, but the postal service here doesn't seem to be terribly reliable. .. christopher alexander, etc. / nominative press collective

**244. — Herb Levy** *17 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: George Wills and the Imago of Alan Ginsbuerg, in the 2nd circle*

Dodie wrote, towards the beginning of the week:

*"Ironically, I just received a very moving e-mail from Simon P. about his being present at AG's deathbed, holding his hand, and then the Buddhist service. So now I feel guilty about being so flip about AG, like instant karma's gonna get me."*

You've got no reason to feel guilty, Dodie. You wrote that Ginsberg wasn't a huge liberating force for you regardless of the general tenor of the list lately & that just seemed honest. You weren't dissing him, just calling attention to the fact that alternatives to the mainstream are no more monolithic than the culture to which they're alternatives.

And, as this list gets ever larger, it's always going to be a good thing to be reminded that each of us doesn't have the same tastes, hard as that is to believe at times.

& I'm giving up trying to read the rest of the posts that I let sit during tax season now.

Herb Levy

**245. — David Israel** *17 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Begin migration of all users to new*

here fetching out a turn of phrase in Chris Alexander's note-of-thanks re: Dodie's articulate ambiguity anent AG

Christopher: << Dodie— just wanted to offer a belated thanks for your post on Ginsberg . . . I didn't speak up more because I felt like maybe I was pissing on the parade, or the procession, as the case may be. . . .

this calls to mind words from Tom Mandel, worth citing in the instant instance. Thus:

| To the dead, beyond imitation of life, | we must report something | different from poets before us, | raining tropes on their | parade | of idle words. *Tremors | bring tears, longing ends in grief.

Tom Mandel, "Communication Through Hints"

(asterisks denoting italics; — btw I've been curious as to source of the "Tremors" line, as this seems poss. an actual quotation [whether from Chinese or Greek, god, Tom, or some erudite other might know], tho equally poss. faux; — but I've not read the book entire as yet, wherein such deail cd. be disclosed)

incidental poetics note:

Theory seeming: poetry is to be understood as (especially) addressed to the dead — for their enjoyment / amusement / & suchlike, eh? (Not, seems, a "morbid poetics" — but arguably a "sorta elegiac"?)

{ anyhow: from a Sun & Moon vol. not here on hand [I've these few lines bec. I'd snatched ''em for epigraph to an elegy I wrote for Lynne Beyer, some couple years ago] . . . (Mandel vol.'s among more recent & includes word "Law" in title - bibliography through hints) } d.i.

**246. — Joseph Lease** *18 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: What is white*

ps: I was stuck by Ginsberg's line in the poem that Douglas Messerli posted recently (a fine poem, by the way):

G is answering "multiple identity" question form and says white if Jews are white:

I'm really not meaning to start a thread with this (please lets not) only to repeat it (probably for Maria):

*"At 5:56 PM -0700 4/17/97, Jeffrey W. Timmons wrote: uh dodie—didnt have your address—just wanted to say i was[n't] dissing you. i just latched on to your use of that term Jeffery, As I remember it, I said "white guys" in my original post. It's interesting that you latched onto "white." Why not deconstruct "guys," why not lauch into gender performance here? No offense take. x, Dodie"*

**247. — Anselm Hollo** *19 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Sandhyabasha, from a while back*

This is Anselm Hollo. Colleagues Anne Waldman and Andrew Schelling (who promise to acquire e-mail capability *soon*) have asked me to forward the following in re the Sanskrit Poetics thread:

(Anne:) Yes, the somewhat free use of the term "sandhyabasha" doesn't come particularly from a reading of Eliade and was never used or recorded to my knowledge by Kerouac or Ginsberg or other confreres. I had Andrew Schelling's expanded sense of the term and my own desire to present the idea of a secret code—perhaps intuited by other initiates (see the collaboration "Pull My Daisy". We are certainly aware of the literal definitions. Apologies for taking poetic liberties. This only encourages me to more dialogue with the scholars. "Ulatbamsi," more literally upsidedown is probably more accurate term. And of course there's "dakini script" which is what some poets think they're onto, not to mention the sense of poem as "terma," or hidden treasure. What do you think? Not on the Net yet; this intervention is courtesy of Anselm Hollo who alerted me to the discussion.

(Andrew:) Confess I'm the source for Waldman's use of the Sanskrit term sandhyabasha. It is quite unlikely Kerouac ever encountered the term, certainly he never used it. Anne ws employing it as a way to line up Kerouac "goofiness" (playful duplicity in language) with older Tantric traditions. Her "upside down" skips across to another word, another tradition, ulatbamshi—which I know best from Charlotte Vaudeville's scholarly work on Kabir—who of course did not write in Sanskrit. I've tended to use the term sandhyabasha without much concern for getting right its original Sanskrit usage. This I hope is okay since nobody knows precisely what it meant in the old days. Hence debate about whether it is sandhya- (twilight) or sandha-(intentional) speech. I've tried to give it a contemporary spin: poetry as a place where language has the "conjoint" (lit. sandhya-) lights of day and night, waking & dreaming —goofiness or double-meaning—as opposed to secret initiate language. I gave my essay book published in Indi the title Twilight Speech. Its USA publication I'd hoped would have the same title, but Leslie Scalapino who published it was alerted by Philip Whalen to how close the term sounds to "twilight sleep" which he said is what women go into when they have spinals for Caesarean sections. So Leslie insisted we come up with another title. As for the Masson/Merwin book, it is a good collaboration. Masson's introduction particularly fine. The choice of poems is surprising—even inspired—though Merwin doesn't know the language so he can swim a bit with tone and meaning. Masson was once upon a time a terrific Sanskritist, but on occasions sloppy. Notice for instance the opening verse to his introduction, which is not in any Sanskrit anyone I know has been able to decode. Not even Masson when I took it to him and said what the hell's this. Said he thinks he got it from his guru.

End of Waldman/Schelling transmission

(Andrew

**248. — (unsigned)** *20 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Angkarn by Ginsberg*

The Poet's Testament

I wrap the sky around myself to keep away the cold and eat starlight late at night to take the place of rice. Dewdrops scatter below the sky for me to find and drink, and out my poems flow to greet the morn, to last the age. My heart, sacrificed to its grave, gains unworldly powers; the spirit flies to lands of dreams the far side of the sky. It seeks divinity in Heaven and brings it back to earth to soothe the sand and grass, bringing happiness, bringing peace. My purpose in composing poems is to salvage the soul.

-Angkarn Kalyanapong

translated by Allen Ginsberg.

I came across this translation in "Three Thai Poets", 1978, Sathirakoses-Nagapradipa Foundation, Bangkok

In the preface, S. Sivaraksa states that Angkarn, Naowarat Pongpaibool and Witayakorn Chiengkul partipated in ASEAN Poetry 78 held in Jakarta, Indonesia that July. Angkarn's expenses were, in part, defrayed by a Ford Foundation grant. The Sathirakoses-Nagapradipa Foundation published the bilingual "Three Thai Poets" (Thai-English) to mark the event. The above poem was first published in the Social Science Review of Silapakorn University in 1962. The English translation also appeared in Tenggara (Malaysia), Solidarity (Philippines) and Quadrant (Australia). Does anyone know the year it was translated (the year is not provided in this edition)?

Although the English translation does not take the traditional Thai form, Ginsberg communicated the sentiment superbly, proving that it takes a poet to translate one.

**249. — Ron Silliman** *22 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Two thoughts*

1) Has anyone of late thought to mention what a terrific series Sylvester Pollet's Backwoods Broadsides is? If not, let me be the first. Real chapbooks on a single sheet of paper (and without seeming crowded). Many are by poets who are simultaneously widely published but genuinely underappreciated (Enslin, Rochelle Owens, Bern Porter, Anne Tardos, Andrew Schelling, Schwerner coming up soon).

2) Has anyone else noted the genuinely bad start with which the Cubs began their year? I have a theory, called "The Curse of George Will." My evidence is that the Cubs were unable to win until after the big Ginsberg memorial at Temple Emmanuel in San Francisco was complete. The Cubs' minor league teams also have the worst cumulative record in baseball. Jack Spicer would have appreciated this form of torture.

Ron Silliman

**250. — Sylvester Pollet** *22 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**

Thanks, Ron. The two latest have just gone out, #26 A Real Toad, by Jennifer Craig Pixley (the allusion to Marianne Moore recently discussed) and #27 Between Ourselves, by Peter Money. July will bring Zwyczaj/Mark Nowak, and Family Tree/Mary de Rachewiltz. October, Armand Schwerner & Amiri Baraka. Anyone on the list can have a free sample (they sell for a buck apiece ppd.) or subscribe for $10. Sylvester Pollet RR 5 Box 3630 Ellsworth ME 04605.

**251. — william marsh** *22 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Cubbies*

2) Has anyone else noted the genuinely bad start with which the Cubs began

Karmic balancing of the remarkable winningness of Jordan, et al.

And given Spicer's love of baseball, any poets (here or there) with a similar love of BASKETball?

bill marsh

**252. — Anselm Hollo** *24 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*further to sandhyabashing*

Hi, folks—& David Israel & his Sanskritist friend George Thompson, in particular: a note from Anne Waldman in response to G.T.s latest post on the matter—"Of course the so-called Beats, particularly Diane di Prima, Allen Ginsberg, and Jack Kerouac were quite familiar with & reading Eliade, but I have not come across particular use of the term 'sandhyabasha' in the context I was applying it in the Scripture (Kerouac) preface. This certainly does not preclude awareness of the principle, & it surfaces 'in spirit' in the long-awaited _Some of the Dharma_ (Kerouac) coming out this fall from Penguin USA. I see this text as illuminating the profound and interesting link of a postmodern poetics with Buddhist philosophical/psychological ideas and practices. There's so much more to say on this subject! In haste, Anne Waldman." End of transmission.

**253. — John Norton** *24 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Memorial Service for Allen Ginsberg in San Francisco*

On Sunday April 20, San Francisco's Temple Emanu-el was the site for a memorial service for Allen Ginsberg. Before the service began, the performance group City of Poets donned white costumes with patches of shreaded cloth and assembled in the courtyard to read from "Kaddish for Naomi Ginsberg" and "Howl." The cacophony of voices with their erratic movement throughout the crowd echoed like the wailing of banshees.

I estimate close to two thousand people filled the sanctuary of this wonderful building with its symmetrical vaulted arches spanned by a great dome. Ferlinghetti, Gary Snyder, Diane di Prima, Mark Lilenthal, Anne Waldman, Robert Hass, Michael McClure, Joane Kyger, and Andrew Schilling spoke of their friendship with AG and how generous he was. The SF literary communities out in force. To close, the Rabbi led all in reciting Kaddish. A great afternoon.

Seen in the crowd: Carl Rakosi, Floyd Salas, Jack & Adelle Foley, Neeli Cherkovski, Jack Mueller, Gloria Frym, Jerry Kamstra, George Scrivani, Kevin Killian and Bob Gluck (looking for seats), Hilton Obenzinger, Dennis Hopper, Whitman McGowan, Margery Snyder, Joyce Jenkins.

April 21's SF Chronicle and Examiner both wrote up the service. You can find these reports at http://www.sfgate.com.

The following came to me as I walked back home.

LISTEN UP

- for Allen Ginsberg (1926-1997)

Buddha is teaching patience
don't hurry
it will happen
you were struck ten times today
still you want more
mind the people walking
dogs and children
look at that couple
how they talk with their hands
y las dos chicanas
que linda!

Listen up
Buddha says

change is coming
spring then summer
ripening and
harvest
for your next lifetime
you will be born a Jew

John Norton

**254. — Louis Cabri** *25 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*selections from*

David Bromige, hi—I was referring, way back, only to the intro that Robert Pack wrote for his selection of poets in the 1962 edition of New Poets from England and America, not to the individual poets therein. And to the implicit argument of Pack's intro. It is an argument that supports the following in my view. The poet Ginsberg enters the social arena of Time policed by the journalist, only on condition that poet substitutes for poem, agency conflates with agent—i.e. on condition that the poem itself disappears, and that agency is contained in one individual, Ginsberg, whose reception is governed by the journalist. Thus the journalist can say, Ginsberg's popular because of his media-tuned personality, that's all. Ginsberg anticipates this reception in his poetry at times, formally—in other words, he anticipates the conflation of agency with agent by assuming it, sometimes to be critical of it, sometimes to use it to go somewhere else, sometimes to ride on it. I do read the '62 antho backwards. Thanks for the reminder that the first edition came out in '58.

/

I like this version of the Moore poem for its ending:

POETRY

I too, dislike it:
there are things that are important beyond all this fiddle.
The bat, upside down; the elephant pushing,
a tireless wolf under a tree,
the base-ball fan, the statistician-
"business documents and schoolbooks"-
these phenomena are pleasing,
but when they have been fashioned
into that which is unknowable,
we are not entertained.
It may be said of all of us
that we do not admire what we cannot understand;
enigmas are not poetry.

(from A Survey of Modernism, eds. Riding/Graves, 1928)

/

And here for no direct reason at all, in a slippery language befitting the email context, the first sentence from an essay, "Topping," by Clint Burnham, in the latest BOO magazine:

"Today our cultural and political world is characterised by two contradictory attitudes or ideologies: global diversity and absolutist monism."

**255. — Pierre Joris** *30 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*AG's Re-censored Howl*

John Whiting forwarded the following to me; it shld inetrest the list, so I'm forwarding it in turn — Pierre

*"-RE: [Fwd: HOWL gets censored]*

*Listener Howls, Radio Host Bounced by Michael Stutz*

*3:02pm*

*29.Apr.97.PDT "Howl," an Allen Ginsberg opus that has drawn censors' attention ever since it was first publicly spoken four decades ago, has gotten a Cleveland talk-show host kicked off the air.*

*Cleveland's WERE-AM pulled the plug on The Gilly Show after an eight-minute reading of the poem's opening stanzas early Monday morning.*

*Phil Ferrante, the show's producer, said that the station's action came as a surprise, considering that the poem was read just before 2 a.m., well into what the FCC deems "Safe Harbor" for material that might be considered indecent. "We even talked about [the FCC Safe Harbor Policy] on the air, we talked about Ginsberg and free speech and told everyone all night that we'd be reading it on the air."*

*Like most of the station's non-syndicated content, The Gilly Show was among WERE's 88 hours of brokered programming - radio talk for pay-to-play broadcast time. A few local bars and nightclubs sponsored the show to help it break even, and despite its status as a brokered program, it was rated the Number One show on the station by Arbitron during the last ratings period, Ferrante said.*

*John Hill, WERE station and program manager, said that the show's host, who goes only by the name of Gilly, knew the rules. "Everyone who starts a brokered show goes through a one-hour indoctrination of what can and can't be done on the air," he said. "We have a very liberal list of rules and regulations that we ask [the brokered shows] to follow - you have to do this when dealing with amateurs."*

*The topic of last Sunday's show had been the radio free-speech issues as well as a tribute to Ginsberg, who died earlier this month.*

*There were plenty of listener-discretion warnings throughout the show, said Gilly, a four-year veteran of WERE. "'Howl' is taught in high schools, for God's sake - it's a done deal, you can read this at night [during Safe Harbor]."*

*The partial reading generated compliments - "A girl called afterward and said, 'You are too cool. I'm very interested in what you read and would like to get a copy of it,'" Gilly said - and one complaint. "A guy flipping stations was driving around with his 13-year-old daughter, and called the station to say that he was 'offended' by the F-word," he said.*

*And that is what brought an end to the show. "I didn't hear the program," said Hill, "but the only thing I know is that the language used was deemed inappropriate for the station."*

*ENDS pierre joris*

*6 madison place albany ny 12202 tel/ http://www.albany.edu/~joris/*

*Everything that allows men to become rooted, through values or sentiments, in _one_ time, in _one_ history, in _one_ language, is the principle of alienation which constitutes man as privileged in so far as he is what he is, [...] imprisoning him in contentment with his own reality and encouraging him to offer it as an example or impose it as a conquering assertion. — Maurice Blanchot"*

**256. — Jordan Davis** *2 May 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Godfrey playlist*

Had to step out before Creeley read (early work, I hear) but I caught John Godfrey and Cecilia Vicuna at the opening reading of the Poetry Project's 30th anniv. party. Godfrey, subdued, was _on_, especially on "For Ice" and "Day Goo". He opened with two elegies (for Allen Ginsberg and for Jim Brodey, respectively), followed with what I think he referred to as "the difficult ones", and sailed on through in his Michael Learned as Celine manner.

Titles:

Big Lips
The James Brother
Grasp Is Provide
Ten Times Lighter
Very Worn Cloth
For Ice
Day Goo
Same Feet
Evil Tunnels
The Slightest Foam

and before I knew it they were introducing Cecilia Vicuna, pow, they're done, no one gets up. Some laughter. No reader, but then a scratching noise from the front (and the important thing to know is that Ed Friedman had the room turned around so that people were sitting up on the stage looking past the podium at the front door which Ed dramatically closed at the

start of the reading) and eventually singing. CV got up and read in a whisper, then very loud, and startled by the duration she suddenly realized she was expected to read for, finished with poems from her light book. Then there was an intermission... In the audience: Anne Waldman, Bernadette Mayer, Phil Good, Dug Rothschild, Daniel Cane, Bill Luoma, Greg Masters, Brenda Coultas, Anselm Berrigan, Elinor Nauen, Richard Hell and like sixty or so others.

Jordan

**257. — orpheus** *13 May 1997* **↑ Register**
*Une Tristesse de Joie pour Allen Ginsberg*

The matrical fissure of schizophrenia, as opposed to paranoiac castration; and the line of escape as opposed to the "blue line," the blues.

O mother
farewell
with a long black shoe
farewell
with Communist party and a broken stocking....
with your sagging belly
with your fear of Hitler
with your mouth of bad short stories....
with your belly of strikes and smokestacks
with your chin of Trotsky and the Spanish war
with your voice singing for the decaying overbroken workers....

with your eyes
with your eyes of Russia
with your eyes of no money....
with your eyes of starving India....
with your eyes of Czechoslovakia attacked by robots....
with your eyes being led away by policemen to an ambulance
with your eyes with the pancreas removed
with your eyes of appendix operation
with your eyes of abortion
with your eyes of ovaries removed
with your eyes of shock
with your eyes of lobotomy
with your eyes of divorce....

Why these words, paranoia and schizophrenia, which are like
talking birds and girls' first names? Why do social investments follow
this dividing line that gives them a specifically delirous content
(recreating history in delirium)?

When I write about an author... think of the author you are writing about. Think of her so hard that she can no longer be an object, and equally so that you cannot identify with her....Give back to the author a little of the joy, the energy, the life of love and politics that she knew how to give and invent. SO many dead writers must have wept over what has been written about them. I hope that Ginsberg will be pleased over the book that we did on him, and its for the reason the book pleased nobody...Avoid the double shame of the scholar and the familiar.... The superiority of Anglo American Literature To leave, to escape, is to trace a line.... To leave to escape to leave.... to cross the horizon, enter into another life....It is thus that Ginsberg really finds himself in the middle of the Indian continent. He has really crossed the meridian, crossed the line of the horizon.... One only discovers worlds though a long, broken flight. It is the opposite of the imaginary Anglo American literature constantly shows these ruptures,these characters who create their line of flight, whoc reate through a line of flight.... HArdy, Melville, Stevenson , Woolf, Thomas Woolf, LAwrence, Fitzgerald, Kerouac. In them everything is a departure, becoming, passage

Leap daemon, a relationship with the outside (I repeat G.[insberg] is a man of the real. By which I mean a man of the future real....No more mirage of the imaginary burdened with identifications, phantasies or anything of the kind). This fixed point for him was, for him, perhaps named love.... They create a new Earth... American literature operates according to geographical lines: the flight towards the West,the discovery that the true East is in the West, the sense of frontiers as something to cross, to push back, to go beyond. The author creates a world, but there is no world which awaits us to be created....One must on the contrary speak with, write with.

O  mother what have I left out
O mother what have I forgotten

with your Death full of Flowers

No More to say, and nothing to weep for but the Beings in the
Dream, trapped in its disappearance

Love's multitudinous boneyard
    of decay,
The spilled milk of heroes

Becoming is loving without alcohol, drugs and madness, becoming sober for a life which is richer and richer. This is sympathy, assembling. Making one's bed, the opposite of making a career....

Destruction of silk kerchiefs
    by dust storm,
Caress of heroes blindfolded to posts

We know of no book of love more important, more insinuating than Kerouac's Subterraneans....

The void that's highly embraceable
    during sleep
Has no location and no fret;
Yet I keep restless mental searching
And geographical meandering
To find the Holy Inside Milk
Demema gave to all.

In reality writing does not have an end in itself, precisely because life is not something personal....

The line of flight in these creative beings is creative of these becomings...

The wheel of the quivering meat conception
Turns in the void expelling human beings,
Pigs, turtles, frogs, insects, nits,
Mice, lice, lizards, rats, roan
RAcing horses, poxy bucolic pigtics,
Horrible unnameable lice of vultures,
Muderous attacking dog armies
Of Africa, Rhinos roaming in the jungle,
VAst boars and huge gigantic bull
Elephants, rams, eagles, condors,
Pones and Porcupines and Pills -
All the endless conception of living beings
Gnashing everywhere in Consciousness
throughout the ten directions of space
occupying all the quarters in & out,
From supermicroscopic no-bug
To huge Galaxy Lightyear Bowell

Illuminating the sky of one Mind -
Poor! I wish I was free
of that slaving meat wheel
and safe in heaven dead

Kerouac's phrases are as sober as a Japanese drawing, a pure line traced by an unsupported hand, which passes across ages and reigns. It would take a true alcoholic to attain that degree of sobriety....

Strange Anglo-American literature: from Thomas Hardy,from D.H. LAwrence to Malcolm Lowry, from Henry Miller to Allen Ginsberg and JAck Kerouac, men who know how to leave, to scramble the codes, to cause flows to circulate, to traverse the desert of the body without organs....How an author is great because he cannot prevent himself from tracing flows and causing them to circulate.... a syntatical, agrammatical; less by what makes it a signifying thing, but by what causes it to move, to flow, to explode - desire. For literature is like schizophrenia: a process and not a goal, a production and not an expression.

Where are we going Walt Whitman? The doors close in an hour. Which ways does your beard point tonight?
(I touch your book and dream of our odysse in the supermarket and feel absurd.)
Will we walk all night through solitary streets? The trees add shade to shade, lights out inthe houses, we'll both be lonely.
Wil we stroll dreaming of the lost America of love past blue automobiles in driveways, home to our silent cottage?
Ah, dear father, graybeard, lonely old courage teacher, what America did you have when Charon quit poling his ferry and you got out on a smoking bank and stood watching the boat disappear on the black waters of the Lethe?

Yes Dada would have loved a day like this
with its sweet street carnival
and its too real funeral
just passing through it
with its real dead dancer
so beautiful and dumb
in her shroud
and her last lover lost

Alors,
la,
Il me[nous] faudra errer tout seul.

**258. — robert drake** *13 May 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: CATALOG ON-LINE*

laura—

best of luck with this all, a huge project & valuable service...

i just tried it, tho, and all of my searches came up empty... tried duncan, silliman, ginsberg, poetry, reading, and "African American"... so there's probably some bugs... tho it seems to be receiving my request, for example returning:

*"SFSU Search Results Sorry, I didn't find any documents that matched your search for "Robert Duncan"! This search was performed by wwwwais 2.5."*

i spend all day tryin to fix stuff like this at my dayjob, so my sympathies to yrself or yr tech staff...

as a suggestion, tho: praps you could provide a browsable listing of all th holdings? would give folks who arent familiar w/ th collection an idea of whatall you have... just a thot. good luck!

yrs luigi

*"The catalog of the videotape collection here at the Poetry Center and American Poetry Archives has just gone on-line! This on-line version of our catalog is now the most complete listing available of our videotape holdings. It can be accessed from our web page:"*

**259. — Steve Carll** *19 May 1997* **↑ Register**
*Now They Know How Many Poets...*

...It takes to fill New Langton Arts. Saturday, May 17th, through dawn on Sunday the 18th, Alex Cory took over the literary directorship of New Langton Arts with a marathon reading dubbed, "A Night in the Life of San Francisco Writing." I have no notes to report from, since I was busy manning a camera for the first 3 hours and a little overwhelmed by heat and the sheer magnitude of the beast to do much after that, but I had a great time and I'll share what I can of the event with you. Anyway, the whole thing was captured on 3 video cameras and a cassette recording made using a clip-on mic, with a fourth camera interviewing poets upstairs, so watch for the documentary in the future. Each writer read for approximately 15 minutes:

Lyn Hejinian kicked things off just after 4 PM by reading a new piece and an older one. She was followed by Kit Robinson, who read the complete "Messianic Trees." Next Robert Gluck read a couple of funny prose pieces on community, one literary, the other residential. Jean Day followed, then Bill Berkson, reading a few things, including some for Ginsberg. Next came Robert Hale, Laura Moriarty, Avery Burns. New College newcomer Jono Schneider read from his "100 Pages Which Scrape the Face of 'God'". Jack and Adelle Foley gave their usual energetic performance of 2 pieces, one for Allen Ginsberg, one for Jake Berry.

Aaron Shurin followed with new work, then Gloria Frym read recent prose-poems. Kevin Killian read from his Argento series to record it for posterity, then Benjamin Hollander read his work "Onome". George Albon read from three different projects, one old, one new, and one kind of both (he wrote back through poems he'd written in high school, sometimes incorporating lines but more often simply commenting on the original work somehow). I got off my shift on the camera and was incredibly hungry, so I went across the street to Pizza Love for a slice of cheese with pineapple. I missed Leslie Scalapino and most of Rodrigo Toscano in the process, but believe me, it was unavoidable.

Craig Dworkin read poems and made intriguing phonemic gestures, to be followed by Norma Cole, Jaime Robles, and Robin Trembley-McGaw. Darin DeStefano then read some new work, including a long poem (he said he'd never read a long poem before because he hated it when people read long poems at readings). Linda Voris next read some prose-poems laid out four-square on the page (she showed us), followed by Faith Barrett, then Scott Bentley, and Alicia Wing read from her just-completed (after 2 years and 7 months, you go, girl!) manuscript. Glenn Ingersoll was next, but I had to get some fresh air and quiet my mind and figure out what I was going to read (sorry Glenn!) so I sneaked out again.

By now it was after 11:00 PM and Camille Roy was up with that great short bleached hair, straight-leg jeans and ripped up but still wearable Converse look, reading from her work about jaded 15-year-olds. Renee Gladman followed with what I thought was one of the highlights of the festival (just wait for the film). Eric Selland read from new work (prose poems) and old, followed by Pamela Lu reading a serial poem, Katie Lederer performing a serial poem about a girl and her dad. Lauren Gudath and Kathy Lou Schultz followed Katie, then Travis Ortiz read his dense philosophical poetry. Lytle Shaw, Jocelyn Saidenberg, and then it was my turn. It was 1:45 am. I'd been scheduled for 1:30, so considering the huge number of readers, we weren't too far off schedule. There were still maybe 15 people in the audience (during the peak hours, there were maybe 60 people in the room, and people would

rotate in and out with each new reader). I read some new poems, most of the recently-published "brushstrokes", some autobiographical stuff about growing up in the suburbs listening to punk rock, and finished with "Oxygen" from DRUGS. It was 2 am and I was beat, and I had to work Sunday, so I had to leave. Thus, I missed:

Ann Simon, Hung Tu, Fitz Schwartz, Braden Randall, Ed Ainsworth, Edmund Berrigan, Adam DeGraff, Charles Foster, David Larsen, David Hayward, Gennui Raffill, Alex Cory and Jay Schwartz, who was scheduled to be reading when the sun rose at 5:57 am Sunday. So I'm going to have to wait for the documentary, too.

P.S. Luckily I managed to get my work done early enough on Sunday to go to Bob Gluck's house and celebrate Kevin Killian's new award-winning book. Bob made an awesome strawberry shortbread and it was fun sitting out in his tiered backyard which he gardens himself. I was sure ready for a nap when I got home from that, though.

**260. — Robert Archambeau** *4 Jun 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Ginsberg & Podhoretz: Collected Works*

An article by Paul Berman on an early collaberation by Allen Ginsberg and (!) Norman Podhoretz of Commentary magazine. Check it out at:

---

# Joe Dunn

d. 1997

*3 messages · 2 hands*

---

*American poet and printer, founder of White Rabbit Press in the Spicer circle;* The Better Dream House *(1968).*

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**261. — Michael Franco** *17 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Joe Dunn*

Sad news in this morning that Joe Dunn passed away this week

"I have not given love to the house. I love you

The house tells me to leave me alone
and sit
because that is all I am.
I told the house
I can be like something
if I allowed it and the house said Bullshit..."

Joe Dunn- The Better Dream House- White Rabbit-1968

M Franco

**262. — dbkk** *18 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**

Dear Michael, it's Kevin Killian, thanks for letting us know about Joe Dunn's death. He was, I think, a wonderful writer, and one of the nicest people I've ever met. His friends and admirers were all, I suppose, waiting for the other shoe to fall, but this is still awfully sad. I hope more of his work sees its way into print.

"The third word is 'eros' Who will cling to you every birthright Bringing your heart substance. Whomever you touch will love you, Will feel the cling of His touch upon you Like sunlight scattered over an ancient mirror." —Jack Spicer, "Five Words for Joe Dunn on his Twenty-Second Birthday"

**263. — Michael Franco** *18 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**

Dear Kevin

Michael Franco here & your so right "He was, I think, a wonderful writer, and one of the nicest people I've ever met." When he first showed up at Word of Mouth I landed on him to tell him how important the White Rabbit books and the DREAM HOUSE had been for me- actually embarassed him I think - He was struck that we even knew what he had done & who he was. He without question agreed to be the ghost of Lorca for my AFTER LORCA reading- we put him on tape and set the recorded in the midst of the room... his wonderful twang wrapping around the words- and just last summer in introducing Gerrit Lansing and Ken Irby he recounted what just about every younger or older poet in the room was up to... he was just simply a fine man a fine poet & any one interested in Boston, SF or just poetry & having a life in poerty- regardless of prizes or "fame" would have a grand time looking into his work

all best
Michael

"On the branches of Laurel Saw two shadowy pigeons. One of them was the sun The other the moon" spicer- a trans. for Joe Dunn

---

## Peter Winch

1926–1997

*1 message · 1 hand*

*British Wittgensteinian philosopher whose* The Idea of a Social Science *mounted an influential critique of positivist social science. Identified in the notice as "wittgensteinian philosopher at Urbana-Champaign". Died in Champaign, Illinois, while a professor at the University of Illinois.*

**264. — Fredrik Hertzberg** *28 Apr 1997* ↑ **Register**

*Peter Winch 1926-1997*

Just heard that Peter Winch, wittgensteinian philosopher at Urbana-Champaign, author of The Idea of Social Science (& etc) died this morning.

---

## Lou Stathis

1952–1997

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American critic and editor of science fiction and comics who edited Preacher for DC's Vertigo line;* Preacher, as Vertigo editor *(1990s). Identified in the notice as "editor and author". Died of respiratory failure from a brain tumour.*

**265. — Rob Hardin** *5 May 1997* ↑ **Register**

*Lou Stathis, RIP 5/4/97*

To whom it may concern:

Lou Stathis, editor and author, died between twelve and three a.m. on 5/4/97. There will be a wake on Tuesday and a burial Wednesday. All sincerely interested friends are welcome to write for more information.

All best always,

Rob Hardin

PS: Lou was the editor of Reflex, the pulp series for ReSearch, the DC Vertigo line, and the author of the experimental music review column in the 70's French-inflected comic, Heavy Metal. (His column's influence was the only lasting effect of that enterprise.) He was also the author of several whipsmart essays on alternative culture.

Among those he helped were Samuel Delaney, Kathy Acker, John Shirley, James Ellroy, David Wojnarowicz, and lesser lights such as yours truly. He taught generations about alt culture and what's more, he was kind, sarcastic, and never spoke of his own work when he had the chance to mention other writers.

Your suffering is over, but the rest will be remembered. Sic itur ad astra. No conduit can be lost.

http://www.users.interport.net/~scrypt/ http://www.horrornet.com/hardin.htm

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## Amos Tutuola

1920–1997

*3 messages · 3 hands*

> *Nigerian novelist whose Yoruba folk-tale narrative* The Palm-Wine Drinkard *pioneered African fiction in English. Died from hypertension and diabetes.*

**266. — Aldon L Nielsen** *21 Jun 1997* ↑ **Register**

*Re: _My Life in the Bush of Ghosts_*

Amos Tutuala died last week — small obits here and there, but many U.S. papers failed to quote anything from his books

If you haven't already, read _The Palm Wine Drinkard

> **267. — Maria Damon** *23 Jun 1997* ↑ **Register**
>
> wow, i had no idea tutuola had been alive all this time...yes, his work is amazing. i tried to get it on the list of 20 books that MFA students have to read here, but no dice.
>
> **268. — Jonathan Brannen** *25 Jun 1997* ↑ **Register**
>
> *Amos Tutuola*
>
> I am saddened to learn of the recent death of the remarkable Nigerian novelist, Amos Tutuola. Rooted in Yoruba folklore, Tutuola's inventive fiction transcends conventional narrative. No other contemporary writer of English language fiction (with the exception of Harry Mathews) has produced a body of work that has given me such pleasure. As a reader, I will miss him.
>
> Jonathan Brannen

---

# Gerald Burns

1940–1997

*4 messages · 2 hands*

*American poet, essayist and visual artist in Dallas, known for erudite prose poems and self-illustrated books;* Letters to Obscure Men *(1979). Died in St. Clair Shores, Michigan.*

**269. — Sheila E. Murphy** *26 Jul 1997* ↑ Register

*Sad News - Gerald Burns*

A couple of hours ago, I received a telephone call from Scott Duddridge in Portland, Oregon. Scott let me know that Gerald Burns had passed away in his sleep while at his parents' home in St. Clair Shores, Michigan. Gerald was staying with his parents to help care for his mother, who had suffered a stroke. Gerald's plan was to be there for approximately a couple of months, assisting his mother in gaining back some of her functioning, and helping his father handle the difficult situation. It seems to me that Gerald had been in Michigan for about a month when this occurred a couple of days ago. As many of you may know, Gerald had for the past couple of years made Portland his home.

Scott Duddridge is planning to assemble reminiscences from people who were friends of Gerald. Anyone wishing to participate may contact me through e-mail at, and I will share contact information for Scott. For those who may want to write to Gerald's family, I can direct you on that, as well.

The shock of this is great. Suffice it to say that those of us who loved Gerald will miss him greatly. His contribution as a writer, critic, teacher, and friend was exceptional. You may remember Robert Creeley's having selected Gerald's book SHORTER POEMS for the National Poetry Series book selection that appeared from Dalkey Archive Press in 1993. In Creeley's words

"These extraordinary poems are testament to their author's passionate commitment to all that has entered his mind and heart. He is our great master of detail, of why it is and how it is that the things of our lives constitute a primary index of place. I love the pleasures he so invites, the wit of his insistent response."

Gerald was born in Detroit in 1940, was educated at Harvard and Trinity College (Dublin). He taught at Southern Methodist University and New York University, and in 1985 was awarded an NEW Creative Writing Fellowship for poetry. His volume of verse theory, A THING ABOUT LANGUAGE, was published by Southern Illinois University Press in 1989.

These were among the things Gerald was proud of having done.

Sometimes we come to believe it is our right to have someone with us forever. In fact, each moment of time we have is a privilege. Gerald's life and his infinite generosity of spirit will continue to give those of us who loved him courage.

**270. — Aldon L Nielsen** *26 Jul 1997* ↑ Register

I never got to meet Gerald Burns, but I got to know him well through a constant stream of mail from him, an experience many others will recognize. When I started _lower limit

speech_, I got a few poems from him. Wrote back to tell him this was just the sort of response I had hoped for — I'd read Gerald's small pamphlets years ago and found his work a refreshing departure from nearly everything else I was reading at the time — Gerlad also sent me a number of whimsical drawings (has anyone ever collected his drawings for publication)

There is a delightful interview with Gerald recorded for a Portland (I think it was) radio program — I hope they will air it again in remembrance

Has anyone mentioned that he used to work in the circus?

**271. — Sheila E. Murphy** *26 Jul 1997* ↑ **Register**

I neglected to sign the notice regarding Gerald Burns, for those who wish to contact me. That's

Sheila Murphy

**272. — Sheila E. Murphy** *26 Jul 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Gerald Burns - Drawings*

In a message dated 97-07-26 11:39:42 EDT, A.L. Nielsen writes:

> *"<< a number of whimsical drawings (has anyone ever collected his drawings for publication) — To my knowledge, the drawings have not been collected, but they should be. They were included in some Lucky Heart Publications (Jim Haining, now in Waco, TX). And of course in magazines and newspapers, not to mention letters. I have a number of them, also, that emerged ad hoc and were shared, as do others, I am sure. Sheila Murphy"*

---

## William S. Burroughs

1914–1997

*4 messages · 4 hands*

*American novelist, with Kerouac and Ginsberg a primary figure of the Beat Generation, whose* Naked Lunch *and cut-up experiments made him a pioneering influence on postmodern writing. Died of complications from a heart attack, in Lawrence, Kansas.*

**273. — Hugh Steinberg** *3 Aug 1997* ↑ **Register**
*William S. Burroughs*

I just heard on CNN that Burroughs died tonight. Heart failure.

It seems this has been a year of losses.

Hugh Steinberg

**274. — Judy Roitman** *12 Aug 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Passing this along....*

Just published—FIRST INTENSITY #9. Contributors (partial list): Diane Wakoski, Duncan McNaughton, Mike Boughn, Spencer Selby, X.J. Kennedy, Dallas Wiebe, Michael Gottlieb, Will Alexander, Jean Monod, Vincent Ferrini, Drew Gardner, Lizbeth Keiley, David Gilbert, Gloria Frym, John Isles, Rochelle Ratner, et al. Cover art: A hand-drawn, and used, "shooting target" by S. Clay Wilson, aptly entitled "Bounty Hunter" with the caption: "Grab the sky you junky polecat" (dedicated to William S. Burroughs, who helped the artist put holes in the target this past June); also six paintings by William S. Burroughs, with an introduction by Jim McCrary and recent and characteristically terse comments by Burroughs on the topic of cloning. This is likely the last journal to publish anything of William's prior to his death on

August 2nd. 168 pages, perfectbound; $9 (+$2.00 p/h). Order from the publisher: Lee Chapman, FIRST INTENSITY, P.O. Box 665, Lawrence, KS 66044.

Judy Roitman | "Whoppers Whoppers Whoppers! Math, University of Kansas | memory fails
Lawrence, KS 66045 | these are the days." | Larry Eigner, 1927-1996

Note new area code

http://titania.math.ukans.edu/faculty/roitman/

**275. — Ira Lightman** *27 Aug 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Renga for Nancarrow (cont'd)*

Moreover, the renga didn't seem to be about Nancarrow, four:four is the dullest time signature, for:for is for oneself, is this a way to honour the dead, would a renga have sprung up for Burroughs' death so equivalently not about Burroughs?

*"Dodie --*

*Thanks for making the list safe for hot dogs and macaroni actually, John Tranter, now that I've used the irony tags I gotta say they feel about as heavy as Chevy Chase-type air-scare quotes. Ugh City. It's probably me — somebody else could make them feel like Jack Nicholson's pitch-based prosody, I'm sure.*

*Viva la Renga, Jordan, who when in Maine avoids all hot dogs, both red"*

and brown

**276. — charles alexander** *12 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: ps to "Hannah Weiner"*

At 12:18 PM 9/12/97 -0700, you wrote:

*"(No more p.s.s for Hannah Weiner) Since posting, I have read the 2 radically different, yet both alike moving, obits by the two different Alexanders, for which, thanks to you both. David"*

One of the posts David refers to is mine, but I didn't post it to this list, rather to a local+Bromige list. So I'll repeat it here. It was actually a note sent to a local weekly arts/culture paper, which has often been friendly to various poetry interests here in Tucson, and some of the way in which I construct is specific to the general audience of this paper. I had earlier organized, for this paper, a memorial to Ginsberg. This is what I sent them today, and it is certainly indebted to Charles Bernstein, who I quote:

a cry

a hole

no voice

Hannah Weiner (1928-1997)

This year has been one of losing writers — Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, Alan Harrington, and more. I think it's important to note that some great losses don't involve the most famous names. In any generation, many writers who do not become well known may be remembered decades or centuries later as the most interesting of their time. I tend to believe that for every Emily Dickinson recovered into our collective memory, there are probably several very fine writers who are not found.

One of the most important writers of our time, in my opinion, although not one of the most famous, has just died — word reached me this morning that Hannah Weiner was found in her apartment, on East 12th Street in Manhattan, dead of natural causes. she would have been 69 years old on November 4. As a fellow poet, Charles Bernstein, wrote in a note, "Hannah meant so very much to me and I know to many other poets who were lucky enough to have known her and her inspiring and courageous work, her enthusiastic engagement with writing, her brilliant and acute (and often wickedly funny) perspectives on poets and poetry, her incredible performances. While her last few years weren't easy, she continued to

> produce amazing writing, pushing her own poetry and the possibilities for poetry into new zones of perception."
>
> Hannah wrote to me a few months ago, on a postcard with a photograph of a very young Bob Dylan, that New York was getting more difficult, wondering what it was like to live in Arizona, whether she should move here. I hadn't answered all of those questions yet, thinking there was a world of time.
>
> Hannah saw words everywhere. She and her particular vision are missed —immediately . . . and always.
>
> charles alexander

---

## Mac Hammond

1926–1997

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American poet and SUNY Buffalo English professor emeritus who directed the university's graduate creative writing program;* The Horse Opera and Other Poems *(1966). Died in Buffalo.*

### 277. — J. Kuszai *4 Aug 1997* ↑ Register

*MAC HAMMOND*

Perhaps it's too much of a local news item for the poetics list, but Buffalo poet, english professor, and longtime conspiratorial angel, Mac Hammond passed away last week in Buffalo.

If there is anyone out there who knew Mac, or his poetry, please get in touch with me before too long.

> *"Published by Ohio U.P., Alan Swallow, Hammond was a student and friend of Jakobson and Pomorska before taking his PhD from Harvard in the early 60s."*

---

## Conlon Nancarrow

1912–1997

*27 messages · 16 hands*

*American-born Mexican composer who fought in Spain with the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, was refused a passport home, and settled in Mexico City, where he spent fifty years punching piano rolls by hand to make music too rhythmically complex for any human performer: the* Studies for Player Piano*. He was eighty-four. Mourned here across nine subject lines in two months — a notice, an elegy, a renga, and the renga continued — by sixteen hands, none of them writing an obituary.*

### 278. — Ira Lightman *20 Aug 1997* ↑ Register

*Elegy for Conlon Nancarrow*

A word of mourning from me:

I was just thinking of Nancarrow the week before he died, drawing inspiration from his piece - is it "x" or "zeugma"? - where the "left hand" of the player piano starts playing very slowly, ascending and speeding up and the "right hand" plays ludicrously quickly, descending and slowing down. They meet in the middle and cross and finish at their far extremes. It is a piece of such simple audacity that it delights anyone I know, pop or classical or whatever their musical tastes. I was writing a libretto for a piece by MIke Higgins - the score of Bach's first Prelude from the Well Tempered Clavier played upside down, hence "I edulerp" (Prelude I) as the title and I used a poem of two-word lines with the ultimate line read first, then the first, then the penultimate, then the second, and so on, crossing in the middle. The columns should work separately and together. The theme was a Gaia of Gaia's: just as all life and the planet may be one organism, so may all its history also make a gaia. It seems to strike by fluke a note of eternity, the fields Beckett describes in Stirrings Still, which honour life and see some hope in death, so I'll offer it in memory of Nancarrow:

I EDULERP
beyond
one great
hand in
great great
hand one's
great great
grand great
great grand
last long
one's hand
first this
in hand
grass of
one first
straw this
one last
garden
one past
garden
one come to pass
garden
this time
meta
is grass

garden
and vine
hand and
out lasts
garden
this straw
time less
and wine
time in
this time
garden
is time
wine one
in hand
straw as
one grand
last one
in grand
first is
gaia's
time less
gaia
time now
is time
wine is
less time
vine the
meta
eternity
time met
eternity's
a time
right in
one great
right the
great great
hand in

great great
    hand time's
great grand
    grand great
time's hand
    great great
in hand
    great great
the right
    great one
in right
    time a
eternity's
    met time
eternity
    meta
the vine
    time less
is wine
    time is
now time
    gaia
less time
    gaia's
is first
    grand in
one last
    grand one
as straw
    hand in
one wine
    time is
garden
    time this
in time
    wine and
less time

straw this
garden
lasts out
and hand
vine and
garden
grass is
meta
time this
garden
pass to come one
garden
past one
garden
last one
this straw
first one
of grass
hand in
this first
hand one's
long last
grand great
great grand
great great
one's hand
great great
in hand
great the
beyond

On Tue, 12 Aug 1997 07:28:47 -0800 Herb Levy wrote:

> *"I just returned home from the east coast to find a message on my answering machine from Trimpin saying that Conlon Nancarrow died over the weekend in Mexico City. Nancarrow would have been 85 in October.*
>
> *The American expatriate composer was best known for his series of studies for player piano, composed and hand-punched on a custom machine, the medium in which he worked valmost exclusively for much of the last fifty years.*

> *These works were really wonderful extensions of the sound world of the piano timbrally altered by extremes of tempo, tempo ratios, and unusual canonic structures. His few works for live performers (either early works composed before Nancarrow began focusing on player piano or quite recent pieces commissioned by performers & ensembles like Ursula Oppens & Arditti Quartet) have been more rarely heard.*
>
> *All but the three most recently completed of Nancarrow's Studies for Player Piano are recorded on Wergo, his other works have been recorded by Arditti Quartet, Ursula Oppens, Continuum, Joanna MacGregor, and others. In 1995, Cambridge University Press published a book length study of his work by Kyle Gann.*
>
> *Herb Levy*"

**279. — (unsigned)** *20 Aug 1997* ↑ **Register**

"*----------*"

[snip] I would not even attempt to imitate by reposting.

Ach, I throw away my metranome It is useless to me now I smash it to bits I give my obnoxious bag of notes to a begger with no throat I will hum down the street, applauding.

thanx, i think - red.

**280. — George Bowering** *21 Aug 1997* ↑ **Register**

"*Ach, I throw away my metranome It is useless to me*"

here in this metrapolis

George Bowering. , 2499 West 37th Ave., Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6M 1P4

**281. — (unsigned)** *21 Aug 1997* ↑ **Register**

"*Ach, I throw away my metranome It is useless to me*"

here in this metrapolis

George, I thank you and the Society for the Spellingly and Grammatically Disadventiged thanx you.

I try my best but the list welcome message said to be careful because some posts were not so well thought out. I'm trying my best not to contribute to that mayhem by making all of my posts absolutely brilliant. I think there is some principle of cathexis involved. The speling degenerets proportal too the brillance or vice versa.

red

**282. — George Bowering** *22 Aug 1997* ↑ **Register**

I was just trying to get a group poem going—like the renga of a coupla years ago

George Bowering. , 2499 West 37th Ave., Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6M 1P4

**283. — David Israel** *22 Aug 1997* ↑ **Register**

*Renga for Nancarrow*

[was, Subject: Re: Elegy for Conlon Nancarrow ]

1 Ach, I throw away my metranome It is useless to me (??)

2 here in this metrapolis (GB)

3 morning late-summer: this cricket knows the music (DI)

**284. — David Israel** *22 Aug 1997* ↑ **Register**

Poetas,

Gwyn McVay wrote me this note —

*"Are you keeping track of this? Then I'd like to add:*
*hairy as thistle and as elevated"*

Accordingly, I'll add it to the thread. Red Slider also had some lines, but it's not clear to me if any (or which) were intended to be part of a group renga, . . . so I don't know how to deal with those. Possibly his is the original line also? (Am not sure of the initial (metronome) author)

in any case, here's the Renga-so-far according to my best light; shd. be happy if it proceeds — which can easiest / best be done by copying only the Renga lines (from this post) & adding on another — if any shd. careto do so . . .

/ / / / /

Renga for Nancarrow

1 Ach, I throw away my metranome It is useless to me (??)

2 here in this metrapolis (GB)

3 morning late-summer: this cricket knows the music (DI)

4 hairy as thistle and as elevated (GM)

**285. — Maria Damon** *23 Aug 1997* ↑ **Register**

At 4:56 PM -0400 8/22/97, Daniel Zimmerman wrote:

*"Renga for Nancarrow*
*1 Ach, I throw away my metranome It is useless to me*
*(??)*
*2 here in this metrapolis*
*(GB)*
*3 morning late-summer: this cricket knows the music*
*(DI)*
*4 hairy as thistle and as elevated*
*(GM)*
*5 thermal etude beside a bamboo cage*
*(DZ)*
*cambric dozens unswathed enfin"*

**286. — David Israel** *23 Aug 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Renga - ongoing*

Ach, what to do? I see that Douglas Barbour and Maria Damon have *both* added on a 6th line to the Renga for Nancarrow. Since it appears that DB's follows clearly from the 5th (the "its" referring back, one assumes, to the "thermal etude" of line 5 — which in turn presumably may refer back to "the music" of line 3), will Maria concede line 6 to Prof. B, and accept 7th line as hers? Maria also suggests abandoning the numbering & i.d.'ing of lines. okay w/ me.

Here's now adding an 8th. (So far, I find this reading fairly in couplet-fashion — though other readers might read otherwise.)

/ / / / /

Renga for Nancarrow

Ach, I throw away my metranome It is useless to me

here in this metrapolis

morning late-summer: this cricket knows the music

hairy as thistle and as elevated

thermal etude beside a bamboo cage

its silences appear in careful measure

cambric dozens unswathed enfin

once there was a parade — the long years roll

**287. — George Bowering** *23 Aug 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Renga for Nancarrow*

6. Just my season's ticket at the Metradome

George Bowering.

,

2499 West 37th Ave.,
Vancouver, B.C.,
Canada V6M 1P4

**288. — mIEKAL aND** *25 Aug 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Renga for Nancarrow (cont'd)*

David R. Israel wrote:

> *"Renga for Nancarrow*
> *Ach, I throw away my metranome It is useless to me*
> *here in this metrapolis*
> *morning late-summer: this cricket knows the music*
> *hairy as thistle and as elevated*
> *thermal etude beside a bamboo cage*
> *its silences appear in careful measure*
> *cambric dozens unswathed enfin*
> *once there was a parade -- the long years roll*
> *Just my season's ticket at the Metradome*
> *astroturf growing inspooled and drifty*
> *from my meerchaum unwinds a drift of smoke"*

elsewise a 1000 piano's mechanic playerly disposition unwound & mispluckd hearing charge

**289. — mIEKAL aND** *25 Aug 1997* ↑ **Register**

David R. Israel wrote:

> *"& appended 2 lines. I'm no renga-rabbi myself, but have an idea*
> *it's customary to add one line per."*

me not know the form as well, maybe 2 lines be one long line

(like the one we are always standing in at the grocery store!

miekal

**290. — Christopher Alexander** *25 Aug 1997* ↑ **Register**

oops, David—I accidentally hit the send button before I cld say anything. well, that last line is mine, anyway:

"efficiency-promoting measured were maken"

thanks, Chris

.. Christopher W. Alexander etc. nominative press collective

http://choengmon.lib.utah.edu/~calexand/nonce

**291. — David Israel** *25 Aug 1997* ↑ **Register**

Poetas,

Red Slider sent me this note —<< david, not sure about renga composition or my specific composition (I read, but do not see the rules in operation - like a new football fan who cannot quite understand why those fellows who do not have the ball are beating the crap out of one another). If the contribution below suitable i offer, if not - trash. thank you

& appended 2 lines. I'm no renga-rabbi myself, but have an idea it's customary to add one line per. However, far be it from me to nix as unkosh the 200% you append; too, perhaps my coupletization was unduly normative couplet-wise— also, sorry naving not included some

side-stream branchings (I think a couple from Maria D.) that had branched off earlier than what's here — pls. add, insert, re-append, whatever!

here's what I have in hopper to date, including Red's 2

d.i.

////\\\\/////\\\\/////\\\\/////\\\\

**292. — dbkk** *25 Aug 1997* ↑ **Register**

I've been out of town, and *most* of you on the list will understand my dismay at turning on the e-mail and out of 7 messages 3 were this renga thread. I thought it was agreed upon ages ago that so many listmembers found these rengas problematic in terms of wasted bandwidth and a waste of the 50-message limit that it was agreed that they would be taken backchannel.

And I know some of the perpetrators of this thing were involved in the original tedium.

Dodie

**293. — (unsigned)** *25 Aug 1997* ↑ **Register**

dodie wrote:

*"I've been out of town, and *most* of you on the list will understand my dismay at turning on the e-mail and out of 7 messages 3 were this renga thread.*

*I thought it was agreed upon ages ago that so many listmembers found these rengas problematic in terms of wasted bandwidth and a waste of the 50-message limit that it was agreed that they would be taken backchannel.*

*And I know some of the perpetrators of this thing were involved in the original tedium.*

*Dodie 'Perpetrators' - ooops, now I'm in for it, an' i just thought it was little misdemeanor drive-by. Ok, Ok, I'll confess, the first line was mine (but actually stolen by george for having perturbations in the 'o' range), so if ignorance is no excuse then it's a compound felony and hard time for sure (probably on the macaroni line) and, as for bandwidth, jeez will ya look at my waste lines, I also confess that I tried to slip in two lines at once -no one believing that the macaroni just stuck together. So it looks like a three-strikes case for sure - please send replies care of Misalligned Noodles Dept., Culinary & Toga Mfgs. Division, Folsom State Prison. All mail to this addressee will be opened and searched - The Warden.*

*Tedium? you want tedium? do you know how many macaronis it takes to reach the other side of the Golden Gate Bridge? (not to mention the one's i've got to tie together to get down to the street from my cell-block). red. #4|0|8|5|2|8|1|6|1|8|7"*

**294. — Maria Damon** *25 Aug 1997* ↑ **Register**

busted! i think the originators of this one didn't know abuot the previious one. i just joined in cuz i thot theme-specific memorial type rengas wd be self-contained. but i'm happy to go back-c.

**295. — George Bowering** *25 Aug 1997* ↑ **Register**

I agree entirely with Dodie. Drop this wasteful renga stuff. It gets horribly out of hand.

George Bowering. , 2499 West 37th Ave., Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6M 1P4

**296. — Jordan Davis** *25 Aug 1997* ↑ **Register**

Dodie —

Thanks for making the list safe for hot dogs and macaroni

actually, John Tranter, now that I've used the irony tags, I gotta say they feel about as heavy as Chevy Chase-type air-scare quotes. Ugh City. It's probably me — somebody else could make them feel like Jack Nicholson's pitch-based prosody, I'm sure.

Viva la Renga, Jordan, who when in Maine avoids all hot dogs, both red and brown

**297. — Pierre Joris** *26 Aug 1997* ↑ **Register**

wrote:

Pierre

"I have never been able to tell a beginning
from an end." — Georges Braque

**298. — Ira Lightman** *27 Aug 1997* ↑ **Register**

Moreover, the renga didn't seem to be about Nancarrow, four:four is the dullest time signature, for:for is for oneself, is this a way to honour the dead, would a renga have sprung up for Burroughs' death so equivalently not about Burroughs?

*"actually, John Tranter, now that I've used the irony tags I gotta say they feel about as heavy as Chevy Chase-type air-scare quotes. Ugh City. It's probably me — somebody else could make them feel like"*

**299. — Aldon L Nielsen** *19 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**

*(no subject)*

To: Subject: in which will be found what is set forth therein

1. September 16 Village Voice has a letter from JACKSON MACLOW responding to Kyle Gann's memorial to Conlon Nancarrow, published the preceding week. In answer to MacLow's question, Gann reports that Nancarrow was a friend of George Oppen's in Mexico — There's a friendship I'd like to read more about — Anybody have any info.?

2. Same issue includes notice of a new Lou Harrison CD that includes poetry along with his compositions in music. The CD is titled _Rapunzel and Other Works, and has been released by New Albion. The poems on the recording are read by Harrison.

3. SAME issue also includes first review I've seen of Don DeLillo's BIG new novel — since I've managed to get through MASON & DIXON, I'll try to fit this one into my luggage soon.

4. — Re: That PBS showing of THE LIFE AND TIMES OF AG — Listophiles should be alerted to the fact that PBS is airing a much truncated version of Jerry Aronson's film — the longer version is available on video tape at SOME rental outlets and stores — has some unusual footage, including Ginsberg family home movies

**300. — Herb Levy** *19 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Nancarrow/Oppen: great companions or mere pals?*

There is a brief mention in the biographical section of Gann's very good (and probably not too technical for non-musicians) book on Nancarrow's music of Oppen supplying composer/radio producer Charles Amirkhanian with Nancarrow's telephone number but that's it.

I cant' find my copy right now, but I'm pretty sure that I would have noticed a mention of Nancarrow in Mary Oppen's memoir.

Nancarrow and the Oppens certainly shared similar politics (Nancarrow left the States for Mexico after fighting in the Abraham Lincoln Brigades during the Spanish Civil War - he couldn't get a passport and was concerned about his leftist leanings causing trouble if he stayed in the US).

Nancarrow was pretty private about most things, I doubt there'll be more published on this from the music world, but I'll check with Kyle & see if he has any other info.

Yeah, & they call DeLillo something like the greatest living writer of sentences.

If I hadn't read the headline, I'd have thought the complete Alphabet had been published without Ron announcing it to the poetics list.

Herb Levy

**301. — Rod Smith** *19 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Noncarrow and Oppen*

Don't think there's that much to be known. They were friends while Oppen was in Mexico City— however after Oppen went back to the states he didn't keep in touch w/ Noncarrow. I have a memory of reading somewhere that Nancarrow was puzzled &/or hurt by this— but likely it was a reflection of Oppen's feeling about his time there generally, his need to put all

that behind him. He didn't even pick up Spanish, unsusual for a stay of that length. Again, to qualify— this also possibly a reflection of his reasons for being there—the political ostracism & other difficulties attended that. Rachel D or Peter Q if they're out there would have more to say of use than this "knowledge" I'm volunteering.

—Rod

**302. — Stephen Cope** *19 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**

I'm not really aware of this friendship, although it's certainly not surprising. Is there any references that one could offer? There's nothing I recall in Mary Oppen's book about Nancarrow, although the years in exile aren't broached in too much depth there. I've found nothing (yet) in the working papers that suggests a freindship with or otherwise mentions Nancarrow, although it's fairly safe to say that the majority of Oppen's papers were produced after his return to the states (there are a few pages w/ Oppen's address in Mexico at the top, but even these provide little certainty re: dating or location, as it appears that he often used a given page as a kind of worksheet for thought, which he would return to, revise, etc. over often a period of years).

As for Oppen & Mexico: Oppen's leaving Mexico and returning to poetry and to the States had very much to do with a kind of political dissatisfaction. As he puts it in the interview with Burt Hatlen and Tom Mandel: "Rome had recently burned, so there was no reason not to fiddle." Obviously, the party at that point offered little room for the kind of thing Oppen was concerned with in poetry, and he was very careful to keep the two relatively seperate. I'd be hesitant, however, to say that Oppen wanted to put everything in Mexico behind him. He does in the papers refer to some acquaintances and/or experiences from that period, and that he returned after-the-fact to some of his jottings from Mexico (they aren't really poems) suggests a desire to come to terms with that moment.

I think Oppen's relative reticence about those years, in any case, had mostly to do with what he saw as their irrelevance to his poetry. His fondness for quoting Kenner's observation that it essentially took him "25 years to write the next poem" suggests that he saw some validity in the statement. He simply wasn't writing poetry, and so perhaps didn't see those years as essential to his development as a poet.

On this latter, Tom Mandel might have some to say (see his letter in follwing the Hatlen/Mandel interview in "Man and Poet").

OK, apologies for being a bit off topic...

**303. — Ron Silliman** *20 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**

*Oppen, Nancarrow, Mexico*

Stephen,

Rachel would know much more about all this than I do. But. George and Mary used to speak of Nancarrow as a friend (whereas, Fred Cody, who founded the bookstore in Berkeley, was simply a guy they shared a ride with as they returned to the US from Mexico City).

Mary once told me that they left for Mexico as a direct result (and perhaps the same week as) the arrest of the Rosenbergs. George was not able to return to the US, as I understand it, until his sister June was able to clear it with the state department that they would not be arrested on their return. June was a major political donor for many decades, one of the major contributors to Mondale, for example. (All this has a very different tone these days of course. And June was a connected Democrat who got this done during a Republican presidency.)

I very much got the impression that neither George or Mary particularly cared for Mexico City, certainly never thought of it as home, and very much had a sense of "exile" the entire time they were there.

OK, apologies for being a bit off topic...

**304. — Michael Heller** *20 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Oppen/Nancarrow*

I don't know if this information is useful to scholars/poets, but sometime in the late eighties, after George died, I was visiting Mary Oppen in Berkeley (actually Albany), and we had lunch with Nancarrow and his wife who had come back to scout out a school for a child of theirs, a daughter I believe. The memory is a bit hazy, and my notes on the visit are buried somewhere.

At the time, I had neither heard of him or his music, and later, after our lunch, Mary played some of his extraordinary music for me.

---

# Diana, Princess of Wales

1961–1997

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*British aristocrat who married the Prince of Wales at twenty, divorced him at thirty-five, and in the last year of her life campaigned against landmines; the most photographed woman alive. She was thirty-six and died in a car crash in the Alma tunnel in Paris. The list's argument is not about her but about the coverage, and it is the first time the archive asks out loud whose dead a poetry list may grieve.*

**305. — Dan or Orion Dlugonski** *31 Aug 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Princess Dead*

A quick word on the accident:

Princess Di

cele(b)rity kills

**306. — David Bromige** *2 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**
*my father among the earlier paparazzi?*

My father, Harold Bromige, worked all his life for Gaumont-British Newsreels, from 1919 on. While I am sure he would be shocked at the conduct of today's scandalsheet photogs, he had many tales of "cutthroat" competition among the different newsreel companies, e.g. when one outfit had secured excloo rights to film a cricket match, the opposiiton rented second storey rooms facing their cameras & flashed mirrors into the lenses. My father filmed the-then Prince of Wales (later, the Duke of Windsor) coming unglued going over a jump in a steeplechase. The Prince came up to my father & sd, "I dont think the British public wish to see their future king falling off a horse. Kindly remove the film from yr camera." (I was only a boy when first told this story & exclaimed "You didnt Dad did you?" "A Royal request is an order" my father told me.)

Thereafter, on several occasions when he had been assigned to film the Prince, my father was removed by security men & the driver of the G-B van had to shoot the footage instead. And once, in Paris, my father was arrested, plucked from his perch atop the G-B van, although never charged...but missed the parade in which the Prince was participating.

I realize this-all is rather abt the victimization of a photog by royalty than vice versa. But there were other anecdotes he told, a la the mirror-flashing, of jostling competition among the companies. The ropes holding a balloon in place, from which one outfit was filming sports, were cut through and the thing set adrift—dangerous business. His boss once kidnapped Chaplin as a publicity stunt. Chaplin went along with it, i guess. But events were staged—"nonevents" in Boorstein's phrase, although done to tell the truth of an actual event. Or sometimes the truth. During WW2, competition among the companies ceased, resources

> were pooled, and propaganda became the order of the day. Defeats were turned into hardwon victories.
>
> But compared to "La Dolce Vita" et seq, pretty tame stuff. For a fictional antecedent, a memory occurs of "Citizen Kane," "found in love nest", was that the headline? Hoist by his own petard? Where is the line between muckraking & "Project Censored"? I mean where, legally, could one be drawn?
>
> About a boycott of those checkout counter mags, I am always hoping to see consumers turning on the hand that feeds them. But please spare Weekly World News, which recently reported that the dying words of an alien spaceman before he crashed at Roswell were "My wife...my children...God forgive me for my sins."
>
> But this, & other stuff I was abt to say, go 'way beyond an answer to the posted question, so I'll stop. David

---

## Hannah Weiner

1928–1997

*64 messages · 37 hands*

*American poet and performance artist who from 1972 saw words printed on her forehead, on other people and on objects, and transcribed them — the practice she called clairvoyant writing, set on the page in competing typefaces;* Clairvoyant Journal *(1978) and the earlier* Code Poems*, made from the international maritime flag signal code. She was sixty-eight and died of natural causes in her apartment on East 12th Street. Bernstein's notice is the one that fixed the form of all the others. Thirty-seven hands answered over three weeks, and a year later the list held a seventieth-birthday memorial and answered itself again; the two occasions are printed here as one entry, because the archive treats them as one.*

### 307. — Charles Bernstein *12 Sep 1997* ↑ Register

*Hannah Weiner (1928-1997)*

I have very sad news to report. Hannah Weiner has died. Word of her unexpected death reached me late last night. Apparently she died of natural causes in her apartment on East 12th street in Manhattan. Hannah meant so very much to me and I know to many other poets who were lucky enough to have known her and her inspiring and courageous work, her enthusiastic engagement with writing, her brilliant and acute (and often wickedly funny) perspectives on poets and poetry, her incredible performances. While her last few years weren’t easy, she continued to produce amazing writing, pushing her own poetry and the possibilities for poetry into new zones of perception.

Hannah would have turned 69 on November 4.

I include here a bibliography of her work that I compiled a few years ago. It doesn’t include a forthcoming Roof book and perhaps a few other more recent pieces. There is also a LINEbreak interview with Hannah available via the EPC as well as a one hour radio show (with readings and an interview), produced by Erneso Grosman, that is also up at the EPC. http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/weiner/

*

"Well we all consider it quite remarkable that we
hear each other almost entirely in her mind"
*

MS/Book Chronology 1966

Magritte Poems (Sacramento: Poetry Newsletter, 1970).

11pp. Nonclairvoyantly written, short poems. 1968

The Code Poems (Barrytown: Open Studio, 1982).

29pp. 1970

The Fast. 50pp ms. Sections published in Acts #4,

United Artists #14, and Blue Smoke #1 (in that order); (New York: United Artists, 1992). 1971

Country Girl.

18pp ms.

Descriptive journal about seeing auras. 1972

Pictures and Early Words. app. 69pp. — untyped.

Seeing pictures and early versions of seen words. 1973

The 1973 Journal. app. 200pp ms; short segment in This # 7.

Has caps and quoted words for words seen. 1974

Clairvoyant Journal.

180pp ms.

About one-third published in Angel Hair edition, 64 pp.

(1978: Lenox, Mass).

Other sections in up to two dozen magazines, and in Sun June 9, 5 pp.

(Providence: Diana's Bimonthly, 1975).

Audiocasette from New Wilderness

Audiogrpahics (wth Peggy DeCoursey and Sharon Matlin), c. 1976 (New Wilderness taped the whole Journal and published March and April). Videotape (1974 solo reading): New York: Internmedia Foundation,

1985. 1976

Little Girl Books.

Four small notebooks. 1977-80

Little Books/Indians (New York: Roof Books, 1980). 91pp. 1980

Nijole's House (Needham, Mass.: Potes & Poets Press, 1981).

24pp. 1981

Spoke (College Park, MD: Sun & Moon Press, 1984).

115pp. 1982

Sixteen (Windsor, VT: Awede Press, 1983).

16pp. 1984

Written In/The Zero One

(Victoria, Australia: Post Neo, 1985).

21pp. 1986

Weeks

(Ann Arbor: Xexoxial, 1990). 50pp.

Published with audiocasette. 1988

Abazoo.

13pp ms. 1989

Seen Words with It.

20 ms. 1989

The Book of Revelations.

106 shaped pages in notebook. 1989-91 Silent Teachers / Remembered Sequel (Providence: Tender Buttons, 1993) [1990

Page / Articles / Same Page 120pp ms.] 1992-

Visions and Silent Musicians.

Ms in progress. 1993-4.

We Speak Silent. 89pp ms.

*

"a thought is not to be written  write it down"

**308. — Christopher Alexander** *12 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**

I didn't know Hannah Weiner, & I hesitate to post for that reason, not wanting my note to stand next to what those of you may have to say who were her friends.

but her work has become very important to me, & to that extent I feel a loss here as well.

I don't really feel like saying anything else. I'm not sure I can justify or explain why I feel quite the way I do in this case, & I'm not going to try. better to reflect on the good she's done, & the priviledge of having read her work.

I spent the morning working on this. maybe it's a mistake to post it, I don't know. take it in the spirit it's meant.

Chris

—

for Hannah Weiner

"Well we all consider it quite remarkable that we
hear each other almost entirely in her mind"

It doesnit suit resource forthcoming, but—& perhaps a few more outer recipients. though it never meant her her work came as it came to mean a lot to moment-um. At :07 AM -minus Sept-ember */97, Hannah Weiner wrote, & one thinks "charles for this sad news". without recourse, i.e., she who has a very said news to report. when it came it came to it meant her /: remember.

*Word of her*

~ acute flora.
just so-ness
herein spiring
about meant
so. possible
cit[i]es, & its
ability for. th.

Hannah Weiner has died. her incredible perforce &, "asked for" last february, / fare much to be lucky enough to voice. consider us—werenit easy, she— & I know to many other poets where, now beca-use the sign to share where she had been expected.

"entrance": we'll continue to all / be surprised as

—she enters our lives.

**309. — Douglas** *12 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**

This is truly a shock to the whole poetry community. I will be posting a wonderful story written by Hannah tomorrow morning or late this afternoon in tribute to this wonderful exploratory poet. Hannah's was certainly one of the most original contributions to American poetry ever. Her work was like no one else's, and its ability to combine the personal and linguistic experimentation should serve as a beacon to all those who mistakenly feel there is a split between self-expression and intellectual pursuits.

Douglas Messerli Sun & Moon Press

**310. — charles alexander** *12 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: ps to "Hannah Weiner"*

At 12:18 PM 9/12/97 -0700, you wrote:

*"(No more p.s.s for Hannah Weiner) Since posting, I have read the 2 radically different, yet both alike moving, obits by the two different Alexanders, for which, thanks to you both. David"*

One of the posts David refers to is mine, but I didn't post it to this list, rather to a local+Bromige list. So I'll repeat it here. It was actually a note sent to a local weekly arts/culture paper, which has often been friendly to various poetry interests here in Tucson, and some of the way in which I construct is specific to the general audience of this paper. I had earlier organized, for this paper, a memorial to Ginsberg. This is what I sent them today, and it is certainly indebted to Charles Bernstein, who I quote:

a cry

a hole

no voice

Hannah Weiner (1928-1997)

This year has been one of losing writers — Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, Alan Harrington, and more. I think it's important to note that some great losses don't involve the most famous names. In any generation, many writers who do not become well known may be remembered decades or centuries later as the most interesting of their time. I tend to believe that for every Emily Dickinson recovered into our collective memory, there are probably several very fine writers who are not found.

One of the most important writers of our time, in my opinion, although not one of the most famous, has just died — word reached me this morning that Hannah Weiner was found in her apartment, on East 12th Street in Manhattan, dead of natural causes. she would have been 69 years old on November 4. As a fellow poet, Charles Bernstein, wrote in a note, "Hannah meant so very much to me and I know to many other poets who were lucky enough to have known her and her inspiring and courageous work, her enthusiastic engagement with writing, her brilliant and acute (and often wickedly funny) perspectives on poets and poetry,

her incredible performances. While her last few years weren't easy, she continued to produce amazing writing, pushing her own poetry and the possibilities for poetry into new zones of perception."

Hannah wrote to me a few months ago, on a postcard with a photograph of a very young Bob Dylan, that New York was getting more difficult, wondering what it was like to live in Arizona, whether she should move here. I hadn't answered all of those questions yet, thinking there was a world of time.

Hannah saw words everywhere. She and her particular vision are missed —immediately . . . and always.

charles alexander

**311. — Maria Damon** *12 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Hannah Weiner (1928-1997)*

thanks charles for this sad news. tho i never met her her work came to mean a lot to me the moment i opened Spoke (thanks to your suggestion that i look into her work). out of shyness, i had been stalling sending her a copy of my essay on her, which she'd heard about and asked for last february. i've still got the pink stationery letter from her in my "to do" pile right by the computer. now she's become the silent teacher she had been in training for all these years, and i bet we'll continue to be surprised at how she enters our lives.

"Well we all consider it quite remarkable that we
hear each other almost entirely in her mind"
*

"a thought is not to be written write it down"

**312. — Joe Amato/Kass Fleisher** *12 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**

charles, thanx for that biblio... i admired hannah weiner's work, my sympathies to those of you who were close to her...

best,

joe

**313. — David Bromige** *12 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Hannah Weiner*

The posts from Charles Bernstein, Ron Silliman, Maria Damon and Douglas Messerli together speak volumes—from the starkness of Ron's announcement to the informative currency of Charles', to the keen insight of Douglas's observation that in her one found the personal and the linguistically challenging all of a piece...and to the poignancy of Maria's unanswered letter. It is sad to look for the last time, even sadder not to have done so. I extend my sympathies to Charles, who was I know close to Hannah for many years. And I can certainly overlap with Maria's feelings, for Hannah was a person I took to immediately & was looking forward to seeing when in New York next month—but with whom I did not get around to corresponding.

At least, we have her work (and more I hope will now be made available), and Douglas (one of her publishers—courageous publishers, one has to add, for her poetry remained a rigorous & unpredictable series of challenges) put his finger on the pulse of it in his tribute. An absolute original. What a loss to us.

I hate death/now she's out of it. Dear Hannah Weiner.

**314. — Charles Bernstein** *12 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Hannah Weiner (1928-1997)*

Remembered Sequel:

Hannah Weiner's We Speak Silent was published by Roof books this past spring:

"what am I hanging on a branch ok well thats a vision you gotta explain that seeing visions isnt all that easy"

"hassid: those who are hidden may be unhidden but those who are unhidden may never be hidden"

"the best teacher is always your very own self"

"the dead speak too"

****

Plans are underway to have a celebration of Hannah and her work, at the Poetry Project of St. Mark's Church, a place that was so close to her.

**315. — David Bromige** *12 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**
*ps to "Hannah Weiner"*

(No more p.s.s for Hannah Weiner)

**316. — Jacques Debrot** *12 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Hannah Weiner (1928-1997)*

Anyone who is interested might want to check out Mark DuCharme's brillaint discussion of Hannah Weiner in the latest issue of *6ix* magazine. Among other things, he reads her psychic ability as a kind of "trope" for the way in which "all writing is in some sense *perceived*, stolen, appropriated." He ends the essay by arguing that her "neutralization of the distinction between public and private experience — between ordinary language/ordinary consciousness, and the poetic, is coterminous with her desire to neutralize the distinction between poetry and . . . exterior life." Such a utopian possibility is enormously appealing — at least for me.

Also, Weiner's poem "Silent History" in *Chain 4* is yet another persuasive reason to check out that magazine.

**317. — Keith Tuma** *12 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**

She was Spokeless in the unacknowledged world of Big Wheels.

Among my best students, she was one of the poets most often honored by imitation. For the fun of it (period).

Keith Tuma

**318. — Hank Lazer** *14 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**

My condolences to Charles Bernstein & others who were close to Hannah Weiner. Over the past ten or twelve years, I taught Hannah's writing in my contemporary poetry classes, and I corresponded a bit with her about her writing and about teaching her work. Initially, her writing would evoke great skepticism (particularly among the graduate students in creative writing). Of course, we found various analogous writings in our immediate surroundings—mystic script writing of a number of folk artists, for example (JB Murry, the Reverend Perkins, Howard Finster, Fred Webster, and so on). Others have commented on the fusion of the personal and the experimental in Hannah's writing; I was also struck by the politics of it, especially with regard to Native American activism. Once in my life, I was invited to read in NCY, and did so at The Ear Inn. I was absolutely thrilled when Hannah introduced herself to me. When I was teaching her work, at some point the intensity and vulnerability of her word-vision experience hit me, and continues to hit me.... In many ways, she has helped me to see words in ways I had not known before.

Hank Lazer

**319. — Douglas** *14 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Hannah Weiner*

TRIBUTE TO HANNAH WEINER

Hannah cared immensely about her writing, and she was interested in having people read and hear her work. In memory of Hannah, I am offering one of her major works, SPOKE, at a 50% discount. The price is $3.50. Please contact me at

In memory of Hannah, I am posting, below one of her later works, an incredible story/memoir/fantasty/ journal titled "astral visions." This will appear in MR. KNIFE, MISS FORK: PERFORMANCES

i want to discuss astrals, the visions and i want to begin with paw because he seems to have started his existence three years ago this coming january and still exists the reason to discuss paw is that he is one of the teachers and gives me instruction continually and in the three years i've known him, or that he has appeared, he's grown in intelligence and acuteness and accuracy and he also happens to be the funniest person that i know he didn't start out as paw and i will tell you the story it all begins the day i went to cancun three years ago when an invisible man walked into my bedroom and i could just see the outline of his parka, and he dressed me very slowly, i was still sweating, (or I was sweating then as well), in a black lace bra and white cotton panties and then he put a finger up the leg of my panties and tickled my hip-bone very chastely and said "coochi-coo" and made me lie very still in between dressing so i wouldn't sweat the rest of it was up to me i got on the plane and nothing happened until the meal was served when there was a voice saying, "ma, eat the chocolate mousse, ask for more?" we got to cancun and i put my suitcase down on a little table for suitcases, and overhead i heard the clash of arms after the clash of arms i heard a woman's voice from the yoga institute saying "well now we unpack our suitcases and put our undies neatly on the shelf" i automatically began to unzip the suitcase to unpack it and the invisible man grabbed me by the back of my parka and made me get undressed i was soaking wet, my hair, my body, my clothes, everything and he made me get undressed i hung up my clothes in deference to the yoga lady i put my underwear and socks in the sink with some soapy water and the invisible man pushed me into the shower where I took a shampoo and washed off the sweat the invisble man disappeared the next thing that happened was purely mechanical, I tried to get about a half dozen blankets to wrap myself up in because it was pouring rain and it was cold i made a blanket roll of five blankets after i discovered that you lie in the middle and you throw one blanket over the other, (you begin on one side and rolling over them), and i put a blanket on top of all that right up to my chin, and under-neath the blanket appeared the bear i don't know that i called him paw at this time or that he called himself paw at this time, but he was a brown bear and i could see his head and his eyes and his nose peaking out from underneath the top blanket and he had one paw chastely placed on my chest between my breasts saying, "i have a real maw," and he stayed under the covers for four weeks (i was there for four weeks trying to get a place out but couldn't) and every once in awhile he'd say something like, "order more chocolate cake ma" and "I have a real ma" and "my jaw hurts" the interesting thing that i have to say about the bear is that he's an astral for an indian someone has invented for him-self an astral that speaks for him in the form of a bear in some indian legends a bear is a healer, not that paw has ever done any healing for me,"* but his instructions were bood, except at the beginning he really wasn't doing too much after four weeks when the sun came out and it got really hot he walked out in full brown fur saying, "see you onthe plane ma"

_____

* but I have felt his real self sending me bliss

_____

[now one thing happened in mexico that i'd like to talk about and that's the man from sonora who appeared astral this is a little interlude about paw the man from sonora appeared in my bedroom three times before i left ny, just his white hat and his long white hair and once a blanket over his shoulder before the ruins i got the message the first week i was there that he wanted to meet the woman with the long pipe (that's me) and he appeared in image form and he showed me a blanket trick that explained a little bit of castanida to me he was obviously an ancient mexican teacher who wanted to say certain things before he died and to pass on

some of his knowledge he kept flipping the blanket (all of these things were very, very vividly seen) the blanket was sort of like in squares of different colors with a black outline now the black outline always remained the same but the patterns and colors of the squares kept changing so the lesson learned from that you could create an image but you couldn't keep it constant, you had to keep chaning the image he also had people circling the room, flying over-head in a circle that's something i'm not able to do myself and neither or any of the other teachers some of them can fly straight but nobody is able to circle it isn't really necessary, it's a matter of who is watching whom it's a way of guarding to have the man from sonora told me two things, he said "always give a health diagnosis out loud" and "to speak slow while speaking silent" because of the rain and because he wanted to meet me he made a long trip up the road from the ruins to the hotel and evidently he broke a leg or something happened and he fell in a ditch by the wayside and one night I woke up crying and sang a crossing song from "the big huge," it's something about a great light crossing the river, so i knew the man had died then appeared a woman, an elderly woman who evidently put a cross by hisbones and who the following day showed me his white hat, his white shirt, and white pants all neatly laundered and pressed out, so i know the man had died] ok, now the bear lots of other things happened in mexico but i don't have time for them i want to talk about paw when i got home the bear was very small, he had changed shape to a very small brown bear who lived in a cupboard in my forehead it had blue sheets and if i looked through catalogs and he saw some clothes that he liked he would immediately appear with the clothes on particularly a pair of black bicycling shorts and some wading shoes i tried to keep him occupied and i sent him on trips one was skiing in south america, and one was sending him to the south pole, and finally he decided to take his real ma on a honeymoon or whatever, a vacation and they went aboard a great big ocean liner and she, i think she was called ma belle, sat on a deck chair lounging on the deck of the ship and paw, or the bear, was flying overhead in circles because he was bored sitting on the deck when they got to france they rented a limousine and paw donned a chauffeurs cap and drove the limousine and all through france all is saw were pile and iles of spaghetti, that's all they seemed to eat for some reason also paw invented travelers checks so that he could pay for this whole thing this is the imagination of someone whose name is unknown but who has invented a form through which he can work so this was just sort of fun at the time you must remember that paw has written a great deal for me he wrote "the comma" in SILENT TEACHERS with noah kleinman my friend from england and he wrote "turpitudimous" which i read in october and he also gets in everywhere when i type up anything for the next book called WE SPEAK SILENT, or whatever it's going to be called finally paw and ma belle landed on a caribbean island, just the two of them under the shade of a palm tree the next thing i know paw turned into a great big white bear, not his final form he was called poohee at the time i went for a walk in the park and poohee got locked in the apartment and had to squeeze himself through the keyhole and i was accompanied in imae form by two people from the yoga institute one dressed in white who was walking alongside me and one who was dressed in pink who was sort of flying along beside me and poohee caught up and started smooching, you know he started sort of leaning over and kissing me or pretending to kiss me, or to tickle me or to laugh to make it a lovers lane walk and i started to laugh hysterically and i thought what will ever happen if i'm picked up by somebody, here i am talking to someone who is invisible an; oh well he was very funny the next time i went to the park paw* left the path and went over to some antique fair and came back with a velvet vest on it was a lilac velvet vest with red braid and green stones and an earring i laughed i talked to a girlfriend on the phone a few nights later and she was a very beautiful girl and paw clued me into the fact that i was talking to a very beautiful woman and he went out to see her and the next morning he appeared combing hair out of his teeth and the green stones were gone from his vest somewhere along the way his real ma got pregnant and we were walking along 14th street with the open stalls and he saw a bunch of little girls dresses he wanted a "pinkie" as he called it little girls dresses with little angel sleeves and some towels so he quickly donned a striped apron and cap imaged a big cart in front of him and trundled off piles of baby dresses with angel wing sleeves and towels, and brought them back to the

apartment and we had to box them and ship them and send them all to his home he used to sit on the bed next to me reading the new york times with steel rimmed glasses the last time i really saw paw in any remarkable circumstance was at woodstock he had disappeared for awhile, he said "maw I have to go hime, something important is happening" and i was having breakfast at a coffee shop and there appeared paw sitting across the table from me with a big grin and next to him was a white lady bear, a daintier, felt to be a gentle with a wreath and a long bridal veil and they were toasting each other in white coffee cups that was the summer i hurt my back and the lady bear would appear with a pink apron and a cup on a tray and would bring me coffee or tea or whatever well i guess that's paw no maw im still really working hard besides paw and mrs paw there is a baby bear.

*he was now in his final form, a large white bear with a big fat tummy.

c 1997 by Hannah Weiner

Charles Bernstein saw the original performance of this. Perhaps he will recount some of his impression of it.

Douglas Messerli

**320. — Rod Smith** *14 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**
*remembered sequel*

This is a review written a few years ago which I never published thinking to say more. Hannah thought it was done. Looking at it now, she was right.

HANNAH Hi

on _silent teachers / remembered sequel_, Hannah Weiner, Tender Buttons, $7.95.

_particles marm, have we discussed particles

The thing about being clairvoyant is the multiplicity can't be divided. Time causes the trouble of keeping up. Seeing so much simultaneously that the depend & the enact gather the motion into each each— it can get kinda spikey

_i free i see super working silent_

Location leads to narrative. Narrative leads to namings (i.e. motions (i emotions ( in others (i, i, i, i))).

This is WRITING
(_also drumming_) -- a bunk
as in bed that implicates
all friends. Hannah has
it.
Technical talk:
Narrative of where is it.
No Nylon.
Nobody won't not

publish this in this since--

they all see words w/out

since. That's a key

(canons in cities) which being brightly (like a phone call from fire) would cause one to speak 3-D SO all I mean is read this book out loud period period dot & period

—Rod Smith

**321. — Peter Ganick** *14 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Hannah Weiner publications-----*

one of hannah weiner's last publications was her issue of A.BACUS #107, which consists of pages 69-87 of a new text of hers' entitled SONORA. the usual price for A.BACUS is $4, postpaid.

for the next month or so, send $3, cash, and i will snailmail a copy on the new 25% cotton, acid-free paper to be used for future A.BACUS issues.

a few issues of her 1981 chapbook, nijole's house

**322. — Douglas** *14 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Bernadette Mayer*

What with all the very sad news of Hannah Weiner's death, I thought it might also be good to have some positive news.

In todays NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW, Bernadette Mayer has a poem on the end sheet, titled "A Very Short Anthology of New Verse." Her poem, "Eleventh Cup," (published originally in TORQUE) was reprinted by the TIMES from my anthology, THE GERTRUDE STEIN AWARDS INNOVATIVE AMERICAN POETRY 1994-1995. I'm currently working on the 1995-1996 edition.

Douglas Messerli Sun & Moon Press

**323. — (unsigned)** *14 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Question about Hannah Weiner*

Somewhere among the many moving descriptions of Hannah Weiner I recall a brief suggestion that she was somewhat self-protective about 'information exposure'. I wonder if anyone can tell me what her own reading habits were like - spare, selective, avaricious, serendipitous...? What were some of her favorites? post or bkchn - red.

**324. — James Sherry** *14 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Hannah Weiner's Last Book*

I published Hannah Weiner's last book in 1996. If anyone is interested in it, please contact me here.

Hannah was a wonder and a trial. I will miss her, all of it. Although she had been ill on and off for years, I don't think anyone expected her death. She attended a reading of mine as recently as May of this year. She was vigorous if distracted and tore up paper while I read. James Sherry

**325. — Loss Glazier** *16 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Hannah Weiner (1928-1997)*

: Biblio Whee graphy :

: for Hannah Weiner : some Annotations : . . . . . .

*A Journal Entry*'s (1975) striking cover photo the - w - o - r - d - floats; it is upon a forehead this is the forehead upon which we spe - a - k -cast like hand puppets on a curtain - full caps s & ghosts of - l - e - t - t - e - r - s - as o, Taos

of *little books/indians - a composition book* (8 indige'nes mention the ladinos o no sajones (0 on the roof of speckled black and white bords

"& it didn't
hurt
POCKETS"

(39) caps and verticality nearly dizz (iness)

turning tuning to a *spoke* - seven faced with
tongues from the Beatus of Ferdinand II &
Sancha of Aragon Biblioteca Nacional de Madrid
"name calls it the point" (104) in latters or
gondola-crossing bridges of lines - fragile as
letters lattice bridg waters as thy must. the
prose fast (1992) its blak tiger con leopard
leaping into paper smooth day milk from bare

legs & linen "a neat 3X4 inch piece of cloth
was in its place on the floor" (15)

* w e e k s * photog 90 b barbar rosenthal
mac spread palettes - i c mac type - i c dot
mtrx - pointilsof img - photo montage - type
faced and pointilate - "the latest finger-
print technology" (unpaged) "were hit with
shrapnel" (unpaged) "there is no other peace-
ful way to reform" (unpaged) sumptous shape
and weighty planes in pink bold cover stock

(1983) AWEDE * S 1 6 I 1 6 X 1 6 T 1 6 E 1 6
E 1 6 * moves in white paper slips "within it
was written we are enlarged pancreas" (unpa)
. . . . . .
"W R I T E I T D O W N - sixteen sentences s
G R A N D M O T H E R - een this summe 1982
. . . . . .
the following is ALL SEEN AS WORDS BEFORE i"
. . . . . .
seen through a half slip of half-light the
translucent inserted sheet printed in red

muted mouth and blazed chalk board wiped
* sileNt teachers : remeMbered sequel * (199
4) "spelling error off the continue"(17) who
what 'classical' b&w pose - for the classi
"whee
i fe i phd" (38)
a lesson to all who value educachievement

*CPDE* {OEMD (1982) "from the INTERNATIONAL
CPDE OF SIGNALS for the Use of All Nation"
the closest I have seen to poems in hex
code or how the 8 bit or 7 binary hex dex

Loss =?iso-8859-1?Q?Pequeño_?= Glazier
maysheekos antiguos? Or my son who con-
fused his words and instead of tex-mex
called me techno-mex. Vale! The Trans-Pe-
cos and Rio Grande delta. Mexico City
how letters speak from xwords from xfor

:U=i :Ui : "In addition each flag has a
name; A, Alpha, B, Bravo, C, Charle, etc"
rich with code and black palettes upon
which in scratchmarks engraved are point
s & boxes mores or bin or MARC morse cod

*Nijole's house* in white covers white card
stock and folded endpages 1981 ("WHICH
IS THURSDAY") (written on Tuesday (son)
con IfnNXIO pIN~EIRO su Cuatro Palomas)

until finally *we do speak silent we speak si-
lent* (1996) tex al mos com for tab ly spr'e'd
out lent op ulent of graphs t words have azes
axes aztec hu nk ed for whitesp ace in the so
"1 funny 2 hilarious i am imperious 3 struck"
(21) or for bob dylan (as post card indicates)

Post Neo's *WRITTEN IN THE ZERO ONE* this g
ray coverstock is sumptu a size iz red
courier but big type as if pressed into
gray ripples of the 'bord' the ex panse i
s where amid this good size for page ii
expn broad blanks o backsides and the wh
ii te is a wealth of what is y iznt in its
ordered steps like ladders or diamond pat
terns on the ball court walls (1990):

"book
is what it
is called and
this is the last
page still slanti
out to the margin"
...
AND THIS PAGE"
(unpaged)

Loss Pequen~o Glazier

**326. — Loss Glazier** *16 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**

I have been working on "Hannah Weiner (1928-1997): An Online Tribute." This extended forray into HTML is is nearly complete. If you have anything special to contribute to the issue, please let me know. (Write me directly at  if you wish.) Otherwise, the issue is almost complete and should be ready soon. The issue should be ready, graphics-enhanced, and viewable in a couple of days via the EPC home page. (Photos are especially sought. Write me!)

**327. — Laurie Schneider/Crag Hill** *22 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**

*Rural vs. Urban Poetics?*

When I left the Bay Area three years ago for Pullman, Washington, I fell into a poetics void. Not only were readers of poetry not reading Clark Coolidge, Hannah Weiner, or Mark Wallace, they hadn't even heard of them or their compatriots — formal innovation is not even (or uneven) on a horizon dominated by personal expression. So I've been wondering: As a sub/plot/text of rural/urban demographic differentiations, is there a split in poetics, rural versus urban? Why is a reader in Pullman or neighboring Moscow, Idaho (50,000 people, more than half of whom are associated either with Washington State or the University of Idaho) more likely to read Sharon Olds than Lyn Hejinian or Robert Haas rather than Ron Silliman? If English and Creative Writing professors are the powers that determine, why are they knowledgable of the poetics of Olds and Haas with virtually no knowledge of formal experimentation after the 1970's? Or more intriguing questions: Does geographic space (Pullman, in the rolling hills of southeastern Washington, has no major metropolitan area closer than Seattle five hours away) influence poetics? Is small town pace reflected in the nature of language readers and writers choose to engage? I have no doubt many on the list reside in rural areas — what's your take on this? As a standing invitation, if you're in the area (or willing to drive from Seattle), I can offer a place to read in Moscow (and a place to stay, of course).

Help in-form. Best, Crag Hill

**328. — p. durgin** *22 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**

I, for one, am in a rural area and came here expecting a community of language artists. Iowa City, with its self-lauding poetry scene, is decades behind despite its smug clasp on an international reputation. Formally innovative anything is suspect here, and I beleive the isolation of the individuals reflects the landscape. It is the irrepressible mediocrity of those individuals which is to blame. Not the landscape.

I[I]I I[I]I

**329. — lee ann brown** *30 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Hannah Weiner*

Dear List, Here is the wonderful piece Hannah Weiner wrote for her Tender Buttons book, silent teachers remembered sequel, published in 1994, in honor of her 65th birthday (November 4th)...The book is available through me or through Small Press Distribution: .

HANNAH WEINER SILENT TEACHER

hannah weiner was born to it in providence ri in 1928 and graduated from radcliffe college 1950 magna cum laude she then worked for three publishing houses got fired from all of them once for being too intellectual once for associating with aliens and once for being caught not slapping her bosses face she then turned to retailing and was an assistant buyer for fat ladies dresses in bloomingdales basement she married a psychiatrist freudian and divorced him four years later then she exaggerated but not lied herself into a job designing lingerie and turned down her second request for marriage by this time she was making the rounds of galleries and parties in the early sixties and began to write poetry in 1963 both writing and designing were childhood ambitions she got a free course at the new school and found she couldnt write new york school poetry in fact she couldnt write her own words at all only the magritte poems written in and the fast are in her own words happily she discovered the international code of signals and found she could write about almost anything by using the code books these became rather wild performances followed by other performances like street works 1-7 and the fashion show poetry event she was very well reviewed because the art critic of the village voice was one of her partners she thus met the musicians performers pop artisits lesbians and poets of that time all this glory ended in 1970 when she became extremely psychic and hiding out in a cheap apartment wrote about nothing else in almost 100 notebooks see the fast the words began to appear in 1972 and led to the clairvoyant journal a three voice performance poetry book about learning explaining instructions and the counter voice years passed the language group moved in and so did the indians she still remembers meeting chawho at a party saying youre getting pretty old dont you think you should publish she did sixteen and spoke begin to introduce the teaching now she is reaching her ultimate achievement learned first at her grandmother's knee TEACHING SILENT she has dragged several poets into this with her gosh ma shes a real female tarpsichordist

**330. — Michael Coffey** *7 Oct 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Defining Language Poetry -Reply*

*"Mark Prejsnar 10/07/97 09:28am >>>"*

What is expressed in an Ornette Coleman piece? A Merce Cunningham performance? What is expressed in a painting by Picasso or Kline?? A Richard Foreman play?

I strongly recommend to you a sensative poet called Robert Lowell (and come to think of it, another named Robert Bly)...They have *lots* to "express"...

Mark P.

I don't think that "expressiveness" itself is to be maligned; is there anything wrong with people expressing themselves or working out sensations based on their own lives or loves or troubles or concerns? of course not, for that would forbid someone expressing themselves about their relation to language production or to sound or to the tradition of inherited poetics, or to madness or to poetry as politics (see David Bromige's recent claim for "social urgency" for a vignette about someone who happens to a proletarian). It would forbid opinion and desire. expressiveness is, when it comes to cultural activity, all-encompassing. (One can be bored by Lowell's interest in his own family (few proletarians), say, as easily as by Hannah Weiner's fascination with her own delusions, but one can be redeemed by the new ways in which one of these reorganizes language, while the other does not).

But clearly, there is something wonderful and fresh often to be gained by eschewing certain kinds of expressive impulses in order to discover other qualities (of expression perhaps) in the language act. Mac Low is a great example of someone who seemed intent on systematically removing or suppressing certain kinds of expressiveness (personal, autobiographical, topical) in order to find other pleasing and suggestive combinations of language, which could not be found without masking out those other impulses. And recently, Jackson seems to have relaxed that suppression, where a kind of traditinal poet-as-person expressiveness plows into a highly charged and freshened linguistic space, making for both a narrative sensation and a liberated play of sound for sound's sake.

**331. — henry g** *7 Oct 1997* ↑ **Register**

On Tue, 7 Oct 1997 12:06:39 -0400 Michael Coffey said:

what I find even more boring is the neverending valorization of the new (is it really new?) for its own sake. In a time of verbal glut and information overkill, I'm for recycling. In a short essay in Nedge #1 I called this "inter-textism". One can be redeemed also by the OLD ways of organizing language. Poetry is a locality. Poetry per se. Poetry is a small place, sort of like Rhode Island, actually. Listen to what's been done & live there for a while, don't just pooh-pooh lang-pooh it. & for those who think I'm too negative -I love a good fight, especially shadow-boxing. - Henry Gould

**332. — simon** *20 Oct 1997* ↑ **Register**

*weiner book: segue people*

Dear Segue,

would you contact me please? (sorry to bother the list with this)

thanks

beth simon

**333. — Herb Levy** *27 Oct 1997* ↑ **Register**

*Re: friday's riddle*

If anyone's going to rush out to get the book, they'll have better luck looking for something Orhan Pamuk (who may or may not be an orphan).

As to the writing on bodies in the Black Book, it seems more of a confirmation of Weiner's methodology than use of her as a character.

Does any one know if Pamuk's prose is as formal in Turkish as the English translations? It's good, just kind of awkward reading.

Bests,

Herb

*"Since everybody's being very quiet... has anybody else noticed that the late Hannah Wiener is (in a certain sense) a character in Istanbul author Orphan Pamuk's novel THE BLACK BOOK? I've been saying we've been getting more byzantine for a long time... - Henry Gould"*

Herb Levy

**334. — henry gould** *27 Oct 1997* ↑ **Register**

On Mon, 27 Oct 1997 13:21:50 -0800 Herb Levy said:

Pamuk doesn't "use" HW as a character. If the Book of Istanbul is really the story of the West (cf. the Mt. Athos story in NY Times today, along with its obverse, the Stalin photobook) then HW strangely appears there. I wouldn't characterize Pamuk's ambiguous novel as a confirmation of anything in particular, unless it's what many novelists confirm: memory, ordinary life, writing. It's just that several main characters, including the protagonist, the protagonist-narrator, and the alter-ego-protagonist, all read letters on people's faces as a sign/key to Mystery. (You might say this is the obverse of the "methodology" of the icon.)

Sorry for the typo. Yes, there's certainly no "p" on Pamuk's face. - Henry G.

**335. — Maria Damon** *27 Jan 1998* ↑ **Register**
*Re: vizzzipo schtuff*

so, like, i'm not really completely sure what visual poetry is, though i have a pretty good idea, is it stuff like concrete poetry? or like hannah weiner's WEEKS, as opposed to her We Teach Silent? i guess it's like bob cobbing, whom cris cheek introduced me to at the XCP conference. what about bpNichol, whose Martyrology book 6 i'm looking at for the first time and adoring? some is visual some not? was the United States of Poetry visual poetry cuz it relied so heavily on the visual for its effect? is American Sign Language visual poetry cuz you have to See it, not Read or Hear it? is kamau brathwaite's later work, where he uses the "sycorax video style" visual poetry (though not as visual as, say, bob cobbing or r grenier), whereas the earlier work, which only put "foreign" words in italics, but in which line breaks (a visual effect) were central to his overall effect, is *not* visual poetry? i guess it's like any category —when you really examine it you see how porous it is, tho there's a general consensus about what constitutes the critical mass of "vispo" stuff. or maybe not, no consensus, evidenced by the buzz on this list.

**336. — Ron Silliman** *28 Feb 1998* ↑ **Register**
*Critical issues*

IN ADDITION TO the names that have already been mentioned, there have never been any critical issues of magazines devoted to:

Rae Armantrout Fanny Howe Carla Harryman Kathleen Fraser Joanne Kyger Beverly Dahlen Hannah Weiner Bernadette Mayer Maureen Owen Ann Lauterbach Rosemarie Waldrop Barbara Guest Tina Darragh Laura Moriarty

Every single one of whom has produced more than enough great writing to warrant same.

The only conceivable "excuse" is the number of great male writers likewise neglected. (Although if I start to think about male writers of color, like Lorenzo Thomas, Nate Mackey, Cecil Giscombe, or Kofi Natambu, I'll probably start to rant all over again....)

Ron

**337. — mIEKAL aND** *9 Mar 1998* ↑ **Register**
*Re: kootenay funding*

$10 is a week of food for me, but Xexoxial would gladly donate some copies of Hannah Weiner's WEEKS (which sell for $9 american) that maybe could be resold, or perhaps auctioned in a fundraiser.

maybe the funding climate is different canada ways, but depending on government funding for half of the orgs support seems mighty unsustainable, XE even tho it is a 501(c)3 has maybe gotten a thousand or 2 toward publishing & events in its 12 years of existence & maybe another 5 toward renovation of buildings, even tho it owns 4 houses & a 28,000 sq ft old school. then again we live in wisconsin where funding for the arts is 48th with only arkansas & alaska behind us. I also agree with Tom B's sentiments (I seem to find myself nodding with a lot of what Tom has been saying) that

"I've never benefited from the school directly but believe that we all benefit in the end when we support such projects. When we support one another."

& further that when an organization can be supported directly, that its continued presence makes a decided mark on the culture outside of its institutions. & how many incredible projects have we seen go down the tubes when the nea took a dive.

**338. — Ellay Phillips** *27 Mar 1998* ↑ **Register**
*Re: \engine dire*

*"Smell? May be. Is that why all the really big-eared poets go blind?"*

Yes it's cuz we can't stop wigglin em

Especially

*"when you start to wonder if verbal power is the ultimate form of power {the Word was God & all that] and poetry is the ultimate expression of verbal power [in a sealed nutcase], so that Henrygemony is only"*

Eye dunno if the verbal is the _ultimate_ form of power if speech is act (as the theory may go) but words are powerful yes indeed they make worlds

as hannah weiner said, I see words as eye say, eye c wor(l)ds

but eye also 'ear them too

and words impinge on the body at least mine and eye agree with olga broumas who once said poetry can bee like el-ess-dee it has a strong kick and changes the way one can c the wor(l)d

it runs through my blood and the clay of which eye am made and mixes with the blood of the ones who are gone who are within me as much as in the clod next to my foot and it overpowers me and overwhelms me and changes me as much as eye wheeled it

so eye make wor(l)ds too and they are as true as anything else out there.

Ellay Phillips

**339. — Maria Damon** *21 Apr 1998* ↑ **Register**
*hannah weiner queries*

in weiner's Clairvoyant Journal, who is "Rhys?" is "charlemagne" Charles Bernstein? what was jackson mac low's name before he changed it? thanks, all respondents, in advance—md

**340. — mIEKAL aND** *21 Apr 1998* ↑ **Register**

Schuchat Simon wrote:

*"I believe "rhys" is "Rhys Chatham" a musician active in NY in 70s 80s, played with Peter Gordon, the Lovely Music Orchestra, various others that used to perform at the Kitchen not 100 percent sure though"*

in that vein, perhaps charlemagne would be charlemagne palanstine, the pianist?

**341. — Charles Bernstein** *21 Apr 1998* ↑ **Register**

*"in weiner's Clairvoyant Journal, who is "Rhys?""*

This is Rhys Chatham, a friend of Hannah's, a composer/new music person, who was active around The Kitchen (NY) in the 70s, may have even have been the music director. Quick web search found http://www.goddard.edu/wgdr/kalvos/chatham.html http://www.trouserpress.com/bandpages/RHYS_CHATHAM.html

"charlemagne" This is (Brooklyn born) Charlemagne Palestine, a fabulous pianist/composer, also active in New York in the 70s, who I believe has stopped performing, and I think also stayed away from recordings of his work as well. He gave mesmerizing performnaces of work somewhat in the area of Young or Riley or Reich or Glass but more idiosyncratically expressive, more driven. He is also a visual artist and continues to show his work, mostly in Europe as far as I know. Found this item, a 1989 "interview"/phone call with Charlemaigne Palestine: http://home.cdsnet.net:80/~michaelm/death/ch_int.html It's quite interesting

Both were quite well-known on the Downtown new music/performance scene of the mid-70s.

**342. — Maria Damon** *21 Apr 1998* ↑ **Register**

thanks to all who answered, like, thanks a lot.

**343. — Jacques Debrot** *17 Jun 1998* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Weiner's _Code Poems_*

Does anyone on the List know whether anything has been written about Hannah Weiner's _Code Poems_? Also, perhaps someone could comment on the relationship between Weiner's

texts & the codes she appropriates there. Interesting examples appear in the Rothenberg, Joris anthology. I've become interested lately particularly in 1. the relationship between public & private languages in her writing & 2. the relationship of her work to LangPo — 2 issues that very likely overlap. Any thoughts on these things? Oh, and one more question — what are the best essays on her work?

**344. — Charles Bernstein** *17 Jun 1998* ↑ **Register**

Jacques,

There is an incomplete list of reviews of Weiner's work on the Hannah Weiner pages at the EPC, see http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/bernstein/weiner.bib.html: the end of this file has everything I knew about up to the time of her death. If you or anyone else comes up with additional critical pieces, please let me know: I know this needs to be updated to include the Poetry Project Newsletter pieces from last year and Mark DuCharme in *6ix* (can you give me the full citation for that?), and Maria Damon's recent MLA presentation (Maria will be giving a talk entitled "Hannah Weiner: Clairvoyance and Trauma" for the UB Poetics Program on Thurs., Oct. 15). What else?

Hannah would be seventy years old on November 4 and we are presently working on a celebration of her life and work, to be held at St. Mark's church — The Poetry Project. I don't yet have a date, but it will likely be on a Sunday afternoon in the Fall. When I do have additional details, I will put out a call for those who might like to participate in this event.

**345. — Jacques Debrot** *17 Jun 1998* ↑ **Register**

Thank you Charles.

The citation for the DuCharme article is: "Consciousness & Contradiction: Hannah Weiner's _silent teachers/ remembered sequel_," _6ix_ Volume 5, '97. pp 4-8.

**346. — Karen Kelley** *17 Jun 1998* ↑ **Register**

Any chance of your posting some of this Maria?

**347. — Maria Damon** *18 Jun 1998* ↑ **Register**

maybe eventually. i feel kinda shy about it because i'm concerned that it'll be considered reductive, and i'm not quite confident about my ability to make an airtight argument. but basically i want to look at Hannah's poetry as trauma-related, thru a kind of "witness-victim" or "participant-observer" status as a young Jewish-American woman coming of age during the Jewish genocide of WWII and the subsequent revelations in the US press (1960s) about the real conditions of the camps. i see her clairvoyance as a kind of dissociative state, the type that also characterizes trauma survivors...etc., and of course the disembodied palimpsest-like ticker-tape feel of the "poetry itself" whatever that means...

**348. — charles alexander** *18 Jun 1998* ↑ **Register**

I second that.

Or, putting it on a web site which we can get to?

charles

**349. — charles alexander** *18 Jun 1998* ↑ **Register**

sounds fascinating, and maybe "airtight arguments" aren't what we need, anyway. or airtight poems. how about flow-thru arguments?

charles

**350. — Bob Grumman** *18 Jun 1998* ↑ **Register**

I'm very much interested in ANYBODY'S code poems—if they are truly cryptographic; that is, if each a in a given poem, or coded part of a poem, equals some other letter. Do Hannah Weiner's code poems do this kind of thing? Or use some other cryptographic technique? I'm wholly unfamiliar with them. Could anyone quote one from Rothenberg/Joris? I'd much appreciate it.

—Bob G.

**351. — Maria Damon** *18 Jun 1998* ↑ **Register**

well since yr so flattering, i'll say a little more, in a more generalized way. let me be also frank about something, which ron silliman will be right to call academic careerism: the essay is under consideration in a coupla venues (a book and a journal) and the "ethics" of posting on the web while something's under consid. are still out w/ the jury. anyway, i was interested in hannah as a jewish writer ever since charles b first mentioned her to me in this context, in 1995. then, when working on a review of John Wieners's 707 Scott St for XCP 3 (stay posted, and don't forget to renew your subscriptions, y'all) i became fascinated with the trope of the "participant-observer" as it may pertain to the kinds of "authoethnographies" that many Beat writers (including my fave, Bob Kaufman) seem involved in —you know, documenting their "scene" etc. Trying to link that with lyric subjectivity, anti-lyric fragmented-subjectivity, etc. And since i was working on Weiner at the same time and could see some of that self-dis-sociated amanuensis-of-one's-own-experience type sensibility, i thot i had an IDEA. and relating this to trauma, well, it seems entirely plausible if we take into consideration the periodization most often associated w/ the "postmodern" --1945. For someone like Kaufman, whose social location cd be considered traumatic regardless of the "watershed" year, the argument wd have to be historicized somewhat differently than for weiner, but you get the picture... so i got all mixed up w/ weiner and wieners esp since sometimes (due no doubt to some regional peculiarities in Eastern European Yiddish transplanted to the US) people pronounce Hannah's last name to rhyme with "Meaner," and sometimes homonymous with "Whiner." etc.

At 10:36 AM -0500 6/18/98, Pritchett,Patrick @Silverplume wrote:

*"Maria - please don't be shy - you're way brilliant, girl! - and who cares about "airtight" anyhow? The point is to make our brains leap in a new unexpected direction - to open up new fields of inquiry and consideration.*

*Thanks Mark Presjnar for a very thoughtful analysis of what drives the art market here in the US of A.*

*I missed the Objectivists panel yesterday but my co-worker and fellow poet Randy Roark tells me that Carl Rakosi had some very interesting comments to make about Zukofsky's personal life - real unvarnished. Item: LZ had never even been swimming or on a bicycle till he was 30. Item: he was ter-rible with women and in marrying Celia chose the wrong woman for him. Item: he always preached clarity as the ultimate poetic virtue but in reading his poems you could garner no idea what he felt about anything. All of which is debatable, I suppose. I'm no LZ expert - but Mark Scroggins, I'll pass along your request to Michael Heller (who told me the other night that "Boulder is a boutique masquerading as a village" ).*

*Patrick Pritchett ----------maybe eventually. i feel kinda shy about it because i'm concerned that it'll be considered reductive, and i'm not quite confident about my ability to make an airtight argument. but basically i want to look at Hannah's poetry as trauma-related, thru a kind of "witness-victim" or "participant-observer" status as a young Jewish-American woman coming of age during the Jewish genocide of WWII and the subsequent revelations in the US press (1960s) about the real conditions of the camps. i see her clairvoyance as a kind of dissociative state, the type that also characterizes trauma survivors...etc., and of course the disembodied palimpsest-like ticker-tape feel of the "poetry itself" whatever that means...*

*At 7:28 PM -0700 6/17/98, Karen Kelley wrote: Any chance of your posting some of this Maria?*

*Charles Bernstein wrote:*

*Maria Damon's recent MLA presentation (Maria will be giving a talk entitled "Hannah Weiner: Clairvoyance and Trauma" for the UB Poetics Program on Thurs., Oct. 15)."*

**352. — Karen Kelley** *18 Jun 1998* ↑ **Register**

But Maria, the SUREST way to be reductive is to make an "airtight" argument. The subject sounds fascinating & evocative—and I for one am no fan of the pristine argument.

**353. — Charles Bernstein** *9 Aug 1998* ↑ **Register**
*Hannah Weiner Tribute*

Hannah Weiner: A 70th Birthday Memorial Tribute

4pm, Saturday, November 7, 1998 The Poetry Project St. Mark's Church 10th Street and Second Avenue, New York

Charles Alexander Bruce Andrews Charles Bernstein Lee Ann Brown Abigail Child Maria Damon Tina Darragh Alan Davies Maurice Finegold Ernesto Grosman Bob Harrison Michael Heller Herny Hills Peter Inman Andrew Levy Jackson Mac Low Sharon Mattlin Bernadette Mayer Douglas Messerli Phill Niblock Nick Piombino Joan Retallack Barbara Rosenthal James Sherry Ron Silliman Ann Tardos Fiona Templeton Lewis Warsh Barrett Watten

Organized by Charles Bernstein, Lee Ann Brown, Andrew Levy

**354. — Todd Baron** *10 Aug 1998* ↑ **Register**

anyone have an address for Lee Ann Brown?

or—if you "are" lee ann brown—please e-maiul todd baron here. unless you "are" todd abron in which case e-mail j.l. borges.. unless of course you are.....rod serling or ted berrigan...

TB (ReMap)

**355. — Charles Bernstein** *26 Oct 1998* ↑ **Register**
*Hannah Weiner Memorial Nov. 7*

Hannah Weiner: A 70th Birthday Memorial Tribute

Saturday, November 7, 1998 4pm The Poertry Project, St. Mark's Church, 10th Street & Second Avenue New York City

Charles Alexander Bruce Andrews Abigail Child Maria Damon Tina Darragh Alan Davies Maurice Finegold Kenneth Goldsmith Phil Good Ernesto Grosman Bob Harrison Michael Heller Herny Hills Peter Inman Jackson Mac Low Sharon Mattlin Bernadette Mayer Phill Niblock Nick Piombino Joan Retallack Barbara Rosenthal Carolee Schneeman James Sherry Ron Silliman Anne Tardos Fiona Templeton Tod Thilleman Lewis Warsh Barrett Watten plus coordinators Charles Bernstein Lee Ann Brown Andrew Levy

**356. — Poetry Project** *2 Nov 1998* ↑ **Register**
*Gary'$ question & ZINC*

Gary Sullivan asked about prices for Project readings & it goes

$7 — General

$4 — Students

Free for members

This goes for all readings unless otherwise noted. The Hannah Weiner tribute falls under "should have been otherwise noted". Something like free (I think).

As well, this Sunday a reading at the Zinc Bar (90 W. Houston; 6:30 pm):

Ted Greenwald

&

Bill Luoma

That's a $3 donation

Best, anselm berrigan

**357. — Ryan Daley** *9 Nov 1998* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Damon: A suggestion:weiner reading*

message from a youngin (even under 30 even) who attended inconspicuously who never saw hannah weiner nor most of the tribute's readers (before)

1)...appreciated james sherry's (?- slow to bad memory) gentle rebuttal of all the 'she's crazy' talk floating around - here in sanfran (oh and surely, more centrally available hereon this listserv) spicer mania abounds - lots of reference to his use of 'dictation' a la hd or yeats even, but never really a consideration of it as 'crazy' - whatever getsya by, right? -dictation, voices, acrobatics (prevalent in NYC parks) projections of words on a cat, these are all personally public events and so it seems that calling them (or he or she) crazy insnae insane crazy, especially when in the context of the writing, well seems kind of useless and maybe of an hysterical-woman thing that need not continue to grace the halls of contemp. poetry (especially as a kind of explanatory device, like a handicap/gift that makes the writing necessary, and therefore categorizable, as crazy talk or something)

2)really enjoyed all the stories and photos - brave move - quite generous, especially schneeman's bra/dream-hannah catcher and very glad to see the films - weiner's reading was amazing, did she do much public appearancing for her later stuff?

**358. — Tom Orange** *10 Nov 1998* ↑ **Register**
*a suggestion hannah event*

on Mon, 9 Nov 1998 R M Daley:

ditto largely from yr reporter here, even an odd under but over 30. and yes to finally have faces voices bodies to put to some of those names.

here's my tally, woefully incomplete as my attentiveness to scribbling fluctuated over the course of the 3+ hours. others invited to please fill in gaps and/or correct errors oversights &c as needed.

..lee ann brown.. biographical statement by hw from silent teachers remembered sequal ..andrew levy.. ..charles alexander.. ..bruce andrews.. from we speak silent incl. turpitudimous and bruce introduces ..abigail child.. collaborations/letters w. hw ..tina darragh.. dream published by n. johnson -? ..lewis warsh.. from the fast, day 4 or 5 ..kenneth goldsmith.. his own text after hw ..carolee schneeman.. slides, visual aides, anecdotes c. 1960s and early 70s, from the garment days to early clairvoyance ..bob harrison.. ..michael heller.. anecdotes, unpub 1964 collaboration with hw growing out of their workshops with kenneth kock ..peter inman.. ..jackson mac low w/anne tardos present-regrets.. from the fast day 6 and code poems ..sharon matlin.. ..hw's brother.. ..henry hills.. two films, titles -? ..nick piombino.. from weeks ..maria damon.. from the zero one, md collab. with mikel and after hw, md (un)finished correspondence w/hw ..joan retallack.. anecdotes via the waldrops, from written in the zero one and nijole's house ..barbara rosenbaum.. journal entries involving hw c. 1989-90 ..james sherry.. difficulties publishing hw's work, assessing her "madness" ..ron silliman.. letter -? ..todd -? ..alan davies.. ..lee ann brown.. collaborations w/ hw ..charles bernstein.. from an unpub 1990 mss entitled pages, poem by cb about hw and cb's son ..lab/cb.. joint reading

interesting to see what people do within the genre of the five-minute (give or take fifteen) tribute presentation: hw's own texts, work written with her, work inspired by her, anecdotes and recollections. to see the choices of hw texts people read, and the way they read them, the play of voices say mac low reading hw as opposed to bernstein reading hw (who sounded most/least like themselves?) — the extent to which this antiphony or dialog can reiterate the multivoicedness of hw's texts.

hw's brother's presentation was quite moving (as were several others that spoke to the difficulties of living working w/her, as family or friend or protege), heller's and schneeman's the most interesting for their historical value. the films were terrific, seeing "language boys" c. late 1970s cut in w/hw rooftop reading, the image and especially sound editing being a marvelous translation of hw's work.

lots learned, lots of questions raised: ..1) did people who knew her before the 1960s see harbingers of the clairvoyance or reason to suspect an unusual mental life? or was there a clear line of demarcation circa the writing of the fast? ..2) is there much unpublished work

remaining out there, what's the quality like, and are we likely to see it? ..3) i noticed a resemblance, formally, the look on the page, between, say, spoke, and dennis tedlock's translations of zuni indian texts. coincidencental?

good to finally meet maria damon, chris alexander and linda russo whom i hope to see in a few weekends in buffalo. the toronto gang in the form of scott pound and peter jaeger + swedish buffalo poetics immigrants were missed due to clutch trouble. dan farrell and sianne ngai vamoosed. thus following indian food w/ brian kim stefans and tom mediadios, festivities at james sherry's, then thirsts to quench.

respectfully submitted....t.

**359. — Ron Silliman** *10 Nov 1998* ↑ **Register**
*Hannah Weiner notes*

HAPPY BIRTHDAY HANNAH! Simply listing the 30 or so
folks who read or spoke or showed films, slides or dream hoops
at the 70th birthday memorial celebration of Hannah Weiner can't possibly convey
what a remarkable and special event took place at St. Marks Church last Saturday.
The celebration was organized by Andrew Levy, Lee Ann Brown and Charles Bernstein
three poets who really get what the word community suggests, and was framed by
their own contributions, Andrew leading off with a reading of his piece from the
Poetry Project Newsletter. There were 70 people present at the beginning and
maybe 80 at the very end three and one-half hours later, as lots of people
came and went over the course of the event. At one point I counted
over 100. Hearing Hannah's work read by most of the 30 speakers over
such an extended period of time (and, I believe, with only one piece
repeated during the entire afternoon) was itself a total immersion, and it
was evident constantly just how deeply her work has seeped into so
many of our reading/writing/thinking styles. Some of the moments that stuck
out for me: Bruce Andrews' reading of "Bruce Introduces"
"Hannah can't embarrass me with this anymore so I'll have to do it myself" — a fabulous
articulation of tough guy voices in Hannah's work. Abigail Childs' reading from a correspondence
with Hannah, working out the details of a collaboration I wish that I'd seen. Both Hannah's style and her total
commitment to craft and detail completely evident. Tina Darragh getting exactly right how Hannah's voice
would change on the phone in an instant and become totally business-like if you just asked the right question.
Lewis Warsh's reading of Hannah's birthday poem from The Fast. And pleading for someone to bring
Clairvoyant Journal back into print. Phill Niblock's and Henry Hills' films of Hannah.
Hannah seemingly decades younger in Niblock's 1974 version reading from Clairvoyant Journal than in
Henry's 1981 Plagiarism, which however included very young versions of Charles Bernstein (with an
"Art Garfunkel" afro that made the audience gasp), James Sherry and Bruce Andrews.

Carolee Schneeman's slideshow of old photos —her and Paul Blackburn waiting for Hannah at a

Be-In, Hannah cooking dinner "sane as a button" in the 60s, etc — and especially Schneeman's dream hoop

that contained several bras designed by Hannah during her early 1960s careers as a lingerie designer

to which Carolee added pink Christmas tree lights. Carolee described meeting Hannah as the result

of a planned performance piece in which, at a very late moment before the event, the sponsors indicated

that the performers could not, in fact, appear nude, so that she went to Maidenform to ask about

"experimental underwear" and the folks at Maidenform said "you must meet Hannah Weiner."

Michael Heller's account of Kenneth Koch's 1964 writing class that included Hannah, Ceravolo, Kathy Fraser

Heller himself, Towle and about 10 other immediately recognizable names, as well as a later period in Europe

(Greece?) where Hannah came and worked on what became the Code Poems. An account of the coast guard's

willing participation in one of the events and of Hannah's "street events." Sharon Matlin's lengthy

fictional memoir of "Elizabeth." Matlin and Barbara Rosenthal spoke pointedly about the role

and the problems faced by the isolated woman artist. Maurice Finegold, Hannah's brother, describing

Hannah at a much earlier age, as a student at the Rhode Island School of Design, then writing

her honors thesis on Graham Greene at Radcliffe, how his family reacted to Hannah's psychotic episodes.

How the rabbi at her service was unable to figure out what to do with her books, how to incorporate

that, but how they then found the memorial material up on the EPC website and used a lot from that.

Maria Damon's reading of her "belated" reply to a letter Hannah sent several months before

her death, an account of all the current critical material now being produced about Hannah.

James Sherry speaking of Hannah's attention to detail, spending 40 hours going over EVERY

line of Little Books/Indians to make sure it was exactly correct. Lee Ann Brown and Charles

Bernstein performing Hannah's work in two voices to complete the occasion.

These notes scribed from material written in a Square Deal Marble Memo

notebook (80 sheets, 4.5x3.25 inches), much like the ones in which

Hannah composed Little Books/Indians. Ron Silliman

**360. — cris cheek** *10 Nov 1998* ↑ **Register**

Big thanks to Ron for the account of Hannah Weiner's tribute.

From those here, who also loved her worked and knew her and wished we could've been there.

love and love cris

**361. — Joe Amato/Kass Fleisher** *10 Nov 1998* ↑ **Register**

just to 2nd (and 3rd!) ron's enthusiasm for the hannah weiner event, which both kass and i found amazing (and an amazing way to conduct biography)... and to express appreciation to charles, lee ann, and andy for putting it all together...

great meeting so many of you ftf for the first time, and seeing so many of you again... in all, too marvelous for words...

///

joe

**362. — Maria Damon** *10 Nov 1998* ↑ **Register**

yes, to add to the general enthusiasm, it was a wonderful event, i learned a lot, met some groovy folks, and reconnected w/ previously known groovy folks. did anyone mention fiona templeton's astonishing performance? looked like she was channeling hannah, or at least concentrating very hard on receiving words from elsewhere...xo, md

**363. — Charles Bernstein** *10 Nov 1998* ↑ **Register**

Thanks to those who have so far given reports on Hannah Weiner: A 70th Birthday Memorial Tribute, which was held on Saturday, Nov. 7, at the Parish Hall of the Poetry Project at St. Mark’s Church in NYC, from 4:15 to 7:30. For now, I just want to post a full list of the participants, and the order of the program, as a way of commemorating this event. I hope, at some later point, to say more (I feel much too much inside the event still to write about it in detail now). But on behalf of Lee Ann Brown, Andrew Levy and myself (the organizers) we want to thank all these participants and also to the many people who came, and especially the Poetry Project, and in particular Marcella Durand, Ed Friedman, John Fisk (who made a complete audio recording of the event) and Anselm Berrigan for their help.

Andrew Levy Charles Alexander Bruce Andrews Abigail Child Maria Damon Tina Darragh Lewis Warsh Kenneth Goldsmith Slides presented by Lee Ann Brown Carollee Schneemann with slides Bob Harrison Michael Heller Maurice Finegold (Hannah’s brother) Phill Niblock mid-70s film of Hannah Weiner reading her work Henry Hills’s 1982 film Plagarism, with Weiners, Bernstein, Andrews, & Sherry Peter Inman Jackson Mac Low (for himself and Anne Tardos) Sharon Mattlin Nick Piombino Joan Retallack Barbara Rosenthal James Sherry Ron Silliman Fiona Templeton Tod Thilleman Bob Perelman Alan Davies Lee Ann Brown Charles Bernstein Brown and Bernstein: concluding two-voice reading from The Clairvoyant Journal

**364. — lee ann brown** *11 Nov 1998* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Hannah Weiner 70th Birthday Memorial Tribute*

Sorry you're sick, Maria! Thanks for coming all that way and for your letter to Hannah-and Thanks, R M Daley, for commenting on the Hannah Weiner tribute- I thought it was amazing. Good point about Spicer and the hystericization of women's "visions." I also appreciated James' remarks, especially about her exacting specifications about getting into print what she had on the page, much of that being exactly as she saw it (literally). But I think Hannah saw her experience of clairvoyance as central to her work process since the 70's - and that cannot be ignored. I'd love to know where the ">projections of words on a cat" came in too- I don't remember that and would like to. . . you mean on Carolee Scheemann's slides of young, pony-tailed Hannah holding her cat up towards the camera to be photographed? And like Bromige's comment abt the Spicer event- the thing that interested me perhaps the most was what works of Hannah's people chose to read and how it manifested in different mouths-I'll try to say more later -I'm still kinda reeling from it all...

Meanwhile, As an extra bonus: Here's a poem that Bernadette Mayer & Phil Good sent to be read

Hannah in the First Person

Hello, I would like you to come over and smoke my peace pipe
Could you come over and buy me some frozen yogurt?
I think I should put my sweater on; the voices told me so.
hi I think I'm a fish who has memories
I went for a swim at the Hudson Guild Farm's
lower pond  making funny sounds
I made Bernadette's car spin around
I wore a fur coat
I had pinochet arrested

Hannah the fashion designer turned poet
Who wrote so many words including the ones seen on foreheads
sweaters in the summer ouch 123, is it better than synesthesia?

Bernadette said,  I caused everything
including for us to...  no I cant say this
welcome everyone to all the things you can remember
take acid and get l00% loaded
Yes, and write it down, be experimental
I am the clarvoyant poet
the woman helping the AIM movement poet
breath in the peace pipe seen words strange wonderful text Hannah Weiner
friend of finding meaning in the phenomenal

hannah banana
hannah banana
hannah banana
hannah banan
hannah bana
hannah ba

-Bernadette Mayer and Philip Good
11-98

Z Y X W V U T S R Q P O N M L K J I H G F E D C B A

**365. — charles alexander** *11 Nov 1998* ↑ **Register**
*hannah weiner tribute*

I just went through poetics archive of messages to see what people have said about the event. It was quite a treat to be there and participate and see everyone and meet new people. One thing striking was how getting the multidirectional presentations of Hannah offered such a rounded picture of her in words, images, and sound. Thanks to all of you who were part of that — organizers, presenters, and audience.

charles

**366. — Susan Wheeler** *11 Nov 1998* ↑ **Register**
*CalArts and ----------*

On behalf of all those in New Hampshire tending ailing ma's in underground houses a thousand thanks for the Hannah Weiner tribute recaps.

And a question.  Would someone with knowledge of CalArts' program(s) backchannel me?  A former student is considering applying and I've got a question about the set-up.  Many thanks.

Susan Susan Wheeler

**367. — Linda Russo** *13 Nov 1998* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Hannah Weiner Notes*

p.s. to Tom Orange your question re "Fe" is answered herein:

Saturday November 7, 1998 : Hannah Weiner Tribute : St. Mark's Place Church collaborative response by LooRusso and Chris Alexander

In more-or-less alphabetical order (in fact - a matter which I did not attune to until Ron Silliman followed James Sherry although Lewis Warsh had presented much earlier) individuals, introduced by the event's coordinators Charles Bernstein and Lee Ann Brown, proceeded to the podium of the crowded hall to read Hannah's work, to betray their own memories, to respond. Actually, the participants didn't present in alphabetical order, so far as I could tell. Afterward there was some discussion amongst my circle [of attendees] as to whether reading one's own work was an appropriate response? It was a wonderful tribute. That the appropriateness of a response somehow expired after a certain length of time? Certainly one wouldn't want to invalidate poetic responses to Hannah's work - I'm sure the latter will continue to be the most prominent, if not in fact the most important form of address to HW - however, there was some question, esp. with regard to writers who didn't seem to have 'a lot to say' about her (e.g., on whom she'd "had a big influence for about two months").

But perhaps one would be the 'lot to say' themselves, as evidence of Hannah's influence - her way of saying providing one with a way to say one's (other) (nether) world.

On the nother hand, why *should* self-interest (or just "interest," as it would have been called by the cynical neoclassicals) be separated from one's interest in the work of another artist? It rarely is that in my own case (I might concur if I had the slightest idea what 'I' am talking about), certainly. Just so long as it doesn't come to eclipse the interest =in the work of another artist=. ENOUGH OF THAT QUIET. Nonetheless, individuals were infrequently boring. Jackson Mac Low read beautifully from The Code Poems approx.: follow me will you lead? will you follow? I will follow intoned the last poem - taking on a very different significance under the circumstances. Many read from The Fast and some read from Weeks, Clairvoyant Journal, and Silent Teachers Remember Sequel; Jackson Mac Low read from The Code Poems and described what sounded to have been an amazing performance in a Central

Park bandshell, in which Hannah enlisted the U.S. Coast Guard to present in flag code the 3 letters that run adjacent to the poem-text which she read. Others read letters they received from Hannah, Sharon Matlin read a short story that referred to itself in the end as an "essay" in which Hannah appeared as "Elizabeth," a curious Anglification, especially since the author referred to 'herself' in the text as "Sharon," (there was some speculation afterward as to whether the boyfriend "Richard" was indeed Bruce Andrews, though not because he played significantly in other works presented, but perhaps because he was glanced at often), Tina Darragh shared a dream, Fiona Templeton thought in the manner of Hannah out loud, Barbara Rosenthal read excessively from her own journals wherever they made reference to Hannah (or her apartment), revealing a shocking portrait of her (who?) as calculating and cold.

Maria Damon, apologizing again for not having known HW (ach, Maria so worried) read her belated response (written a few days ago) beautiful, under the circumstances, in it's (should read "its") quotidian detail - e.g., responding to Hannah's queries about the weather in Minneapolis, etc.

Also nice because she presented a very human 'Academic' face (& the only one at that).

Many, in fact, remembered near-[or apparently outright] harassing phone calls and other such near-intolerable behaviors, a view which, in isolation, might romanticize the artists as sufferer and sufferee had not others presented her as intelligent, generous and responsive. Charles B. spoke of HW with great affection and read three pages, apparently written just after her mother's death, from a notebook/manuscript Hannah had given to him some years ago. Among those present and unaccounted for in our response: Charles Alexander, Alan Davies, Bruce Andrews (no he was accounted for), Bob Perelman, Nick Piombino, P. Inman, (Bernadette Mayer [oft mentioned in _Clairvoyant J-s_] pulled a Barbara Guest, appearing in the program but not in fact), Joe Amato and Kass Fleisher; Ann Tardos was home with a bad cold. There are others too.  sorry.

Happily, though not altogether happy judging from his tone, James Sherry delivered the coup against a tendency in some participants to romanticize or overemphasize HW's schizophrenia or her mysticism - variants of reducing her to another hysterical woman; a position I'm sure some found strident, but I personally found moving, the act of a concerned friend. In the 60s according to Carolee Schneeman who brought some of the bras (& these were most decidedly bras though it's often said that Hannah designed "lingerie") Hannah had designed, for example, Hannah, the only of a group of artists with a day job, would make large dinners on payday, - oh that's who that was she had this big plastic ring with bras attached that was supposed to facilitate some kind of communication with Hannah (?) (well it was a circle and it did have red twinkle-lights) and showed some wonderful slides of her as a youth - and in collaboration with Abigail Child she HANNAH was revealed to be, again, generous ("change whatever you want"), responsible and responsive.

Ron Silliman read a very Clairvoyant letter from HW. Hannah's brother, Maurice Finegold, eulogized as well, a touching antithesis. I found his presence very moving as well - here was a person who, knowing little-to-nothing of the 'avant garde' poetry scene, took the chance of coming (from Boston, a lovely train ride) (trains are lovely) together with us in tribute to her; as much, presumably, to find a part of her life closed to the family, as to share with us some details of her family life.

Yes he was great.

A very courageous person, I must say. Bringing with him only an index card.

Those words that spoke loudest, though, were the renderings of Hannah's own work, including a film of Hannah reading from and composing Clairvoyant Journal, and another with footage of herself on a roof in a fur hat reading from Ten Little Indian Notebooks (?) choppy-chop spliced (as they say in the bidness) with footage of youths Bruce Andrews reading from a manuscript in an alley, James Sherry on the street or a fire escape gossiping, and Charles Bernstein speaking and gesticulating argumentatively (same eyes he had lots of hair then). I must say (and said to Charles afterward) the footage of these three young "language boys" was degrading (just kidding! it would read "delightful" but for the glee of the collaborate-saboteur). I do hope we'll get a chance to see Harry Hill's films in Buffalo? BE MORE ASSERTIVE.

Charles read "fe" from Silent Teachers, Remembered Sequel which includes the lines "we must integrate into the next generation." Charles and Lee Ann Brown (who'd advised as step one in a how-to-read-hannah "it's funny") closed the tribute with a great and emotional performance of a few pages from The Clairvoyant Journal.

I can't add anything to this ending: The affair came to a close after so many hours, how many it does not matter in New York on a Saturday night it did not matter (we were hungry then we ate), commemorating her 70th birthday a year after her death it was, true to its form it was a sad occasion for more than a few attendees.

**368. — Wendy Kramer** *20 Nov 1998* **↑ Register**
*follow me*

catching up on nov. list postings and want to add about hannah weiner tribute...

yes jackson macklow's reading "follow me" in code pomes was striking

**369. — Jacques Debrot** *20 Nov 1998* **↑ Register**
*Re: changing consciousness*

By the term "changed consciousness," is what is being meant a psychological effect somehow in excess of aesthetic experience? One that is not, in other words, circumscribed by ART?

If so, the problem is, it seems to me, that without a theory of the mind subtending it — like the Surrealists perhaps —the term doesn't have any real specificity.

In visionary poetry, like Blake's, Duncan's, Bob Kaufman's, or Hannah Weiner's, the reader is more of a *witness* to a particular vision than a full participant in it.

> But the term "changed consciousness" implies something different — there is a kind of equality between the writer's & the reader's experience — that is, it's a matter, as Bob Grumman suggests, of the writer finding an effective "technique."
>
> But to say that such a technique "changes consciousness" is to implicate a precise mental topology, isn't it, if it's not to be contained wholly within, say, the aesthetic category of the sublime?
>
> As for the L-poets, they don't seem paticularly interested in subjective psychological experience — in dreams, for instance, or in any form of automatism.
>
> So what exactly do the people using it in this thread mean by "changed consciousness?" Is the consciousness that is being changed an ethical consciousness? political? psychological? spiritual? . . .

**370. — Judy Roitman** *20 Nov 1998* ↑ **Register**

from Jacques Debrot

Epistemological/ontological. At least for me.

Using certain words as nouns already sets us up for something. The penumbra of prepositions (which phrases take "of"? etc.) ditto. And so on.

When a Zen teacher says "If you say this is a stick you are attached to name and form, if you say this is not a stick you are attached to emptiness" this is in (how large a?) part a comment on [note those word "in" and "on" here] how "is" shapes the mind, how the linguistic category "noun" shapes the mind.

"The" and "a" two more perpetrators. And so on.

I suspect --- but not being a historian of these things can't say for sure, perhaps others will comment --- that this is really the influence of Buddhism on contemporary poetics. Focus on this relationship is deeply implicit in Buddhist practice.

But often not explicit, and certainly not prescriptive on poetics. Poetics that are [note the plural] corollaries of this concern seem fairly recent (and of course do not necessarily have Buddhist sources). The classical East Asian poetry that we see in standard anthologies, even the particularly Buddhist poetries that arise in various Buddhist canons, seem to ignore these notions. But again I am not a scholar of these things and could easily --- hope to --- be wrong.

Judy Roitman | "Whoppers Whoppers Whoppers!

---

## Barry Cox

d. 1997

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*Nothing about this person could be verified outside the archive. The notice says: “Barry Cox, long a lurker on this list, passed away yesterday from cancer.”*

**371. — Ron Silliman** *24 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**

*Barry Cox*

Barry Cox, long a lurker on this list, passed away yesterday from cancer.

Of all the poets who turned to the computer industry for employment, Barry was arguably the most successful. His projects as CIO of BBDO-West, the ad firm, were the subject of articles in publications like Information Week.

Like a lot of poets, he didn't try to publish, though he attended readings in the Bay Area much more often than do most of the folks in the Palo Alto area.

He was a sweet, wonderful guy,

Ron

http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/silliman/

> **372. — Loss Glazier** *24 Sep 1997* ↑ **Register**
> Barry was someone I admired greatly. He was extremely quiet but his keen observations were always a thrill. He had also been a long time follower of poetry and one of those poetry regulars so vital to the viability of a series, book, or magazine - a supporter of poetry in every sense of the word. I spent a good deal of time with Barry in Vancouver and most recently in Buffalo for the Duncan festival. He loved the word and was a devoted reader. He was present during the formative stages of some West Coast poetries and I believe he had also been a student of Robin Blaser's in Vancouver. He was also someone who travelled regularly, backcountry Mexico being one of his haunts. My favorite stories of his were his recollections of readings of Ron, Charles, and others, early on. Getting an additional perspective on some of the published accounts. It seemed to me he had such an important perspective, was sitting there at the beginning, and through many significant moments. His keen state of sweet, studied, quiet observation, almost buddhist in nature, is something that I will always remember. As I will his respectfulness for people and his unstoppable, affectionate awe of the word. Though Barry wasn't widely known, he was significant among us; we have certainly lost a part of where we have been by losing someone who never failed to be with us.
>
> At 05:16 AM 9/24/97 -0500, you wrote:
>
> "*http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/silliman/*"

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## Hans Ebner

1945–1997

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Nothing about this person could be verified outside the archive.*

**373. — Kurt Nimmo** *1 Nov 1997* ↑ **Register**

*In Memory of Hans Ebner*

PNG POETY ONLINE has published:

A TRIBUTE TO HANS EBNER: 1945 - 1997

http://ic.net/~knimmo/ebner/

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# William Matthews

1942–1997

*3 messages · 3 hands*

*American poet of jazz and basketball whose* Time & Money *won the National Book Critics Circle Award. Dead of a heart attack the same day as Laughlin.*

**374. — Ron Silliman** *14 Nov 1997* ↑ **Register**

*William Matthews*

The poet William Matthews died of a heart attack the same day as Laughlin. While his poetics were not mine, he seemed like a nice enough fellow back when he was living next door to David McAleavey's Ithaca home in 1970.

Ron

http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/silliman/

**375. — Joel Lewis** *15 Nov 1997* ↑ **Register**

Bill Matthews was my writing teacher at CCNY's MA Creative writing program. I thought I had entered the netherworld when, in the first class, he made reference t"to my good friend Daniel Halpern" well, it wasn't hades—though it was my first encounter with nondowntown poetics & (gasp) folks like matthews loved poetry as much as ted berrigan did except the heroes tended more to be robertfrost than frank o'hara.

ebven though our senses of poetry were miles apart, he treated my work with respect as he did with everyone in the workshop — the one "star" to emerge from my time was Walter Mosley, who found his calling in the mystery novel genre.

joel lewis

**376. — David Israel** *15 Nov 1997* ↑ **Register**

*Mosley's poesy*

[ was, Re: William Matthews ]

I rapped my knuckles on the front door. It was fabricated from many layers of wood. So many layers that I couldn't get a sure knock. The sound I did make was nothing more than the rustling of kisses in a close hallway at night.

- Easy Rawlins (Mosley's privite eye character), in *Black Betty

Other than Chandler and Hammett, Walter Mosley happens to be the only mystery writer I've taken an interest in reading in recent years. So I appreciate getting this little, unexpected anecdotal backgrounder, Joel.

Haven't kept up with Mosley's work, but recent reviews indicate some branching out from mystery genre (& from Easy Rawlins). As noted in the NYT Book Review by Sven Birkerts (Nov. 9 '97) (at: http://search.nytimes.com/books/search/bin/fastweb?getdoc+book-rev+book-r+22253+6++%27Walter%20Mosley%27 )

> Assigning his protagonist, Socrates Fortlow, the name of the father of Western philosophy, Walter Mosley has, in ''Always Outnumbered, Always Outgunned,'' set out to explore the implications of moral action in a society that has lost all purchase on the spirit of the law. This, Mosley's eighth work of fiction, makes a striking departure from the familiar event-driven world of Easy Rawlins. The 14 loosely linked vignettes and tales incorporate the Platonic dialogues as a kind of ghost melody; signature strains of

> the classic are vamped up in the rough demotic of
> present-day Watts.
>
> d.i. . .....

---

# David Ignatow

1914–1997

*10 messages · 10 hands*

*American poet known for direct, humanistic free verse, Bollingen Prize winner, editor of the American Poetry Review and poetry editor of the Nation, author of* Rescue the Dead *and* Against the Evidence*. Died in Wednesay's New York.*

---

**377. — Charles Bernstein** *21 Nov 1997* ↑ **Register**

*David Ignatow (1914-1997)*

David Ignatow died on Monday, according to an obituary in Wednesay's New York Times.

from "All Else is Prelude" in The One and the Many:

"If language could save me from death, I would already have been declared bodily immortal. I wrote that with thought in mind, thinking writing was an elixir of the secret of living forever, until I began to spy my hair graying. I had to a knowledge that if there is immortality, it is in writing itself as an art, not as an elixir of the body's survival. Now I have to write so that what I write has the very breadth of life itself, such as I can write into it to have it live beyond me, for me, by me, having by then died."

> **378. — William Burmeister** *21 Nov 1997* ↑ **Register**
>
> Thank you Charles for relaying the sad news. I didn't know him personally, but I have been reading him with much interest. David Ignatow was a poet of uncommon, brutal honesty. A poet of the real but also a poet of alternate reality, of very real possibilities (the 'what if,' or 'why not'). I have found in his poetry a tough but hopeful dialogue with self; far from familiar, even his physical self to him could be as other as deathly reflection in a mirror. His journals reveal this lifelong struggle with his own identity and mortality. They also point to him as poet/citizen having a considerable political conscience. He too has been underestimated, always there prolifically writing away in the background, but I don't think this will continue to be the case.
>
> Sadly - William Burmeister
>
> **379. — Tosh Berman** *21 Nov 1997* ↑ **Register**
>
> A couple years ago, he gave a lively reading at Beyond Baroque. He was wonderful, and a very pleasant person to boot. Sorry to hear about his passing
>
> Tosh Berman TamTam Books
>
> **380. — Hank Lazer** *24 Nov 1997* ↑ **Register**
>
> I've been spending some time this past week thinking about my friend David Ignatow. When Charles sent out word about David's death, I began thumbing through David's most recent book of poems, _I Have a Name_, published by when David was 82. A couple of poems:
>
> As If
>
> The prayerful humanity of Bach, the soldier machinegunning—I don't know how to reconcile one with the other and to the living, where with others I walk, stunned.

In a cafe music is pouring itself in joy for itself for anyone to dream of reconciliation with conflicted life. Farther down the road an energetic man is beating his wife.

How to live in confusion and as a skeptic, angry to have been born to music and to screams intermingling, as if—not one without the other—to make a whole of it.

*

For Rose
1913-1995

I have a name a substitute for the word infinity.

When my name is called it is not me you are calling.

*

David's poetry and friendship meant a great deal to me. He wrote a very generous blurb for my first book, _Doublespace_. He was an energetic correspondent, and he continued to read, think, and argue. Early on in our friendship, he steered me to George Oppen's poetry. I have written about David's poetry, and I remain drawn to its odd syntax, a kind of quirky yid-dishness, an odd mixture of modesty and passion.

*

David Ignatow
1914-1997

there would be then this way of erasure as you had studiously entered into that space of your disappearance intimate with its parameters savoring particularities of its persistent integrity there you are in dialog with each imagined shadow and every other poet a kingdom the cir cumference of your many singular friendships

**381.** **— Jerry E. Fletcher** *24 Nov 1997* ↑ **Register**

Hank,

Many thanks for sharing David Ignatow's work and your comments about how he influenced your work and life. The Ignatow work you shared I am not familiar with and will seek out.

Thanks,

Jerry Fletcher

**382.** **— Ron Silliman** *25 Nov 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Ignatow & Objectivism*

Hank,

Thanks for your post on Ignatow.

I read him closely throughout the 1960s, far more sporadically after that. I was intrigued to see that he had suggested Oppen to you. I've always read both him and Harvey Shapiro (the former NYTBR editor) as two poets who showed the Williams influence very clearly, but in a way that demonstrated what growing up as a poet during the period when the Objectivists were silent and out of print would lead to — decidedly on the far side of the New American poetry and generally antithetical to everything that has spun out from that.

Ron Silliman

**383.** **— henry gould** *25 Nov 1997* ↑ **Register**
*D. Ignatow*

A poem by David Ignatow, from _A Glass of Green Tea - With Honig_:

THE POET
for Edwin

What does he want of himself?
How to write without reservation,
yet without repugnance,

so that to value writing,
teeth, tongue and terror -
he will accept the terror.

[when you look at the repetitions of sounds around the "t" of "poet" and "write" - w, r, t - this little praise poem takes on something elegant]

**384. — Douglas Barbour** *25 Nov 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: David Ignatow (1914-1997)*

Thanks to Hank Lazar for that small but so complete eulogy. Heart/felt.

**385. — Aviva Vogel** *25 Nov 1997* ↑ **Register**

In a message dated 97-11-24 22:08:03 EST, you write:

<< Many thanks for sharing David Ignatow's work and your comments about how he influenced your work and life.

Yes, thank you. I have been "on-and-off" attracted to his work; at the very least, I find it kind of "uplifting"! He's got a good soul.

**386. — Joseph Safdie** *25 Nov 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Ignatow & Objectivism*

I, too, was thinking of thanking Hank for his moving and thoughtful post on Ignatow when Ron's post below came over the wires.

I was looking at some Ignatow poems this morning from an old anthology, _The Voice That Is Great Within Us_ (discussed previously on the list). He was one of those figures that I devoured while in graduate school (this would have been in the 70s) — a voice that I trusted implicitly, in the wake of so much that was false, pretentious, merely aesthetic. The simplicity and tough-mindedness appealed to me, yet a sure concern for craft (as Henry notes in another post this AM) was also apparent; his journals were a great read as well. But the connection to Oppen (surprising to me as well) gets to what I was thinking: here's a writer who could conceivably bridge the gap between competing "schools" — someone whose work can be respected by people working all sides of the street — so immediately to label him as "antithetical" to the New American Poetry (and we all know how problematic THAT appellation is to Ron, and others) seems to me unseemly. Enough with the opposing camps for a while — let's appreciate the man and what he wrote, and did.

---

## Ann Petry

1908–1997

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*American novelist whose* The Street *was the first novel by an African-American woman to sell a million copies. Died in Old Saybrook, Connecticut, at age 88.*

**387. — Aldon L Nielsen** *24 Nov 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Ann Petry*

I just now learned that novelist Ann Petry died last Spring. The news was on the same page as a piece about Pound that a friend mailed me from the Washigton Post. Has anyone spotted any other news coverage of Petry?

**388. — David Kellogg** *24 Nov 1997* ↑ **Register**

Aldon, I knew she died but I haven't seen news coverage of it. (I learned because I'm teaching The Street next Spring).

# Kathy Acker

1947–1997

*5 messages · 5 hands*

*American experimental novelist and punk avant-garde writer whose transgressive, appropriative cut-up fictions of sexuality and power include* Blood and Guts in High School, Great Expectations, *and* Empire of the Senseless.

**389. — Loss Glazier** *2 Dec 1997* ↑ **Register**

*Kathy Acker*

See the EPC home page for a link to a terrific tribute to Kathy Acker.

**390. — Rae Armantrout** *30 Nov 1997* ↑ **Register**

Kathy died last night in a Tijuana treatment center. Reportedly, her death was "peaceful."

Rae A.

**391. — Steve Carll** *1 Dec 1997* ↑ **Register**

Just had this forwarded to me from Jack Foley.

"*From sjcarll Mon Dec 1 10:40:36 1997*

*Jack, Checks for the Kathy Acker Fund should be made out to GIORNO POETRY SYSTEMS. You can send checks to ATTICUS BOOKS--1508 U Street, NW—Washington, DC 20009. Kathy Acker died November 30 at 1:30 am PST. Sad news. Lucinda*"

**392. — Garrett Kalleberg** *4 Dec 1997* ↑ **Register**

*Kathy Acker Requiem*

Posted Wednesday at CTheory, an excerpt from Kathy Acker's Requiem:

**393. — Maria Damon** *4 Dec 1997* ↑ **Register**

is money sstill being collected to defray her expenses, or are those announcements now moot? if there's still a call for $, wd someone please repost the mailing info? thanks.

At 1:23 AM -0500 12/4/97, Garrett Kalleberg wrote:

"*Posted Wednesday at CTheory, an excerpt from Kathy Acker's Requiem: http://www.ctheory.com/a56.html Garrett Kalleberg*"

## James Laughlin

1914–1997

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American publisher and poet who founded New Directions, the preeminent American publisher of modernist literature;* New Directions in Prose & Poetry *(1936). Died of complications from a stroke, in Norfolk, Connecticut. One forwarded announcement on the thread, about nothing, is omitted.*

**394. — John Tranter** *11 Dec 1997* ↑ **Register**

*Correct URL for the Laughlin obit piece in Jacket*

My apologies for giving an incorrect URL in a recent posting.

Eliot Weinberger's obituary article on James Laughlin is available free in Issue # 2 of Jacket magazine at this URL:

http://www.jacket.zip.com.au/jacket02/laughlin.html

Apologies and thanks to those who wrote in to notify me of the problem.

## Denise Levertov

1923–1997

*9 messages · 8 hands*

*British-American poet known for politically engaged verse joining lyric craft to Vietnam-era protest, author of* The Freeing of the Dust *and* To Stay Alive*, recipient of the Shelley Memorial Award and Frost Medal. Died in Seattle. One forwarded announcement on the thread, about nothing, is omitted.*

**395. — robert drake** *23 Dec 1997* ↑ **Register**

*another passing...*

According to today's paper, Denise Levertov passed away in Seattle at age 74, from complications of lymphoma...

luigi-bob drake burning press

**396. — Suzanne Burns** *23 Dec 1997* ↑ **Register**

Levertov has long been one of my most loved poets. What sad news! I will really miss her presence.

Suzanne Burns

**397. — pritchpa** *23 Dec 1997* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Denise Levertov*

"Effacement"

Today the mountain
is cloud,
pale cone of shadow
veiled by a paler scrim ---

majestic presence become
one cloud among others,

humble vapor,
barely discernible,

like the archangel walking
with Tobias on dusty roads.

-- Denise Levertov

**398. — henry gould** *23 Dec 1997* ↑ **Register**

Settling

I was welcomed here--clear gold
of late summer, of opening autumn,
the dawn eagle sunning himself on the highest tree,
the mountain revealing herself unclouded, her snow
tinted apricot as she looked west,
tolerant, in her steadfastness, of the restless sun
forever rising and setting.
Now I am given
a taste of the grey foretold by all and sundry,
a grey both heavy and chill. I've boasted I would not care,
I'm London-born. And I won't. I'll dig in,
into my days, having come here to live, not to visit.
Grey is the price
of neighboring with eagles, of knowing
a mountain's vast presence, seen or unseen.

-- Denise Levertov

**399. — David Bromige** *23 Dec 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Denise Levertov, deceased*

HYPOCRITE WOMEN

Hypocrite women, how seldom we speak
of our own doubts, while dubiously
we mother man in his doubt!

And if at Mill Valley perched in the trees
the sweet rain drifting through western air
a white sweating bull of a poet told us

our cunts are ugly--why didn't we
admit we have thought so too? (And
what shame? They are not for the eye!)

No, they are dark and wrinkled and hairy,
caves of the Moon. . . And when a
dark humming fills us, a

coldness towards life,
we are too much women to
own to such unwomanliness.

Whorishly with the psychopomp
we play and plead--and say
nothing of this later. And our dreams,

with what frivolity we have pared them
like toenails, clipped them like ends of
split hair.

This took considerable courage to write/publish in the early 60s.

The local details & name are curiously irrelevant, one thinks. It was coding, along with the "white sweating bull of a poet," to identify Jack Spicer as the speaker of the cunts-are-ugly line.

"They are not for the eye!" resonates oddly after 35 years of feminist debate.But the impetus to begin such debate must be attributed in part to Denise Levertov's prompting. She was frank, and she was given to assertion.

The Vietnam War was tragic for countless persons, Denise among them. Being in the right is not good for a poet. Surely, though, she helped bring that war to its close.

She told me—this was in 1972 or so when I visited her in Boston—I can hear still the earnestness of her tone, she had found the truth and she was feeling its indignity—that she had been "used" by the Black Mountaineers as "their token woman." No doubt (no doubt that is what she felt), but I and many others were so glad that this abuse had resulted in her poetry being available to us, and I said so. Certainly the exposure that was one result, her work in the Allen anthology, brought her poetry to a far wider audience than she could, at the outset, have rustled up all on her own. But she would not concern herself with that qualification.

I experienced her generosity,love, enthusiasm, intensity, intelligence and rectitude firsthand the year I was her TA at Berkeley, and a short time thereafter. Mitch and she opened their home to me among so many others who could be supposed to embrace their causes. I loved her. She was endearingly gat-toothed, like John Ashbery (and likely the Wife of Bath). She could also get very giggly, English-schoolgirl giggly. Her innocence was always with her, and seldom prissy.

But there was more than a touch of "party-line" about her taste. She did not read younger poets with the catholicism she herself, as one who had overturned the money-lenders' tables in the temple, might more perspicaciously have striven to maintain. Or so I felt. Rae Armantrout, a student of hers, however, has testified to the encouragement she received. And surely Rae's work is radically different from Denise's; although in "Merrit Parkway," for instance, I find echoes, and a possible precedence for Rae's more subtle nailings of american life : "speeding with/ a slurred sound". . . .

It was at the MLA in San Diego two, three years since that I went to a Levertov reading for the last time. It was very well-attended, in a room that was a little too large (compared to the smaller, densely-packed room where Sharon Olds was reading at the same time). I cannot recall the poems she read with any vividness. The mode was by now as familiar as it had been extraordinary, 30 years before. Possibly I was speeding with a slurred sound.

Not death but time is the evil, time with its repetitions and forgetfulness. I recall mostly the gracious, nuanced voice, so like my sister's (just her age), the persistence, the curiosity, the sense that each life had value, as though Auschwitz might just be atoned for. if from her example each could draw strength and veneration for life, in its specificities. Yet how well she knew the dulling of habit, of the familiar : "The Ache of Marriage" cannot be bettered, :"two by two in the ark of/the ache of it."

I mourn the Denise I knew, here in the fag-end of this year that brought death to many of our poets. Reading through her books, I come across these lines(from "The Five-Day Rain") :

Wear scarlet! Tear the green lemons off the tree! I don't want to forget who I am, and what has burned in me, and hang limp and clean, an empty dress

That is the feeling, and she wrote it. David

**400. — George J Farrah** *24 Dec 1997* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Denise Levertov*

Of Being

I know this happiness is provisional:

the looming presences-
great suffering, great fear-

withdraw only
into peripheral vision:

but ineluctable this shimmering of wind in the blue leaves:

this flood of stillness widening the lake of sky:

this need to dance, this need to kneel: this mystery:

Denise Levertov

**401. — Douglas Barbour** *24 Dec 1997* ↑ **Register**

Sad news, And I yesterday at a memorial for a too young jazz pianist who left so many wishing he had had more time to give of his great gift to us here. But for me, Levertov was a major influence (as was Phyllis Webb; & that's a story in itself I think, that such women did influence many men), & I still love _O Taste and See_, especially, from which many quoted. And thanks David for the closeups. I heard her once, & got to say hello I owe you, but that's a terrific story of your relationship with her. Passion & a sense of language & rhythm. A lot to remember there. And a full life (the writing life) at least.

==========
========== Douglas Barbour Department of English University of Alberta Edmonton Alberta T6G 2E5 H: 436 3320
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Whose song is this anyway? Is it a song being sung

on the narrow road to the North?

Phyllis Webb

**402. — Hank Lazer** *26 Dec 1997* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Denise Levertov, deceased*

Thanks especially to David Bromige for his account of Denise Levertov. I did not know of Denise's connection to Bromige nor to Rae Armantrout. Denise's earlier work meant a great deal to me, was crucial to my own development of an ability to hear poetry. When Bob Hass lived for a year in Charlottesville, he would read aloud a range of poetry to illustrate the beauty of certain sounds. I recall Bob reading work by Creeley, John Logan, and Levertov. I read and re-read and said Denise's early work, particularly poems from The Jacob's Ladder and The Sorrow Dance. When I organized the What Is a Poet? conference (1984), Denise was one of the participants. She was in some pain (due to a nerve disease), and she was quite difficult to work with. The event itself was quite contentious, especially the free-for-all of the concluding panel discussion, in which Denise accused Charles Bernstein (and all language poets) of polluting the public beach of language. And at that time, Denise had also been engaged in a letter-writing campaign to deny Marjorie Perloff a teaching position at Stanford. My correspondence and my working relationship with Denise for those couple of years were rather strained. This week, I am (instructed and) struck by the great generosity of Bromige's remembrance of Denise. Personally, I retain many elements of that ear training which I associate with Denise's poetry—a certainy delicacy, beauty, and modulation of vowel sounds particularly. And am tempted to say "what thou lovest well remains...." Which in my case is a love of certain sounds in poetry, a certain lyricism, which remains linked to Denise's poetry, which nonetheless is also linked to the complicated, heated politics of poetry business too.

Hank Lazer

**403. — henry gould** *26 Dec 1997* ↑ **Register**

Thanks, Hank Lazer, for the interesting post on this quiet day. Without any wish to dabble in the poetry politics, I want to second what you said about that elusive sound-lyric element of poetry. It seems to inhabit a region between sound and meaning, speech & music. Croce once wrote somewhere that "pure poetry", contra the Symbolists, was not pure sound - not a strictly abstract aesthetic effect. "Poesie pure", pure poetry, for Croce, meant a balance between sound and meaning. The kind of free verse practiced by Levertov, and so many others in the 60s & 70s, seems to have aimed by very simple & direct means for what Croce
~~~~~~~~~~

> defines; and maybe the means began to seem too direct, after a while - too easily imitable, too much the same thing. The vein was mined for all it was worth. (?)
>
> Maybe the sound-lyric quality has something to do with the "lost art" of prosody (as defined in the ILS Dictionary of Received Ideas, a hallowed volume placed right next to my well-thumbed Glinkenschneider's _Geschichte der Philologische Banana-shchplit-tzeinestrabismus_ and Vittorio di Paolabologna's _Historia della Sprezzatura di Spaghetti_). Lost somewhere between the Established P*o*e*t*s, the Experimentalists, and the Nude Formalists. Lost somewhere... hey, there it is! PROSODY! Whaddya know— right where I left it, under the avocado plant near the back door next to the shovel and the plastic toy motorcycle! PROSODY! Hey! Get back here, you're part of POETRY! Hey! Dagnab it, there he goes, out the door — here, Prosody... - Henry Gould, Another Frustrated Pet Prosody Person

## 1998

## Martha Gellhorn

1908–1998

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American war correspondent and novelist who reported on conflicts from the Spanish Civil War onward;* The Face of War *(1959). Identified in the notice as "journalist".*

### 404. — Pierre Joris *17 Feb 1998* ↑ Register

*[Fwd: Martha Gellhorn obit]*

Martha Gellhorn died 15 February; the link below is to the Manchester Guardian obit.

> " *Name: GELLHORN.TXT*
> *GELLHORN.TXT Type: Plain Text (text/plain)*
> *Encoding: 8bit* "

"What often prevents us from giving ourselves over to a single vice is that we have several of them." — La Rochefoucauld
==========

A reminder, if any is needed, of how the rules of the game have changed. Those who are reporting directly on today's obscenities are likely to be of an age closer to Gellhorn's than to that of the super-successful young turks who tell us what Sexy Spice is wearing this week.

The [London] Guardian February 17 1998

OBITUARIES

Martha Gellhorn

A WITNESS TO OUR WORLD AT WAR

THE streetcars of her hometown of St Louis, Missouri, shaped the life of Martha Gellhorn, who has died aged 89. Her suffragette mother and doctor father had raised her to confidence and campaigning, and, as a child, she had freedoms her peers did not; she

roamed the city alone on those cars, looking in on lives unlike her own. "One bends one's one twig and it stays bent," she drawled long after.

She was briefly collegiate at Bryn Mawr, she was a cub reporter surviving on a diet of doughnuts. Then at 21, in 1930, her life began with a steerage-class passage to Europe, $75 and a suitcase. She went to Paris to become a foreign or, better still, a roving correspondent. Just like that.

Even for a girl who looked, as she once remarked, like the cartoon character Betty Boop - all batted eyelashes - and had limitless insouciance, it did not happen quite like that. Gellhorn sold any old writing she could and got a "very high-class education - standing room at ground level to watch history as it happened".

Her learning process involved European poverty and politics and an affair, later a short marriage, with the radical journalist Bertrand de Jouvenal, who, as a youth, had been the lover of a middle-aged Colette. She innocently took a room in a bawdy-house and knowingly bought absurd Parisian couture cheap at the end of the season. She was also introduced to her first Nazis, "scrubbed and parrot-brained". They didn't teach a girl any of that at Bryn Mawr.

The process also covered returning to - and crossing -America, walking in on an oil boom and on the great Russian film director Sergei Eisenstein, who was failing to film in Mexico, and writing her first novel. It took her on to the payroll of the Federal Relief Agency, for which she filed reports on the lives of the forgotten poor, which read like epic captions for Depression photographers: she was sacked for inspiring local revolutions.

It allowed her the naivety to cadge room and board from HG Wells in London, where she wrote a vivid eye-witness account of a southern lynching she later admitted that she had never seen; and to accept the offer of President Roosevelt and his wife, Eleanor - her mother's campaigning friend - to stay in the White House, which was pretty homey then. She put up there in Abraham Lincoln's bedroom and was fed regular meals during an awkward patch, when her furious moral righteousness made her otherwise unemployable.

There she finished The Trouble I've Seen, fiction based on her underclass investigations. It was published in 1936, with her portrait, blonde and elegant, on its dust jacket: this was a titillating combination and a success. She was immediately celebrated, but fled the hoopla by holidaying in Florida.

At a Key West bar called Sloppy Joe's, she ran into Ernest Hemingway, bulky in his "odiferous Basque shorts". Two big celebs in a small town. His books had been her models. She said so. He had seen her face on Troubles. All afternoon and evening, they drank Papa Dobles, two-and-a-half jiggers of white Bacardi rum, juice of two fresh limes, swirled in a rusty electric blender. It sounds like a Hollywood "meet-cute" - she walked into the bar in a black dress and high heels, with her terrific mother in tow. The Bacall and Bogart versions were merely re-makes. She seems to have thought she had found the partner her nerve deserved. Hemingway was hooked.

He was also married and off to cover the Spanish Civil War. She decided to join the fight and him (perhaps not in that order), this time with a rucksack and $50, a letter of introduction from Collier's magazine, and a notion that the "correct response to a war against fascism was simply to be present on the right side". She thought that war correspondents reported the battlefield, and was surprised, but willing, when one suggested that a description of ordinary life in besieged Madrid was worth sending home.

Collier's printed the piece, put her name on their masthead, and there she was, a war correspondent and Hemingway's lover -and under his patronage, eating his tinned supplies and sharing his mattress on the road,. yet still stubbornly independent. Her reports from Spain were more candid than his. The ration portion of dried salted cod weighed as heavily as the shells. She did not have to pretend to be an authority.

One editor at Collier's appreciated and trusted her copy and, for eight years after that, she could go where she wanted and write what she saw. "I had the chance to see the life of my time, which was war." The British unprepared for total war; the Czechoslovak army walking home after the German land-grab; the Finns democratic but frozen, fighting the Russians; the Chinese, in hunger and filth, out-enduring the Japanese invaders. Her base was a house outside Havana, which she had made over for Hemingway and herself. They married and settled in. They worked on fiction. But Gellhorn wanted to be in on the war at last breaking out in Europe, and a crazy Caribbean sea-hunt for U-boats (with a resulting, unpublished, extremely funny piece) was not enough. She was drinking daiquiris in a bar on the Mexican border when the newspaper boy hawked her the edition reporting Pearl Harbour.

Hemingway was having a fine time with his sporting Cuban buddies chasing phantom Nazi subs. He had already done global conflict. Gellhorn failed to persuade him to engage with the world at war a second time around. The marriage fractured. She reached London and followed the action in Europe and North Africa as closely as she could with, or usually without, official permission, and with directions from friends in useful places. She advanced recklessly up through Italy with the Allies. Hemingway's telegram to her there read: "Are you a war correspondent or my wife in bed?"

This time, he eventually came after her. Their rivalry was not friendly anymore. She seems to have been Hemingway's personal bullshit-detector, especially when she coldly watched him holding court in a London hospital after a drunken accident. Gellhorn stowed away on a DDay hospital ship and went ashore at Normandy. Hemingway crossed the Channel as officially as possible, but did not land.

In a hotel in free Paris, Gellhorn was advised by her old buddy, the photographer Robert Capa, to demand a divorce. She did, then loosely attached herself to the 82nd Airborne through the bitter 1944-45 winter of the Battle of the Bulge, and also to its leader, the heroic General James Gavin. She was present when the chaotic mass of the Russian army swarmed up to the other Allies. She was in newly-liberated Dachau, at the apex of her anger, when peace was declared.

What the inmates told her there - that it had been useless to protest or weep about what happened to them was the antithesis of all she had believed in; she mistrusted Germany ever after. Her St Louis ancestry included both immigrant Germans and Jews.

About all of these places and people she wrote simply. An American prose style of Shaker plainness was laboured at by many of her contemporaries. To Gellhorn, it seems to have come naturally. She spoke that way. She believed real reporters did not take notes, but knew instinctively what remained forever important - trivia, the tone of the times. This might include a GI toasting himself a front-line cheese sandwich from K rations, or a Dutch slave labourer, recently freed, buying tulips in the ruins of a German city.

It seldom included any utterance, or even mention, of a politician. "All politicians are bores and liars and fakes. I talk to people," she said. To read her dispatches (collected as The Face Of War and The View From The Ground) is to be granted instant access to where she was, whenever it was.

The business in peace was to settle down. As a woman divorced on the grounds of abandonment, Gellhorn made some random gestures to pacification. These included acquiring a decrepit property in London, returning to Washington - only to find herself in solo outrage against McCarthyism - trying fiction and playwriting, and adopting a 15-month-old Italian orphan, Sandy. She brought him up, supporting their life together in cheap places like Mexico by journalism and writing potboilers for women's magazines - novellas differing from her own taste in their happy endings. And from her own life too, for General Gavin had married a nice young girl.

Gellhorn's next love, David Gurewitsch (a protégé of Mrs Roosevelt) could barely cope with her. She was courted by Tom Matthews, a recently retired editor of Time magazine, with a Mt Rushmore profile and a sound mind, and they married. But he wanted an urbane life in Britain, and she missed the excitement, and even more the whole-soul engagement, of the fight against fascism. "I am a loner. I am not a team player," she said once - she could certainly be unsociable, abrupt and grand - and "The ideal is to live five blocks away from a man who makes you laugh and is wrapped up in - his work". The marriage petered out after nine years.

And so, by the 1960s, she was wandering again, observing more of the 50-plus countries of her travels. She knew a lot about how people respond to place, especially when they respond by misbehaving: in that honestly funny book Travels With Myself And Another, she confessed how she misbehaved herself, how she was revolted by stench in west Africa and daunted by dengue fever going up river by canoe. She repeatedly fell in love with countries, affaires which led her to hang curtains in impossible shacks. Her long-lasting final devotion was to a cottage on the Welsh borders, which had demanding vegetables in the garden.

Her association with Collier's had lapsed with her editor's death in the 1940s: thereafter, she had often to give herself assignments, and pay her own expenses, to satisfy her curiosity. For one long period, she had a writer's block; for another, there was an editorial block against her copy - she was no longer a sexy novelty nor yet

venerable, and the robustness of her New Deal attitude was out of fashion. Nevertheless, with help - which she remembered as rather minimal from the Guardian, she reached Vietnam in 1966 to report the war (of which she was ashamed) that confirmed America as a colonial power.

Her long perspective eventually became valued again, when she returned to Madrid at the time of Franco's death, or to Castro's Cuba, where she saw, in the splendour of the full-grown trees now filling the garden of her old home, "the years of my life made real". At 80, she took off to inquire into the US invasion of Panama, supple of spine and mind, stroppy as ever. Granta took her up as a sibyl; its editors and writers longed to have lived as she had done.

Gellhorn stayed flexible, except, notably, in her attitude to Israeli-Palestinian relations; she saw Israel always as the defiant David of its founding battles. She planned to go snorkelling with Paul Theroux well into her eighties. When surgery on her eyes went awry, she had the doctor professionally cursed by a Malagasy medicine man.

She dined with the BBC's John Simpson on his way to Bosnia. She saw off the East-West nuclear confrontation she most feared. She became part of the century's image bank. And to the end, this fierce pacifist reported drinking pitchers of red wine, or iced Scotch, with the children and the grandchildren of fighters she had known.

Veronica Horwell

Julia Pascal writes: I was writing a play set at the Nuremberg Trials. Martha Gellhorn had been there. I wrote to her London publishers, she called me and in the next post came an American edition of her report. I rang to thank her and suggest lunch. In her strong St Louis voice she rasped, "I loathe lunch. I drink".

In her Eaton Square flat, she took whisky on the rocks and offered me "a very good vodka someone gave me for Christmas". At 82, Gellhorn was sharper than almost anyone I had ever met. Slim, well made-up, elegant, she obviously cared about her appearance. She was quick to tell me mine needed improvement. "You ought to put your hair up," she said, examining my long hair with disapproval. "Looking good isn't just vanity. It's a public service."

The hair-up obsession was linked to her past. As a young woman, she was always chignoned, "until the Nazis ruined my ear". She had contracted an infection in Germany in 1933. Doctors in Nazi armbands botched her ear operation, so, with a huge bandage around her ear, without money or passport, she fled to Paris, ending up in the American Hospital. She never wore her hair up again.

We spoke about Nuremberg and I told her how watching hours of celluloid archive gave me the feeling that the trials only existed on film. "Don't forget I've been to Dachau," she replied. "I've seen Germany flooding with a mad stream of slave labourers. For me, the unreal people were the people on trial. I looked at them day after day and was forced to think about what crimes those men had committed." She talked of sleeping in a makeshift dormitory in a disused factory. "I came back from the trials and vomited night after night. It was impossible to hear all the testimony without a violent reaction. Then I thought, if this is what I feel hearing this, what was it like to live it?"

She spoke easily of the ageing process and blamed the onset of her arthritis on the British damp. Always spoilt by male attention, she noticed her "invisibility" with advancing age. "But," she announced, "there are advantages. Nobody is jealous once you get to 70 or 75, and then there is always the companionship of darling young men.

"Why do people talk of the horrors of old age? It's great. I feel like a fine old car with the parts gradually wearing out, but I'm not complaining. Those who find growing old terrible are people who haven't done what they wanted with their lives."

Martha Gellhorn, journalist, born November 8, 1908; died February 15, 1998

ENDS

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## Henny Youngman

1906–1998

*5 messages · 5 hands*

*English-born American comedian, the 'King of the One-Liners', famous for 'Take my wife... please'. Died of pneumonia, in Manhattan.*

**405. — Sylvester Pollet** *25 Feb 1998* ↑ **Register**

*Henny Youngman*

We've lost a great poet. Henny Youngman died yesterday (at 91 or 92, two different news reports.)

DICHTEN=CONDENSARE, Pound said,( incidentally, using the equal sign long before L=A=etc.), and Youngman was a master.

"And for my nephew Marvin, who was always asking me to mention him in my Will, 'Hi, Marvin!' "

It's up to us now. Sylvester.

**406. — Jonathan Mayhew** *25 Feb 1998* ↑ **Register**

*Youngman and a query*

Does anyone know German? Does "dichten" really mean "condensare"? My dictionary has "verdichten" for "to condense." Dicht apparently means thick, and Die Dichte is a noun meaning density, but I suspect that the connection between "dichten"( to write poetry) and these words is tenuous at best. Can anyone confirm or disconfirm?

On a different note, does anyone have bibliography of secondary sources on Coolidge (the poet not the president). Please back-channel.

**407. — Tom Beckett** *25 Feb 1998* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Henny Youngman*

Yup. Henny was great. He'll be missed. As to Pound, he may have used the = sign befor L=etc, but did he mean it? Best, Tom B.

**408. — Dale Smith** *25 Feb 1998* ↑ **Register**

*Youngman and a query*

I think the big P. took that word from a particular Germ/Eng dictionary and stresses this in the ABC's near the front. I can't remember the translator and not knowing German can't confirm equivalent 'meanings' for the two words. Chances are you're right and it means

something slightly different. Anyway, I think there's some space devoted to this in that brick of a bio A Serious Character.

**409. — Michael Magee** *25 Feb 1998* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Henny Youngman*

Thought I'd post this poem of mine in which Youngman appears, as a kind of homage. I liked his rapid-fire aesthetic very much and recently downloaded hundreds of his jokes off the web. -m.

POEM BEGINNING WITH A LINE OF O'HARA'S

Rome is gorgeous...like the Catskills. There is no sense
in trying to get there other than by traveling
north on the New York State Thruway,
and no sense denying that the Pope
is none other than Henny Youngman.
That he has no wife, according to the vow,
makes the joke that much funnier.
In the audience, a man dressed vaguely
like a Hell's angel grows more and more
anxious. His tank-top reads, *I Live
Every Day in FEAR*. Yes, he does.
He peels his fingernails and eats the pieces.
It is impossible to discourage his belief
that, behind the scenes, Youngman has been conspiring
to get Senator Kennedy elected president.
The fact that Youngman isn't even Catholic
makes it that much more nefarious. When
you ask him he says, "ZOG, my friend,"
which stands for, "Zionist Occupation Government, my friend."
Rome is gorgeous. His beard is like the gray
and red streaked rusted shingles of the ruined
cottages you happen upon, hidden in the wooded nooks
of the Piazza San Pietro, except it is made of hair.
If you ask him, he will pose just as Moses did
for Michelangelo, fingering his beard and scratching
his belly, "guardian of the tomb." He is a descendant
of the Lost Tribe of Israel, the tribe whose existence
Pope Youngman vehemently denies, out of fear
of its gorgeousness. "It is more gorgeous than Rome,"
he thinks to himself, but to the audience, he tells
a joke about how ugly it is. The old couples
come from an afternoon of meringue lessons, the young
families who have brought their children after
a swim in the pool, they all laugh at this joke,
a bit anxiously. It is Easter and they have come
to receive his blessing, not expecting such levity.
Their Pope begins, "In nomine Patri, et Fillii,
et Spiritu Sancti," and they respond, "Amen."
Their Pope continues, "I had a nightmare last night.
I dreamed Dolly Parton was my mother and I
was a bottle baby," and they say nothing.
It is all gorgeous. The way the lake glitters,
the tall loud speakers between the pines, the lanterns
strung across the Arco delle Campane. The man believes
that as they empty into the square they all study him,
amazed by how his gut-sweat has stained
into his tank-top an image of the Virgin Mary.

> The publicity is awful, he shivers in contempt
> at the complication of what he has devised, to lumber
> into the gardens, ahead of the New York State Police
> whom he has already told, "The one I will kiss
> is Youngman.  Arrest him and lead him away under guard."

---

## Jack Micheline

1929–1998

*5 messages · 5 hands*

*American street poet and painter, an original San Francisco Beat whose debut carried Kerouac's introduction;* River of Red Wine *(1958). Died of a heart attack on a BART train from San Francisco to Orinda.*

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### 410. — J. Kuszai *2 Mar 1998* ↑ Register

*River of Red Wine (fwd)*

i just read a poem today in a notebook by jml to j.m

> *"-Jack Micheline dies AP.state (02-28) 19:04:21*
>
> *Beat poet Jack Micheline dies*
>
> *KARYN HUNT, Associated Press Writer*
>
> *SAN FRANCISCO (AP) — Jack Micheline, a Beat poet who wrote about society's downtrodden and called himself one of America's last troubadours, has died. He was 68.*
>
> *Micheline, a close friend of Beat greats Jack Kerouac, Gregory Corso and Bob Kaufman, died Friday of an apparent heart attack on a Bay Area Rapid Transit train leaving San Francisco, where he lived. He had suffered from diabetes for several years, his publisher, Matt Gonzalez, said Saturday.*
>
> *Micheline wrote more than 20 books of poetry over 40 years, forging a voice that captured the rhythms of street speech and various ethnic dialects — half jazz, half street hustler. His subject matter was the poor working class and outcasts such as petty criminals, prostitutes, junkies and destitute artists.*
>
> *In his introduction to Micheline's first book in 1958, ``River of Red Wine,'' Kerouac wrote of his friend's prose, ``He has the swinging free style I like and his sweet lines revive the poetry of open hope in America.''*
>
> *Born of Russian-Romanian Jewish ancestry in the Bronx, Micheline read ``Studs Lonigan'' as a child and was shaken by the images of injustice and cruelty that he also found on his own streets. Still convinced poets were ``sissies,'' he didn't begin writing prose until the age of 24, according to a biography written by longtime friend Gerald Nicosia.*
>
> *Micheline identified himself with the tradition of American street poets, fierce rebels who often were driven to barter their poems for food, drink and a night's shelter, Gonzalez said. He also saw the poet as a revolutionary committed to freeing people from the slavery of unfulfilling jobs, roles and relationships.*
>
> *``He was really the last of the vagabond poets,'' Gonzalez said.*
>
> *While he achieved acceptance in the literary world, he was known for a prickly exterior and for making drunken scenes at decorous soirees, Nicosia wrote. He might rush around the*

*room shouting, ``To be alive is to lead an exciting life!'' or make rough passes in offensive language at proper ladies.*

*In his later years, Micheline lived a spartan life on social security and painted more than he wrote.*

*He is survived by a son, Vincent Silvaer, and a granddaughter, Nicole Silvaer, both of Tucson, Ariz. Funeral arrangements were pending.*”

**411. — Annie Finch** *3 Mar 1998* ↑ **Register**
*Jack Micheline*

I was sorry to hear of the death of Jack Micheline. Jack was a gracious and wild energy in the North Beach poetry scene when I lived there in the late 80's. He was everywhere, selling the socialist newspaper in each cafe and adding poetry to the climate with his intelligence and heart. Have a good one, Jack.

AF

**412. — Maria Damon** *3 Mar 1998* ↑ **Register**

yes. i remember him from my bob kaufman research daze in SF; his reading at Kaufman's funeral, etc, and his presence at the Beat conference at NYU in, was it 1994? he scared me a little, so i appreciated him from a distance. committed to the end. —md

“

_____

_____ _____ *Annie Finch*
*http://muohio.edu/~finchar Assistant Professor of English/Creative Writing Miami University Oxford, Ohio 45220*”

**413. — Ron Silliman** *4 Mar 1998* ↑ **Register**

Annie,

It is, I believe, Jack Hirshman who was (and hopefully still is) out hawking CP newspapers at events in SF. Micheline was a friend of his, but a fairly different guy. The best obit I saw was in the SF Examiner (compared with an unforgivably stupid piece in the Chron). Since it includes Jack M's last poem, I paste in below:

Jack Micheline, poet, painter, free spirit

Eric Brazil OF THE EXAMINER STAFF March 1, 1998

Author of 20-plus books was Beat icon to fellow poets

Jack Micheline, an underground hero among his fellow poets who lived the Bohemia n life to the hilt, died Friday on a BART train somewhere between his San Francisco home and Orinda.

Mr. Micheline was 68. His death was attributed to a heart attack. He had been a diabetic for several years. His body was found by BART police when the train reached the Orinda station.

Born Harvey Martin Silver in New York, Mr. Micheline changed his name as a young man and committed himself to the artist's life, living by his pen and paintbrush, always poor, always on t he move.

During his lifetime, Mr. Micheline authored more than 20 books, most recently la st year, when FMSBW Press of San Francisco brought out "Sixty Seven Poems for Downtrod den Saints."

"We considered him a very pure person," said author Gerald Nicosia of Corte Made ra. "In the literary business, most people are in it for fame or money, but he was doing it because he loved wh at he was doing, and he had a great gift. There was real music to his poems."

Mr. Micheline had lived in San Francisco, in the South of Market and Mission dis tricts, since the mid-1970s. And although he disavowed the label of Beat poet, he was nevertheless a Beat icon -a street poet whose poems were meant to be spoken and a champion of society's

underdogs. Jack Kerouac, author o f "On the Road" and arguably the most famous of the Beats, wrote the introduction to Mr. Micheline's first bo ok, "River of Red Wine."

"His sweet lines revive the poetry of open hope in America," Kerouac wrote.

San Francisco poet Neeli Cherkovski, who knew Mr. Micheline for almost 40 years, said Saturday, "He always lived out the romanticism of the poet of the streets, the downtrodden. He never made it to a big publisher - he always shied away."

Nevertheless, he said, "thousands of young poets in the country kind of march to the rhythms of Jack Micheline. He was always, like, under the underground, and the establishment held him at ar m's length."

The late writer Charles Bukowski, a soul mate, had said Mr. Micheline's poems "a re total feelings beating their heads on barroom floors. I can't think of anyone who has more and who has been n eglected more. Jack is the last of the holy preachers, sailing down Broadway singing the song."

Although he had tethered himself to San Francisco, Mr. Micheline's restlessness never left him, and he stayed on the move.

"Always quick to pack his bags and take a trip, then roll into town and sleep on my couch until he could get his hotel room back," is the way his publisher, San Francisco Deputy Public Defender Matt Gonzalez, described him.

"He had a lot of different sides. He was very spiritual, and he also had the Bea t sensibility and a great big heart," Gonzalez said. "He had an immense number of friends."

Mr. Micheline could also be a pain in the neck to work with - even denying autho rship of a poem until shown the manuscript in his handwriting, Gonzalez said. A second printing of his last book is almost ready for publication.

Nicosia said that Mr. Micheline "could be very difficult, but there was a small coterie of people who knew him well, and you kind of got past that thorny exterior, the loner with the blustery Bronx mannerism. And if you got past that, there was a real sweetheart in Jack. He was always there for the poor, the homeless, the people left by the wayside in society."

There was "real music to his poems," Nicosia said. "They sing and they bounce an d they jump around the page."

For example:

OUT OF THE RAINS

Out of the rains

And mud of cities

Walking in a fog

On subway platforms

In Harlem and Brooklyn and Queens

I see the faces of children

Staring at me

And I want to run from the city

Past freights

And ships

And buildings that scrape the sky

I want to race down streets

Dreaming of mountains and Spanish girls

I am a poet

I stare at the ground to see if I am bleeding.

Long after becoming a published poet, Mr. Micheline took up painting - an art at which he made more money than at his chosen vocation.

Charles Wehrenberg of San Francisco, a dealer in rare art objects who owns 40 or 50 Micheline paintings, said that "he was a really phenomenal painter, but he was so involved with the whole idea that the dead rule the world he didn't think he'd succeed until he dropped dead."

Mr. Micheline's technique was "totally primitive" and eschewed draftsmanship. We hrenberg said that he once asked Mr. Micheline for a series of portraits on famous people he knew, and Mr. Micheline retorted that "I ain't no f- - - camera."

"His whole idea was to paint people's psyches," Wehrenberg said.

"He was a very hard-to-like character, but he had very brilliant moments. He was absolutely adamant that he didn't want to succeed. He wouldn't mind winning a lot of money, but he'd immediately l ose it back on the horse races," Wehrenberg said. "He really is the character that Kerouac wrote about in "On the Road.' He is Whitman's wild child. He really did live out a poetic life."

Right, said his poet friend Cherkovski. "He was kind of wild. Even in his 60s he was still a man of the streets. He was saying, "I'm outside the system, I don't belong to it.' "

Mr. Micheline is survived by his son, Vincent Silver of Tucson, Ariz. Funeral se rvices are pending.

This is Mr. Micheline's last poem, written Feb. 25, 1998, in San Francisco.

POEM

To capture the feeling
To feel its pulse
To see the stream has been muddied
I am reshaping the start
I cannot be bothered with your
Earthly pleasures
All these rantings and ravings
Have nothing to do with poetry
Have nothing to do with magic
Only the ears of butterflies
And birds
And the delicate moths
Matter.
Let the Angels in
Let them into this Market
Now
Feel, see and breathe.

**414. — Billy Little** *5 Mar 1998* ↑ **Register**
*slaves of dionysus*

i see you are choosing to ignore my last wherein i'd reputedly said i'd rather have no bio than the one you show and i made some other feeble attempt today nobody knows billy little, they say he lives in Nowhere, B.C., he could be writing poems in your name next week.

Combat Plagiarism is a project he's currently working on wherein he writes the best poem he could possibly write that day and signs your name or Gerry Gilbert's name(he certainly deserves a page at the EPC), or Pierre Joris or Lily Brik or Duncan McNaughton or David

> McFadden. and everytime i see a used first edition by ted berrigan i sign the inside flyleaf "with the deepest regard ted good pills," ted berrigan and jack micheline were both slaves of dionysos, at one point ted berrigan could have said i never met a pill i didn't like, the gay circles were also into the pharmaceuticals, tho i can't say about ohara ted died of too many coca colas, he was a true new yorker, ted was more of an innovator ohara more traditional from the french frank laconic ted frantic frank was champagney like pasternak ted more electric cool aid like mayakofski he saw through things and enacted the simple conclusions, in reference to Charles Olson's death he said, 90% of the people who die of cancer deserve it Ted took Zukofsky's translation methods to the street the ohara affinities arise in the bebop not the beat if you're writing about the influences on poetry especially of Berrigan's generation you have to factor in the drugs, especially acid and mescaline, i'd like to hear Creeley chime in on this aspect, Ted certainly helped Bob see the light on numerous occasions, in more ways than poetry.
>
> Or anselm are you lurking? The collage element of the sonnets seemed a form of translation few practice from english to english an ur hypertext a wink ideally you'd try the drug to help you understand the poem more fully. with lowell likewise you'd have to talk about or take tranquilizers and lots of aspirin, that'd be a great anthology, poets of the headache, aspirin defines an era like heroin defines the next and bennies and coffee and amyl nitrate and cherry coke if you can't take the drug don't do the crime John Weiners are you lurking,shooting email niterate, is somebody doing your page right this minute, you could tell us lots about all of this, Olson said if he were starting over he'd rather write like Weiners or Baraka or Sanders.
>
> Weiners said he hoped to be the Baraka of the gay struggle. I surely hope someone is mining those fragile memories of johns even if he gets it wrong its only a wrong among a plethora of wrongs and his wrong will have more verve more frisson than two or three rites, me i'm one of those students of Duncan's who would rather err on the side of beauty.. Dodie Bellamy has taught me everything i've forgotten.

---

## Ronald Johnson

1935–1998

*8 messages · 8 hands*

*American experimental poet whose architectural long poem* ARK *and* Paradise Lost *erasure* RADI OS *drew Guy Davenport's praise as America's greatest living poet, also an acclaimed cookbook author. Died in Topeka, Kansas.*

### 415. — Charles Bernstein *5 Mar 1998* ↑ Register

*Ronald Johnson 1935-1998*

I've just gotten this message from Robert Creeley:

> *"I've just had the sad word from Jodi Panula, Ronald Johnson's sister that he died Wednesday evening, March 4th, in Topeka, Kansas from the effects of his cancer.*
>
> *I'd be grateful if you can get the information out to people with some quick emphasis upon ARK and his significance to us all. Many thanks."*

I know the many devoted readers and admirers of Ronald Johnson's work on the Poetics List — and I count myself as one of them — will be detailing the remarkable and lasting achievement of Johnson's work, culminating in the University of New Mexico publication of ARK.

Literally, a flowing: a form-take-hand

(That Which Faseneth Us)
pillar to pillar the great dance arch itself through all that
is or was or will be, 3/4 time. This will be a glade
at the head of one stream
and a resonant gnomon before it will stretch regions of signaling
gnat-like resiliencies in the atmosphere
of where we are --
or were.
Or will be, when the mingled frame of mind
of man is celebration

Gates, which separate the wings
of tiered ilex, open
in caverns of atoms passing from one into another’s zenith
of periodic movement, vast helicoidal shift:
a vaulting of arteries
beating their heads against the dark.

This is the body of light.

[from BEAM 30, The Garden]

**416. — TBeck131** *5 Mar 1998* ↑ **Register**

I am saddened by the news of Ronald Johnson's death. His long poem RADI OS (Sand Dollar, 1977) is a volume I've returned to with renewed pleasure for the last twenty years. RADI OS was composed by making erasures in a 1892 edition of PARADISE LOST—an extraordinary example of found art. In addition to a large and moving body of literary work Mr. Johnson was an accomplished chef and wrote several wonderful cookbooks. He'll be missed.

Tom Beckett

**417. — Douglas** *5 Mar 1998* ↑ **Register**

I am also shocked and saddened by this news. Sun & Moon is publishing a complete version of RADI OS/THE OUTTAKES. It will be published in early 1999.

Ron was a truly great poet, as his ARK reveals.

Douglas Messerli Sun & Moon Press

**418. — Pierre Joris** *5 Mar 1998* ↑ **Register**

Much saddened by the news of Ronald Johnson's death. Besides reading in RA DIOS tonight, I will also celebrate the man by cooking something from his THE AMERICAN TABLE — probably the HAM AND EGGPLANT PILAU MADAME BEGUE, &, if there's time, make his incredible Kentucky Pie. My copy of The American Table is falling to pieces — when will someone reprint this one & his Southwestern Cooking Old & New.

Pierre

http://www.albany.edu/~joris/

"What often prevents us from giving ourselves over to
a single vice is that we have several of them."
— La Rochefoucauld
“All my life I’ve heard
one makes many”
— Charles Olson

**419. — Pat Pritchett** *6 Mar 1998* ↑ **Register**
*Re: In Memoriam*

This message is in MIME format. Since your mail reader does not understand this format, some or all of this message may not be legible.

—Boundary_(ID_vPrH/ktKY05MwT3orDnM9Q)

In Memoriam

Ronald Johnson, 1935-1998

In ark-dive,
grey encomium.
Grey imperium of
the all-day rust-dawn
-ed day.
If amen, then a willow
& its sibilance too.
Or water bluster
in stone-cracked creek.
Force of lone stone empty
on an earth swept
wide.
And stricken by
late winter-sun-and-lance.
By this tide, great gong:
ever-and-a-going
gone.
We go so -- in measure-
less tread, dividing
song from wing.
Particle-cleave, (parousia)
your run is ended.
A nascent valence
resumes.
Foremost among foot-
falls and sober
in Elysium to be going
if light there is ever sober
or windonsea any-
thing but claritas,
supra urbem, supra sapientia,
bells building spire
on spire in the true
font of soul+s un-
encrypted in-
scription.

**420. — Brian Lucas** *7 Mar 1998* ↑ **Register**
*ronald johnson*

I'd like to invite those interested in submitting work for a section on Ronald Johnson in my magazine ANGLE. The work can either be poetry, short essays, apprecitions, etc. If I recieve enough work I may do a special issue rather than just a section. There is a deadline of June 1st. I look forward to hearing from anyone out there regarding this.

Thanks! Brian Lucas Angle 253 Rose St San Francisco CA 94102

**421. — Bob Grumman** *7 Mar 1998* ↑ **Register**

Brian:

> Would you be interested in previously published material? One of my mathematical poems was a tribute to Ronald. It's been published in several zines and is now up at Karl Young's Light & Dust site at:
>
> http://www.thing.net/~grist/l&d/lighthom.htm
>
> I'd be really pleased if you could use it in your magazine—but would understand if not.
>
> All best, Bob G.

**422. — Logan M Esdale** *8 Mar 1998* ↑ **Register**
*copytext*

> could someone inform on the location of the 1892 PARADISE LOST Ronald Johnson used for and in RADI OS ? i have heard that much of Johnson's work has already been archived somewhere in kansas, and therefore it may be there, but don't know that for sure or where exactly that archive is. and could someone back channel Peter O'Leary's address. thanks — LE

---

## Hilda Morley

1916–1998

*3 messages · 2 hands*

> *American Black Mountain poet, married to composer Stefan Wolpe, whose work drew on abstract expressionist painting;* To Hold in My Hand *(1983). Died in London.*

**423. — Charles Bernstein** *24 Mar 1998* ↑ **Register**
*Hilda Morley (1919-1998)*

Bob Creeley sent me this note this morning:

> *"Just yesterday we heard that Hilda Morley had died Sunday night in London — expected ... but hard none the less. We would have delightful long telephone conversations — and I have known her since Black Mountain days. She has a substantial selection of her poems coming out just now with Moyer Bell, The Turning, for which I did a brief but heartfelt preface."*

******

I picked this up from http://www.moyerbell.com/books/TURNING.HTM:

THE TURNING

Hilda Morley

"Hilda Morley's work inhabits a universe of quietly intense coastlines and rockscapes, of radiant sunlight and luminous mists . .."

"[Her poems] come to us wild and fresh, radiating a joy of invention that is inseparable from her word play." - Stanley Kunitz

In her fifth collection of poems, poet Hilda Morley proves a master of rhythm and in poem after poem reveals her ability to recite with perfect pitch. With striking visual images, she brings new life and beauty to nature and inanimate objects. Her work has been described by colleagues as fluid, elegant, and organic.

> there is only the language of a voice which turning
> on itself says (the dark streaking itself with

glimmering) words of that voice saying (the only
one in this dark place) begin, begin again.
(from "The Turning")

Hilda Morley has published five books of poetry, including What Are Winds What Are Waters and Cloudless at First (Moyer Bell), and has won numerous awards and fellowships. She lives in Sag Harbor, New York and London.

ASPHODEL PRESS
Poetry
190 pages : 7 x 10"
ISBN 1-55921-202-0 : $16.95 cloth

**424.** **— Rachel Loden** *31 Mar 1998* ↑ **Register**
*Hilda Morley*

From The New York Times, March 27

Hilda Morley, 81; Wrote Poetry Shaped by Abstract Expressionism

*" By WOLFGANG SAXON Hilda Morley, an American poet who gained wide recognition late in life, decades after she first published her imagist free verse, died on Monday at Royal Free Hospital in Hampstead, London. A former resident of Sag Harbor, N.Y., she was 81 and had moved to London last year to continue work on a biography of her late husband, the avant-garde composer Stefan Wolpe. The cause was liver failure after a fall at home, said a spokeswoman for her publisher, Moyer Bell. Ms. Morley published five books of poetry in which she articulated emotions and feelings in free verse, but a type of verse as measured as dance or music. She was a "master of that ability," Robert Creeley, a fellow poet, said. She wrote that her poetry was shaped by the visions of Abstract Expressionism, which can create metamorphoses. Artists like Klee and Picasso, she said, gave her the means to create word canvases depicting the world around her. Born Hilda Auerbach in Manhattan, Ms. Morley considered herself an inhabitant of the world. She was educated in New York, Haifa (in what was then known as Palestine), London and at Wellesley College, Ohio State University and New York University. Along the way she taught English at a private school in England and at Walden School in New York, where she also worked as a researcher for the Zionist Youth Commission and as a Hebrew translator for the Office of War Information. Starting in the 1940's, she intermittently lectured at Rutgers University. After her marriage in 1952, she taught English literature at Black Mountain College in North Carolina. Once recognized as a poet, she took academic assignments, lecturing, leading poetry workshops and judging poetry. She was a resident poet at Northeast Missouri University in 1992. Ms. Morley is survived by a stepdaughter, Katherina Wolpe of London. The first collection of her previously published poetry was _A Blessing Outside Us_ (1976). It was followed by three others that remain in print: _What Are Winds & What Are Waters_ (1993), _To Hold in My Hand: Selected Poems, 1955-83_ (1984) and _Cloudless at First_ (1988). Her final collection was _The Turning_, which has just been published. It includes "Fiesta, Ibiza," her evocation of a place she savored: Warm crystal of my little city; the fishes swim over the bay, rooftops swooping with light, the wreaths & garlands bursting gently in night's element, the sunlit branches exploding softly, the sea baring its lights burning the unshadowed joys Copyright 1998 The New York Times Company "*

**425.** **— Rachel Loden** *3 Apr 1998* ↑ **Register**
*a poem by Hilda Morley*

Forwarded from Halvard Johnson, of another list, who comments that "It's interesting how, when a poet dies, the *New Yorker* often manages to find something in its files to publish . . . The Apr. 6 issue has this by Hilda Morley (1916-1998)."

Had they ever published her work before, I wonder

Your Color

More in some ways than when you were alive, I try to
please you,
to find I am of your way of
thinking, as with these red carnations:
they're your color.

> For myself I'd always
> chosen white, saying--
> that red's too strong for thinking
> in a room, too much.
> But now I love these flowers,
> having grown, these years ("mourning" they said),
> more into what you wished:
> a clearer form now, seeing
> this redness (suspended) above green stems as
> thumbprints of Mediterranean earth that
> you belong to, crop of a heart's blood on
> this city's grayness,
> this room's whiteness.
>
> --Hilda Morley

---

## Aimee Grunberger

1953–1998

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*American poet of Boulder, Colorado, two-time Walt Whitman Prize finalist published by Dead Metaphor Press;* Ten Degrees Cooler Inside *(1992).*

**426. — henry gould** *29 Mar 1998* ↑ **Register**

*Aimee Grunberger*

I was sorry to read in today's Providence Journal that poet Aimee Grunberger had died at 44. Last I heard she was involved at Naropa, had been getting published. Back in the EARLY SEVENTIES we were in college together. She was somebody with a lot of vitality & feeling. The obit gave no cause of death. Sad to see her go. A free spirit.

Spring is here, people. Whatever will ameliorate life it involves empathy and understanding. "Love has no pride", as Bonnie Raitt was singing the other day. God is neither male nor female, but spirit. Nor is God a respecter of persons, nor is God blind to oppression in any form. God has no wrath, as Isaiah puts it. Life is brief, art better be good. What's the point in complaining about the "quality" of the posts to the list? Just try to add something interesting yourself. - Henry Gould

**427. — morpheal** *29 Mar 1998* ↑ **Register**

What a frightening, and saddening thought.

I turned 44 today.

"Love has no pride", is true enough, but I cannot say anything about "god". I would have to be completely agnostic about that, as I know of only the many human creations that they seek to dignify with that term. I also know that whatever that "god" that is so talked of is, it has never eased an ache of any kind, or met any need, or caused any passionate hope to be actualized, in itself and purely as a binary relation. Everything has been decisively and purely human, no matter how I look at it.

Morpheal

---

## John Forbes

1950–1998

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Australian poet influenced by O'Hara, Berrigan and Ashbery, and poetry editor of the magazine Scripsi;* Collected Poems 1970-1998 *(2001). Died of a heart attack, in Melbourne, aged 47.*

**428. — John Tranter** *18 Apr 1998* ↑ **Register**

*Cambridge UK Poetry Conference*

The list may like to know about the following:

THE CAMBRIDGE CONFERENCE OF CONTEMPORARY POETRY

FRIDAY 25TH -SUNDAY 27TH APRIL

AT KINGS COLLEGE CAMBRIDGE (KEYNES HALL)

TIMETABLE

FRI 8pm. Bob Perelman. + Reception.

SAT 11am Michelle Grangaud, Roger Langley, Helen Macdonald

2pm Frank O'Hara and Allen Ginsberg: films by Colin Still

4pm John Forbes memorial reading

8pm Roy Fisher, Peter Gizzi, Gig Ryan

SUN 2pm Olivier Cadiot, Lisa Jarnot

4pm Peter Blegvad.

7pm Lee Ann Brown, Philippe Beck, Keston Sutherland

Exhibition of art and craft works by and associated with Tom Raworth will run concurrently with the Conference, in the Chetwynd Room, Kings College (open only during conference events)

Week-end ticket: £22 concession £12 Per reading: £4 / £2.50

## Octavio Paz

1914–1998

*5 messages · 3 hands*

*Mexican poet, essayist and diplomat, Nobel laureate (1990), whose work anatomized Mexican culture and identity;* The Labyrinth of Solitude *(1950). Died of cancer, in Mexico City.*

**429. — Douglas Barbour** *20 Apr 1998* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Octavio Paz dies*

On the CBC as I read: the death of Octavio Paz, another great one gone. At least, Canada's national radio notices, with a major story on what he meant & stood for.

Too many such losses these years, yet they are to be expected. I remember how long ago I first read _Sunstone_, that amazing book (& another New Directions gift to us all). And the essays, too.

My colleague, Bert Almon, did some translations: here's one:

RHETORIC

Octavio Paz

1

The birds sing, and sing
not knowing what they sing:
they know only their throats.

2

Form that adjusts itself to movement
is not thought's fetter but its skin.

3

Clarity of crystal
isn't clear enough for me:
clear water is running water.

trans. Bert Almon, Seneca Review IV.1 (May 1973)

We mourn. And we write on...

> **430. — Billy Little** *20 Apr 1998* ↑ **Register**
> Poetry does not attempt to discover what there is at the end of the road; it conceives of the text as a series of transparent strata within which the various parts—the different verbal and semantic currents—produce momentary configurations as they intertwine or break apart as they reflect each other or efface each other. Poetry contemplates itself, fuses with itself, and obliterates itself in the crystallizations of language. Apparitions, metamorphoses, volatilizations, precipitations of presences. These configurations are crystallized time: although they are perpetually in motion, they always point to the same hour—the hour of change. Each one of them contains all the others, each one is inside the others: change is only the oft-repeated and ever different metaphor of identity. The vision of poetry is that of the convergence of every point. The end of the road. Octavio Paz The Monkey Grammarian
>
> **431. — William Burmeister** *20 Apr 1998* ↑ **Register**
> *Octavio Paz 1914-1998*
>
> Adios maestro, capitan mi capitan. - un miembro de su sociedad secreta.
>
> O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
> The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
> - Walt Whitman
>
> William Burmeister
>
> **432. — William Burmeister** *21 Apr 1998* ↑ **Register**
> *Re: PAZ*
>
> *"Subject: PAZ This morning's LA TIMES carries a front page story on Paz, as does the NY TIMES — then also has an editorial, a reprint of a Paz essay (in the "LIVING" section interestingly enough) and Mario Vargas Llosa's tribute — the couple of times that I met him he was a friendly and encouraging man — i was deeply saddened by the political feuds of his later years, but continue to find his poetry and essays inspiring — a word I don't often use — his RENGA remain a delight — — End of excerpt from Aldon Nielsen"*

When Octavio Paz was here in S.Fla two years ago he was kind and generous to all of those who sought him for autographs even while Derek Walcott and Ceslaw Milosz stood off somewhat neglected. I do remember hearing that in the same trip, a conservative Cuban-American managed to snag him for a talk on Castro and Cuba, which surprised me because of his earlier stand against ideological involvement. What was the nature of his political feuds in Mexico in his later years?

William Burmeister

**433. — William Burmeister** *6 May 1998* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Technique*

Henry G. wrote:

*"That kind of difficulty is maybe not for its own sake but for the sake of a cult or subculture of readers who ingest meaningless difficulty for the sake of renouncing the world and joining the club."*

Nice (oppositional) viewpoints Henry. It seems that obscurity and difficulty for its own sake is the unavoidable lot of this avant-garde fin-de-seicle: the idea being in part to avoid absorption and subsequent diminution or oversimplification by mass society. There are as you say other more *difficult* , better and time honored means of doing this however. I think I understand what you mean by "joining the club" as not being representative of poet-reader relations, but rather poet-poet relations. I remember Octavio Paz talking of the existence of a poet's "secret society" of readers in an interview with Mark Strand. This enduring phrase speaks more about an economics of humanity, of the reality of minority (individual) tastes over mass tastes, of election, and even of luck. I assume that you are speaking of poets writing mainly for other poets. Pablo Neruda once remarked that he had regretted this.

*"What good is teaching "understanding" to literary production?*

*What good is literary production without understanding?"*

It seems that the poetics of literary production have, unwittingly, fallen in step with the times, with the techno paradigm of specialization, volume production, the consumable or throw-away, etc.

Well that does it for me. Now I know I'm wanted for questioning by the party. Maybe it's the camps for me. Sing a few bars of non nobis e te deum for me will you Henry?

The Party is always right.

Rgds,

William Burmeister

---

## Daniel Kanyandekwe

1963–1997

*2 messages · 1 hand*

*Nothing about this person could be verified outside the archive. The notice says: "forwarded text (from UB grad, Jim O'Loughlin): I would like to invite all English graduate students to attend a celebration of the life and work of Daniel Kanyandekwe, a collegue of ours who passed away last year."*

**434. — J. Kuszai** *26 Apr 1998* ↑ **Register**
*Daniel Kanyandekwe (1963-1997)*

What follows is the text of an invitation, extended over e-mail, to the grad student community at SUNY-Buffalo.

forwarded text (from UB grad, Jim O'Loughlin):

I would like to invite all English graduate students to attend a celebration of the life and work of Daniel Kanyandekwe, a collegue of ours who passed away last year. The celebration will feature readings from Daniel's novels, remembrances of Daniel, and Rwandan food and music. It begins this Sunday at 2:30 at Hallwalls. $5 for students/$10 gen. ad. All proceeds go to Daniel's estate.

I hope all of Daniel's friends will make an effort to attend this event. But even if you didn't know Daniel, please consider attending and learning about this talented author and scholar. His writing was both outrageously funny and poignant. We hope this event will highlight those elements of his work and his life.

(end forwarded text)

Daniel Kanyandekwe left behind a wife and a young child. His wife had come over to the United States recently from Rwanda (around the time of the genocide) and they had been living in south Florida, where Daniel was teaching at a small college. As far as I know, they lost their entire family and she has no relatives in the U.S. Her immigration status is unclear. Hopefully, this situation will be straightened out, but nothing can make up for the loss of Daniel, in his early 30s, to a sudden stroke.

Meow Press has published a chapbook of Daniel's writing, and it will be available today at the memorial. It will also be available, as part of the regular Meow Press series, with all sales to benefit his family. Please, if you can, order this book. Backchannel me if you are interested in contributing to help support this family, now in a precarious position. After today, I should have information about where to send checks, etc.

In the meantime, here is the introduction to the chapbook, by Julie Husband and Jim O'Loughlin, who also edited Daniel's work for this publication:

"Writer, scholar, husband and father, Daniel Kanyandekwe (1963-1997) was also friend to many in Buffalo during the five years he and his family spent here. Arriving from Rwanda in 1992, Daniel began studying in the UB English Department as a Fulbright fellow. During the five years he spent at UB, Daniel not only completed his Ph. D. dissertation, Dreaming of Africa: American Writers and Africa in the Twentieth Century, but wrote four novels, The Last Writer, The Buttocks of the Almighty, Seasons of the Eternal Grooms Death, and The Chronicles of Melancholy.

"This collection offers selections from Daniels last three novels. Influenced by writers including Saul Bellow, Gabriel Garca Mrquez and Ngugi wa Thiongo, Daniel created characters who were both larger than life and devastatingly flawed. An undercurrent of political commentary runs throughout all these novels, which are set in Daniels native Rwanda. In his fiction, Daniel created worlds of magic and great humor; worlds in which anything could, and did, happen."

I've cut and pasted this text from quark xpress, so my apologies for the failure of some of the above typography. Ok, here is the first paragraph of the selection from _The Buttocks of the Almighty_:

"After the defense of his dissertation, Beatitudinis Philosophiarum Historiae (A Short History of the Philosophies of Happiness), during which defense the greatest Latinist of the Pontifical Gregorian University dies of a heart attack, Father Moses Bazirishuli, S. J., is struck by a severe mental breakdown. Soon, he leaves the Vatican and returns to Kigali, Rwanda, where he settles in a small convent with two other Jesuits, one a Rwandan who is dying of stomach ulcers, the other a Belgian who will eventually die of shame after it has been discovered that the book he reads all night long is not Le Roman de la rose, but the erotic Arabian classic, The Perfumed Garden. After he has lost one testicle to surgery (he has prostate cancer), Moses incurable migraines will finally lead him to a mental asylum. Having been raped by a female patient, he totally loses his mind. Thats when he takes refuge in the prehistoric caves of Mount Kigali with Animus, his faithful dog, whence he will emerge with a mythic phallus on his shoulders, causing the bodyguards of the Patriarch President to shoot the scared mob. Moses (and his dog) will be the only survivors of the civil war that he himself has caused, and from which the United Nations peacekeeping forces, led by the Marines, will flee, only to return when the violence has abated."

Please order this lovely little chapbook. Contact me privately and I will indicate where to send donations. The cost will be $5, but please, if you can, send more.

Thanks for your help.

Joel Kuszai

http://www.acsu.buffalo.edu/~kuszai

**435. — J. Kuszai** *5 Jun 1998* ↑ **Register**
*Meow Press Summer98 series Catalog (draft2)*

Meow Press
Summer98 series

Catalog

Publisher of chapbooks of poetry and unfettered prose since August of 1993, Meow Press announces its Summer98 list and encourages libraries and subscribers to and pre-order forthcoming titles from the publisher to assist the financing of the series.

This publication season will see the publication of the 50th chapbook by Meow Press.

Many friends of Meow Press have volunteered to help with the assembly of the books in the series. Please help support this project. Order the books individually as they appear, or as a set. Contribute money, materials, or time. This project will not work without help.

Summer98 series:

Now Available: (on June 10, 1998; this text is from a mailer that has yet to go out)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Charles Alexander | [MP44] Four Ninety-Eight to Seven | poetry $6 |
| Daniel Kanyandekwe | [MP45] One Plus One Is Three At Least | fiction $6 |
| Andrew Levy | [MP46] Elephant Surveillance to Thought | poetry $6 |
| Denise Newman | [MP47] Of Later Things Yet to Happen | poetry $6 |
| Susan Schultz | [MP48] Addenda | poetry $6 |

Coming Soon (July 1998)

| | |
|---|---|
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Adrian Clarke Just Deserts poetry $6

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Heather Fuller Madonna Fatigue poetry $6

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Noemie Maxwell Thrum poetry $6

Ted Pearson The Devil's Aria poetry $6

Stephen Ratcliffe Signature poetry $6

Liz Waldner Bus Stop poetry $6

SUBSCRIPTIONS, SETS & ORDERING INFORMATION FOLLOWS THE BACKLIST

Backlist

George Albon, King [MP5 $4]
Andrews, Bernstein, Sherry, Technology/Art: 20 Brief Proposals for Seminars on Technology & Art [MP15 $6]
Rachel Tzvia Back, Litany [MP9 $6]
Michael Basinski, Cnyttan [MP1 $5]
Michael Basinski, Heebee-Jeebies [MP26 $5]
Dodie Bellamy & Bob Harrison, Broken English [MP18 $5]
Dodie Bellamy, Hallucinations [MP40 $6]
Charles Bernstein, The Subject [MP19 $6]
Taylor Brady, Is Placed / Leaves [MP37 $6]
Jonathan Brannen, The Glass Man Left Waltzing [MP14 $5]
Natalee Caple, The Price of Acorn [MP27 $5]
Robert Creeley, The Dogs of Auckland [MP35 $4]
Dubravka Djuric, Cosmopolitan Alphabet [MP12 $5]
Robert Duncan, Copy Book Entries [MP28 $10]
Deanna Ferguson, Rough Bush [MP25 $6]
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Meow50 box-set the first 50 MP books in a personalized painted box-set. Includes all non-catalog ephemera items still available, coupons for readings and books, plus "influence cards." Approx. 70 books total. Limited $300

to order, or for more information, contact:

http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/presses

single copies & the trade:

http://www.spdbooks.org

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## Marjory Stoneman Douglas

1890–1998

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American journalist and conservationist whose River of Grass redefined the Everglades; she died at 108;* The Everglades: River of Grass *(1947). Died at age 108, after campaigning for Everglades restoration nearly to the end.*

### 436. — William Burmeister *15 May 1998* ↑ Register

*Marjory Stoneman Douglas 1890-1998*

Marjory Stoneman Douglas, one Florida's finest ever and writer, conservationist, women's rights activist, volunteer, has died. She will be sorely missed down here.

Excerpts from the St.Petersburg Times:

Marjory Stoneman Douglas, grande dame of the Florida Everglades and the state's pre-eminent conservationist, died at her Miami home Thursday. She was 108. Douglas died in her Coconut Grove home of 72 years. As she requested, her home will be turned into a state museum and her ashes will be scattered over the portion of the Everglades National Park that bears her name in a public ceremony on May 23. President Clinton, recalling when he awarded her the Medal of Freedom when she was 103, said she was ahead of her time.

A writer and crusader for Florida's environment before World War II, Mrs. Douglas was best known for her 1947 book, The Everglades: River of Grass.

She decried in its pages the more than half-century of human tampering with the sawgrass prairies and swamps of South Florida that make up the Everglades. And with that, she reminded readers of what was being lost.

"There are no other Everglades in the world," she wrote. "They are, they have always been, one of the unique regions of the Earth, remote, never wholly known.

"Nothing anywhere else is like them: their vast glittering openness, wider than the enormous visible round of the horizon, the racing free saltness and sweetness of their massive winds, under the dazzling blue heights of space."

The significance of her book "is that it proved the Everglades are actually a river, a river of grass," Mrs. Douglas once said. "That is the key to understanding the area."

While her book on the Everglades was perhaps her best known work, Mrs. Douglas also wrote Hurricane, Road to the Sun, Freedom River, Alligator Crossing and The Key to Paris.

Late into her life she remained a person of remarkable vitality, although failing eyesight limited writing or traveling. She dictated her autobiography into 50 cassette tapes.

Titled, Marjory Stoneman Douglas: Voice of the River, the autobiography, with John Rothchild, was published in 1987.

Briefly married in 1914, the Minneapolis native had lived alone in the quaint house she built from plans a friend sketched on the back of an envelope.

A visitor to her home once described her as a 5-foot-1-inch woman with white hair pulled back in a French twist and none of the looks of a troublemaker.

Yet Mrs. Douglas was a crusader from that day in 1915 when she stepped off the train from New England with her Wellesley College education into the frontier atmosphere of Miami. She had come to join her father, Frank B. Stoneman, editor and founder of the newspaper that became the Miami Herald.

Of her father, she noted in her autobiography: "He had that Quaker sense about women which is different from the usual Protestant attitude. Quakers made no distinction between men's and women's minds; they didn't think that minds had any particular sex to them. My father never doubted my intellectual ability."

In 1916 she traveled to Tallahassee in a fruitless effort to persuade legislators to support women's suffrage. The Legislature did not ratify the 19th Amendment that year.

She remained with the Herald until 1918, then went to Europe to handle publicity for the American Red Cross until 1920. After returning to the Herald until 1923, Mrs. Douglas devoted herself to writing short stories and fiction for national magazines, including the Saturday Evening Post, and teaching at the University of Miami and Pennsylvania State College.

Although she published a play, The Gallows Gate in 1928, The Everglades: River of Grass was her first book, and she had not planned to write it.

While at work on a novel, she was approached by Hervey Allen, who was the publisher of a series of books about America's rivers. He wanted her to write about the Miami River. Although she questioned the idea of devoting an entire book to the Miami River, she would later recall, "it would be foolish to let a publisher just walk out of your door."

How about a book on the Everglades? she stammered. Allen liked the idea, but he had given her a tough job.

No comprehensive book on the Everglades had previously been written, she found, although she knew of an abundance of descriptive writing. The year the book was published, 1947, President Harry S. Truman dedicated Everglades National Park.

That same year, she recalled, the Army Corps of Engineers "signed a contract to drain the Everglades." The corps later sliced up the area with pumps and levees, canals and floodgates, all aimed at taming the river of grass.

In the following years, Mrs. Douglas, made famous by her book, which has sold almost a half million copies, preached against the engineers, warning of the consequences of their work.

---

## John Hawkes

1925–1998

*6 messages · 5 hands*

*American experimental novelist whose postmodern fiction abandoned plot and character and won Thomas Pynchon's admiration;* The Lime Twig *(1961). Died in Providence, Rhode Island.*

**437. — Gale Nelson** *18 May 1998* ↑ **Register**

*John Hawkes*

John Hawkes died on Friday, 15th May from complications of heart surgery.

Hawkes, professor emeritus at Brown University, was author of over a dozen books of fiction, including The Cannibal, Second Skin, Death, Sleep & the Traveler; and more recently, The Frog. His beautiful baroque sentences, many of which ran seamlessly for half a printed page, were often describing characters in extremis, innocence or (as often was the case) otherwise.

Jack was famous for his deeply-caring teaching style at Brown, where he tutored generations of writers in the craft of the story and the novel. His students include Mary Caponegro, Joanna Scott, Rick Moody, Lori Baker and Samantha Gillison.

For those of you who would like to express your condolences to his wife, Sophia, please send me electronic mail  for the address.

> **438. — Douglas** *19 May 1998* ↑ **Register**
>
> I want to thank Gale Nelson for posting the sad news of John Hawkes' death. I might mention for all the poets, that Hawkes' fiction is true poetry, his work being one of the major examples of how poetic language and fiction do work together.
>
> My favorite of his many fictions are THE BETTLE LEG, THE LIME TWIG, SECOND SKIN, and THE BLOOD ORANGES. Sun & Moon published his early works THE OWL and THE GOOSE ON THE GRAVE.
>
> A short passage:
>
> The prisoner was covered with great feathers, pin feathers and flat feathers, pieces of wire and tin swelled his chest. The wings hung far down as arms and even below the hands, swayng, and were fastened across his shoulders. He crouched heavily, but his waxen feathers, his flying skein billowed angrily in the wind. His head stuck over with red wax turned loftily. Then he tested the wings, looking at the sun unbelieving, taking a cautious

step closer the edge. The wings hung down and buied the arms inside; almost to the length of his feet, the tips waved like the lengthy, extra feelers of the dragonfly. The ends of the wings were wet, they motioned under the power of the primary feathers, the crudely fashioned wing with its sharp trailing edge. And when he filled the wings, they moved, lifted once, again, curving down and meancing. His half hidden chin juted and thrust with the effort. He spread his legs and drew tight the red flying surface between them, so that he was a mass of machine and bird for the wind's picking. He appeared heavy as stone.

Douglas Messerli

**439. — Tom Orange** *20 May 1998* ↑ **Register**

"You and Chantal and I are simply travelling in purity and extremity down that road the rest of the world attempts to hide from us by heaping up whole forests of the most confusing road signs, detours, barricades."

"...nothing is more important than the existence of what does not exist ....after all, my theory tells us that ours is the power to invent the very world we are quitting."

"Announced by violent sound and yet invisible, except for the glass scattered like perfect clear grains across an entire field—what splendour, what a perfect overturning of ordinary expectation. The unseen vision is not to be improved upon."

Travesty (New Directions 1976), p. 14, 57, 58.

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**440. — George Bowering** *20 May 1998* ↑ **Register**

That just about tears it. The worst one yet. I could not get to sleep last night. I have been telling anyone who gets near that Hawkes is my favourite US novelist since about 1962. That's when I read Charivari and didnt know what the hell was going on but knew that it was the real goods.

Just gave a course this spring on H.D., Ed Dorn and John Hawkes. It worked, too.

George Bowering. , 2499 West 37th Ave., Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6M 1P4

**441. — Adalaide Morris** *20 May 1998* ↑ **Register**

George, If you'd be willing, I'd love to hear more details about this course. Which H.D. texts did you read, which Dorn, which Hawkes? What worked in the combination? I just finished teaching H.D. in combination with Theresa Hak Kyung Cha, Kamau Brathwaite, and Nate Mackey---another generative combination.

**442. — George Bowering** *21 May 1998* ↑ **Register**

Sure. We started with _Helen in Egypt_, then did _Gunslinger_, and then _The Beetle Leg_. The course was somewhat grandiosely called something like the re-inscription of myth. You can see how we might have gone at it. One thing I was surprised by: though various people liked various texts, they seemed to be turned around most by the Dorn. Used audiotapes of H.D. and Dorn reading their texts, of course. Although I have been teaching H.D. since about 1967, it was the first time I had taught _Helen_. It was a little eerie for me, because about a month before the course started I went to Kussnacht to see the place where she wrote the book.
~~~~~~~~

# Albert Cook

1925–1998

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American poet, classicist and translator who as chair built SUNY Buffalo's celebrated 1960s English department;* The Dark Voyage and the Golden Mean *(1949). Identified in the notice as "Brown University professor". Died of a heart attack, in Providence.*

**443. — Charles Bernstein** *10 Jul 1998* ↑ **Register**

*Al Cook*

> *"PROVIDENCE, R.I. (AP) - Albert Cook, a Brown University professor who published more than 20 books and plays, died Tuesday of cardiac arrhythmia and coronary artery disease. He was 72. The scholar of comparative literature, classics and English wrote criticism, poetry, plays and textbooks. He taught at the University of California, Western Reserve University and the State University of New York at Buffalo before going to Brown in 1978."*

Forrest Gander just sent this sad news to me. Cook was the key figure in initially bringing poets, and not incidentally, poetics to SUNY-Buffalo, hiring Creeley, Olson, Weiners and many others and envisioning an English department where poets and fiction writers would teach literature, rather than creative writing, to undergraduates and graduates. Cook founded the UB English department, and taught there from 1963-1968.

He was the author of over 20 books of criticism and 8 books of poetry, and the translator of Oedipus Rex and The Odyssey.

Among his most recent books are Canons and Wisdoms (University of Pennsylvania Press), Temporalizing Space: The Triumphant Strategies of Piero della Francesco (Peter Lang), and a collection of poetry, Modes (Mellon). Other books include: An Anthology Of Greek Tragedy, The Burden Of Prophecy: Poetic Utterance In The Prophets Of The Old Testament, Canons and Wisdoms, Changing The Signs: The Fifteenth-Century Breakthrough, The Dark Voyage and the Golden Mean; A Philosophy of Comedy, Enactment: Greek Tragedy, Figural Choice in Poetry and Art, French Tragedy: The Power Of Enactment, History/Writing, The Meaning of Fiction, Modulars: Poems, Myth and Lanugage, Progressions and Other Poems, The Reach of Poetry, The Root of The Thing; A Study of Job and The Song of Songs, Shakespeare's Enactment: The Dynamics of Renaissance Theatre, The Stance Of Plato, Thresholds: Studies In The Romantic Experience, and Soundings: On Shakespeare, Modern Poetry, Plato, and Other Subjects.

# Charles Watts

d. 1998

*5 messages · 5 hands*

*American-born Canadian poet and Simon Fraser Special Collections curator, a Kootenay School of Writing figure;* Bread and Wine *(1987).*

**444. — Peter Quartermain** *5 Aug 1998* ↑ Register

*Charles Watts*

Many people on this list will be personally saddened to hear that dearly loved Charles Watts died this morning, 5 August, at about 4.15 a.m., of cancer.

After years and years of conversations, as Robin Blaser says, turning the world round and round, that lovely mind enfolding one's thought and self, we'll miss him. He was one of the reasons to be, here.

Please send any messages or tributes to me (address below), or to Tom McGauley at

I'll post details of the memorial gathering when I know them.

**445. — George Bowering** *5 Aug 1998* ↑ Register

Thanks to Peter Q. for his sad and lovely words on Charles Watts.

We will miss him on this list, and we will hardly know how to get by without him in Vancouver.

You will remember that Charles did yeoman work on the Blaser conference here a couple years ago. He was currently working on the bpNichol symposium for this Fall.

If you are lucky enough to have his book _Bread and Wine_, have a read.

Charles, along with Gene Bridwell, was custodian of the Contemporary Literature Collection at Simon Fraser University, a wonderful place.

George Bowering. , 2499 West 37th Ave., Vancouver, B.C., Canada V6M 1P4

**446. — Billy Little** *6 Aug 1998* ↑ Register

charles was a jewel a shiny brilliant mind half exposed enclosed in this solid chuck of ore he was happy a few short weeks back dinner at bukowski's on commercial before Dorothy and George's reading, happy afterwards at the Georgia Hotel where Gerry Gilbert took pictures, Charles bemused behind Clint Burnham on the striped couch charles knew but he let you make a fool of yourself anyway he wanted to hear what you had to say he had a big heart and a good ear almost as refined as blaser mild mannered and unassuming he talked the talk he read the books and he made the connections, truly a servant of poetry, right to the last few days he was correcting the galleys of the blaser conference proceedings: the poetry monster that is vancouver lost an arm and a leg and have a disconnected corpos calosum with the passing of charles watts, he made things happen without seeking praise or adulation, impeccable he dotted your teas and crossed your eyes remained a student to the finish, kept learning stayed young encouraged all, editor, publisher, scholar, friend, ones like him don't grow on trees

Yeah, I stole from
the treasury
of human folly
I spent it all on you, baby...

don't mention it

Duncan McNaughton

**447. — Ron Silliman** *6 Aug 1998* ↑ Register
*The real Charlie Watts*

The last time I corresponded with Charles Watts, a few months back, he told me t hat he was "fine," and that his melanoma was a thing of the past. His own attention was turned inst ead to the ever-delayed Ph.D. thesis and his excitement over Italy and all things Italian that a trip last summer had kindled. Other friends warned me otherwise about his health, so I knew what Pete r's notice was going to say even before I opened it, but it's hard news for us all.

Krishna and I got to know and love Charles when he insisted that we stay with hi m for a few days of sight-seeing after the 1985 Vancouver Poetry Festival. In addition to being a pe rfect host and fabulous guide, he was a gentle, brilliant, far-too modest, extraordinarily well -read soul with the driest sense of humor I've encountered. A rolled eye and the barest upturned smile ofte n suggested sans words precisely what he thought of this or that event or person.

It turned out that his life-long buddy Peter Magnani was (is) the brother of a w oman with whom I'd worked in the prison movement and I would encounter Charles and Peter at reading s, particularly at Canessa Park, when Charles came down to California for his annual visit with his family. More than once this led to dinner at Brandy Ho's or Hunan during which I got to pump him f or the latest scoop on the Vancouver scene. Charles introduced me to the work of several of the folk s north of the border whose writing I follow and his opinions caused me to rethink some first i mpressions of other writers.

Charles first moved to Canada as a war resister in the late 1960s. I stayed at h ome and fought my induction notice (for seven years!) until I finally "qualified" for CO status, w hich was how I began doing prison movement work in the first place. We often speculated on how differ ent our lives might have been had either one of us taken the other's approach, or how different had the war in Indochina simply not happened. Charles' move was clearly Canada's gain and one more piece of evidence (not that any's needed) of how war wastes a nation's resources.

Charles never published very much, but his devotion to (and understanding of) th e poetry scene was complete. Even at this distance, I'm convinced that he was indispensible to the worlds of poetry that he touched, especially the scene in Vancouver, and I have no idea how we will ge t along without him. It will certainly be a different world.

I know that I've said and written this before, but it's worth repeating — beyon d the pure pleasures of reading and writing, the greatest thing about poetry is how it permits you to me et some wonderful, even magical people all over the world. Charles was just such a person in my lif e. We should treasure and nurture each one.

Ron Silliman

**448. — Dorothy Trujillo Lusk** *7 Aug 1998* ↑ Register
*Charles Watts*

Like Senor Silliman, I also knew what the notice from Peter was going to be on the list but I still reeled into a pretty shocky state. I spoke with a friend later who said,"No. We knew Charles was dying" but I did not know that at all. Many years ago, Charles had meningitus and spent months in hospital. I still remember the sick anxiety of impending loss. But Charles came through being that close to death and lived for a good long time before the cancer showed up. He'd had operations and various treatments, was taking a lot of really good supplements, was taking care of himself and was continuing to work but being very mindful of his health, was not putting in excessive hours at Special Collections, as he'd a tendancy to do. I know he'd been putting in long days with Ted Byrne on the Blaser papers but I do think he was pacing himself to not become overtaxed. I just always believed he would prevail, as ever. I so appreciate Peter Quartermain's sensitivity in the initial posting and Bowering, Little and Silliman's tributes and reminiscences, particularly mention of Charles's sense of humour which could be paradoxically droll yet giggly. I always valued of Charles that he truly seemed to enjoy my own socially inappropriate daftness as a worthy lark rather than

> pathologizing me/'it' as many other real grown-ups were wont to do. & the giggle was right out there when years ago I shared with him plans to form a LOUD BAND called the Pound Scholars. Charles enjoyed his neighbourhood and his terrific neighbours, including Lisa Robertson right upstairs. He had friends with him towards the end and at the end and I am very glad that he was with those he cared for and who cared for him so much. I last saw Charles at the reading I did with Bowering a few weeks back and Charles was as he will always be for me the Best Company.
>
> I am having so much sadness with all of us in Vancouver. We have so much loss and so much to remember. We'll probably be putting something together along similar lines as the Kathy Acker Memorial Benefit through the Kootenay School of Writing, possibly at the Western Front sometime in September but its really early days on this. Take care everyone, xxxx Dorothy Trujillo Lusk

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## Akira Kurosawa

1910–1998

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*Japanese film director, among cinema's most influential, whose dynamic samurai epics opened Japanese film to Western audiences;* Seven Samurai *(1954). Identified in the notice as "great director". Died of a stroke, in Setagaya, Tokyo.*

### 449. — Robert Archambeau *7 Sep 1998* ↑ Register

*Akira Kurosawa*

Just heard the sad news — the great director Akira Kurosawa has died.

I think the best tribute possible is for all of us to go out and rent "Rashomon" tonight.

R.A.

> **450. — Pierre Joris** *7 Sep 1998* ↑ Register
>
> Sad indeed; took out a Kurosawa I hadn't seen last night. This morning the French daily LIBERATION has an excellent dossier on AK:
>
> http://www.liberation.fr/quotidien/index.html

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## Pierre Martory

1920–1998

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*French poet and longtime Paris companion of John Ashbery, who translated his collections into English;* Every Question but One *(1990). Died some years after a stroke.*

### 451. — Pierre Joris *19 Oct 1998* ↑ Register

*some bad news*

News just in that the French poet Pierre Martory died last week. A very secretive poet, he was not well-known in France, but was championed in this country by his great friend John Ashbery who also translated him brilliantly — two volumes at least, tho I don't know if they are still in print: _Every Question but One_ and _The Landscape is

Behind the Door_. In 1997 Alyscamps/Sheep Meadow published a selected poems in French, called _Veilleur de Jours_.

Pierre Joris

http://www.albany.edu/~joris/ 6 Madison Place Albany NY 12202 ========== All that is not gas is grammar

> **452. — Poetics List Administrator** *31 Oct 1998* ↑ **Register**
> *a poet inquiry (fwd)*
>
> Obviously, a back-channel reply will mean more to her... jk
>
> *"-Hello, I do not really want to subscribe to the list right now (only because my mailbox, used by other people, cannot yet handle so many posts per day), but I am a poet who frequently checks your archives to browse and enjoy (frustrated of course now & then by not being able to post back!). I read a post that said that French poet Pierre Martory had died a few weeks ago, but I have been unable to find ANYTHING about that passing anywhere, and wondered if there might be someone who could direct me to a news source or other information. Many thanks! Diane Wald (Boston, MA)"*

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## Dick Higgins

1938–1998

*11 messages · 4 hands*

*American Fluxus co-founder, poet and publisher who coined the term intermedia and ran* Something Else Press. *Died of a heart attack, in Quebec City.*

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**453. — Pierre Joris** *27 Oct 1998* ↑ **Register**
*Dick Higgins*

Sad news tonight : Dick Higgins passed away yesterday. He was a major figure in a complex set of art & poetry crossovers — poet, composer, painter, translator and art theorist, he was involved early on with happenings and was a core member of Fluxus — defining what came to be known by his own term of "intermedia." Of himself he said: "I find I never feel quite complete unless I'm doing all the arts—visual, musical and literary. I guess that's why I developed the term 'intermedia,' to cover my works that fall conceptually between these." As founder of Something Else Press he published works by Alan Kaprow, Gertrude Stein, Marshall McLuhan, John Cage, Merce Cunningham, Emmett Williams, and Ray Johnson among others. His forty-seven books include _foew&ombwhnw_ (something else press), _Poems Plain & Fancy_ (Station Hill Press) and _A Book About Love & War & Death_ (Something Else). He edited and annotated Giordano Bruno's_ On the Composition of Images, Signs & Ideas _(Willis, Locker & Owens), as well as the marvellous anthology _ Pattern Poetry : Guide to an Unknown Literature_ (SUNY Press).

A small poem from _foew&ombwhnw_ :

v - cry

w h y
c r y

w h y
d i e

Pierre Joris

http://www.albany.edu/~joris/
6 Madison Place
Albany NY 12202

==========

All that is not gas is grammar

**454. — Alan Sondheim** *27 Oct 1998* ↑ **Register**

This is very upsetting; Something Else has been a huge influence in my life - Spoerri's work for example, Higgins' energy, the early artists' books, the Merce Cunningham work - all of it. Higgins was everywhere; I never knew what to make of that end of fluxus, and still don't. I also felt he deserved a whole lot more credit than he received. An Anecdoted Topography of Chance (Spoerri) was my favorite artist book. All of Spoerri's work makes me think... And Something Else had a resonance about it - they published people like Benjamin Patterson, who should also have been better known.

Alan

**455. — Bob Grumman** *27 Oct 1998* ↑ **Register**

Yes, very sad—and unexpected—the news about Dick Higgins. He was "only" a phone&letter friend of mine but his death has put a significant void into my life. He was an ever-decent, supportive and hugely talented man. More branches of the arts than even he was aware of will miss him.

—Bob G.

**456. — mIEKAL aND** *27 Oct 1998* ↑ **Register**

*mestostic for dick higgins by miekal and*

Dinner
certaIn
Changing
blanK
wHen
noIse
Girl
somethinG
obvIous
iNterested
spotS

words extracted from "foew&ombwhhw" by dick higgins

**457. — mIEKAL aND** *27 Oct 1998* ↑ **Register**

*errata Re: mestostic for dick higgins by miekal and*

move the word "Dinner" eleven spaces to the right

**458. — mIEKAL aND** *28 Oct 1998* ↑ **Register**

*mestostic / 3 ply*

mestostic for dick higgins

graDually
In
Counting
shaKing

otHer
weIght
leG
enerGetically
kIndred
aNd
Shifting

words extracted from "foew&ombwhnw" by dick higgins

**459. — mIEKAL aND** *28 Oct 1998* ↑ **Register**
*mestostic / 6 ply*

mestostic for dick higgins

galvanizeD
fIlter
Cools
bucKet
Hat
It
stockinGs
suGaring
lIttle
taNks
Smell

words extracted from "foew&ombwhnw" by dick higgins

**460. — mIEKAL aND** *29 Oct 1998* ↑ **Register**
*mestostic / 8 ply*

mestostic for dick higgins

subsiDized
productIons
reCultivating
speaKs
sucH
Itself
buildinG
Grind
exIst
directioN
improviSation

words extracted from "foew&ombwhnw" by dick higgins

**461. — mIEKAL aND** *4 Nov 1998* ↑ **Register**
*mesostic / 13 ply*

mesostic for dick higgins

closeD
exceptIon
cirCuit
Keep
cHimes
wIring
beGin
Good
radIos

situatioN
  burleSque

words extracted from "foew&ombwhnw" by dick higgins

**462.** **— mIEKAL aND** *9 Nov 1998* ↑ **Register**
*mesostic / 14 ply*

mesostic for dick higgins

  heaD
    I
    Character
  looKing
    Her
    I
slidinG
    Game
    I
    Noticing
  claSp

words extracted from "foew&ombwhnw" by dick higgins

the first 17 mesostics for dick higgins
http://net22.com/qazingulaza/joglars/mesostics/index.html

**463.** **— mIEKAL aND** *24 Nov 1998* ↑ **Register**
*[Fwd: FLUXLIST: Celebrating the Life of Dick Higgins]*

Apparently-To:

"Celebrating the Life of Dick Higgins" Sunday, December 27 at 3 pm Judson Memorial Church New York, New York

---

# Ted Hughes

1930–1998

*6 messages · 6 hands*

*English poet of visceral nature and myth, Poet Laureate from 1984 until his death;* Crow *(1970). Died of a heart attack while under treatment for colon cancer, in London.*

**464.** **— Pierre Joris** *29 Oct 1998* ↑ **Register**
*[Fwd: Ted Hughes is dead]*

Douglas Clark wrote:

> *"poetry etc - a list administered by John Kinsella - http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/Square/8574/ after an 18-month battle with cancer. Just reported on BBCTV news."*

**465.** **— Pat Pritchett** *29 Oct 1998* ↑ **Register**
*Re: crow croaks*

October 29, 1998

Britain's Poet Laureate Hughes Dies

*"Filed at 9:57 a.m. EST*

*By The Associated Press*

*LONDON (AP) — British poet laureate Ted Hughes, whose stormy marriage to the anguished American poet Sylvia Plath dogged his reputation after her suicide, has died. He was 68.*

*Hughes died Wednesday at his home in Devon after an 18-month battle with cancer, which he had kept secret, said Matthew Evans, chairman of Hughes' publishing company, Faber and Faber.*

*``Not only was he one of the greatest poets of the 20th century, but he was the most extraordinary man,'' Evans said today. ``The loss to his family is inestimable.''*

*A collection of searingly intense poems published by Hughes this year called ``Birthday Letters'' shed new light on his difficult six-year marriage to the tortured Plath, brought him sympathy and won him rave reviews.*

*The reclusive Hughes chose not to defend himself after Plath's suicide on Feb. 11, 1963, months after he had left her for another woman. She gassed herself in the kitchen, leaving milk and cookies for the couple's two children in the next room.*

*Some Plath fans had called Hughes a murderer, and his name was repeatedly hacked off her gravestone in Yorkshire, northern England.*

*Evans noted that there was ``a great deal of understanding'' after Hughes put forth his story for the first time — and revealed the obvious depth of his love for Plath — in the 88 poems that make up ``Birthday Letters,'' chronicling the couple's meeting, marriage and separation.*

*The poems surprised many with their startling intimacy they revealed. Of the first time the couple made love, Hughes wrote:*

*``You were slim and lithe and smooth as a fish.*

*You were a new world. My new world.*

*So this is America, I marveled.*

*Beautiful, beautiful America.''*

*Hughes, poet laureate since 1984, refused to be interviewed about the poems, which span 25 years beginning in the late 1960s.*

*But in a letter read by his editor, Christopher Reid, he called the book ``a gathering of the occasions — written with no plan over about 25 years — in which I tried to open a direct, private, inner contact with my first wife, not thinking to make a poem, thinking mainly to evoke her presence to myself and to feel her there listening.''*

*Hughes and Plath married in 1956 after meeting at Cambridge. They went to the United States in 1957, where she taught at Smith College and he taught at the University of Massachusetts. They returned to England in 1959 and continued to write and publish poetry.*

*Plath had had a history of mental problems and had first attempted suicide three years before meeting Hughes.*

*Poet Andrew Motion, writing in The Times of London, said reading ``Birthday Letters'' was ``like being hit by a thunderbolt.''*

*``Anyone who thought Hughes's reticence was proof of his hard heart will immediately see how stony they have been themselves,'' Motion wrote. ``It closes in a heart of darkness, a black hole of grief and regret. We stare into it feeling changed and enriched.''*

*The book was dedicated to the couple's children, Nicholas and Frieda.*

*At the time of its publication, Frieda, a 34-year-old artist, said in a newspaper interview that she had lived under the burden of her mother's suicide.*

*``I never read my parents' poetry until a couple of years ago,'' she said. ``I even rejected the chance to study my father's work for school exams. It was too close to home.''*

*Hughes was the son of a carpenter, born Aug. 17, 1930, in the bleak mill town of Mytholmroyd in Yorkshire, northern England.*

*He began writing poems in grammar school. After studying at Cambridge University, he took a number of part-time jobs to support his writing.*

*His first volume of poems, ``Hawk in the Rain,'' was published in 1957 and set the scene for his later work with its unsentimental and savage view of the natural world.*

*Hughes, who remarried in 1970, published more than 35 poems and collections of verse, three works of prose, two opera libretti and four stage plays. He was a successful children's writer as well, publishing five poetic works for young people and seven stories including the popular ``The Iron Man'' — published in 1968 in the United States as ``The Iron Giant.''*

*In January, he won the Whitbread Book of the Year award for ``Tales of Ovid,'' his reworking of Ovid's ``Metamorphosis,'' which the judges described as a work of ``greatness and sublimity.''*

*Hughes' last appearance in public was 13 days ago, when he accepted the Order of Merit, a rare honor, from Queen Elizabeth II at Buckingham Palace.*

*The queen was ``very saddened and will be in touch with his family. She was grateful for the opportunity to recognize his work and achievements before he died,'' a palace statement said.*

*Prime Minister Tony Blair issued a statement saying, ``He was a towering figure in 20th century literature who even in his last years was producing great works.''*”

**466.** **— Roger Farr** *29 Oct 1998* ↑ **Register**
*Ted Hughes*

“*BBC, UK*
*Poet Ted Hughes dies*
*Ted Hughes: Kept his illness a secret*
*One of Britain's most admired literary*
*figures, the Poet Laureate, Ted*
*Hughes, has died aged 68.*
*Mr Hughes died peacefully at his*
*home in Devon after an 18-month*
*battle with cancer that he had kept secret from all but*
*those very close to him.*
*The writer was named Poet Laureate*
*in 1984 and was widely acclaimed for*
*the intense images he evoked of the*
*English countryside and the savagery*
*of the animal world.*
*The Queen and the prime minister*
*were among the first to express their condolences.*
*Mr Hughes made his final public appearance at a private*
*audience with the Queen 13 days ago, when she*
*presented him with the Order of Merit.*
*An official spokesman at Buckingham Palace said: "She*
*was grateful for the opportunity to recognise his work*
*and achievements, before he died, through the award of*
*the Order of Merit."*
*Tony Blair called Mr Hughes a "towering figure in*
*20th-century literature", and said the poet's contribution*
*to the body of great British poetry was immense.*
*Although famed for his dark imagery of the British*
*countryside, the poet was also renowned in literary*
*history for his marriage to American poet Sylvia Plath.*
*Their stormy relationship*
*dogged his reputation after*
*she committed suicide in*
*February 1963, soon after he*
*left her for another woman.*
*A collection of poems*
*published by Hughes this*
*year, Birthday Letters, shed*
*new light on his difficult*
*marriage and brought him*
*sympathy along with rave*
*reviews.*
*He was awarded a £10,000 Forward Poetry prize for the*
*collection earlier in October.*
*He said in a message read out at the*
*awards by his editor Christopher Reid:*
*"My book Birthday Letters is a*
*gathering of the occasions - written*
*with no plan over about 25 years - in*
*which I tried to open a direct, private, inner contact with*
*my first wife, not thinking to make a poem, thinking*

*mainly to evoke her presence to myself and to feel her there listening."*
*The reclusive Hughes had chosen not to defend himself against a storm of abuse from fans of Sylvia Plath, some of whom branded him a murderer after her suicide.*
*The poet made few public appearances and, until the publication of Birthday Letters, made no comment on his six-year marriage.*
*But the poems showed that although he remarried, he had never stopped thinking about Sylvia Plath.*
*Kept tightly under wraps with none of the fanfare usually accorded publishing events, it came as a complete surprise to the literary world.*

*Hughes' death will come as a similar surprise to many.”*

**467. — Jim Andrews** *29 Oct 1998* ↑ **Register**

One of the most extrordinary poetry readings I ever experienced was by Ted Hughes many years ago in Victoria BC at Open Space. He was transfixing. His voice and the depth of his work resonates with me still.

About five years earlier, I encountered some of his work for the first time in an English class when I read "Thought Fox." The leap of Hughes's wild fox into the mind remains with me even more strongly than his amazing reading.

**468. — Joel Lewis** *7 Nov 1998* ↑ **Register**
*f.y.i. (place your bets)*

West Indian enters race to be UK Poet laureate

*“ By Paul Majendie LONDON, Nov 6 (Reuters) - West Indian poet and Nobel prize-winner Derek Walcott on Friday entered the race to replace the late Ted Hughes as Britain's next poet laureate. The salary for the nation's official poet on state occasions — 100 pounds ($166) and a case of wine a year — is certainly not the big attraction of the lifelong job. But the nobility of the tradition appeals. ``I rather like the idea of those duty poems,'' Walcott, from the West Indian island of St Lucia, told Friday's Daily Telegraph. ``The very idea I could be laureate is amazing. I always thought the British would keep it to themselves,'' he said. He insisted he was entitled to be considered. ``The qualification is the depth of love for the country you write about.'' Walcott, whose grandmothers were both slaves but also had one grandfather who was a white colonial, said: ``We are all inheritors of the English language.'' But he draws the line at ever accepting a knighthood: ``It's not me. I don't want to be part of some aristocracy.'' Just one week after Hughes died of cancer, bookmakers made Andrew Motion, a professor of creative writing at East Anglia university, the 6-4 favourite to be the next Poet Laureate. He had already put himself in the run ning last year with a poem commemorating Princess Diana after she was killed in a Paris car crash. Walcott is not the only foreign challenger for a quintessentially British post. Ireland's Nobel prize-winner Seamus Heaney gets an 8-1 quote from the bookmakers. Among the outsiders is Australian Les Murray. Another intriguing name being bandied around in literary circles is Murray Lachlan Young, the pop poet who clinched a 1 million pound record deal last year. ``He has the Byronic looks if not the gravitas,'' The Finanial Times, reflecting on the surprisingly strong field in the esoteric poetry stakes, said of Young. Walcott is not a great fan of the U.S. system whereby a poet laureate consultant to the Library of Congress is appointed for two years and paid an annual salary of $35,000. ``Here it is for life, it has a validity, a sense of tradition,'' he said. But it can carry risks as John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, found out to his cost in 1673. He was asked to write a poem about King Charles II but instead produced a lampoon that speculated about the monarch's sexual shortcomings. Wilmot was forced to flee into exile. ^REUTERS@”*

**469. — Marjorie Perloff** *22 Nov 1998* ↑ **Register**
*Re: A PS on the Tolerance issue*

Tolerance of other people is essential in any community that professes to be democratic, yes. But "tolerance" of poetries that one takes to be —as one member of the List said—not poetry at all but just crap is a way of undercutting the very poetry one believes in and has had a terrible effect of making things bland and unimportant. I would never put down a young poet

> who's struggling to get somewhere because that's cruel and deflating but when someone is as famous as Pinsky, our Poet Laureate, our McNeill-Lehrer Newshour poet, or his British counterpart the late Ted Hughes—yes, I think it's NECESSARY to be oppositional(and what's Romantic about it??) because the very presence of bad and cliched language on the airways and in print (we have enough of it already) deflates the other wonderful material out there. In other words, yes, I'd be thrilled if McNeil-Lehrer had Susan Howe on that five minute spot rather than Pinsky because there are actually viewers who would see and hear someone outstanding and would change their image of poetry. And yes, as someone who loves Dante and can read it more or less in Italian, I do think it needs to be said that Pinsky's Dante, which is praised far and wide, is really a very weak version. Otherwise, "Dante" becomes a pretty uninteresting poet.
>
> I realize I'd have to defend those views—and we all do—but isn't that what criticism is all about?
>
> It always makes me think of Frank O'Hara's "If they don't like poetry, bully for them. .The movies are good too. Don't forcefeed." That would be my answer to Susan Schultz re Rita Dove. No doubt it's true that in a certain context, Rita Dove will speak to students more easily than does Susan Howe, but then what does that "speaking" mean and why do we want it for our students? No one NEEDS poetry, after all. And I'm not sure—much as I usually agree with Susan and love her work—that there's a ladder effect—i.e. from Dove up the scale to Howe etc. It CAN work the other way....
>
> Marjorie P

---

## Ray Bremser

1934–1998

*1 message · 1 hand*

---

*American Beat Generation poet known for jazz-inflected poems written while incarcerated;* Poems of Madness *(1965). Died of lung cancer, in Utica, New York.*

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**470. — Aldon L Nielsen** *13 Nov 1998* ↑ **Register**

*Ray Bremser*

In response to my last post I have received independent postings stating that Bremser had died just recently. Since these came from different sources, it is probably true. Bremser has written some intriguing works in between, and during, his bouts with himself. Let's hope there will be a collected works soon

meantime, here's the info. I had received about his most recent book:

The Conquerors
Sudbury, MA
Water Row Press
1998
$20.00
61 pp pbk

Has anyone actually seen this book yet???

for that mater, has anyone read Bonnie Bremser's disturbing but beautiful book, Troia?

will be back Tuesday — if I don't see you at Kent's wife's birthday party, maybe I'll see you "outside."

everybody stay safe!

---

## Janet Lewis

1899–1998

*3 messages · 3 hands*

*American novelist, poet and librettist best known for the historical novella* The Wife of Martin Guerre*. Died at her home in Los Altos, California, aged 99.*

### 471. — Ron Silliman *5 Dec 1998* ↑ Register

*Janet Lewis*

Janet Lewis Stephen Schwartz Saturday, December 5, 1998

> *"©1998 San Francisco Chronicle*
>
> *URL: http://www.sfgate.com/cgi-bin/article.cgi?file=/chronicle/archive/1998/12/05/MN4835.DTL*
>
> *Janet Lewis, an internationally known poet, novelist and opera librettist, has died at her Los Altos home. She was 99.*
>
> *The widow of the poet and critic Yvor Winters, who died in 1968, Miss Lewis lived to see her fame outweigh his, thanks to her authorship of ``The Wife of Martin Guerre,'' a novel about 16th century France, which was adapted for opera, screen and musical stage productions.*
>
> *She was born in Chicago and grew up in Oak Park, Ill., a contemporary of Ernest Hemingway, and contributed to the same high school magazine as he.*
>
> *She graduated from the University of Chicago, with a major in French. While there, she met Mr. Winters, whom she married in 1926 and accompanied to California.*
>
> *At first, she preferred poetry as a medium, publishing several books, beginning with ``The Indians in the Woods'' in 1922.*
>
> *Later, however, she concentrated on fiction, authoring ``The Invasion,'' an account of the interplay between white and Indian culture on the frontier, published in 1932.*
>
> *She is best known for three short novels on historical themes. The first, ``The Wife of Martin Guerre,'' was written in Los Altos and finished in 1937.*
>
> *It was issued in a hand-printed edition in 1941, by The Colt Press, a distinguished enterprise run by writer and book designer Jane Grabhorn, and supported by businessman William Matson Roth.*
>
> *The book was reissued in 1959 by The Swallow Press and has remained in print ever since.*
>
> *``Guerre,'' told from a woman's viewpoint, deals with a man who poses as another, and whose identity must be resolved by a trial. The story was presented in opera form, with music by Bay Area composer William Bergsma, in 1961.*
>
> *That work was praised by music critic Richard F. Goldman, of the Music Quarterly, as ``the best American opera I have heard.''*

*In 1984, a French film version, ``The Return of Martin Guerre'' was released with Gerard Depardieu. It was remade as an American film set in the Civil War, ``Sommersby,'' released in 1993 with Jodie Foster and Richard Gere.*

*Of Miss Lewis's remaining short historical novels, ``The Trial of Soren Qvist'' appeared in 1947, and ``The Ghost of Monsieur Scarron'' in 1959.*

*The three short novels were based on actual incidents. In addition, ``Against A Darkening Sky,'' a novel based on the 1933 kidnapping of a department store heir in San Jose, and the lynching of his accused abductors, was published in 1943 and reprinted in 1985.*

*During the 1960s, Miss Lewis taught in the creative writing department at Stanford. Her writing attracted even greater attention with the rise of the feminist movement.*

*She also published several volumes of stories and other poetry collections, including ``Poems Old and New: 1918-1978.''*

*In a comment with which many authors would agree, she told an interviewer in 1996, ``The exciting moments come when you're writing. They disappear so fast.''*

*She is survived by a daughter, Joanna Thomson of Madison, Wis., and a son, Daniel Winters of Davis. No service has been announced. ©1998 San Francisco Chronicle*

*Page C2*”

**472. — Herb Levy** *5 Dec 1998* ↑ Register

From this morning's NY Times (The composer of the Martin Guerre opera was Bergsma, not Bergsman):

Janet Lewis, 99, Poet of Spirit and Keeper of the Hearth, Dies

“*By ROBERT McG. THOMAS Jr.*

*Her first writings to reach print ran shoulder to shoulder with Ernest Hemingway's. For her first published poetry she was grouped with William Carlos Williams and Marianne Moore. She made it to Paris ahead of both Hemingway and F. Scott Fitzgerald. She was a leader of the University of Chicago school of imagist poets, and if hers is not a household name, by the time she died on Monday at the age of 99 in the house in Los Altos, Calif., she had occupied for two-thirds of a century, Janet Lewis had the satisfaction of knowing she had written poetry throughout the 20th century and seen it published and praised in every decade since the first.*

*Her reputation has seemingly been eclipsed by that of her late husband, Yvor Winters, the poet, professor and critic who wrestled Hart Crane's "Bridge" into print and made Stanford — and Los Altos — a magnet for three generations of poets. Yet there are many who will assure you that when the literary history of the second millennium is written at the end of the third, in the category of dazzling American short fiction her "Wife of Martin Guerre" will be regarded as the 20th century's "Billy Budd" and Janet Lewis will be ranked with Herman Melville. (Though, to be fair, her prose is more often likened to Stendahl's.)*

*What makes her accomplishments even more impressive is that over the course of a a career in which she wrote hundreds of poems, a single collection of short stories, a couple of children's books, a handful of novels, the words to five operas and one acclaimed masterpiece, Miss Lewis pursued a literary life in which the focus was on the life and the life was one of such placid equilibrium and domestic bliss that she had to reach deep down in her psyche — and far back in the annals of criminal law — to find the wellspring of tension that produced some of the 20th century's most vividly imagined and finely wrought literature.*

*She also had to find the time.*

*As she once observed, women of prodigious literary output, like Willa Cather and Edith Wharton, tended not to have children. As the mother of two, Miss Lewis willingly put her work aside when her children were young and cheerfully accepted other duties as well. "It's a question of what you want to do with your life," she once said. "You might also want to take care of your husband."*

*The daughter of a poetry-spouting English professor, Miss Lewis was born in Chicago and grew up in Oak Park where she and her 1899 contemporary, Ernest Hemingway, contributed their first works to the same high school literary magazines, she deriving inspiration by summering even deeper in the north woods than he and finding a lifelong fascination with nature and the natural flow of life.*

*Her sentiments were expressed in a 1922 poetry collection, "The Indians in the Woods," in a series of stories later included in a 1946 collection, "Good-Bye, Son and Other Stories," and in a 1932 narrative, as she called it, "The Invasion," the multi-generational account of a Scotch-Irish-Indian family.*

*After two years at a junior college, Miss Lewis completed her education at the University of Chicago, majoring in French while joining the famous Poetry Club and meeting Mr. Winters, who had spent time at a tuberculosis sanitarium in Santa Fe, N.M.*

*After a brief stay in Paris after graduation in 1920, Miss Lewis returned to Chicago but soon contracted tuberculosis herself and spent five years at the same sanitarium, engaging in a passionate correspondence with Mr. Winters and eventually marrying him and following him to California, where she threw herself into a satisfying domestic life that included tending to her husband's registered Airedales, harvesting the fruit from the adjacent orchard and serving as a sort of serene den mother to an extended, animated family of her husband's awed acolytes.*

*One of the first and by far the fiercest and most controversial of the New Critics and a man of cocksure opinions, for all his fabled influence on 20th century American poetry, Mr. Winters may have made his greatest contribution to literature when his wife, whose life was virtually without drama, complained that she had trouble finding suitable plots and he gave her a chance copy of a 19th-century compilation of famous old legal cases.*

*By the time she had finished it, Miss Lewis had all but abandoned poetry and embarked on what turned out to be three short historical novels, "The Wife of Martin Guerre" (1941), "The Trial of Soren Qvist" (1947) and "The Ghost of Monsieur Scarron" (1959), all based on actual cases and so compellingly imagined and told that she inspired the 1956 "Wife of Martin Guerre" opera by William Bergsman, who asked her to write the libretto. The composer Alva Henderson was so impressed he got her to write the libretto for his 1976 opera, "The Last of the Mohicans," and two others.*

*The historical novels, Miss Lewis said later, represented the "heavy thinking" of a literary career that did not include her poetry. Her poems, she said, were always personal, a quiet corner of her life.*

*Devastated by her husband's death in 1968, Miss Lewis, who never took his name off the mailbox and maintained his writing shed as a shrine, sought to deal with her grief by revisiting the Southwest, rediscovering her fascination with the local Indians and producing a series of memorable poems.*

*For Miss Lewis, who is survived by a daughter, Joanna Thomson of Madison, Wis.; a son, Daniel Winters of Davis, Calif., and three grandchildren, her family was always more important than her work, and her life is well reflected in her final collection, "The Dear Past," (1994) with poems covering most of the century.*

*Under the influence of her husband, she had done her share of experimenting, but the woman who had begun her career by taking part in the imagist revolution that sought to strip poetry of its former artifice, ended it the same way, using spare, lyrical language to describe and celebrate the simplest scenes of nature.*

*For a woman who charmed generations of troubled poets and other literary figures with her almost otherworldly serenity, looking back over the domestic scenes of a long, literary life it would be hard to find a more compelling image of Miss Lewis — or one more evocative of the flesh-and-blood life beneath the surface of 20th-century literature — than one of the many at the family's house after a warm, rollicking meal with the couple's dearest friends.*

*You may have to close your eyes to conjure up the sight, but there they are forever, two 1899 contemporaries standing side by side at the kitchen sink, Janet Lewis washing, Vladimir Nabokov drying.*

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*Herb Levy*”

**473. — Joe Amato/Kass Fleisher** *5 Dec 1998* ↑ **Register**

*Janet Lewis and Miekal And*

herb, thanx... geezus, what a story!... and i have to say, i don't think i've ever read a word by janet lewis...

so i guess i have to add her to my ever-growing list...

&

well now that miekal has posted to the list something i've felt should happen for a good while now, i'll 2nd the motion: i too think we should have an f2f conference, derived somehow from (owing somehow to?) this list... how i'm not sure, but it's all open to discussion... perhaps

> "conference" isn't the right word either---perhaps a gathering of the tribes would be more apropos... or a festival, or a garden party, or
>
> of course not just logistics and money are involved... TIME would be involved, somebody's time in particular... so what, now, do we ask charles to put this together for us?... again, is this up to charles (and joel, et al.)?... i can only help out (i think) via this box here mself...
>
> so what, now?...
>
> best,
>
> joe

## 1999

## Jerzy Grotowski

1933–1999

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Polish theatre director and theorist whose 'poor theatre' revolutionized experimental performance and actor training;* Towards a Poor Theatre *(1968). Identified in the notice as "great director". Died of leukemia and heart disease, at home in Pontedera, Italy.*

**474. — Ron Silliman** *15 Jan 1999* ↑ **Register**

*Grotowski obit*

The great director Jerzy Grotowski has died.

www.nytimes.com/yr/mo/day/news/national/obit-grotowski.html

## Fred Hopkins

1947–1999

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American avant-garde jazz double bassist, pivotal member of the trio Air with Henry Threadgill and Steve McCall;* Air Lore *(1979). Died of heart disease, in Chicago.*

**475. — Ron Silliman** *19 Jan 1999* ↑ **Register**

*Fred Hopkins has died*

http://www.nytimes.com/yr/mo/day/news/national/obit-hopkins.html

# Paul Metcalf

1917–1999

*7 messages · 7 hands*

*American experimental writer, great-grandson of Herman Melville, who composed collage works from historical and documentary sources;* Genoa *(1965). Died near Pittsfield, Massachusetts.*

**476. — Don Byrd** *21 Jan 1999* ↑ **Register**

*Paul Metcalf*

Paul Metcalf died today (1-21-99). Paul was born on the day and year of the Russian Revolution (November 7, 1917). He was an actor, a school-bus driver, and a real estate broker. He was the author of twenty-four books, most of them in a genre that he invented. His best known books are _Genoa_ (1965), _Patagoni_ (1971), _Appalache_ (1976), and _The Middle Passage_ (1976). Twenty-two of the books are published in the three-volume _Collected Works_ (Coffee House Press, 1996, 1997, 1998).

The dolphin lives cleanly
Because it is said
The dolphin
Eats only darkness
And rain that falls on the sea.
--Paul Metcalf

**477. — Peter Quartermain** *22 Jan 1999* ↑ **Register**

This is thoroughly dismaying news. I'd say that Metcalf is (like Ronald Johnson) one of the most severly under-read inventors of our time / language / thought / art / seeing. I guess I feel more than a little guilty that I spent so ;little time furthering his work. Oh how I wish otherwise. Damn damn damn. And who will notice, outside this list? Hardly anyone, I'm afeard. But yes, as Don Byrd reminds us, there are (thank what goodness there might be) the three volumes of the collected works. We should go (re)read them..

Peter

**478. — charles alexander** *24 Jan 1999* ↑ **Register**

I just returned to poetics list a couple of days ago. this is the first I have heard. I had the pleasure of publishing Golden Delicious and Firebird by Paul, and of visiting him a couple of times in Massachusetts and hosting him, in Wisconsin in the early 80's, and twice later, in Tucson, where he read, we performed a play of his, and more. Paul will be missed. blessings to all his friends, and particularly to Nancy.

charles

**479. — Herb Levy** *31 Jan 1999* ↑ **Register**

From Sunday's NY Times

<http://www.nytimes.com/yr/mo/day/news/national/obit-metcalf.html

Paul Metcalf, Who Wrote Experimental Tales, Dies at 81

*" By DINITIA SMITH Paul Metcalf, who made his mark as an experimental writer of prose, poetry and plays, died on Jan. 21 near Pittsfield, Mass. He was 81 and lived in Chester, Mass. His wife, Nancy, said Metcalf had a heart attack after buying apples at a farmers market not far from Arrowhead, the Berkshire home of Herman Melville, his great-grandfather. "Like a medieval chronicler with the eye of a poet and the heart of a taletel ler, he fits together radiant fragments into a wholly new kind of construct," the author Guy Davenport once wrote of Metcalf. His more than 20 books were often collages of first-person historical narratives,*

*science writing, newspaper clips and his own words, woven together in a single fabric. "It was like a symphony, with sources like old diaries and botanical descriptions as the different instruments," said his daughter Adrienne. Nonetheless, the words had a cumulative effect. In his 1976 book "Apalache," an epic about the settlement of the New World, he mixed native and settler chronicles with his own musings: "The fragrance drifts seaward/we smelled the land a hundred leagues, and farther when they burned the cedars/before we come in sight of it thirty leagues, we smell a sweet savour/we had now fair sunshine weather, and so pleasant a sweet as did much refresh us, and there came a smell off the shore like the smell of a garden." Metcalf came from a distinguished New England family. His mother was Eleanor Thomas Metcalf, a granddaughter of Herman Melville and his literary executor. His father, Henry Knight Metcalf, who worked for an insurance company, was a descendant of Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island. Metcalf was born in East Milton, Mass., and was educated at private schools. He attended Harvard but disliked it and left after only three months. In 1942 he married Nancy Harman Blackford of Charleston, S.C., and during the next 20 years the couple spent long periods in the South. In addition to his wife, he is survived by a brother, David, of Topsham, Me.; two daughters, Anne Westmoreland of Schuyler, Va., and Adrienne, of Becket, Mass., and two granddaughters. Early in his life, Metcalf thought little about his famous ancestor and his writings. His first book, "Will West," published in 1956, was a short novel about murder with a Cherokee as the protagonist. But in the early 60s Metcalf returned to the Berkshires, and in his 1965 book, "Genoa," acknowledged the relationship to Melville. "Genoa" was one of his best-known works, a blend of references to Melville, other sources and his own language. In the book, a man called Michael Mills muses about his own history, and his brother, Carl, who is a monster: "Herman would harangue his wife and two daughters (this was after the sons were gone) on matters that had no interest for them, and they would roll their eyes, and sigh, and wait, or there would be outbursts of temper, sarcasm." Metcalf told his hometown newspaper, The Berkshire Eagle, that the book "was a way of getting the Melville monkey off my back." William H. Gass, reviewing "Genoa" in The New York Times, said that the book "invites us to pass our minds down a new but ancient track, to become, ourselves, both fact and fiction, and to discover something true about the geography of time." Metcalf was a tall man with a powerful physical presence. In recent years, with his hair nearly shoulder length and his pipe in his mouth, he was a colorful figure. His home in Becket became a center for artists and writers in the area. As a writer he remained a cult figure, although in 1987 he was honored by the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters. Beginning in 1996, the Coffee House Press of Minneapolis published a three-volume edition of his collected works. He also supported efforts to increase the collection of Melville's papers at Arrowhead and at the Berkshire Athenaeum in Pittsfield. In 1921, the manuscript of Melville's novel "Billy Budd" was discovered in a tin box in his family's home. Several months ago, as Metcalf was moving out of his Becket house, he found two more boxes of family papers and memorabilia that he had long forgotten. He donated the papers to the Melville Room of the Berkshire Athenaeum. Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company : Herb Levy"*

**480. — Samuel Garren** *1 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**

There is an excellent photograph and short commentary about Metcalf in Jonathon Williams' great book of snaps of writers and musicians pub. by Jargon Press. It is a book well worth seeing. On Sun, 31 Jan 1999, Herb Levy wrote:

**481. — Sylvester Pollet** *10 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**

*Metcalf special offer*

To honor the absorption of Paul Metcalf into the great collage of the gone, the National Poetry Foundation offers its _SAGETRIEB_ special issue on Metcalf (Vol. 5 No. 3: 1986). Reduced price $5, (plus $2.50 postage/handling, domestic, or $4.50 international). e-mail orders to Gail Sapiel if you want to be billed, or send to NPF, Room 302, Univ. of Maine, 5752 Neville Hall, Orono ME 04469-5752. We could supply enough for classes also—price & shipping to be arranged.

CONTENTS:

PAUL METCALF "The Players: A Documentary Comedy-Drama."
C. MARK HURLBURT and JOSEPH BOCCI "An Interview with PAUL METCALF."
DAVID KADLEC "_Apalache_: The Restorative Context."
ANDREW CAMPBELL "Paul Metcalf, Geology, and the Dynamics of Place."
also

AMOS N. WILDER "A Poet in the Depression: Letters of Kenneth Patchen, 1934-1941."
PETER COLE "The Object and its Edge: Rothko, Oppen, Zukofsky, and Newman."
CID CORMAN " A Poem by George." [Oppen]
and book reviews by BURTON HATLEN and yours truly SYLVESTER POLLET

**482.** **— Erik Sweet** *4 Mar 1999* ↑ **Register**
*"Tool a Magazine" # 2 for SALE! Now!*

Is is finally here folks! Yes it is!

Support our magazine and the great poets we publish by purchasing this fine issue, paid for straight out of the pockets of the editors, which includes:

Alice Notley, Clark Coolidge, Paul Metcalf, Hoa Nguyen, Kenneth Koch Chandler Lewis,Mallarme trans. by William Marsh, Jorge Clar, Dale Smith, Brian Lucas, Eleni Sikelianos, Brenda Coultas, John Bennett, John Latta, Travis Ortiz, Rod Smith, Chris McCreary, Randy Prunty, Todd Moore, Pamela Lu, Summi Kaipa, Phil Good, and pictures by Kevin Opstedal and Brenda Iijima, plus more.

Please order now as our first issue went rather fast!

Erik and Lori

---

## Frances Jaffer

1921–1999

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American feminist poet and essayist central to the Bay Area HOW(ever) circle and its recovery of H.D;* Alternate Endings *(1985). Died after a long struggle with rheumatoid arthritis.*

**483.** **— Ron Silliman** *30 Jan 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Frances Jaffer*

Rae tells me that I'm turning into the angel of death by posting obit notices, but I think somebody should be doing this.

Frances Jaffer, a friend to many on this list and one of the editors of HOW(ever), passed away the other day. I've known her & Mark Linenthal for over 30 years and feel for him.

There's an obit by Steve Schwartz at

http://www.sfgate.com/cgi-bin/article.cgi?file=/chronicle/archive/1999/01/30/MN81680.DTL

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# Armand Schwerner

1927–1999

*19 messages · 14 hands*

*Belgian-born American poet and translator, taught for thirty years at the College of Staten Island;* The Tablets*, written over some twenty-five years, presents itself as a scholar's translation of Sumero-Akkadian clay tablets, complete with lacunae, brackets and passages marked untranslatable, while the fictive translator comes apart. A trained clarinettist, he performed it aloud in many voices. He was seventy-one. Two notices arrived an hour or so apart, in the two registers the list had available: Michael Heller's practical one, with the funeral home's telephone number in it, and Bernstein's, which gives the time of death to the minute and then simply prints the poems.*

**484. — Michael Heller** *4 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**

*(no subject)*

Dear Friends of Armand,

Sad news. Armand died this morning at 9AM. There will be a funeral service on Sunday, Feb. 6th, Visiting 11:30AM --1 PM, Service at 1 PM at the Bayport Funeral Home, 683 Montauk Highway in Bayport. ,. of funeral home (for directions, etc.) is .

**485. — Charles Bernstein** *4 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**

*Armand Schwerner (1927-1999)*

Poet, Scholar-Translator, Teacher Armand Schwerner died at 9:06 this morning.

go into all the places you're frightened of
and forget why you came, like the dead
[...]

from nothing, from nothing, the stone beginning, tell me my name, when I write and do accounts I am that other man and keep from trembling, o at the heart's root is not cauldron but ..... come in come in come in come in says my pain run from the sun, wander around in me and profit, the stars tell North but little else. From nothing from nothing find me my name, say in some clear way if the end is sadness, how the days of fishing are numbered, say whether may name begins in rage or music rooting about for its pleasure o draw me from my Alabaster Self my millstone quartz marl me take me from my smooth whiteness my absence OOualbpaga Dammara Damalo Karhenmou Amagaa ArigaaaAdambpaga as a night lightens in dream rivers. [...] if the end is sadness, how the days of fishing are numbered, say saying I said begins in rage or music rooting about for pleasure, it must be possible says my pain, as night lightens in dream rivers. hunger the hunger. say
is ..... ..... .....
..... .....

(from The Tablets)

***

The funeral will be held this Sunday at Bayport Funeral Home, 683 Montauk Highway 11:30-1 Visiting 1pm Service for further information contact Charles Morrow at

**486. — Aldon L Nielsen** *4 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**

*Armand Schwerner*

If I remember correctly, the National Poetry Foundation (the Orono crew) is about to publish a collected TABLETS

and those of us who last saw Armand at Orono during the 50s conference came away with memories of his generosity and great enthusiasm — My own favorite memory is of Armand

teaching fellow passengers passages on the bamboo flute as our bus drove through impenetrable fog to an invisible tourist site

I also remember his comments on a panel at the conference (were they recorded by anybody?) where he spoke of that year in his youth when, as he put it, he "met the poets"

Armand was related, by the way, to Mickey Schwerner, the Civil Rights activist murdered in Mississippi along with his companions Goodman and Cheney — Armand wrote movingly of this in his non-TABLETS poetry

**487. — Maria Damon** *4 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Armand Schwerner (1927-1999)*

dont know why but i'm finding myself devastated by this info. i guess i expected to talk to him again, make amends for our tiffs over the XCP conference... armand the magnificently difficult, the sweetly cranky old yidl. deep breath. dissolve the tablets.

**488. — Maria Damon** *4 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**

miekal and i just wrote these words, they seem relevant:

[omniscient imagination] [All texts are hypertexts] if we love them equally; and to map is to love. Every word is yours as deep as you want to go. Every filament part of a rhizomatic intertext that sustains all life in its interstices. The delicacy of the narrative balance is countered by a natural decay. Nothing is ever really lost, and you can always return to surer ground if you must.

[All texts are hypertexts] In an ur-civilization where thought is pre-empted by survival, one sentence suffices for all sentences. Tragically, the words are so dear that they can only be the last words on the lips of the dying.

**489. — louis stroffolino** *4 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**

I had the honor of opening for Armand when he read in Phila. in 87 or 88, and I remember asking him what he thought of Ashbery (I was Ashbery-obsessed at the time), and he said that he had doubts about JA because it was like the layers of an onion, "there was nothing underneath the layers," to which I replied "well, at least it can make you cry" and he said it didn't for him, and then someone ushered him away... and this poem that Charles has posted makes it clear, I guess, that he, too, was interested in the "nothing".....

(i haven't read him in awhile, but used to think those
Naranjara poems were his best.....)

**490. — CharSSmith** *4 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**

THE SOUL IS A THING THAT SLITHERS

it all turns like the impossible to hold, pauls mode, jerry's mode, teds mode, a la mode turn by turn, how can you say a style is a man when a man dies every other week and comes up racoon or whatever strange thing to himself constitutes surprise.

—Armand Schwerner
fr. _Seaweed_ (Black Sparrow, 1969)

**491. — Doug Oliver** *5 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Schwerner*

I'd like to send out a British message of regret at Armand Schwerner's death: here in Paris, we had been following the course of his illness with sadness.

The Tablets is a truly remarkable project in which so many of the concerns about language and certainty which keep returning to haunt modern poets were presented in terms of a mythical history, as if a scantly glimpsed civilisation were crossing through time, layered with ambiguity in its temporal voyage. I'm reminded of the fragments of a lost civilisation explored by the Magistrate in Coetzee's frightening book, Waiting for the Barbarians. The Tablets are not only the result of Armand's lifelong meditations upon language and

spirituality (not least Tibetan), they are also funny. (He could get a little stiff with people who found them too funny and seemed to miss their depth.) I remember very fondly an evening in Paris when he read from the work and played his nose flute. (You see, even that becomes an unintentionally humorous sentence because of the word "nose": in fact, the nose flute made rather beautiful sounds and provided a sort of plainsong accompaniment to the twists and turns of the poetry.)

He was intensely serious about poetry, which is the essential mark of high talent. In the last conversation I had with him, he had picked up early the fact that the US now has an exciting younger generation of poets; and his enthusiasm then was, I think, typical of him. Mark's news of so much publication of his work is great; it must have been a better thought for him to retain amid the suffering of the last few months: a chance for the younger generations to pay back the attention he gave to them.

May I express sympathy and condolences to his closest circle, not least to Jackson M.

Best

Doug

**492. — Poetics List Administrator** *9 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Armand Schwerner 1927-1999*

GLAD TO HAVE SHARED SOME OF THIS CENTURY'S RIDE
WITH ARMAND THE SCHOLAR-TRANSLATOR OF "THE TABLETS"
HIS WILD TENDERNESS
SERIOUS FUN
FRIENDLY LEARNEDNESS
& (AS THE ENGLISH USED TO SAY) "NO SIDE"

Anselm Hollo

**493. — Poetics List Administrator** *16 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Armand Schwerner*

Armand's _The Tablets_, for the first time complete, if that's the term, will be available from National Poetry Foundation, and his Selected Shorter Poems (comprising about 2/3 of his non-Tablets poetry plus a handful of translations) from Junction Press within the next two months. Both are in the final stages of pre-press. His translations of _The Inferno_, which he still hoped to complete as recently as a month ago, are to be published by Talisman. Ed Foster can probably tell us when to expect them. He was my friend and teacher. Editing his work with him has been a last great privilege. Selah.

**494. — Poetics List Administrator** *16 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**
*armand schwerner...*

[apologies to those who see this cross-listed]

sad news about armand schwerner... i met him at the cross-cultural poetix conference in minneapolis two falls ago, but never had a chance to really talk with him... he'd participated in my "nous refuse" electronic writing collective for a spell some years back...

i have his and donald kaplan's _the poets' encyclopedia_ sitting on my shelf---have always taken pleasure in flipping through the assorted insights, rants, trivia, quotes, photos, gossip, etc...

sad news... he had reach...

///

joe

**495. — Poetics List Administrator** *16 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Armand Schwerner*

I knew Armand for over twenty years — his friend Charles Morrow brought him with to read at my little series in North Bergen, NJ. As a young poet, found him a bit scary and formidable — a great contarst to the St. mark's poets i ws just beginning to know. In later years, found him a very generous and warm person — i have fond memories of his 65th birthday party — a roomful of poets and artists.

Armand was also a practicing musician — a clarinet player, he actually studied with Lennie Tristanoa as a young man &, for a time in the early 80's, he played in a gamelan ensemble

I always admired his powerful line (less evident in the fragmented tablets) & was lucky to find a copy of Seaweed, his only effort with Black Sparrow. Someone shoulf reissue his long essay on Wallace Stevens that appeared in Kulchur

Joel Lewis

**496. — Poetics List Administrator** *16 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Armand Schwerner (1927-1999)*

I was very moved by Charles's announcement - especially by his selections of verse appropriate to - Armand's passing and his life overall. And of course since that posting many folks have reminisced about Armand or otherwise expressed their feelings of loss and/or quoted from other of his work.

So I'd like to share this wonderful passage, possibly lesser-known, from Armand's reminiscence "The Aquarium Fancier":

"[T]he poet, though forever exiled from the hawksoar, can be a flexible slinger. In his youth Rimbaudian indignation at gravity's impositions, however moderated by his intelligence, often serves as food for metaphors of power. I think of Lautreamont's *Chants de Maldoror* and its offspring Romantic protestants. In mid-life the poet may fall into a greed-dream pierced by flashing visitations of great flightless birds - emu, cassowary, the small rhea. *If not flight at least these, an arrangement, a compromise, a standing, I'll make a deal, empower me.* Through sweet-smelling honeycombs of the world, unlikely stand-ins for carnivores, poets wander: daring ornithopter-persons whose heavy Icarian wings - thickened by the waxy exudae of savory delusions - suffer a dashed grounding; it is one function of poetry to embody again and again the saving clear-eyed anguish of such falls to earth."

I saw Armand a number of times over the last years and we had a lot of correspondence over phone, email and snailmail during that time. I am grateful that he sought me out and mentored me, kindly and brilliantly, of late. I had first discovered his work, heard him read, met him briefly, in the 60s, when he as a poet was really first getting up a head of steam. His was a breakthrough poetry for me. I many years later met him again at a party, and it was after that that our relationship developed. As Joel Lewis and I agreed with one another on the phone yesterday, the young Armand was a really crazy guy, who had mellowed since. But he was always to me amazing, just the same. And he was a handsome man - who was physically ravaged in later years, to me a particular sadness. In this last period of his renewed fight with cancer, I have been struck by what might glibly be called his bravery - not that so much as an ability to live in the present, to take advantage of whatever time he had. Even when he could no longer speak, he was very much alive, interested in so very much going on around him. This was a new kind of role modeling I have now to keep.

P.S. For those who don't know Armand's work as well as they might want to, I recommend, aside from his own volumes (and as has been mentioned on this list, a new *Selected* will be out shortly as well as, probably not right away but eventually, a complete *The Tablets* including a CD ROM, I believe, from the National Poetry Foundation) the entry in the Dictionary of Literary Biography, written by Arthur Sabatini, and the recent Talisman issue that contains some of Armand's recent work, an interview, and a collection of essays on the work.

Burt Kimmelman .

**497. — Mark Weiss** *16 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Armand Schwerner*

To the best of my knowledge all of the verse and translations have either been published or are in process. I'm quite sure that's true for the verse. There are stacks of papers to be sorted in his loft—what they are remains to be seen, but the impression so far is that except for some letters and journals never intended for publication they are mainly offprints of other people's work. Mike Heller is Armand's literary executor. Give him a month and we'll all know more.

At 03:26 PM 2/16/99 -0500, you wrote:

*"seeing your post i thought you might be able to answer a question for me — if there much work of AS around, still to be published or collected ? he'd sent me his Crystal Skull Pantoums some time back and i'd been meaning to write him to ask for some work for my next magazine alas, this TO DO item was in a stack that also included to finish my reply to the last letter i'd had from Dick Higgins thanx )L john lowther"*

**498. — Edward Foster** *17 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**

Armand's translation of cantos from _The Inferno_ will be published in September. --ed foster

**499. — Charlie Morrow** *21 Mar 1999* ↑ **Register**
*update on Banquet for Armand (fwd)*

Please list the enclosed announcement. Thank you

Charlie Morrow studio Charles Morrow Associates, Inc. 2095 Broadway, Ste 504 New York, New York 10023 USA

*"-Fellow Celebrators of Armand! The Peoples Poetry Gathering - and organizers Poets House and Citylore - have added this Banquet to the weekend events Jeanine Klein (Armand's sister) and I, with input from our collaborators, have been putting things together. The Swedish cultural authorities have given Sten Hanson a travel grant to come over and MC with me. Rumor has it he will wear his tails and Royal Swedish honorary colors conferred by the King of Sweden two years ago. It is interesting to note that a former King of Sweden, famous for his picture on a Swedish kronor bill, is a ringer for Armand. Charlie Morrow www.cmorrow.com"*

Please come to the Banquet for Armand Schwerner Sunday, April 11, 7 pm Teachers & Writers, 5 Union Square West, NYC

Armand Schwerner was a poet musician compared in his recent NY Times obit with Ezra Pound. He is most famous for a series of poems called The Tablets in which he creates Mesopotamian "found tablets" with missing and untranslatable lines and the comments of the scholar translator. The Lving Theater created a critical success with a staged version of The Tablets.

We all are chipping in 18$/person for food and wine. Ellen Zweig and Jeanine Klein have created a meal of Armand's favorite food from the Moustache Restaurant. Wines have chosen accordingly.

There will be toasts and performances by Adam Schwerner, Jeanine Klein, Jerome Rothenberg, Spencer Holst, Sten Hanson, The Living Theater, Charles Bernstein, Jackson Mac Low and Anne Tardos, Mike Heller, Ellen Zweig, Francis Alenikoff, Pierre Joris, Nicole Peyrafitte, Charlie Morrow, Phill Niblock (film), Bernard Heidseick (recorded on phone), Logos Duo of Belgium with a work based on the address in Antworp where Armand was born. And more.

We have seatings for 70. Please prepay reservations by April 10 through Citylore, . No tickets sold at event.

Presented as part of the Peoples Poetry Gathering by Poets House and Citylore in association with Teachers and Writers Collaborative, Jeanne Klein and Charlie Morrow.

**500.** **— mIEKAL aND** *24 Mar 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Armand Schwerner Tablets*

Im working on a piece for armand schwerner & am having an impossible time finding anything from the tablets on the net, (if I go interlibrary loan it could take months out here), does anyone out there in popoland have ecopy of any, or know of any secret websites that may have excerpts? (who knows maybe alta vista is a shitty searchengine.)

Or mayhaps someone is courageous enuf to key in their own favorite or lovely sections & post it herefront.

just doesn't feel the sample without one-liners, something abt community.

miekal

**501.** **— Richard Carfagna** *25 Mar 1999* ↑ **Register**

Hi miekal, I don't know if this will be of any considerable help, but check out the essay at this site: http://www.valdosta.edu/vsu/dept/cas/eng/note/lavazzi.htm If you can't get to it , let me know and I can either e-mail or fax a copy to you. ric

Or mayhaps someone is courageous enuf to key in their own favorite or lovely sections & post it herefront.

just doesn't feel the sample without one-liners, something abt community.

miekal

**502.** **— Robert Freedman** *29 Mar 1999* ↑ **Register**

Miekal,

You probably already know about this, but "Poems for the Millennium," Volume II (Rothenberg/Joris) has about 4 pages of excerpts. If you don't have access let me know and I'll copy the stuff for you and send it by email.

---

## Norman Bluhm

1921–1999

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American abstract-expressionist action painter who made collaborative 'poem paintings' with poet Frank O'Hara. Died in East Wallingford, Vermont.*

**503.** **— Poetics List Administrator** *16 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Norman Bluhm*

Norman Bluhm, a painter who collaborated with and/or did covers for such poets as Frank O'Hara, Bill Berkson & John Yau has died.

---

# Paul Schmidt

1934–1999

*5 messages · 5 hands*

*American translator, poet and playwright known for complete English versions of Rimbaud and Khlebnikov;* Arthur Rimbaud: Complete Works *(1975). Dead of malnutrition.*

### 504. — Charles Bernstein *21 Feb 1999* ↑ Register

*Goodbye, Paul (Paul Schmidt 1934-1999)*

Very sad to find an obituary in the NY Times today for Paul Schmidt, who I got to know in the mid-80s and very much admired. Of his work, I think primarily of Paul's three-volume translation of Khlebnikov, published by Harvard University Press (the final, long delayed, third volume of the poems came out in 1997) —because that work was so important to me, and I had the chance to talk to Paul about it. But he is equally known for his libretti, his own poems, and his translation of Rimbaud, among many other projects.

Paul was 65 years old and in many ways at the height of his career. Here is yet another instance of that unspeakable horror that continues to plunder our culture and haunt its survivors. His death can't help but bring to mind the generations of poets (and artists and nonpoets and nonartists) ravaged by this scourge called AIDS.

**** Here is the Times's Obituary:

Paul Schmidt, Translator, Poet and Actor, Dies at 65

> *"By STEPHEN HOLDEN*
>
> *NEW YORK — Paul Schmidt, a librettist, translator, poet, teacher and actor who collaborated with many major avant-garde theater artists, died at St. Luke's-Roosevelt Hospital Center on Friday. He was 65.*
>
> *The cause of death was complications of AIDS, said his brother Jim.*
>
> *Schmidt was known best for translating the complete works of Rimbaud and the plays of Chekhov. He also devoted many years to translating the complete works of Velemir Khlebnikov, a little-known Russian poet who died of malnutrition in 1922 at the age of 37. A production of Khlebnikov's play "Zangezi," first seen in Los Angeles in 1986 and directed by Peter Sellars (it was later staged at the Brooklyn Academy of Music) was one of Schmidt's several notable collaborations with leading experimental directors.*
>
> *Another was his libretto for "Alice," an adaptation of Lewis Carroll's "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass," which was a high point of the Brooklyn Academy of Music's Next Wave Festival in 1995.*
>
> *A collaboration with the director Robert Wilson and the composer Tom Waits, "Alice" was praised by The New York Times for elucidating "an international theatrical style in which Minimalism, German Expressionism, Japanese kabuki and American pop bump up against one another in a grand, eye-catching pageant."*
>
> *Schmidt's libretto was described as capturing "a strain of late-19th-century romantic lyricism and drawing it out with a graceful literary refinement."*
>
> *For the Wooster Group's 1990 theater piece, "Brace Up!," Schmidt supplied a translation of Chekhov's "Three Sisters" that incorporated dance sequences and video, and he also appeared in the production. It was one of many small roles he played on the stage. For JoAnne*

*Akalaitis' 1989 production at the Guthrie Theater in Minneapolis of Jean Genet's five-and-a-half-hour, 100-character play "The Screens," he created the text out of three versions the playwright had left behind.*

*Other playwrights whose works he translated for theater productions include Gogol, Brecht and Marivaux. "Black Sea Follies," his original play about Stalin and Shostakovich (with music by the composer) was presented by Playwrights Horizons and the Music Theater Group in 1986.*

*Schmidt was born in Brooklyn and attended Colgate and Harvard, where he wrote his dissertation for his doctorate in Slavic languages on the influential Russian director Vsevolod Meyerhold. While at Harvard, he became involved with a now-legendary circle of friends who produced plays at the Agassiz Theater in Cambridge in the summers.*

*The group included the actors Lindsay Crouse, Tommy Lee Jones, John Lithgow, Kathryn Walker, Stockard Channing (to whom Schmidt was married for seven years) and the director and writer Tim Mayer, whose collected poems and plays he edited under the title "Running From America."*

*From 1958 to 1960, he served in the U.S. Army as a member of Army intelligence. From 1967 to 1976, he taught Slavic languages at the University of Texas in Austin. He published two volumes of poetry, "Night Life" and "Winter Solstice" (both 1996, Painted Leaf Press).*

*A collection of Rimbaud translations with photographs by Robert Mapplethorpe, titled "A Season in Hell," was in published in 1997 (Little, Brown).*

*In addition to his brother Jim, he is survived by three sisters, Mary Kay Murray, Margaret Sand and Anne Schmidt; another brother, Thomas, and his friend, Mark Bennett.*

*February 21, 1999 (c) The New York Times*”

**505. — Mark Prejsnar** *22 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Goodbye Paul, Goodby Khlebnikov*

I was very interested to read the Times obit yesterday.

I knew a little of Schmidt's work, but learned rather more about what he'd done, from the Times.... There is one oddity, or rather i think maybe it's not odd at all: the reference in the obit is to "the little-known Russian poet Khlebnikov."

Now this is very peculiar, and made me blink hard.

Why this strangely insistant, not exactly accurate characterization?

I mean, is he really "little-known" compared to Mayakovsky or Mandl'stam?? Well, yes sort of, but only if you specify a certain group of academics and intellectuals and poets, but a different (and argeuably more interesting) group would know, or know of, Khlebnikov as readily as the other two.... The very existence of the Harvard UP edition brings the need for this aside into question... To most common or garden variety intellectuals (not to mention the person-in-the-street) the "knownness" of Khlebnikov versus Ahkmatova or Blok is much of a muchness....Methinx the obit writer protests too much: It would seem that the phrase is really (ideologically) saying: the poet whom i and other right-thinking person believe *should not be known* to anyone..... It reminds me of those ignorant hack reviews (which i have critiqued on this list before) which attacked the superb bio, Poet Be Like God.

One of them refered to Spicer as a poet who has had no influence... Maybe no remark has ever been made that more defined the writer as being ignorant of the contemporary poetry scene.....

Ron S. of course has a well-known essay in which he speaks of how poets are "disappeared" by the literary establishment... Here are more instances of disappearing in action.....

**506.** **— Simon Schuchat** *23 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**

I mentioned Paul Schmidt's death to my Russian teacher this morning, who expressed amazement that anyone could translate Khlebnikov into English, since even Russians can't understand him!

In Russian terms, I think Khlebnikov is very well-known for two or three pieces (e.g., the laugh poem) and as an image. Perhaps something like the non-literary educated American's sense of Stein.

Khodasevich is the real "little known" Russian poet.

I didn't have any problem with Steve Holden's obituary for Paul Schmidt.

The piece on Stein's Saints, on the other hand, was abysmal.

**507.** **— Anastasios Kozaitis** *24 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**

William Everson/Brother Antoninus "Tendril in the Mesh" Anne Carson, "The Autobiography of Red"

**508.** **— Poetics List Administrator** *1 Mar 1999* ↑ **Register**

had to reformat this one. Chris

Mark Prejsnar's remarks re the "knownness" of Khlebnikov brought to mind discussions during the "eyerhymes" Visual Poetry Conference in 1997 with several Ukrainian and Russian visual/sound poets and with Professor Gerald Jenecek (author of The Look of Russian Literature and ZAUM which both discuss Khlebnikov and the "lesser known" giant of Zaum, Kruchonykh)—there was much discussion of how both in the USA and Russia/Soviet Union Mayakovsky was the first to gain fame—then, Khlebnikov and not yet Kruchonykh—though I hope that Professor Jenecek's book will change that!)—although for the Russians and Ukrainians he was the most revered and respected—and in their countries, as in ours, his work is very hard to come by, still considered beyond the fringe of knowness, so to speak—A great thanks from all lovers of Russian poetry to Paul Schmidt and his brilliant translation of Khlebnikov and his interesting one of Rimbaud. —dave baptiste chirot

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# William Bronk

1918–1999

*13 messages · 11 hands*

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*American poet and businessman who ran his family's Hudson Falls coal and lumber company while writing spare philosophical verse, whose collection* Life Supports *won the National Book Award for Poetry;* Life Supports: New and Collected Poems *(1981).*

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**509.** **— Burt Kimmelman** *22 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**

*William Bronk, 1918-1999 (please see way*

Subj: William Bronk, 1918-1999

using -f

Date: 2 Feb 1999 19:47:18 -0500
Lines: 46

M 23885 Burt J. Kimmelman (Burt,14979) 2/22/99 7:47 PM 46 lines

William Bronk (1918-1999) died some time last night, apparently peacefully.

The Smile on the Face of a Kouros

This boy, of course, was dead, whatever that
might mean. And nobly dead. I think we should feel
he was nobly dead. He fell in battle, perhaps,
and this carved stone remembers him
not as he may have looked, but as if to define

the naked virtue the stone describes as his.
One foot is forward, the eyes look out, the arms
drop downward past the narrow waist to hands
hanging in burdenless fullness by the heavy flanks.
The boy was dead, and the stone smiles in his death
lightening the lips with the pleasure of something achieved:
an end. To come to an end. To come to death
as an end. And coming, bring there intact, the full
weight of his strength and virtue, the prize with which
his empty hands are full. None of it lost,
safe home, and smile at the end achieved.

Now death, of which nothing as yet - or ever - is known,
leaves us alone to think as we want of it,
and accepts our choice, shaping the life to the death.
Do we want an end? It gives us; and takes what we give
and keeps it; and has, this way, in life itself,
a kind of treasure house of comely form
achieved and left with death to stay and be
forever beautiful and whole, as if
to want too much the perfect, unbroken form
were the same as wanting death, as choosing death
for an end. There are other ways; we know the way
to make the other choice for death: unformed
or broken, less than whole, puzzled, we live
in a formless world. Endless, we hope for no end.

I tell you death, expect no smile of pride
from me. I bring you nothing in my empty hands.

- William Bronk

(Life Supports: New and Collected Poems, page 66; orig. pub. in The Empty Hands, 1969)

- Burt Kimmelman ..

> **510. — Mark Weiss** *22 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**
> *Bill Bronk*
>
> I just heard from a mutual friend that Bill Bronk died this morning. A great loss.
>
> **511. — Edward Foster** *23 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**
> *William Bronk*
>
> William Bronk, for many us the greatest poet of his generation, died yesterday at his home in Hudson Falls, New York. He was eighty-one. His last poem, left in manuscript beside his chair, follows:

Art isn't made, it's in the world almost unseen but found existent there. We paint, we save the sound in music, we write it down.

**512. — Christopher Alexander** *23 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**
*William Bronk (1918-1999)*

I, too, am saddened by the passing of William Bronk -a poet of acumen and seriousness, too-little celebrated in recent years despite the important efforts of Talisman House Publishers and North Point Press. There isn't much I can say now that the work doesn't. Chris

from The World, The Worldless (New Directions, 1964):

A BRIGHT DAY IN DECEMBER

So much light in what we call the dark of the year, a flashing and glittering of light -it quivers, it flaps in our face like slaps of wind.

Should it surprise us, having known the holes of darkness in the longest days?

I have done
with promises (or say I have) of things
to come: the all-light; the all-dark;
something slow emerging; the slow (or fast)
and final decay.

The thing we have to live
with, the last thing, is it is all
here, and was, and will be, is all there is.
Nothing is coming but what is already here
as this light, now, in the darkest time
(and nothing here that ever needed to come)
at once, too much for us and not enough.

from All of What We Loved (Talisman House, 1998):

CERTAINTIES

A certain one whose name was his real name
lived in a real place at a certain time.
Then the time was gone and the real all gone.

**513. — Todd Baron** *24 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Re: William Bronk*

a wondrous thing about B. Bronk: years ago--at a job I hated--I showed a person who had not yet come to poetry--ever--a poem of his: she went out and bouoght a book of his.

HIS is a work thta did all the things (I) (we) want
the poem to say and do. THat is,
be poetry. be it.

already missed.

ToddBaron

**514. — Poetics List Administrator** *24 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**
*William Bronk (1918-1999)*

I had to reformat this a bit - my apologies for the intrusion. Chris

I think always how we always miss it; how the dead have not been final, and life has always required to be stated again, which is not ever stated. It is not art's statements only, not what we try to say by music, not the way this picture sculptures sight itself to see this picture - not by art alone the aim is missed, and even least of all by art (which tries a whole world at once, a composition). No, it is in our terms, the terms themselves, which break apart, divide, discriminate, set chasms in that wide, unbroken experience of the senses which goes on and on, that radiation, inward and out, that consciousness which we divide, compare, compose,

make things and persons of, make forms, make I and you. World, world, I am scared and waver in awe before the wilderness of raw consciousness, because it is all dark and formlessness: and it is real this passion that we feel for forms. But the forms are never real. Are not really there. Are not.

from "The Arts and Death: A Fugue for Sidney Cox"

Once, it had seemed the objects mattered: the light was to see them by. Examined, they yielded nothing, nothing real. They were for seeing the light in various ways. They gathered it, released it, held it in. In them, the light revealed itself, took shape. Objects are nothing. There is only the light, the light!

from "The Annihilation of Matter"

Our minds are unmortared constructions of stone blocks which are all of them separate but we fit them closely together and know what blocks to go to for what we think or feel. In between, are barely perceptible cracks. Go in there. It will expand as you go.

"Caving In"

*"From the Talisman interview:"*

WB: But are words other than what they mean? One problem about them is that we don't know what they mean. We think we know what they mean, but I have had literate people totally, as far as I'm concerned, misread a poem that I've written. I don't understand - How the hell did he come up with that? I didn't mean anything like that, and I think that I'm a fairly direct speaker in a poem, and I think that clarity is something that I usually achieve. But often it's a quite different clarity from what I intended. And I think it's fair to say it's a misreading of the poem, not simply that the poem has a reading that I didn't

intend. I don't feel that.

EF: I don't believe one has complete control of language. It devises its own patterns.

WB: Oh, very much so in my own experience although I don't think that is the experience of a lot of other writers who work and rework a poem. My poems come to me in their own language, and if they were not in that language, they would not have any force. Sometimes before I get it written down, the language kind of slips, and I think: I don't know, that is not it, that's not it. I'm saying something which is intellectually more or less the equivalent, but it is flat - it doesn't work. And then if I'm fortunate, it will come back to me: oh, yes, that's the way the poem is, and it's simply a matter of changing the tone or changing the language - which would not be the case if it were a neutral kind of idea

EF: But poems can be read without attention to "meaning." And there is great pleasure in reading for the music, for the song.

WB: Oh, there are times when the only way that we can read them is that because - "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." Who knows what that means? Oh, I'm sure that there are thousands of people who will explain just exactly what John meant by that, but as far as I'm concerned, the meaning is nothing that I would try to explicate. And the whole force of it is destroyed by explication. And there are all sorts of things of that sort. But not every poetic expression is powerful in that way. It may still be valid. The nursery rhymes which are said to have had very specific, frequently political meanings in their own times, [a meaning] which is lost to most people today, and I expect that there are some scholars who will give you a rundown on "Humpty-Dumpty," for example - its political meaning. Who cares at this point? And in a sense it doesn't really mean anything, and yet we've all - It's part of our childhood and obviously did mean to us - Completely apart from its original sense.

EF: And there's poetry that sets up a rhythm, a tone that is pleasing, and doesn't make statements in a conventional way.

WB: John is making a statement.

EF: He is, but it's not in the realm of conventional discourse. We can't approach it through paraphrase.

WB: If you are simply trying to make a pleasant sound, then that's something else.

EF: No, the poetry I mean is more than that, but it's severed from the world of conventional meaning.

WB: Yes, but there's a distinction there between its having content and its not having content.

EF: Well, nonsense syllables, but I don't mean that. Gertrude Stein's Stanzas in Meditation clearly has meaning but not in any literal or usual way.

WB: But I think that you have to have something that you are meaning and not simply depending on the words to give you a meaning.

EF: There has to be personal intent?

WB: You have to mean it. You can't do it hoping that the words will mean something that you don't mean. I think that Gertrude was not depending on the words. I think that she meant something. She had something that she was saying, she wanted to say, and she wasn't saying, well, if I just do this -Although she was the one who promoted automatic writing: give the words their lead, and they'll tell you their meaning. So maybe I'm wrong about her.

EF: I don't think so.

WB: But you go back a few steps to what was said earlier about the words being in charge, the words taking control of expression - I have repeatedly had the experience, when the poem gets written down, of saying, oh, God, no, I don't mean that - but hesitating to change the meaning because it seems to me the way it has to be said - and then only later, maybe the next day, two days later, the next week: yes, I guess that's what I do mean. But the initial rejection of what the poem is saying because it seems to me something that I don't particularly want to mean, a meaning that makes me uncomfortable or embarrasses or contradicts something else I've said or whatever. Having to accept that when I've lived with it for a little while -Admitting, yes, yes, I guess that is what I mean.

**515. — Billy Little** *24 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Re: William Bronk, 1918-1999 (please see way*

each of us savouring him
elizabeth press who even heard of it
an innocent pleasure
savoured in solitude
chewed and rechewed
if a poet could turn your ears to ice
without speaking Bronk could

**516. — Charles Bernstein** *25 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Creeley on Bronk*

Robert Creeley wrote this for the EPC's obituary pages (http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/documents/obits/), where it will shortly appear.

***

William Bronk's Passing

Although one saw him but rarely, there was a strong sense of bond between us as two who had begun together back at the close of the 40s, in Cid Corman's Origin. We had a mutual friend, a little older than I was — as was Bill as well — Samuel French Morse, a friend also of Cid Corman's, by way of Gordon Cairnie's transforming Grolier Book Shop in Cambridge. I was trying to start a little magazine and Bill had sent me some poems (at Sam's suggestion), which were printed in Origin, when the magazine I intended fell apart.

Much has been said about William Bronk's relation to Wallace Stevens. There is certainly an active sense of parallel, particular in the pace, the reflective rhetoric, and in the use of pronouns. But Stevens is a much lighter poet, if that's the word, letting thought be both way in and way out, a play of mind rather than its adamant conviction. It was not surprising when Stevens converted at last to Catholicism. Bronk's Protestant determination never changed.

I recall those early poems had often a humor, neither droll nor necessarily relieving. It was a humor of situation, that one was in this world indeed, just so. Bill thought about it all his extraordinary life. In that he was very like Emily Dickinson, seemingly alone yet compact with existence, flooded with insistent intelligence and proposal. One notices how particularly his poems return, loop, rather, about their factors of statement. "Here" is the only place he ever was.

Our first meeting was at a reading I'd had in New York, and he came up to introduce himself just after, but really to tell me with a look of real consternation, that he would never have imagined I'd read my poems as I did, stuttering, seeming almost in pain — why? I had no answer. He read his own thoughtfully, firmly, considering. When, a few years ago, he was unable to attend a festival we were both to be at, a tape of his reading was provided, and so I sat with others listening to that dependable, quiet voice speak through the lines of an age old human wondering. Why indeed, I thought — it was a good question.

Back home, I called him to tell him all had gone well, and we mused a bit on life, on what it had been to be poets. As he said, one had never thought of it as a "career" or as any such. One did it simply. Charles Olson valued him quite probably more than any other of his contemporaries — it was the measure of intelligence he constituted, the address of his means to the given world. Finally, there was no one else quite like him, so large in his singleness, so separate yet enclosing. One will not see his like again.

Robert Creeley Buffalo, N.Y. February 25, 1999

**517. — Jonathan Mayhew** *25 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**
*(no subject)*

There are more Bronk devotees than I had imagined; someone besides me has been buying these books all these years.

The Music of the Spheres, An Allegory for William Bronk (1918-1999), In Memoriam

This store sells many kinds of drums and cymbals, sticks and brushes, drum hardware. We come in to look at new products, glossy brochures, vintage snares. We are engaged. Often we make small or large purchases; children, and some adults, take lessons in the basement.

Yet afterwards it is as if none of this had mattered.

**518. — Jack Kimball** *26 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Another word on / for William Bronk*

"Death has given up thinking."

— Cid Corman, recorded in 1998, in answer to William Bronk's _All of What We Love_.

You can hear Cid's poems in tribute to his friend William Bronk at the following URL:

<http://www.geocities.com/~theeastvillage/a2/corman/a.htm>.

In each of four audio clips Cid first reads a short poem from _All of What We Love_ — the call — and then gives a response. Something approaching love between long-estranged friends circulates from poem to poem.

**519. — Mark Weiss** *26 Feb 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Bronk obit*

I'd be deeply grateful to anyone who would backchannel me Bill Bronk's Times obit, which I missed.

Mark Weiss

**520. — Mark Weiss** *11 Mar 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Bill Bronk*

With the permission of my friend poet and novelist Paul Pines I forward to the list a poem of hise about his longterm friend and neighbor Bill Bronk, preceded by a note and followed by Bill's response to the poem.

Dear Mark,

I would like to share something with you. In January I came to visit Bill and found him sleeping on the livingroom couch. I sat there with him asleep for twenty minutes or so and on the way out wrote a poem on a napkin in the kitchen. I emailed the poem to a mutual friend and to Wayne Atherton at The Cafe Review. Wayne wrote me back he wanted to publish it, and the friend responded by saying she thought the poem somehow less than palatable. I knew it was "risky" but I believed the last lines pointedly "Bronkian." I sent it on to Bill with my heart in my mouth and he, of course, understood immediately what I had intended. ...His letter to me, with its generosity of spirit and depth of vision also reveals his state of mind. His thoughts about "completion" were I believe the dawning of his own completion.

for William Bronk

The house on Pearl Street is as it was
in gothic disarray
Loren's iron sculpture
(a lance stuck through a shield)
sits on the porch
bare ginkos
in the December afternoon
hover over the dormers like dowagers
over a tombstone
I enter
through the kitchen
a half-eaten apple on the table
beside your inhalers the compressor
a potentate by the telephone
bellowing orders to an empty sun porch
follow the hose into the front room
where you lie hooked at the nose
to the other end
under a threadbare
red comforter
stretched out on the couch
your head high-domed
beneath a fringe
of white hair
hugging yourself
restless blue-nailed fingers
at your chest work
to fill your lungs
with air
knit unspoken
words
I sit on the window seat
and wait
not for you
to wake
but something
else...

all the old artifacts
are here
Canaday's darkly etched
variations on
the Chambered
Nautilus
Marril's
Provincetown seascapes
Peter's ingenious
mobile
sunbeams
on the Persian rugs

winter light fills the room

(as it always does
as it never will
again)

there is an end
to learning
its acquisition
and utility
and to
love

20 Jan 99

Dear Paul

But of course—your piece is moving and beautiful. It goes beyond what was said by as we say "the other Will"

"This thou perceivest which makes thy love most strong
To love that well which thou must leave ere long."

and ratifies my own observation about things of beauty

How one always wishes for an end
—to be complete.

As you sense, I have reached the point where being complete engages and entices me. Your concluding statement takes a risk that compels what your intention is. I am so pleased that you sent me the piece and even more strongly pleased that you wrote it.

Hugs
B.

**521. — Dave Zauhar** *2 Apr 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Re: class*

Defining "Class" is one of those places that cultural studies folks can be helpful. Here's one of the ur-cultstuds, E.P. Thompson, in the preface to his monumental _The Making of the English Working Class_: "If we stop history at a given point, then there are no classes but simply a multitude of individuals with a multitude of experiences. But if we watch these men over an adequate period of social change, we observe patterns in their relationships, their ideas, and their insititutions. Class is defined by men as they live their own history, and, in the end, this is its only definition." EPT, _TMEWC_, 1963). And of course, now women are given credit for living their own history too. My guess is that one of the problems with dealing with class in the US is the ahistorical if not amnesiac quality of American culture. There are others, too, obviously. In any case, for what it's worth. . .

On Thu, 1 Apr 1999, juliana spahr wrote:

*"Just went to a talk the other day on Carolyn Chute and class. And then all the talk post-pagemothers on class. It is worrying me. The reason we as a society have trouble talking about class is that it is*

> *endlessly complicated. It is hard to quantify, much less smell or generalize about preferences of roughness or smoothness. Once we start to act like it is something that can be called out in the language of clear category (that academic means middle or whatever), we do class the disservice of assuming it is an easy marker. Even though our society, falsely, treats race or gender as something absolute, it has never treated class that way. Yet that class is the language that white people at times use to assert their marginalization makes me nervous about it all the time.*
>
> *Yet I also think it is crucial to talk about all the time (who knows it might lead to the class revolution). So I am grateful for the discussion.*
>
> *I guess my question is how do we talk about class while paying attention to how many people pass in both directions all the time? How do we talk about class and make room for the way some people move up and down it all the time? Is class growing up background? Or is it net income at current year? And what are the income levels? Or is it purely cultural? Is there a lower class culture of dirty shirts and beer drinking that the Chute talk seemed to suggest? An upper class culture that owns artyness? How does rural and urban play into this? What about marriage and wives with no income? Does education disqualify one from being lower class? Does one's academic job disqualify one from being lower class anymore? What if you are an adjunct? Does one's Yale undergrad degree on scholarship disqualify? Or if one grows up upper class yet goes to the local community college, does that change?*
>
> *Like those students who can't understand My Life, I really can't imagine that their background income is that different from Hejinian's—her father was an academic administrator (a decent but not the best paying job), her mother a housewife. The New College, where she worked until recently, is known for its substandard salaries. She doesn't have an advanced degree. What is making her the symbol for middle (?) classness to these students? Is it because she doesn't in My Life put her self forward as a marginalized subject?*
>
> *I mean these questions not as critique but just as questions. I am glad this discussion has been happening.*”

---

## James Broughton

1913–1999

*2 messages · 2 hands*

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> *American poet and experimental filmmaker of the San Francisco Renaissance, an early bard of the Radical Faeries;* The Pleasure Garden *(1953). Died in Port Townsend WA.*

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**522. — dbkk** *20 May 1999* ↑ **Register**

*Death of James Broughton*

Hi it's Kevin Killian. Poetics List has probably heard the news, but the poet and filmmaker James Broughton, one of the original "New American Poets," died in Port Townsend WA at age 85 on Monday May 17.

He could be a bit acerbic and he was kind of a nut about "joy" this and "joy" that but oh, I'll miss him. Dodie and I got him to dig out his long-ago "Maidens" play which I had heard about doing research into the Spicer book, and we printed it in our zine about 2 years ago, here it is again for those who didn't it

MISSION to GOMORRAH

This play was especially written to amuse poet friends and was performed by them for the first time in April 1958.

Rowena Monkenberg Helen Adam Mrs. Lily Trump Eve Triem Flippety Dick Jess Major Beatrice Madeline Gleason Dr. Agon Robert Duncan

[Scene: a desert. Enter ROWENA MONKENBERG in a flowing gown, Mrs. LILY TRUMP in a cocktail dress, and FLIPPETY DICK in shorts.]

ROWENA. I see no city ahead.
Charred sand for endless miles.
No distant mountain. Not even a lizard.
How will we survive across this wasteland?

LILY. My feet hurt. I shouldn't have worn so much jewelry.

FLIP. When in doubt, wiggle less and breathe more!

ROWENA. This heat shrivels my Scottish bones.
The only water is this stinking green pond.

FLIP. Before using internally, or any other way,
see if your solution needs a good shake.

ROWENA. I hate you, Mr. Flippety Dick!
I can't forgive you for ruining the picnic.
Why did you kill that adorable tarantula?

FLIP. I will kill, and I will make to live.
I am the Dance of Shiva!

LILY. My friend Mrs. Pines, Mrs. Dora Pines,
saved string in boxes for forty-one years.
One morning she opened them all up
and hung herself.

ROWENA. O, the ugly passions of mankind, they poison me!

LILY. Dora Pines couldn't stand it,
the endless humdrumming next door,
not another minute.

FLIP. This is a poor excuse for a desert.
Where are the saints? Where are the slot machines?

LILY. Are we really on the right road to Gomorrah?

ROWENA. The last signpost said: Nirvana 25,000 miles.

LILY. I didn't want to come on this expedition.
But the Major is so determined.
Determined to establish her colony on sacred ground.
What are she and the doctor doing?

ROWENA (looking off).

The beasts! They're swatting!
They're swatting the tsetse flies!

FLIP. That sphinx we just passed in the sand-
I asked her a riddle.

LILY. Why do you talk to every girl you see?
You're just trying to break my heart.
Even my husband is more thoughtful of me than you are.

FLIP. Said I to the Sphinx, said I:
What is it that is born in a vacuum
lives in an air-conditioner
and dies in a doldrum?

LILY. I give up!

FLIP. Said the Sphinx to me, said the Sphinx:
'You gaseous lump,
how dare you ask me riddles!"
said the Sphinx to me.

LILY. The minx!

ROWENA (singing to herself).

So comely Maud has gone to her grave
for the sorry love of a sailor.
She hanged herself on the blackthorn bough
because her Johnny failed her.

Her cat of black, her golden finch
are friendless, left to grieve her.
And her Johnny Boy of the seven seas
is still a gay deceiver.

LILY. Flippety dear, I wish we were back in
that dark cocktail lounge, sitting on that soft divan
with plenty of that hard liquor.

FLIP. All the girls I dream of
have names beginning with Ann.
Anima, Anemia, Angina, Anesthesia . . .

LILY (sighing).

O Man, where is thy sting?

SLIP (suddenly passionate).

When honey dripped from the trees
in the once-golden orchard of Man,
happily sucked they like bees
those sunlit children of Pan.
Like lions of love lived they
where gold apples over-ran,
juicily roaring at play
in the bedfellow Eden of Man.

[Enter MAJOR BEATRICE, followed by DOCTOR AGON. She is wearing mountaineering outfit, he is in mourning.]

MAJOR B. No, doctor, no! I haven't time to kiss you!
We are on a pilgrimage.
I need your science by my side,

not your whiskers in my face.
We must persist, or we are undone.

DR. A. All errors are the want of love.
The Wheel never breaks, the break never heals.

MAJOR B. I have a mission. Don't you?
Doesn't everybody have a mission?
Don't you believe that sublime affirmations
shine in the dark heart of the world?

DR. A. Beyond this emptiness is there any bright oasis?
Are Truth, Beauty, and Goodness
ever found where we look for them?

LILY. Major, I'm thirsty. Where are we?

MAJOR B. We're not there yet.

ROWENA. There's a salty smell. Mightn't Gomorrah be near?

DR. A. Sand. A pond of stinking water. A tombstone.
Looks like the kingdom of Ozymandias.

FLIP. Is hell even hotter than this?

MAJOR B. 'Thus saith the Lord,
the people which were left of the sword
found grace in the desert.'

DR. A. It is also said that if a pig is thrown into deep water,
when he tries to save himself from drowning
he cuts his throat with his own sharp hooves.

ROWENA. O Doctor Agon, how could you?
That dear little pig! You're a beast!

MAJOR B. Take heart, my brave pilgrims.
The first condition is:
make yourself humble as dust and ashes.

DR. A. Major of my dreams,
If I were not entranced by the tip of your nose,
I would be back home in my Guatemalan hammock.

MAJOR B. This is no time for fiddle faddle.
Look at that warped cloud!

DR. A. Must I surrender my attachment to
the human creature and her 10,000 things?

LILY. When I was first married
my husband kept the cow in the bathtub.
He still keeps his tools in it.

DR. A. Maybe I could be of help, Mrs. Trump.
Here's my card.

MAJOR B. Doctor, you know what we are suffering from.
Why don't you help us?

LILY. There's a lot of it going around.

ROWENA. There's something wrong with the stars.

DR. A. There isn't any cure.

MAJOR B. There has to be!

FLIP (singsong).

Sippety syrupy sob,
the corn is off the cob.
Baba Yaga going gaga
cut off the balls of Bob.

[ROWENA shrieks.]

LILY. Falling, falling . . .

DR. A. The rain it raineth every day.

MAJOR B. Where falls the heavenly dew, to lave
the soiled black body in the grave?

LILY. Destruction!

ROWENA. Damnation!

FLIP. Disfigurement . . .

MAJOR B (beginning a blues song, which the others join).

It's gotten out of hand
It's coming down all around
It's falling out all over me,
I've got those radioactive, feeling inactive,
feverish fallout blues!

DR. A. My burning baby . . . .

MAJOR B. It's falling from above
but not from Heaven.
It's just coming down on me.

DR. A. . . . and me . . .

ALL. All over us! It's scandal-ous!

LILY. Ruin-ous!

ROWENA. Poison-ous!

FLIP. Igneous! . . .

MAJOR B. And I get the feeling I'm falling,
I'm falling out too . . .

DR. A. My fallen angel . . .

MAJOR B. I'm falling out with you.

DR. A. Then we're together . . .

DR. A. and MAJOR B (singing together).

I'm falling out-with-you.

MAJOR B. I'm falling out of love
I'm falling out of shape
I'm falling out of luck . . .

DR. A. I'm out of my mind . . .

LILY. Out of joint . . .

FLIP. Out of kilter . . .

ROWENA. Out of order . . .

DR. A. Out of the question . . .

MAJOR B. It's falling out-
of all proportion
and it's all coming down on me.

DR. A. . . . and me.

ALL. All over us! It's blasphem-ous!

LILY. Villain-ous!

ROWENA. Insidi-ous!

FLIP. Nucle-us!

MAJOR B. I've got those unattractive, overly active,
damn hot fallout blues!

[End of song.]

FLIP (spoken).

I'm sick.

ROWENA. The poor dragonflies! O the rats and fleas!

DR. A. Death is the thing we carry in our hands.

LILY. Death is the thing I see in my mirror.

FLIP. Death is all right for the other fellow.

ROWENA. Death is the loiterer I do not trust.

MAJOR B. Where falls the heavenly dew, to lave
the soiled black body in the grave?

DR. A. Death is a womb, like sleep and dream.

> **523. — Billy Little** *20 May 1999* ↑ Register
> a beautiful man James Broughton, he was America's Cocteau, if you have the opportunity to see any of his movies, pay double they're worth it, Lukas would die of shame to see what beauty James created for so little.

# Rick Fields

1942–1999

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American journalist, poet and historian of Buddhism in America, author of the standard history* How the Swans Came to the Lake.

### 524. — George Quasha *7 Jun 1999* ↑ Register

*Rick Fields*

I am beyond sad to report that Rick Fields passed away Sunday, June 6th, around noon Pacific Time at his home in the Bay Area.

Poet, author of important works on Buddhism and related subjects, and editor, Rick's best-known books include _How the Swans Came Home to the Lake: A Narrative History of Buddhism in America_; _Chop Wood, Carry Water_; and _The Code of the Warrior_.

He was formerly the editor of _The Vajradhatu Sun_ and _Yoga Journal_.

He edited _ The Awakened Warrior _ and co-translated _The Turquoise Bee: Love Songs of the Sixth Dalai Lama._ He was an extraordinary writer.

During his five-year struggle with cancer (experts had predicted a year) he captured an astonishing spirit and life force in a series of poems published under the title _Fuck You, Cancer, and Other Poems_ — a work that has served many people who are dealing with life-threatening illness, whether patients or their friends, family, doctors, and hospital staff. Rick was loved and his work appreciated by a great many people, and those who knew him benefited immeasurably from his quality of presence, generosity and his own species of lightness and joy of being.

Just the way he handled illness with such presence and openness was, for me, a great teaching.

And so much about him was like that—a very understated gift. Gratitude for having known him overshadows even the painful loss.

George Quasha Station Hill Press/Barrytown, Ltd. or The Institute for Publishing Arts, Inc. Barrytown, NY 12507

Office:  (publishing) and  (GQ direct)

http://www.stationhill.org

Book Orders to Station Hill/Barrytown:  (Credit Card)

## Rudy Burckhardt

1914–1999

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Swiss-American photographer and filmmaker famed for images of American billboards and collaborations with artists like Joseph Cornell;* The Aviary *(1950s, with Joseph Cornell). Died in Vermont. One forwarded announcement on the thread, about nothing, is omitted.*

**525. — Charles Bernstein** *4 Aug 1999* ↑ **Register**

*Rudy Burckhardt (1914-1999)*

Rudy Burkhardt died on Sunday, drowning himself in a pond at his country house in Vermont. Rudy was a filmaker and photographer, perhaps best known for his now-classic shots of New York's midtown area. In New York, he was an active presence both for independent filmmakers and poets, attending showings and readings. In fact, I last saw Rudy in June at Henry Hills's show of new films and video at Anthology Film Archive. Indeed, Burckhardt's films are among the great works of American independent cinema.

Rudy has a number of books, but I recommend most Mobile Homes, edited by Kenward Elmslie and published by Elmslie's Z Press in 1979. The wry autobigraphical commentary in the book is a talisman against both sentimentality and earnestness.

Some web snap shots:

images: http://www.3w-art.com/burckhardt/buz2002.jpg
http://www.creview.com/images/365_610_1.jpg

and a commentary by Greg Masters, with a bit of an interview, and two

## João Cabral de Melo Neto

1920–1999

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Brazilian poet and diplomat, austere late modernist, author of the dramatic poem* Morte e Vida Severina*. Died in Rio de Janeiro, aged 79.*

**526. — Charles Bernstein** *22 Oct 1999* ↑ **Register**

*João Cabral de Melo Neto (1920-1999)*

João Cabral de Melo Neto died last week. He was 79 years old. One of the most important Brazilian poets of the postwar generations, Cabral continues to exert a strong influence on many younger Brazilian poets. He was remembered at a celebration for Haroldo de Campos's seventieth birthday at Yale this past weekend and certainly the two poets suggests the enormous range of Brazilian poetry in the past fifty years. As Régis Bonvincino writes to me about Cabral: "Along with Carlos Drummond de Andrade and Murilo Mendes, Cabral is considered the best poet of Brazilian Poetry born in the 20's."

Cabral's Selected Poetry: 1937-1990 is published by Wesleyan, and includes the well-known translation of his work by Elizabeth Bishop. This afternoon Horacio Costa and I translated two poems of Cabral that I wanted to post to the list, with Régis adding some changes by email to the first.

— Charles Bernstein

Psychology of Composition (VII)

It's mineral the paper
on which to write
verse; verse
that is possible not to make.

Mineral are
flowers and plants,
fruits, animals
when in a state of words.

Mineral
the horizon line,
our names, those things
made of words.

Mineral, at last,
any book:
because the written
word is mineral, the cold nature

of the written word.

(Tr. Ch.B., H.C. and R.B., based on the published translations of Djelal Kadir.)

****

The Last Poem

I don't know who sends me poetry
nor whether Who would call it that.

But who who may be, who
that Who (myself, my sweat?),

be it woman, landscape, or the no
that needs fill the void,

to make, for example, the crutch
that I made walk the left soul,

to Whom should be given the inglorious burden
I ask: my last poem

sent, as a poem perverse,
antilyric, made into antiverse.

(Tr. Ch. B. and H.C., based on the published translations of Djelal Kadir.)

# Lester Bowie

1941–1999

*8 messages · 8 hands*

*American avant-garde jazz trumpeter and composer who co-founded the Art Ensemble of Chicago and led Brass Fantasy, an AACM member known for expressive smears and growls spanning the whole history of jazz trumpet;* Numbers 1 & 2 *(1967). Died of liver cancer, at his home in Brooklyn.*

**527. — Aldon L Nielsen** *9 Nov 1999* ↑ **Register**

*Fwd: INFO: trumpeter lester bowie dies -- tribute in harlem arts journal*

Dear Kalamu, I thought cyberdrummers would want to know about the death from liver cancer of this monumental artist.

Lester was aware that he had a short time to live, but continued touring Europe with his group Brass Fantasy.

A few weeks ago, he became seriously ill in London and was hospitalized.

Upon his return to New York, his health deteriorated rapidly.

The tour will be continued after memorials are completed with his brother trombonist Joseph Bowie as leader.

There are several jazz websites which discuss Lester's magnificent career.

I advise everyone to use the keyword "jazz" in their search. For those interested, the fall 1999 issue of the Harlem Arts Journal features interviews with Lester, Olu Dara and Russell Gunn, in an article entitled, ironically enough, "Surviving the Trumpet."

For those interested, a subscription page is attached to this e-mail.

In the article, Lester discusses his origins, influences and the cultural stasis he perceived occurs when record companies usurp too much control vis a vis the evolution of black music.

It is a wonderful piece, and I am so blessed that we had a chance to talk. Best wishes in your continued efforts on this wonderful site!

Ruth-Miriam Garnett
Publisher, Harlem Arts Journal

**528. — Ron Silliman** *10 Nov 1999* ↑ **Register**

*Lester Bowie*

The great Lester Bowie has died.

*"NEW YORK (AP) — Lester Bowie, a jazz trumpeter who was a founding member of the long-running Art Ensemble of Chicago, died Monday from complications from liver cancer. He was 58. The group has played the United States and Europe for 30 years. Bowie, who also played the fluegelhorn, was known as a flamboyant performer with a sense of humor and an appreciation for the theatrical side of performing."*

**529. — Taylor Brady** *10 Nov 1999* ↑ **Register**
*FW: Lester Left Town*

Sorry to pass along such sad news — Bowie was, most famously, trumpeter for the Art Ensemble of Chicago, as well as many fine bands of his own, including the Brass Fantasy. Along with fellow Chicagoans Sun Ra and Anthony Braxton (and of course the rest of the Art Ensemble), and in a very different way perhaps Cecil Taylor, he was for me a primary energy source for bringing into being a deep and broad way of thinking, hearing and seeing the African-American creative music tradition as a model poetics for performance of all kinds: beginning in sound, outward through theater, into modes of social action, often as far as planetary history and cosmology.

Check out live recordings of the Art Ensemble like _Bap-Tizum_, or the more recent studio collaboration with Cecil Taylor , _Dreaming of the Masters_, on and around Monk compositions, for a sense of how simultaneously various and focused, how both "out on the edge" and thoroughly humane his music could be. I never met him except to shake his hand after a concert, but I'll miss him nonetheless.

Taylor

“-
*On wrote:*
*Behalf Of*
*With great sadness*
*I share the news that*
*Lester Bowie died last night.*”

**530. — George Bowering** *10 Nov 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Lester Bowie*

“*The great Lester Bowie has died.*”

I hated it when I saw that name in the title. I knew what it wd mean. Lester Bowie one of my great heroes of the sixties when a lot of the people I knew were listening to Jimi Hendrix. I only got to hear him live twice, once in Montreal and Once in Vancouver. But I used to use his records to scare the neighbours. He was a sign to me back then, that you can have fun and the avant garde at the same time, in great doses. We should all be playing our AEC records at 9.5 this week.

George Bowering.

,

**531. — John Lowther** *11 Nov 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Lester Left Town*

{ p o e t i x }

[in madison wisconsin winter] i was driving it was dark i was on that street by the black bear (now closed) and looking to find parking a few blocks up but the lights were red and a bit of slow traffic and the snow falling and thick on the ground from days before and foggy windows etc etc and

this horn came on the radio i dunno what station maybe public radio maybe WORT and it was all over me and i lost my hurry and it was exceedingly vocalized and talkative in it's blows and nothing around it just his horn and someone honked as i'd forgot the green light and i rode on slowly

listening and found a parking space easy and sat there wondering who it wd be and the song ended and one heard the live audience cheering and the announcer said Lester Bowie and i wanted to play a horn with a hat or a plunger abnd walked past a music store and cold stood and looked in the window

)ohn

**532. — Kevin Hehir** *12 Nov 1999* ↑ Register
*Trumpeter Lester Bowie Is Dead at 58*

November 11, 1999 Lester Bowie Is Dead at 58; Innovative Jazz Trumpeter

*"By BEN RATLIFF*

*The trumpeter, band leader and composer Lester Bowie, an icon of the experimental movement in jazz from the mid-1960's on who was also known for his comic shows and jazz-based treatments of pop music, died on Monday at his home in Brooklyn. He was 58.*

*The cause was liver cancer, said his brother Byron.*

*Best known as a member of the Art Ensemble of Chicago, Bowie performed and recorded for more than 30 years. In that group he developed the two things that would brand him: his knowing, Groucho Marx-like sense of humor, expressed musically and otherwise, and his appearance. In most performances he wore a long white lab coat and his narrow face was bracketed by a flat-top haircut and a sharp goatee. In publicity photos he was rarely seen without a cigar.*

*His early working experiences were in rhythm-and-blues bands, and a slow, expressive blues was his specialty.*

*But the most famous part of Bowie's trumpet language was timbral effects — glissandos, smears, growls, flutters, half-valved winces and other vocalizations that worked their way into the style of almost every self-consciously experimental jazz trumpeter who came after him, including Butch Morris, Dave Douglas, Herb Robertson and Roy Campbell.*

*His recordings often seemed like prankish arguments that the only way to understand jazz is to see it both in carnivalesque and intellectual contexts, to play circus music and modernist post-bop, pure hit-parade pop and nearly academic composition.*

*Bowie was born in Frederick, Md. His father was a trumpeter who turned to high-school teaching after striving for a performance career in classical music.*

*At age 5 Bowie was playing trumpet in daily practice with his father, and he played in dance bands as a teenager.*

*He joined the Army at the age of 17 and was stationed in Texas, where he served as a military policeman.*

*Bowie credited his career longevity to the four years he spent in the service. After his discharge he played in bands led by blues and rhythm-and-blues performers including Albert King, Jackie Wilson, Rufus Thomas and Joe Tex, and was privately rehearsing more experimental music with St. Louis musicians like Julius Hemphill and Oliver Lake.*

*He married a rhythm-and-blues singer, Fontella Bass, and moved to Chicago in 1965 to become her musical director; during that period Ms. Bass recorded "Rescue Me," which became a major hit on radio. The marriage ended in divorce.*

*In Chicago Bowie worked with a big band led by George Hunter and played in rhythm-and-blues studio sessions, including many for Chess Records.*

*Tiring of the grind, he followed the advice of a saxophonist colleague named Delbert Hill and attended a composers' workshop led by the pianist Muhal Richard Abrams.*

*Many of those in the workshop, including Roscoe Mitchell, Henry Threadgill, Joseph Jarman, Anthony Braxton and Jack DeJohnette, would in the next decade become major figures in the new jazz.*

*Abrams's workshop bands formed the nucleus of the Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians, the nonprofit cooperative first organized in 1965.*

*Mitchell created a band with three other A.A.C.M. members: Bowie, the bassist Malachi Favors and the drummer Phillip Wilson. When Wilson left, the band had trouble finding a replacement. Out of desperation its members incorporated small percussion instruments — gongs, bells, shakers — into their group improvisations. This sound would be one of the staple gestures of the music played by the Art Ensemble of Chicago, which the Mitchell group became in 1969.*

*By Bowie's reckoning, the Art Ensemble of Chicago rehearsed about 300 times a year in Chicago and gave only a handful of performances because there was almost nowhere to present their music.*

*So they traveled to France, where there was curiosity about American experimental jazz. They made six albums in two months and performed hundreds of times in their two years there. The band played blues and Bach fugues and percussion interludes and hooting free-improvisation pieces and wore tribalist face-paint.*

*The Art Ensemble's notoriety followed it back to the United States, and the group was soon recording for Atlantic Records.*

> *By the mid-70's the Art Ensemble had an easier time reaching large audiences. The band soon came to define an esthetic involving ethnic music, humor, eclecticism and physical intensity that had a considerable impact.*
>
> *In addition to his brother Byron, of Frederick, Bowie is survived by his current wife, Deborah; his father, W. Lester Bowie Sr., and another brother, Joseph, both of Frederick; six children, Larry Stevenson of Sardinia, Italy; Ju'lene Coney and Nueka Mitchell of St. Louis; Sukari Ivester of Chicago; Bahnamous Bowie of Queens, and Zola Bowie of Brooklyn, and 10 grandchildren.*
>
> *During the 1970's Bowie spent two years in Jamaica playing and teaching trumpet and took a brief trip to Nigeria, where he became a sideman on three records with the popular bandleader Fela Anikulapo Kuti.*
>
> *Bowie started one new band after another, always surrounding himself with work and often undertaking his own business affairs without a manager. He led a quintet and a gospel group, From the Root to the Source. In the early 80's, he formed the New York Hot Trumpet Quintet, which briefly included Wynton Marsalis. Later Bowie and Marsalis would often be cited in contrast in debates on the issue of futurism versus traditionalism in jazz.*
>
> *He assembled a 59-piece band called the Sho Nuff Orchestra for a concert at Symphony Space in Manhattan. His octet Brass Fantasy, formed in the mid-80's, performed versions of pop and funk tunes by artists like the Platters, Michael Jackson and James Brown, and recorded for the ECM, DIW and Atlantic record labels. The group's last album was the 1998 "Odyssey of Funk and Popular Music, Vol. 1."*
>
> *In recent years Bowie set up the Hip-Hop Feel-Harmonic, an unrecorded project with rappers and musicians in his Brooklyn neighborhood of Fort Greene.*
>
> *His sly sensibility won an appreciative following. An enduring example was his track "Jazz Death?" from a 1968 album by Roscoe Mitchell's band, "Congliptious." It begins with Bowie's dramatically clearing his throat and asking, "Is jazz, as we know it, dead yet?"*
>
> *The reply is a long trumpet solo punctuated with silences, muted wah-wah passages, Bowie's own off-horn shrieks and murmured comments, and finally, six minutes later, a sentence: "Well, I guess that all depends on, ah, what you know."*
>
> *Copyright 1999 The New York Times Company"*

**533. — Stephen Vincent** *14 Nov 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Lester Bowie/KPFA*

John Bennett paid lovely tribute and played a number of cuts by the late Lester Bowie during "Forms & Feelings," the title of Bennett's regular (excellent) KPFA (Berkeley) Saturday afternoon jazz program. Another good reason to support the uniqueness of the station against overhaul efforts by its currently misdirected umbrella, the Pacifica Foundation. Cheers, Stephen Vincent

**534. — David Gitin** *16 Nov 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Lester Bowie on KPFA*

Stephen, it's Jim Bennett, not John.

---

## Paul Bowles

1910–1999

*4 messages · 3 hands*

---

> *American expatriate writer, composer and translator, long resident in Tangier, best known for* The Sheltering Sky. *Dead of a heart attack in the Mediterranean port of T.*

---

**535. — Ron Silliman** *18 Nov 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Paul Bowles*

The original version of this had Allen Ginsberg's name misspelled. It would be nice if it got onto the list before, say, next Tuesday....

Ron

> *“By The Associated Press*
>
> *TANGIERS, Morocco (AP) — Paul Bowles, the American writer and composer best known for his novels in exotic North African settings, died today in Morocco, the Italian Hospital said. He was 88.*
>
> *Bowles had been hospitalized since Nov. 7 with serious cardiac problems. He died of a heart attack in the Mediterranean port of Tangiers, where he had lived for more than 50 years.*
>
> *In his first and most famous novel, ``The Sheltering Sky,'' an American couple go to North Africa to try to grow closer together. Instead, they drift further apart. He dies of typhoid; she wanders out into the desert and moves in with the Bedouins.*
>
> *Bowles' descriptions of burning sands, open skies and lonely North African landscapes, and his finesse in describing the psychological unraveling of a character lost amid the sands, prompted Modern Library to name ``The Sheltering Sky,'' as one of the 100 best English-language novels of the century.*
>
> *Director Bernardo Bertolucci battled the scorching heat of the Sahara to make the book into a 1990 movie that starred John Malkovich and Debra Winger.*
>
> *Bowles was born Dec. 30, 1910, in New York City, but rarely returned to his native city after settling in 1947 in Tangiers, the great port sprawled at the foot of the Rif Mountains on Africa's northern coast across the Mediterranean from Spain.*
>
> *Bowles became a father figure to several writers, including William Burroughs and Allen Ginsberg. Truman Capote was also among those who traveled to see him and share in the hedonism of the Tangiers scene, well known to expatriates.*
>
> *The novels ``Let It Come Down'' and ``The Spider's House'' are also set in Morocco.*
>
> *Other works — ``The Delicate Prey and Other Stories'' and the novel ``Up Above The World,'' for instance — are set elsewhere, often in Latin America.*
>
> *Tennessee Williams, a friend of Bowles, called him the American writer who probably best represented the world in which we live ``so precariously from day and night to each uncertain tomorrow.''*
>
> *Despite his prolific writing career, Bowles' early talent was music and he built an impressive career for himself as a composer at a young age.*
>
> *Bowles studied with the modern American composer Aaron Copland and worked closely with other greats including Leonard Bernstein. During the 1930s and 1940s, Bowles was a sought-out composers of Broadway music.*
>
> *His music was featured in the plays of Orson Wells, Tennessee Williams and William Saroyan. Bowles also composed chamber works, opera and art songs.*
>
> *During his long years in Morocco, Bowles collected and documented the music of the people of the Rif Mountains for the U.S. Library of Congress.*
>
> *Born to Claude Dietz Bowles, a dentist, and Rena Winnewisser Bowles, Bowles was an only — and lonely — child. Lacking playmates, he entertained himself, much of the time writing poetry and stories.*
>
> *He spent a total of a year at the University of Virginia, in two installments interrupted by a trip to Paris. After a surrealist literary review published a couple of his poems, his life quickly became one of writing, composing, traveling and knowing almost every important person one can think of in the literary, theater and musical worlds.*

*In 1938, he married Jane Sydney Auer, also a writer. The couple lived here and there, including Mexico, Brooklyn Heights and Sri Lanka (then Ceylon), before settling in Tangiers. His wife died in 1973.*

*Bowles returned to music late in his life, composing the score in 1992 for an Arabic-language production of the Greek tragedy ``Hippolytus'' for which French fashion giant Yves St. Laurent designed the costumes.*

*He was also an accomplished translator. Over the years, Bowles translated the works of Moroccan writers Mohammed Choukri and Mohammed Mrabet, a storyteller, winning him deep admiration in his adopted land.*

*Bowles, whose sight failed him as he grew old, had lived as a recluse in Tangiers for many years. He was served to his last breath by Abdelouahed Boulaich, his Moroccan butler who had worked for him for the last 30 years.*

*There was no immediate word on survivors or funeral plans.*”

**536. — (unsigned)** *18 Nov 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Death of Paul Bowles*

Fwd from: Randy Murakoshi-Barnwell

18 November 1999

Hello ALL: Especialy media folks on the List...

As some of you may have heard, the American writer Paul Bowles has passed away thia morning.

http://news2.thls.bbc.co.uk/hi/english/world/americas/newsid%5F526000/526429 .stm

Paul was a dear friend of mine and mentor. We did several projects (CDs, books) together in the late 80's and early 90's. We have remained friends ever since I went to Morocco at his invitation in 1990.

If I can be of reference assistance I would gladly help for any news or publication. When it comes to Paul, I am what Japanese call "otaku" (obssessed)

www.istikhara.com or

http://www.istikhara.com/consult/index.htm

The news is very saddening. I was planning to see him in February 2000.

Best, Randall Murakoshi-Barnwell www.istikhara.com Director

**537. — Pierre Joris** *20 Nov 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Paul Bowles*

Here is a more detailed obit for Paul Bowles, from yesterday's Manchester Guardian:

Paul Bowles Obituary

Gary Pulsifer Friday November 19, 1999

“*The Guardian*

*Much-travelled American writer and composer who made his home in Morocco, the setting for his best-known novel, The Sheltering Sky, Paul Bowles, who has died aged 88, found inspiration from a long association with Morocco and her peoples. His semi-autobiographical novel, The Sheltering Sky, filmed in 1990 by Bertolucci, was one of the seminal novels of mid-20th century American fiction, while his musical compositions, lighter in mood, were critical and commercial successes on Broadway.*

*It was Gertrude Stein who first suggested that "Freddy" Bowles should visit Morocco. "You don't want to go to Ville Franche. Everybody's there. And St Jean-de-Luz is empty and with an awful climate. The place you should go is Tangier. Alice and I've spent three summers there, and it's fine." In 1931, Bowles and his mentor, the American composer Aaron Copland, took a villa overlooking the Strait of Gibraltar, but it was not until 1947 that Bowles and his wife Jane settled permanently in Morocco.*

*Paul Bowles was born on Long Island. Family legend had it that his father Claude, a successful dentist, placed his six-week-old only child in a basket before an open window during a snowstorm. Certain death was avoided by the discovery of the naked infant by his maternal grandmother. In any event, Bowles senior was a strict disciplinarian: the young Bowles was forced at mealtimes to chew each mouthful of food at least 40 times, following the practice of Horace Fletcher, the "Moses of Mastication". Bowles's mother Rena, on the other hand, read him works by Nathaniel Hawthorne and Edgar Allan Poe as bedtime stories.*

*Bowles cited Poe as a particular influence, even choosing to attend the university of Virginia in 1927, as this had been Poe's college. Although Bowles made the dean's list during his first term, he was not cut out for university life in a sleepy southern town and, without a word to his family, he set sail for France, travelling on an old Dutch steamer. In Paris he worked briefly as a switchboard operator at the Herald Tribune but soon returned to New York, taking a job at Dutton's Bookshop on Fifth Avenue.*

*Already Bowles's poetry was appearing in the Paris-based surrealist magazine, transition, alongside the work of André Breton, James Joyce and Gertrude Stein. He began studying composition with Copland and guest-edited one issue of his university's magazine, soliciting a contribution from Stein. In 1931, when Bowles returned to Paris, he visited the legendary American author and art collector at her home at 27 Rue de Fleurs. "I was sure from your letters that you were an elderly gentleman of at least 75," said Stein. "A highly eccentric elderly gentleman," added her companion Alice B Toklas.*

*Through Stein's circle, in the space of two weeks Bowles met Jean Cocteau, Ezra Pound, Virgil Thompson, Pavel Tchelitchew and André Gide, before going with Copland to Berlin. There, Bowles came into contact with Stephen Spender, Christopher Isherwood and Jean Ross, Isherwood's model for Sally Bowles in Goodbye to Berlin.*

*Back in Paris, Bowles took a studio in the same building as Virgil Thompson, who found him "a dazzling blond. We became very good friends... He started playing me his music as we got acquainted. It was absolutely charming, sweet, school of Ravel." Bowles was a pupil of Nadia Boulanger in Paris for some months, but his primary musical training was under Copland and Thompson.*

*The following year, Bowles trekked across the Sahara by camel. He then rented a house in Tangier, using it as a studio for piano composition. (Bowles shared the house with Djuna Barnes, who began writing Nightwood here.) His Sonata for Oboe and Clarinet, inspired by a Kurt Schwitters poem, was heard at the Aeolian Hall in London, while his Sonatina for Piano had been performed in New York.*

*By 1935 he had met the choreographer George Balanchine, who commissioned Bowles to compose Yankee Clipper for his dance company. Bowles's increasing reputation as a composer led to lucrative work on Broadway and he would go on to compose the music for a number of Broadway productions, including Lillian Hellman's Watch on the Rhine; the stage version of South Pacific; Jacobowsky and the Colonel, directed by Elia Kazan; and John Ford's Jacobean tragedy 'Tis Pity She's a Whore. He wrote the incidental music for Tennessee Williams's plays The Glass Menagerie, The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore, Sweet Bird of Youth and Summer and Smoke; while Williams got him a job as screenwriter on Visconti's film Senso (although the Italian director had Williams rewrite Bowles's sex scenes).*

*Altogether, Bowles created 150 original musical compositions. In 1943 his zarzuela The Wind Remains, based on a surrealist tragicomedy by Lorca, received its premiere at MOMA in New York, with choreography by Merce Cunningham and Leonard Bernstein conducting. Bowles also composed the music for a ballet based on Verlaine's poem Colloque Sentimental with sets by Salvador Dali. Commented Newsweek: "Paul Bowles's beautiful score was wrecked by Dali's usual outlandish weirdness."*

*It was in 1937 that Bowles met the Jewish lesbian writer Jane Auer, at a party in Harlem. Jane recalled: "He wrote music and was mysterious and sinister. The first time I saw him I said, he's my enemy." Nevertheless, Paul and Jane and another couple travelled by bus to Mexico; Bowles went on to Guatemala. (Before the trip, Bowles had printed 15,000 stickers bearing the legend "Death to Trotsky" which he distributed throughout Mexico, where the exile was living.)*

*On February 21 1938, Paul and Jane were married in a Dutch Reform Church in New York, on the eve of Jane's 21st birthday. They honeymooned in Central America, travelling to Panama on a Japanese freighter with two steamer trunks, 18 large valises and a gramophone - a parrot was acquired en route.*

*Their honeymoon continued in Costa Rica, where they stayed at a cattle ranch, before they set sail to France on a ship filled with German Nazi sympathisers. So began the years of travel for the Bowleses, sometimes together, often apart. That autumn found the couple back in New York at the Chelsea Hotel. They joined the Communist party; later, when Paul tried to leave, the organisation informed him he could only be expelled. By 1941, they were living in Brooklyn with WH Auden, Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten; Britten kept his piano in the living room while Paul practised on his in the cellar. Bowles was awarded a $2500 Guggenheim fellowship to compose his opera Yerma, and Virgil Thompson offered him a job as assistant music critic on the New York Herald Tribune, a position he held for four years.*

*Bowles was led back to Morocco in 1947 by a vivid dream of Tangier. In the wake of the war, Tangier was an "international zone" governed by seven Western powers, and the city was notorious for its lax morals and louche lifestyle. The Bowleses' marriage, however, was curious even by the standards of jaded Tangerines. Jane established a number of affairs with women friends, most notably with Cherifa, an 18-year-old grain-seller. Many people (her husband included) saw this illiterate peasant woman as a malign influence. Bowles interested himself in a number of young Moroccan men, whose oral fiction he went on to translate from Maghrebi and classical Arabic. For one young Moroccan protegé, Ahmed Yacoubi, he arranged exhibitions of his paintings.*

*Eventually the Bowleses took separate apartments in a building near the American consulate, leading semi-independent lives but usually meeting for dinner. While Paul found creative inspiration in his Moorish surroundings, for Jane, cut off from her American roots, Morocco became a cultural wasteland. She did not complete any new work while in Morocco; indeed her output was limited to a couple of highly praised novels, one play and one or two other writings.*

*Instead, she threw her sparkling personality into a Tangier social scene orchestrated by the Hon David Herbert. Too many evenings spent drinking at the Parade Bar, mixed with a careless use of prescribed medicines, resulted in a stroke in 1956; she was eventually confined to a nursing home in Malaga, where she died in 1973. After Jane's death, Paul's output was to dwindle. "Her death was a terrible ordeal, as it was half of myself that I lost. I no longer wanted to do anything at all."*

*Paul Bowles became interested in writing fiction when he went over the manuscript of Jane's novel Two Serious Ladies prior to its US publication. The plot of his most celebrated novel, The Sheltering Sky, came to him while on a bus in New York. It was published in 1949 by New Directions and became an immediate bestseller. (It was originally commissioned by Doubleday, who then turned it down as "not a novel".)*

*Bowles described the novel to his American publisher James Laughlin as "an adventure story in which the adventures take place on two planes simultaneously; in the actual desert, and in the inner desert of the spirit... The occasional oasis provides relief from the natural desert, but the sexual adventures fail to provide relief." Many readers, including Jane, saw the central characters of Port and his wife Kit as based on the Bowleses themselves.*

*The following year, a short-story collection by Bowles appeared under the title The Delicate Prey (US) and A Little Stone (UK). The British edition, published by John Lehmann, was notable for its omission of two stories, Pages from Cold Point, later described by Norman Mailer as "a seduction of father by a son and one of the best stories written by anyone", and A Distant Episode, which climaxes in a chilling castration. Tennessee Williams told Bowles that the latter was "a wonderful story but if you publish it you're mad. Everyone is going to think you are some sort of horrible monster." Cyril Connolly and Somerset Maugham advised Lehmann not to include either story on the grounds that they would not be passed by the censor.*

*Bowles's next novel, Let It Come Down, charts the disintegration of Nelson Dyer, a bank clerk from New York who has settled in Tangier. Where The Sheltering Sky focused on the Saharan desert, Let It Come Down centred on the Moroccan capital and the corruption of life under the international zone. Bowles had taken majoun, a jam made from cannabis, to write Port's death scene in The Sheltering Sky and in his second novel he has Dyer descend into Spanish Morocco and a madness induced in part by a "kif" haze.*

*The Spider's House, set in the medieval city of Fez, is the most overtly political of Bowles's novels. It examines the relationship between Amar, a 15-year-old Moroccan boy, and three foreigners, an American writer (with overtones of Bowles), a rich English painter and an American divorcee. Bowles used the novel, which opens in 1954 during the holy month of Ramadan, to explore the shifting relationship between the colonial power of the French and the rising tide of Moroccan nationalism. Up Above the World, his final novel, concerns the doomed trajectory of an American couple in an unnamed Central American country. Bowles compared it to the writings of Graham Greene and Gide, calling it "light" entertainment, which it is not.*

*He went on to publish several short-story collections, including A Hundred Camels in the Courtyard, set in Morocco and with an underlying theme of kif smoking. Other works include the travel writing of Their Heads Are Green and Their Hands Are Blue; Points in Time, a journey through the Moroccan centuries; and an enigmatic autobiography, Without Stopping, dubbed "Without Telling" by William Burroughs. A novella, Too Far From Home, set in Mali, was well received on publication in 1994.*

*In later years, when his own creative output had diminished, Bowles translated a number of Moroccan oral storytellers including Mohammed Mrabet, Mohamed Choukri, Abdeslam Boulaich and Larbi Layachi. Some western critics accused Bowles of writing these tales himself, an accusation he always strongly denied. One or two of these storytellers, with an exaggerated sense of the sales potential of their books, would later allege that Bowles was pocketing their royalties. In fact, Bowles was always a soft touch when it came to his close Moroccan male friends - although less so to others on occasion.*

*Other translations included Sartre's play Huis Clos (Bowles came up with the English title, No Exit); The Oblivion Seekers, by Isabelle Eberhardt; and several novels by the Guatemalan writer Rodrigo Rey Rosa.*

*Decades earlier, Bowles was the recipient of a Rockefeller grant to record Moroccan folk music; the tapes are in the Library of Congress in Washington. Bowles was to travel some 25,000 miles around his adopted country, making 250 recordings of a diverse range of local music.*

*Paul Bowles was an intensely private man, possessed of a dry New England sense of humour and a capacity for friendship which was at odds with his public persona as a detached, often aloof, observer. Much of late 20th-century human behaviour frankly baffled him.*

*Through his books he created a vision of Morocco uniquely his own. In old age he continued to live in the same run-down Tangier apartment block, the Immeuble Itesa, receiving visitors and fans from around the world (and the world came to Bowles) with little complaint. Having lived for many years without a telephone, his last concession to technical intrusion was the installation of a fax machine, the number of which was made available to a select group of intimates. Having travelled little in later years, he flew to Paris for the opening of The Sheltering Sky and returned again for a concert of his music, lunching with President Mitterrand at the Elysée palace.*

*Paul Frederick Bowles, writer and composer, born December 30 1910; died November 18 1999* *© Copyright Guardian Media Group plc. 1999*”

**538. — (unsigned)** *2 Jan 2000* ↑ **Register**
*End of Century Reading Material*

Here it is from Chiang Rai:

The material at my bedside:

Paris Match: Aout, Septembre, Octobre, Novembre
Without Stopping, Paul Bowles
The Cairo Trilogy, Mahfouz
Gunter Grass, Nobel lecture
Tragedy in Paradise, Charles Weldon
Traite de Metrique Khmere, Ieng Say
Dynamic Psychology of Early Buddhism, Johansson
The Jerusalem Bible
Millennium, Fernandez-Armesto
Poems for the Millennium Vols 1 and 2

Near the stereo:

Gregorian Chants, Christmas Songs, Nana Moskouri, Maria Callas, Jobim sings Jobim, and innumerable cassetteless containers, containerless cassettes belonging to my daughter.

---

## Edward Dorn

1929–1999

*20 messages · 15 hands*

*American poet, taught by Charles Olson at Black Mountain, who wrote him a reading list that became* A Bibliography on America for Ed Dorn*;* Gunslinger *(1968–75) is his mock-epic of a stoned and satirical American West. He taught for twenty years at Boulder and was seventy when he died of pancreatic cancer. The notice reached the list by way of the administrative account, which is why the entry opens twice.*

**539. — Poetics List Administration** *13 Dec 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Adios / Hollo*

This message came to the administrative account. Chris

> *"Edward Dorn, great poet and spirit, passed away peacefully, surrounded by loved ones, at approximately 10:30 p.m. Rocky Mountain Time Friday night, 10 November 1999. "And we are all there together / time will wave as willows do / and adios will be truly, yes," (Dorn, "If It Should Ever Come")."*

**540. — Poetics List Administration** *13 Dec 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Edward Dorn, 1929-1999*

The death of Ed Dorn represents a great loss, if not unexpected. I did not know him, though I found his work delightful and important; out of respect for his friends, I will offer only this poem from his book -Geography- (London: Fulcrum Press, 1965). Chris

—

Mourning Letter, March 29, 1963

No hesitation
would stay me
from weeping this morning
for the miners of Hazard Kentucky.
The mine owners'
extortionary skulls
whose eyes are diamonds don't float
down the rivers, as they should,
of the flood

The miners, cold
starved, driven from work, in
their homes float though and float
on the ribbed ships of their frail
bodies,

Oh, go letter,
keep my own misery close to theirs
associate me with no other honor.

**541. — Charles Bernstein** *15 Dec 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Ed Dorn 1929-1999*

This obituary for Ed Dorn

*by James Campbell*

appeared in The Guardian on Tuesday December 14, 1999 and on The Guardian website: http://www.newsunlimited.co.uk/obituaries/story/0%2C3604%2C114039%2C00.html

Edward Dorn

Poet rooted in the imagery of the dispossessed, of working-class America and the mythology of the wild west

The American poet Edward Dorn, who has died aged 70, had a loyal readership in Britain, despite having published little in this country for almost 25 years. He was grouped with the Black Mountain poets -named after the progressive college in North Carolina - but unlike Charles Olson, Robert Creeley and Robert Duncan, the leading "black mountaineers", was not a teacher at the college, only a student.

His poetry also stood apart from theirs in being rooted in working-class politics and a sense of wild western myth. A list of a few of his many titles gives a hint of the territory he occupied: Hands Up! Idaho Out, High West Rendezvous, and the most famous of them, Gunslinger.

Dorn was born in the prairie town of Villa Grove, Illinois, on the banks of the Embarras river, and was brought up between there and Michigan. The wanderlust was in his blood. He never knew his father. His mother was of Dutch ancestry, and his grandfather worked on the

railroad. Of his home town, he said: "The first thing you're preoccupied with is how to exist. If you stayed, you had to have a pretty specific reason - you couldn't just stay."

Dorn's means of escape was through education: first, at the University of Illinois, and then, in 1950 and again in 1954, at Black Mountain College. He was taught there by Charles Olson, author of the Maximus Poems, a sprawling work in the manner of Ezra Pound's Cantos and William Carlos Williams's Paterson. Olson inspired Dorn to conceive of geography as the American subject, the one from which all other subjects derived, and indeed Dorn's first published book (1960) was called What I See In The Maximus Poems.

He even went to live in the fishing town of Gloucester, which forms the background to Olson's vast poem, and wrote poems of his own there, published as From Gloucester Out. Like several of Dorn's books, it was first published in London, in 1964.

His early poems were explicitly about working people: truck drivers, small farmers, hunters. Among the earliest poems he published was The Rick Of Green Wood (1956), a lyrical verse with an undertone derived from the English ballads, about a meeting with a woodcutter: "I don't/ want a rick of green wood, I told him/ I want cherry or alder or something strong/ and thin, or thick if dry, but I don't/ want the green wood, my wife would die."

Despite the advanced notions about life and art which he encountered at Black Mountain, and his later attempts to write a poetry of ideas, Dorn's sympathies were always with the dispossessed. In The Debt My Mother Owed to Sears Roebuck, he wrote of " the dust of the fields/ in her eye, the only title she ever had to lands. "

Dorn's verse was inclined to be loose in structure. He could say, without blinking, that there was little difference between poetry and prose, and even between poetry and talk. His "talk" lacked the economy of other speaking-voice poets -such as Allen Ginsberg at his best, or the minimalist Robert Creeley, who was Dorn's examiner at Black Mountain College.

But he was right to stay true to his themes and his poetic voice. At the end of the 1960s, he made his peace with the cowboy, and began the poem which was to make his name and grant him a status equal to that of his older teachers.

Gunslinger I & 2 was published in Britain by the late, lamented Fulcrum Press in 1970. It showed Dorn in a new mode, hip and humorous, combining the iconic figure of the old west with concepts drawn from his readings in philosophy and science. Just to stop his epic - there were to be four books in all - from getting too serious, he gave the gunslinger of the title a talking horse, who was apt to roll a joint in the middle of a conversation, introduced a character called "I" in addition to the first-person narrator, and put all his characters at the service of a cabaret owner called Miss Lil.

Dorn's relationship with England began when he arrived to teach at the University of Essex as a Fulbright lecturer in 1964. His first marriage ended in divorce and he married an Englishwoman, Jennifer Dunbar, with whom he collaborated on several projects. He soon made friends among the standard-bearers of England's alternative literary scene, such as the poets Tom Raworth and JH Prynne (to both of whom he dedicated his book The North Atlantic Turbine), Tom Pickard, who ran the Morden Tower in Newcastle, and the publisher Stuart Montgomery, of Fulcrum Press.

England, Dorn said, "set me on a new course," but his politics sometimes tempted him to take a hammer to England's class system. In the long poem, Oxford, he wrote: "The woman opposite/ by no act other than Murder/ is permitted existence." When he used the same blunt in strument on his own country - "the thorn in the throat of our national hypocrisy" etc - the result was effective neither as poetry nor as rabble-rousing.

Politics and poetics were in a state of constant interplay in Dorn's work. The function of the poet in America, he said, was to "stay as removed as possible from all permanent associations with power". As for the institutional prizes, such as the National Book Award and the Pulitzer, his words were: "Who cares?"

At a reading in London in late 1998 , Dorn, clearly ill, gave a strange, mesmerising performance, which was somewhere between poetry, stand-up comedy and personal tragedy. He prefaced each poem with a long introduction, straying easily from the point, and then, just as he had the audience chuckling, would burst into tears for no apparent reason.

The overall impression was of an almost unbearable sensitivity. He treated the listeners in the hall as he might have done a group of friends invited to his home, and this too could be seen as part of his aesthetic. He once joked that he knew "almost exactly how many readers I have, and I even know a large percentage of them personally".

Although populist in politics, Dorn was a cult writer whose natural home was on the fringe. Gunslinger would have baffled the "chunky westerner" of whom he wrote in Home On The Range, or the cowboy who sings "Yi Yi" in Vaquero, another early poem. While in his early days he too worked by turning his hand to whatever came along, from the mid-1960s onwards he earned his living as a university teacher in Kansas, Chicago, San Francisco and Boulder, Colorado, among other places.

Dorn was remarkably prolific, turning out chapbooks, pamphlets, magazines and books which merged into other books. Between the years 1968-72, for instance, he published almost 20 titles of poetry, fiction and non-fiction. With Prynne and others, he issued Bean News, in which journalism and poetry, fact and forgery overlapped. More recently, he was engaged in Languedoc Variorum: A Defence Of Heresy And Heretics, a long poem with a running prose com mentary, which Etruscan Books, in Devon, have been planning to publish in 2000.

His novel, By The Sound, appeared in 1971, and his Collected Poems in 1983. In 1996 his High West Rendezvous was published, and this year saw the appearance of Sun Unwound, translations with Gordon Brotherstone of Latin American poetry.

Dorn's wife Jennifer, and their son and daughter, survive him, as does his first wife, and his stepson, stepdaughter and son from that marriage.

£#149; Edward Dorn, poet, born April 12 1929; died December 10 1999

**542. — Doug Lang** *15 Dec 1999* ↑ **Register**

Hi, Charles.

I'd visited The Guardian's website, to see what they would say. It's a typically British view of any poet or poetry that does not fit the prevailing, rigid, and limiting model of what poetry should be.

Terms like "cult writer" and "remarkably prolific" are key phrases, showing the true disdain that is in back of this condescending, provincial guff.

Well, the hell with that. It's been 27 years since I left the UK, and it's so comforting to know that little or nothing has changed, except that there are even more committed, accomplished poets there now, who can be ignored by the mainstream, or dismissed as marginal, or odd, or, god forbid, too much under the American influence.

Dorn's influence and spirit will remain, I trust. Something for which I'm grateful.

Best regards, Doug

**543. — David Bromige** *15 Dec 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Ed Dorn Obit*

On a Clause in His Obit

*"cult writer whose natural home was on the fringe."*

Dont give me a home
where the bullshitters roam
and maindrainins and middleclass play
where 'tis a great ruth

noone tries the truth
and this Dorn guy's not studied all day.

His home, home is the fringe
where the lickspittle tenderfeet cringe
from the cow-poke Ed Dorn
who was born to be thorn
in the sides of their epics to whinge.

+++++++++

further verses invited.

db

**544. — Poetics List Administrator** *16 Dec 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Edward Dorn, 1929-1999 / Sylvester*

This message came to the administrative account. Chris

*"-Date: Tue, Dec 14, 1999 8:39 AM -0500 From: William A Sylvester On one reading Dorn gave at UB, he quoted Olson: Don't write your own poetry. Write poetry Dorn certainly did. Bill Sylvester On Mon, 13 Dec 1999, Poetics List Administration wrote: The death of Ed Dorn represents a great loss, if not unexpected. I did not know him, though I found his work delightful and important; out of respect for his friends, I will offer only this poem from his book -Geography- (London: Fulcrum Press, 1965). Chris — Mourning Letter, March 29, 1963 No hesitation would stay me from weeping this morning for the miners of Hazard Kentucky. The mine owners' extortionary skulls whose eyes are diamonds don't float down the rivers, as they should, of the flood The miners, cold starved, driven from work, in their homes float though and float on the ribbed ships of their frail bodies, Oh, go letter, keep my own misery close to theirs associate me with no other honor. ---------- End Forwarded Message"*

**545. — Keith Tuma** *16 Dec 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Dorn*

Adding to the Dorn obituary Charles Bernstein forwarded yesterday this from today's _The Independent_ (England), written by Tom Raworth. It's accompanied by a photograph of Dorn and a poem from _Hands Up!_ (1964), "A Fate of Unannounced Years." Hoping that the editors at the _Chicago Review_ won't mind, I'll also append a recent poem by Dorn published there (45.2, 1999).

***

EDWARD DORN

With the death of Edward Dorn the United States loses not only one of its finest poets but a rare critical intelligence and cultural commentator. Edward Merton Dorn was born in rural Illinois at the start of the Great Depression, in poverty. He was educated in a one room schoolhouse, then High School (where he helped on the local newspaper) and for two years at the University of Illinois. He worked for a while at the Boeing plant in Seattle, returned to Illinois, and through his art teacher Raymond Obermayr was directed towards Black Mountain College in North Carolina where he arrived in the autumn of 1950.

In 1951 he left and travelled to the Pacific Northwest, where he did manual work and met his first wife, Helene.

In late 1954 they returned to Black Mountain, where he studied under Charles Olson (Dorn's first published work was the pamphlet What I See in the Maximus Poems) and graduated in 1955 with Robert Creeley as one of his examiners. After two years of further travel the family settled in Washington state. Their life there, on the edge of poverty, is vividly portrayed in Dorn's first prose book, The Rites of Passage (later republished as By The Sound). By 1959 they were in New Mexico, and at the end of 1961 moved to Pocatello, where Dorn taught at the University of Idaho until the middle of 1965. Donald Allen's anthology The New American Poetry (1960) included some of Dorn's early poems, but his first book The Newly Fallen was not published until 1961 by Amiri Baraka (then LeRoi Jones)'s Totem Press in New York. Three years later the same press published Hands Up!

Poems from this period, so clear, moving, unromantic and filled with the memories of his hard early life — On the Debt My Mother Owed to Sears RoeBuck, for example — echoed not only in the United States, but across the Atlantic. In the summer of 1965 Dorn and the photographer Leroy Lucas collaborated on The Shoshoneans: The People of the Basin Plateau — a book too long out-of-print which anticipated the now fashionable interest in all things Native American, and gracefully left the last words not to the authors, but to Clyde Warrior, an activist.

That autumn, at the invitation of Donald Davie, the family arrived in England where, with a year's break, Dorn was to teach at the new University of Essex until 1970. Dorn arrived already aware of the work of young British poets such as Tom Pickard and Lee Harwood, and he had corresponded for some time with J.H.Prynne ( who accompanied the Dorns on their trans-atlantic liner).

The American poet Tom Clark was a graduate student at Essex and shared many of Dorn's interests.

Creeley, Olson and other visitors passed through the various flats and houses in Colchester and Wivenhoe.

On the faculty was Gordon Brotherston, and Dorn began with him a series of collaborative translations of Latin American poetry that continued for decades.

He met Jennifer Dunbar, his second wife.

In London there was a lively small press scene and Stuart and Deirdre Montgomerys' Fulcrum Press published two collections of poems: Geography (1965), and The North Atlantic Turbine (1967). And Dorn began to write Gunslinger, one of the major North American long poems, first published as a sequence of books while in progress and finally as one volume in 1975, the year after its completion.

Those years saw the Dorns in Chicago, in Mexico, and, with occasional breaks, in San Francisco. Dorn's early newspaper experience and his work in the Print Shop at Black Mountain combined in the tabloid Bean News, with contributions by Prynne and other correspondents. His neighbour Holbrook Teter's old linotype machine, held together with wire, produced the type for this, and for the complete Gunslinger, while Teter's partner Michael Myers drew the elegant cover for Recollections of Gran Apachería, Dorn's next book. In the autumn of 1977 Dorn began to teach at the University of Colorado in Boulder where, in 1980, he and his wife Jennifer started Rolling Stock (motto: If it moves, print it!), a newspaper sized journal that encompassed their many interests (including a delightful golf column by Nick Sedgwick) and ran throughout the decade. Still happy to work with his hands he built his own workroom with scrap timber. The academic world didn't escape his pen... Captain Jack's Chaps

(1983), is an hilarious account of the MLA conference in Houston, and he ended the decade with Abhorrences (1990), a collection of short, savage observations. During his last years he continued to travel... in Montana, in Wyoming.. and to write (even a Country and Western song) with undiminished energy.

An exchange year teaching in the south of France, at Montpellier, sparked a new interest in the Cathars and Simon de Montfort. It is thanks to Nicholas Johnston's Etruscan Books that some of his later work is in print in Britain. Dorn suffered fools not at all, and sloppy thinking not for a moment: a lonely position at the best of times, and one that made him almost persona non grata in the current literary and academic climate of his homeland. For anyone interested to see how wit, intelligence and a dispassionate eye can survive through pain, I suggest reading Chemo du Jour (Denver Quarterly, Spring 99) ... .the Clinton impeachment seen through chemotherapy.

A line in a note this morning from the Swansea-born poet Doug Lang comes to mind: "When I first read his work, in 1970, it changed my idea about what poetry could be."

He died at home, in his own bed, with his family beside him, in the West: a pure American who didn't go crazy. Fools can sleep easier.

Edward Merton Dorn, poet and teacher: born Villa Grove, Illinois, USA, 2 April 1929. Married Helene Buck (one son). Married Jennifer Dunbar (one son, one daughter); died 10 December 1999, Denver, Colorado USA.

***

A Fate of Unannounced Years

I will have to pick my cluster of grapes
in this country,
after everyone else has gone
to Korcula or Spain. It will be strange
here, walking through the parks, the folding
chairs gone, the meandering lovers
and old women in their Sunday hats gone;
an empty air, and a peaceful kind of rest.
Finding myself in america
slowly walking around the deserted bandstand, waiting
for the decade, and the facetious new arrivals.

--Edward Dorn

***

Tribe

My tribe was lowdown struggling day labor
Depression South Eastern
Illinois just before the southern hills start
to roll toward the coal country
where the east/west morainal ridges
of Wisconsin trash pile up
at the bottom of the prairie, socially
a far midwest recrudescence of Appalachia
my grandfather French Quebecois
Master pipefitter in the age of steam
Indian fifty percent, very French
who didn't derogate himself
as a breed, showed none of those tedious
tendentious tendencies. Came down
from Chebanse, from the Illinois Central
in Iroquois County, to the Chicago &
Eastern Illinois line's division at Villa Grove
in one of the Twenties boomlets,
the last precipitous edges of the great devolvment

These forebears on my mother's side
owned a nice clapboard house in old town
where I was brought up off and on during
the intensity of the depression nomadism,
wandering work search, up and down
the bleak grit avenues of Flint, following
other exodus relatives, Belgian in-laws
from another French connexion
Michael Moore-land from the beginning
manmade poisons in the cattle feed way
before Creutzfeldt-Jacob disease and angry cows--
governments always conspire against
the population and sometimes

this is not even malice;
just nothing better to do.

I'm with the Kurds alright--
World Leaders can claim
what they want about terror,
even as they wholesale helicopter gunships
to the torturers--even as they lie like Clinton
and his crazy battle-axe Secretary of State.

But I'm as proud of my tribe as if I were a Kurd,
my pure Kentucky English great grandma--
it would take more paper
than I'll _ever have_ to express how guiltless
and justified I feel.

--Ed Dorn

**546. — Charles Bernstein** *17 Dec 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Dorn@EPC*

Loss Glazier has just put up a Dorn page at the EPC, featuring Tom Rawoth's obituary in the Independent (posted to the list by Keith Tuuma), along with a reproduction of the obit as it appeared in the Independent; a link to the Guardian obituary (which I posted on the list); plus a short note from Tom Raworth (sent via Robert Creeley).

You can find a link to this page at the bottom of the EPC's home page or go direct:

http://epc.buffalo.edu/documents/obits/dorn/

**547. — Pat Pritchett** *22 Dec 1999* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Ed Dorn*

Excerpts from Jeremy Prynne's eulogy, as it appeared in the Boulder Planet, 12/22/99. Bracketed comments by reporter Jim Sheeler:

"It is always sad when a voice you know falls silent, but there are some voices who never fall silent. His voice will survive as long as his readers draw breath and turn the pages of his work."

[Prynne stood over the site at Green Mountain Cemetery ... holding a rose from another. The rose was flown in from Italy, taken from the grave of Ezra Pound].

"We are here to pay our last respects to Ed Dorn. His profession, his task and his calling was to be a poet. They are not so usual in this day and age. His was a voice that was often angry. His words will continue to enrage as long as there is power for people to be enraged ... He was impeccable in his opposition. He was compelled never to take any shit from anyone ... Perhaps I shouldn't use that word. But sometimes you have to use the right word."

Some of you may have seen this already as it was posted by Robert Kelly to the British poets list. It bears repeating, however:

"Feeling simply, directly, sad about the death of Dorn, and testing one memory against the other, to offer you something that might stand up to the power of the news of him that came through from time to time, words from divers winds of how he held himself aloft above his sickness, wouldnt give it the time of day.

In 1972 or so I was poet in residence at Cal Tech, amongst the scientists and anxious technocrats. Ed Dorn came to read, and gave one of his usual, wonderful, 24 minute assaults on the ordinary. The format permitted questions, and early on, a student I'd never met before asked, with ill-concealed contempt for poets and their no doubt suppositious theologies, "Mr Dorn, what do you believe in?"

Ed paused for a very long time, fifteen seconds perhaps, looking at the student, his face fiercely unchanging, and then said, in a quiet voice, "Language."

And that was the end of it.  Even that audience was silenced.

He surely kept the faith."

Robert

**548. — Aaron Vidaver** *26 Jan 2000* ↑ **Register**
*Time Mechanix #1 (Vancouver): Barnholden reading Dorn*

Kootenay School of Writing TIME MECHANIX 1 EDWARD DORN presented by Michael Barnholden Tuesday February 1, 8 pm Robson Central 750 Burrard (Mezzanine) Vancouver BC

"With the death of Edward Dorn the United States loses not only one of its finest poets but a rare critical intelligence and cultural commentator." - Tom Raworth, The Independent, Dec. 16, 1999

Ed Dorn was a graduate of Black Mountain College (1955). Born in Illinois, he worked in the Boeing plant in Seattle in the late forties and returned to live and work in Washington state in the late fifties. His novel Rites of Passage (aka By the Sound) portrays this period of his life. His work was included in Donald Allen's The New American Poetry (1960) and his first book was published by Totem Press (Leroy Jones/Amiri Baraka) in 1961. In 1965 he collaborated with photographer Leroy Lucas on The Shoshoneans: the People of the Basin Plateau. He lived and taught in England in the late sixties, then in Chicago, Mexico, San Francisco, Boulder, Montpellier. His best known work is the epic Gunslinger. Other books include Geography, The North Atlantic Turbine, Recollections of Gran Apacheria, Abhorrences. In the eighties, with his wife Jennifer, he edited the tabloid Rolling Stock ("If it moves, print it!"). He died on December 10, 1999 in Denver.

TIME MECHANIX will occur on the first Tuesday of each month at Robson Central. On Tuesday March 7, Peter Quartermain will honour Basil Bunting's centenary. On Tuesday April 4, Robyn Laba will read from Muriel Rukeyser. On Tuesday May 2, Dorothy Trujillo Lusk will reluctantly read Gertrude Stein. The series will continue in our Summer season.

"A poet is a time mechanic not an embalmer." - Jack Spicer

"Since poets write backwards in response to their deceased poetic predecessors and forward to the eventual readers of their poems, they exist inevitably outside of their own time even as they reflect or embody it. Thus Spicer proposes that the poet is always posthumous in the act of composition - or outside the present of the poems - since the 'afterlife of the poem' exists in a time beyond the life of the author." - Peter Gizzi

The KSW acknowledges the assistance of Edgecombe Realy and the British Columbia Arts Council.

Kootenay School of Writing 688-6001 www.ksw.net

**549. — David Baratier** *7 Feb 2000* ↑ **Register**
*Dorn issue*

Congratulations to Ralph LaCharity's 86th issue of Worcs Aloud/Allowed. The quick and comprehensive collection of writers says much of LaCharity's work as a editor & poet over the years. This Ed Dorn issue gives many views that will probably not appear in subsequent homages to the poet. As a reader and contributor, I'll mention a few:

The breadth of the material makes clear Dorn's range of impact in Ohio from his years as a teacher at Kent & Bowling Green to colleagues, students & students of his students. Not to say other areas are not represented, but I doubt future editors will take the time, or publish the people needed, to make this connection. Many fine remembrances were forwarded from mention of The Gathering in summer of 1997, a joyous multi-day reading in Portsmouth OH at Brian's house, which included, from my memory, nine of the folks in the issue plus many others.

Letters, poems, & essays by Brian Richards, Charlie Potts, Gary David, Bill Levy, Skip Fox, Ray Obermayr, Linda & Ralph LaCharity, Stephen Ellis, Norm Ballinger, Paul Nelson, Richard Blevins, Joel Lipman, Jim Palmarini, Joe Napora, Joe Sadfie, Kurt Hemmer, Major Ragain, David Baratier, Dale Smith, Richard Silberg, Tom Raworth, Jeremy Prynne, Tom Clark, Robert Kelly, Bob Kaufman, Richard Loranger, Anne Marie

For me, Rich Blevin's "December Rain" (first 6 lines here) is a fine piece

The news is in forever
all the many-mouthed agents for the singular moment
essay on tongue
appropriated for the occassion
from the poet's estate, usufruct,
in the days when the history of futures is fallen out of print

& Brian Richards "Some Love Poems" has been read over and again since rec. Monday, a week ago.

If he is willing to sell issues, there is only 100, try an sase of query to: POB 27309, Cincinnati, OH 45227. I mention it here, so someone years from now can know of it's existence.

Be well

David Baratier

**550. — Steve Dickison** *7 Feb 2000* ↑ **Register**
*** PLEASE FORWARD ** Poetry Center FEB Readings ***

Help? Can you help spread the word about these 3 upcoming readings, Feb 10th, 17th, & 24th. The people in mailing-land have bungled & our large printed poster-calendar is only now enroute to the world at large. If you'd please forward this February Poetry Center schedule to your group e-mailing lists (and otherwise spread the word) it would be greatly greatly appreciated. Thank you!

regards,
Steve

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THE POETRY CENTER & AMERICAN POETRY ARCHIVES
Presents

Feb 10 Kenneth Irby reading & in conversation with Robert Grenier
Feb 17 A Memorial Tribute to Edward Dorn
Feb 24 Anne Carson

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KENNETH IRBY
reading & in conversation with Robert Grenier

Thursday February 10, 7:30 pm, $5 donation
@ The Unitarian Center, 1187 Franklin (at Geary)
San Francisco

". . . only pay attention once again"

KENNETH IRBY tonight makes a rare public appearance in the Bay Area, visiting from his hometown of Lawrence, Kansas. * For our opening evening of the year, we're very happy to present one of the true inheritors of and innovators within the Black Mountain tradition of (among others) Robert Creeley, Edward Dorn, Robert Duncan & Charles Olson—and a poet whose persistent vision and practice has opened up a work unlike any of these writers. * His latest book is Ingressions & Exolutions, due from Arcturus Editions. * Following his reading, he'll be joined in conversation by his friend, poet ROBERT GRENIER, of Bolinas.

". . .
the gift of the book, to be so dedicate
of inspiration as oblique of understanding

as the edge of handwriting's legibility
and even then not quit yielding difficulty up
. . ."

(from Ingressions & Exolutions,
Arcturus Editions, 2000)

=x=x=x=x=x=x=x=x=x=x=x=x
A memorial tribute to
EDWARD DORN
Thursday, February 17, 7:30 pm, free
@ The Unitarian Center, 1187 Franklin (at Geary)
San Francisco

With special guests GORDON BROTHERSTON, BOB CALLAHAN, TOM CLARK, STEPHEN EMERSON, JOANNE KYGER, DUNCAN McNAUGHTON, and TOM RAWORTH.

EDWARD DORN, who died on the 10th of this past December at his home in Denver, will be remembered by a gathering of friends this evening in San Francisco. Born in 1929 in Eastern Illinois, Mr. Dorn attended Black Mountain College during the 1950s and would come to prominence with the publication of several remarkable early poems in Donald Allen's renowned anthology The New American Poetry.

His many books published over four decades in the US and the UK include The Collected Poems 1956-1974 (Four Seasons, Bolinas, 1975), the novel The Rites of Passage (Frontier Press, Buffalo, 1965), later issued as By the Sound, the long dramatic narrative poem Gunslinger, issued serially, and eventually collected in 1975 (Berkeley, Wingbow Press), Recollections of Gran Apacheria (Turtle Island, San Francisco, 1974), and several volumes of translations from Spanish, Portuguese, and Native American languages, done with Gordon Brotherston, and recently collected in the volume The Sun Unwound: Original Texts from Occupied America (North Atlantic Books, Berkeley, 1999).

". . . The mission bells are ringing in Kansas. Have you left something out. Negative, says my Gunslinger, no _thing_ is omitted."

=x=x=x=x=x=x=x=x=x=x=x=x ANNE CARSON Thursday February 24, 7:30 pm, $5 donation @ The Unitarian Center, 1187 Franklin (at Geary) San Francisco

A classics scholar thoroughly in touch with the subtleties of contemporary poetry, Anne Carson several years ago appeared with a brilliant work on the intimacies of classic Greek poetry, Eros the Bittersweet. * More recently, few books of contemporary poetry have enjoyed the audience afforded her "novel in verse," Autobiography of Red. * Her other works include Glass, Irony and God, and Plainwater: Essays & Poems. * Ms. Carson is the visiting Holloway Lecturer at UC Berkeley this spring semester. * Her latest critical work, Economy of the Unlost, analyzes the poetics of Paul Celan and Simonides of Keos, and is just out from Princeton, and her opera installation—The Mirror of Simple Souls—can be viewed at www.ummu.umich.edu/projects/souls. * She lives in Montréal, Québec.

"Anne Carson is, for me, the most exciting poet writing in English today" —Michael Ondaatje

=x=x=x=x=x=x=x=x=x=x=x=x for reservations call the Poetry Center at , or e-mail David Booth

one spear of grass.

~Walt Whitman's notebook

**551. — Steve Dickison** *16 Feb 2000* ↑ **Register**
*** Edward Dorn Memorial Tribute ** Thurs Feb 17 ***

** This Week in the Big Church Room ** Franklin & Geary ** San Francisco

With special guests GORDON BROTHERSTON, BOB CALLAHAN, TOM CLARK, STEPHEN EMERSON, JOANNE KYGER, DUNCAN McNAUGHTON, and TOM RAWORTH.

=x=x=x=x=x=x=x=x=x=x=x=x=x
one spear of grass.
~Walt Whitman's notebook

**552. — Richard Dillon** *20 Feb 2000* ↑ **Register**
*Re: 'cultural capital' and 'prestige'*

do the best we can in our moment.

at times to quote Bukowski
at least the legend of his name
to those on this list who seek
cultural capital and prestige
as explanations for motivations
for the literary writing he sought.....at all

Or as Dorn put it somewhere:
Even a bloody finger on a wall

will mark the work
of one more step

or breath

malgre

malgre

*"what literary writing is for is not for anyone to say richard with all due respect your response itself seems more to choke off one more breath trip me up one more step i am disturbed by the hostility to 'what is called thinking?' on this list nowadays women write books as long as men's books, look at ursula k. leguin or joyce carol oates for godsake i don't think thinking out loud a lot or writing long posts or books is simply male maybe women don't feel invited to blabber on here the way men do but i doubt the men feel invited to blabber they just do it anyway ----------Neither of these words imply in any way the capacity to inspire anyone anywhere to take one more breath or step which is what literary writing bottom line is - for. ----------How does the notion of 'cultural capital' differ from 'prestige'? Jim Andrews Vispo ~ Langu(im)age http://vispo.com"*

**553. — Maria Damon** *22 Feb 2000* ↑ **Register**
*Re: experimental poetry and regionalism / Allegrezza*

a student of mine, kelly ann kuhn, is working on retheorizing region —and looking at dorn and niedecker —i'll pass your msg on to her.

At 12:34 PM -0500 2/22/00, Poetics List wrote:

*"This message had to be reformatted. Chris — From: "Bill Allegrezza" Date: Sun, 20 Feb 2000 13:10:33 -0600 Does anyone know any recent books that discuss the relation between >experimental poetry and regionalism? Bill"*

**554. — charles alexander** *22 Feb 2000* ↑ **Register**

Very interesting question from this arizona point of view, where it seems regional is dominated by popular stereotypes of the region, and not at all by actual work that goes on in the region, which would include the experimental (in many forms) as well as a lot of other things not covered by the stereotypes.

Please keep me informed.

charles

**555. — Judy Roitman** *22 Feb 2000* ↑ **Register**

from Maria Damon:

Surely Irby should be included as well. And others. Who?

Judy Roitman | "Whoppers Whoppers Whoppers!

**556. — Joseph Safdie** *1 Mar 2000* ↑ **Register**
*Dorn: One More Memorial*

On Saturday night, March 25, at 7:00 PM, at the Hugo House in Seattle, a few friends and "admirers" of Ed Dorn's work will gather for a memorial reading.

The plan is for each reader (among them, Tom Raworth, Charles Potts, John Daley, Belle Randall, Bob Rose, Judith Roche, Paul Nelson, Phoebe Bosche and myself) to read for about ten minutes, either something of Ed's or something written in response to Ed's work. We're working on setting up a video link to Chicago, where other people might be gathering to do the same thing, but that's as yet unsure.

More details will be forthcoming as we get a little nearer to the actual event. What I'd like to do now is invite anyone within the sight of these words who might find themselves close to Seattle around that time to attend and/or participate — (Billy Little: still on the list? How about others in Vancouver?) Back-channel queries will get you everything I know so far.

Thanks! I hope to see some of you there.

Joe Safdie

**557. — Joseph Safdie** *7 Mar 2000* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Dorn Memorial Reading*

A week ago I mentioned that a memorial reading for Ed Dorn would take place in Seattle on Saturday night, March 25, at the Hugo House, 1634 11th Avenue in the Capitol Hill neighborhood.

(The Hugo House was named after Richard Hugo, a poet who won't ever be discussed on this list. But he was a good guy. I met him once; we talked about baseball).

ANYWAY . . . those of you who WANT to participate in this reading but can't because of being geographically challenged now have a fall-back option. You can send a few lines of verse that will be incorporated into a slide show —a "silent open mike" — that will precede the reading itself. Here are the instructions, from "DJ Yum Yum" . . .

"Send yr text to  — no formatting of the text is necessary.  You can just send it in a regular e-mail message. In order for the text to fit (and to be reasonably read) on a slide it should be less than 18 lines long. Please include *Slides for Dorn* in the subject line."

Although the DJ says 18 lines, I'd think eight or less might work a lot better; however, send what you will. The slides will be accompanied, for about 20 minutes or so, by a yet-to-be-determined sound mix (including, but not limited to, some of the bad country music that Ed liked so well).

Thanks! I hope to see you there, either in person or by proxy.

Joe Safdie

**558. — Joseph Safdie** *21 Mar 2000* ↑ **Register**
*Ed Dorn Memorial Reading*

One more time, the details for this tribute:

Saturday night, March 25 7:00-10:00 Richard Hugo House, Seattle 1634 11th Avenue

A dozen or so readers — of both Ed's work and/or their own in response to it — will include Tom Raworth, Charles Potts, Belle Randall, Judith Roche, Paul Nelson and other local and national poets. We're asking a donation of $3 at the door to defray some of these folks' travel costs.

The slides will be accompanied, for about 20 minutes or so, by an evolving sound mix (including, but not limited to, some really atrocious country music).

Hope to see you there, live or by proxy!

Joe Safdie

## Joseph Heller

1923–1999

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American novelist whose satirical war novel* Catch-22 *gave the language a phrase for absurd bureaucratic paradox. Died of a heart attack, in East Hampton, New York.*

**559. — (unsigned)** *13 Dec 1999* ↑ **Register**

*Re: atlanta poets group/grolier bookshop*

Joseph Heller is dead at 76.

# 2000

## Lita Hornick

1927–2000

*4 messages · 4 hands*

*American publisher, editor and patron who ran Kulchur magazine and the Kulchur Foundation, supporting New York avant-garde poets;* Kulchur magazine (edited 1961–1965).

**560. — Charles Bernstein** *24 Jan 2000* ↑ **Register**

*Lita Hornick*

Susan (Bee) just now pointed out to me a notice in the obituary listing in todays NY Times that Lita Hornick had died. I have no information about her death except this, but I do know Lita Hornick, who was the publisher of Kulchur magazine and Kulchur, both of which made a vital contribution to the poetry of the 60s through 80s, publishing many outstanding poets and collections by poets in the "New American Poetry" traditions. I hope others on this list will fill in on the history of Kulcher and Lita Hornick herself, who was an extravagant character, and the author of one collection of poems.

> **561. — Michael Magee** *25 Jan 2000* ↑ **Register**
>
> According to Charles Bernstein:
>
> Here's what Gooch has to say about Lita Hornick in his O'Hara biography:
>
> "Married to Morton Hornick, the owner of a lucrative curtain business, Lita used to be referred to as Lita Curtainstar by Andy Warhol, who painted her portrait in 1966. In the early 60's though, before she moved full-force into the artworld, most of Hornick's friends were downtown poets...Kulchur was able to fill its self-defined niche as 'the only vanguard magazine devoted principally to Criticism and Commentary —essays on literature, art, jazz, politics, and pop culture by leading poets.' It's board in 1962 was largely a co-opting of O'Hara's inside group. He served as Art Editor, LeRoi Jones as Music Editor, Bill Berkson as Film Editor, and Joe LeSeur as Theatre Editor."
>
> Gooch forgets Gilbert Sorrentino, who was Poetry Editor. O'Hara's letters make it clear that this line-up of editors was Baraka's doing, and that in the early 60's Hornick had given him most of the editorial control over Kulchur, where, among other things, his essay "Tokenism"

appeared. Kulchur was also one of the main outlets for Martin Williams jazz criticism, which is quite good—Williams was one of the first (maybe *the* first) writers to praise Ornette Coleman in print—even before he hit NYC. That said, and whatever her role in deciding content may or may not have been, KULCHUR, especially around this time, was a *great* read. I had a terrific time going through them recently in Brown's Harris archive. And never let it be said that Hornick didn't know a good crowd when she saw one!

-m.

**562. — Douglas** *26 Jan 2000* ↑ **Register**

Saddened to hear that about Lita Hornick. I certainly did not know her well, but her support of contemporary poetry, publishing important books by Susan Howe, Ted Greenwald, and others, was a major contribution.

Douglas Messerli

**563. — Gary Sullivan** *28 Jan 2000* ↑ **Register**

*Hornik / Kulchur*

I also love Kulchur Press. Here's just a partial list of what Hornick put into print. An amazing roster:

Berrigan, Ted, Ron Padgett and Joe Brainard, Bean Spasms Kulchur NY (1969)

Elmslie, Kenward and Joe Brainard, Sung Sex (can't remember the date)

Torregian, Sotere, THE AGE OF GOLD (POEMS 1968-1970) New York: Kulchur Foundation (1976)

NOTLEY, Alice Waltzing Matilda Kulchur NY

Adam, Helen Stone Cold Gothic NY: Kulchur Foundation

Perreault, John Luck Kulchur Press NY (1969)

Fagin, Larry RHYMES OF A JERK NY Kulchur Press 1974

Ferrari, Mary The Isle of the Little God Poems 1964-1980 Kulchur

Owens, Rochelle I Am the Babe of Joseph Stalin's Daughter: Poems 1961-1971 NY The Kulchur Foundation 1972

Kostelanetz, Richard I Articulations / Short Fictions New York: Kulchur Foundation

Greenwald, Ted. Licorice Chronicles. NY, Kulchur Foundation, 1979

Violi, Paul. In Baltic Circles. Kulchur, 1973

Antin, David. Talking. Kulchur, 1972

WARSH, Lewis Blue Heaven Kulchur Foundation NY 1978

CLARK, TOM At Malibu NY: Kulchur Foundation 1975

Charles Henri Silver Flower Coo Kulchur 1968

Giorno, John. GRASPING AT EMPTINESS: Poems. NY: Kulchur Foundation, (1985)

Macadams, Lewis LIVE AT THE CHURCH NY Kulchur

Hornick, Lita. NIGHT FLIGHT. (NY): Kulchur Foundation, (1982)

Ford, Charles Henri. SILVER FLOWER COO. (NY: Kulchur Press, 1968)

Adam, Helen. TURN AGAIN TO ME and Other Poems. (New York): Kulchur, (1977)

Towle, Tony. NEW AND SELECTED POEMS (1963-1983). (NY): Kulchur Foundation, 1983

Plymell, Charles. THE TRASHING OF AMERICA. (NY): Kulchur Foundation, (1975)

Ceravolo, Joseph. MILLENIUM DUST. (NY): Kulchur Foundation, (1982)

Hornick, Lita. NINE MARTINIS. (NY): THE Kulchur Foundation, (1987)

Ratcliff, Carter FEVER COAST NY Kulchur 1973

North, Charles Leap Year poems 1968-1978 Kulchur Foundation 1978.

Waldman,Anne NO HASSLES : AN UNHINGED BOOK IN PARTS New York The Kulchur Foundation 1971.

Waldman,Anne INVENTION New York The Kulchur Foundation 1985.

Owen, Maureen. Hearts in Space. Kulchur Foundation, 1980

KOCH, KENNETH & KATZ, ALEX. Interlocking Lives. New York: Kulchur Press, 1970.

Giorno, John Balling Buddha N.Y. The Kulchur Foundation 1970

ELMSLIE, Kenward. Album. Kulchur Press.1969

## Miriam Patchen

1914–2000

*5 messages · 5 hands*

*American peace activist, widow and muse of poet Kenneth Patchen, dedicatee of all his more than 40 books. Died in Palo Alto, aged 85.*

**564. — Ron Silliman** *10 Mar 2000* ↑ **Register**

*Miriam Patchen dies....*

FOLLOWING MESSAGE JUST CAME IN FROM JOEL CLIMENHAGA:

Wednesday, March 8, 2000

Dear Good People:

Miriam Patchen died this past Monday. Jonathan Clark found her today

She had been sitting in a chair reading her mail, so her dying was peaceful

Undoubtedly there will be arrangements for some
sort of memorial service in her memory sometime down the
line

If you'd like to have more information about all that, let me
know

In the meantime, send the news to anyone you think
would be interested in knowing of her death

[I've called a number of
people already

Even so, don't hesitate to send the news to
anyone you think might be interested.]

Joel Climenhaga

**565. — Gary Sullivan** *10 Mar 2000* ↑ **Register**

*Miriam Patchen*

I saw Miriam Patchen read from Kenneth Patchen's work in San Francisco, maybe 1986? Mid eighties, I guess. Very moving.

There are (at least) a couple things about Miriam Patchen on the web: one, an article written by Diane Sussman for the May 3rd, 1995 issue of the Palo Alto Weekly; another, a synopsis of

a film made about Miriam Patchen made by Kim Roberts, but didn't list the date. They're both below:

People: Miriam Patchen: peace and love

"I can't do anything. I just feed squirrels and I give cookies to children." Despite what she says, cookies and squirrels are hardly the sum of Miriam Patchen's life. Patchen has contended with poverty, multiple sclerosis, clashes with the government and two great loves —including one that thrust her into the heady world of beat poets and the New York art avant-garde.

Even so, Patchen feels more like one who was borne along by circumstance than one who set her own destiny. "Maybe if I hadn't married, I would have become important and straightened out the world. I always wanted to straighten out the world.

"I'm not smart," she continued. "I've just been with two remarkable men."

She certainly seems smart—and cantankerous, unsentimental and unconcerned about public opinion. From her black house to her straggly long gray hair, she suggests a woman used to, and fond of, her freedom. "I should be wearing my hair braided," she said. "That's the only appropriate way for an old woman to wear long hair."

But, she added, "I find it awfully hard to be a totally appropriate old woman."

For 37 years, Patchen, now 80, was married to poet-painter Kenneth Patchen. The celebrated artist, whose work is now on display at the Palo Alto Cultural Center, died in the couple's Palo Alto cottage in 1972.

The rumpled cottage is a testimony to their time together. Patchen's paintings hang at crooked angles on the orange walls while photographs of him, a few with broken glass, dot the tables. It's as if the mementos are too sacred to be touched, moved or cleaned. "I think he is always going to be with me and around me. I knew that was why I was supposed to be with him. I knew he needed me to carry his work into the world."

Patchen has her own niche now: peace work and her love of recent decades, a man she calls only by his first name, Laurent. Every Tuesday, Patchen, Laurent and a small band of people spend two hours outside Town & Country Village holding signs that read, "Honk for peace." It's an activity she has been doing for 20 years.

Miriam and Kenneth Patchen met when they were university students in Massachusetts. They were an unlikely couple. He was artistic, a pacifist, a leftist. She was pragmatic, insecure and wanted her independence. Still, she was drawn to him. "I knew the first time I met him, he was a master poet. I knew I had to help him."

His parents opposed the match. "I was Catholic and a foreigner, which is to say, from Massachusetts."

The two married in 1934. They started out poor and stayed poor. "Even the Guggenheim (award) he gave away," she said. For a while, they got by on relief. Later, when Patchen was bedridden with back pain, Miriam worked at the jewelry counter in San Francisco's posh City of Paris department store. "Here was I, in this dress I made from a 74-cent bolt of cloth, in this glamorous, glamorous spot."

The Patchens moved to Palo Alto in 1958 for medical care—she for treatment of multiple sclerosis, he for treatment of his back. They bought a house with a $2,000 down payment from Miriam's mother, but only after being assured payments would be no more than $50 per month.

Although she always hoped for a more rural house, or at least a house made of wood, her "cement block" contains too many memories to leave. "I still feel him," she said. "I just belong to him."

—Diane Sussman

* * *

"Miriam Is Not Amused" A Film By Kim Roberts • 23 min. • 16 mm

Witty, wry and lyrical, Miriam Is Not Amused is a multilayered portrait of Miriam Patchen-activist, widow, and muse of famed poet Kenneth Patchen. The film combines rare archival footage with intimate observations of Miriam now. From her non-traditional upbringing in the 20's and 30's, through the years spent in the shadow of her celebrated husband, to her current reinvention as a political provocateur, Miriam reveals the choices and the compromises of her extraordinary life. With a sharp tongue and quick wit, Miriam turns the tables on filmmaker and audience by challenging her own relevance as a documentary subject, and legendary artistic muse.

**566. — Pat Pritchett** *13 Mar 2000* **↑ Register**
*Re: Miriam Patchen dies....*

Oh, this is sad news. I remember meeting her three summers ago at Naropa. It was just after Ronald Johnson had read and many of us had gathered at a restaurant for drinks. I forget now how old she was but she was _quite_ old I believe, and completely lively and beautiful. Aldon Nielsen will recall this, I think, because he was sitting right there, too, but in any event at one point in the long evening she leaned forward toward us and declared brightly, as if unmasking a conspiracy, "I am not the woman in those poems!"

Patrick Pritchett

**567. — Rachel Loden** *24 Mar 2000* **↑ Register**
*Miriam Patchen: two notices*

Don't know whether there's really any interest here, but FYI

Palo Alto Weekly Wednesday Mar 22, 2000

Miriam Patchen

Peace activist, wife of poet and novelist Kenneth Patchen

Miriam Patchen, 86, a longtime Palo Alto resident and peace activist, died March 6. Born Sirkka Miriam Oikemus in Belmont, Mass. to Finnish socialist parents, she was politically active all her life. She claimed to have been the "youngest card-carrying member of the American Communist Party," having joined at the age of 7. In 1934, she married poet and novelist Kenneth Patchen, who dedicated more than 40 works of poetry and prose written between 1936 and 1972 to her. The couple moved frequently in the 1930s and 1940s, living in New York and Connecticut, living off of royalties from Kenneth Patchen's books.

Shortly after their marriage, in 1937, Kenneth Patchen suffered a disabling spine injury, and was bedridden for the last 20 years of his life. In 1952, on the advice of his doctors, they settled in California, where he pioneered the fusion of poetry and jazz, working with the Chamber Jazz Sextet and Charles Mingus. In 1956 the Patchens moved to Palo Alto. After his death in 1972, she dedicated herself to peace and poetry. She was active in a group that held demonstrations for peace every week on the corner of El Camino Real and Embarcadero Road. She stood on the corner every Tuesday for 15 years holding a picket sign protesting American military intervention around the world.

She was also active in promoting her husband's poetry, frequently holding readings of his work. In May 1998 she traveled to London, England to take part in the conference, "Word, Image & Rhythms: a celebration of Kenneth Patchen." At the meeting she read his poetry, discussed his visual work (he created nearly 200 "picture poems") and shared anecdotes of their life together. Since 1998 she had been assisting Larry Smith on the biography "Kenneth Patchen: Rebel Poet in America" (Bottom Dog Press, 2000) to be published this month. In 1998, she was the subject of the film, "Miriam Is Not Amused," a short documentary by Kim Roberts.

She also enjoyed travelling and gardening. In 1998 her house was damaged by flood, but she rebuilt with the help of friends. She was preceded in death by her huband, Kenneth Patchen, and by her later partner, civil rights activist and lawyer Laurent Franz. A memorial protest

vigil was held last Tuesday. A memorial service and poetry reading memorial are being planned for May.

Miriam Patchen
Bill Workman
Friday, March 24, 2000

"*©2000 San Francisco Chronicle URL: http://www.sfgate.com/cgi-bin/article.cgi?file=/chronicle/archive/2000/03/24/MN93377.DTL PALO ALTO — A May memorial service is being planned for Miriam Patchen of Palo Alto, a longtime pacifist demonstrator who died earlier this month at the age of 85. For 15 years, Mrs. Patchen, the widow of the renowned poet Kenneth Patchen was a familiar rush- hour figure most Tuesday evenings on the corner of El Camino Real and Embarcadero in Palo Alto, where she rallied with other protesters against U.S. military interventions, waving placards that urged passing motorists to ``honk for peace.'' On occasion, she would be accompanied only by Laurent Frantz, a civil rights lawyer and her longtime companion after her husband's death in 1972. Frantz died two years ago. Nearly 50 peace activists gathered on the same corner, in front of Town & Country Village shopping center, to conduct a ``memorial protest vigil'' not long after Mrs. Patchen's death on March 6. She had died in her Palo Alto home, apparently while reading a peace pamphlet, according to Jonathan Clark of Mountain View, a friend who had gone to visit her and discovered the body. ``I think I'll remember her best for her caustic wit and fierce devotion to her causes and her friends,'' said Clark. Her friends were also devoted to her. In 1998, her home on Sierra Court was seriously damaged by flooding, but it was rebuilt through the efforts of several friends. ``A lot of people liked being with her. She was very funny,'' recalled Purusha Obluda of Palo Alto, who was part of a small group who dined regularly with her. Paul George, executive director of the Peninsula Peace and Justice Center in Palo Alto, praised her as ``a powerful symbol of commitment for the rest of us.'' ``I don't think she ever missed an event, even if it was just stuffing envelopes,'' he said. While maintaining a busy schedule of peace movement activities, Mrs. Patchen was equally well known in the literary world for her efforts to sustain public and scholarly interest in the works of Kenneth Patchen, whom she married at the age of 17 in 1934. According to friends, the FBI briefly pursued the couple from Massachusetts after the two had crossed state lines into Ohio and convinced a justice of the peace that she was of legal age to marry. The search was finally called off by the young bride's parents. The couple moved frequently in the 1930s and '40s, subsisting on royalties from the poet's many books, all of which bear the dedication, ``For Miriam.'' The Patchens moved to the Bay Area in the 1950s so that Kenneth could be near specialists treating a debilitating spinal injury that eventually left him bedridden in his later years. Mrs. Patchen left no surviving relatives, and at her request there was no funeral service. Rita Bottoms, curator of the Patchen Archive at the University of California at Santa Cruz and a longtime friend, said plans are moving ahead for a memorial service to be held in Palo Alto, although it has been delayed until late May. ``We're expecting a number of people to come from out of state and at least a few other countries,'' she said. Memorial donations may be made to the Kenneth Patchen Archive,*"

**568. — Maria Damon** *28 Mar 2000* ↑ **Register**

At 9:31 AM -0800 3/24/00, Rachel Loden wrote:

"*Don't know whether there's really any interest here, but FYI*"

yo, loden —nice review of Hotel Imperium in the latest Rain Taxi Review of Books.

---

## Alaric Sumner

1952–2000

*1 message · 1 hand*

---

*British experimental poet, performance writer and words worth editor, writer-in-residence at Tate Gallery St Ives 1995-96;* Voices (for 9) *(1994). Died at his home in St Ives, Cornwall.*

---

**569. — Lawrence Upton** *29 Mar 2000* ↑ **Register**

*Alaric Sumner*

Dear Friends

Bad news.

I think it hasn't been announced here that Alaric Sumner, known to some of you in USA, died suddenly at his home in St Ives, Cornwall last Friday.

We're trying to come to terms with that.

His books include:

Rhythm to intending, Spectacular Diseases 1994 Lurid Technology and the Hedonist Calculator, Lobby 1994 Waves on Porthmeor Beach, Wordsworth, 1995 Aberrations of Lenses, mirrors, sight, RWC 1998 Bucking Curtains, Mainstream 2000

(The last, my publication, is temporarily out of print; but it will, I hope, come back into print shortly. Aberrations, also mine - a few copies remain an, if there were demand, I'd reprint. Waves, a best-seller, shifting in hundreds and hundreds, is o.p. except for the limited edition & even that is problematic at present as the press was Alaric's. I don't know the status of the others.... There's a will to get some kind of memorial collection out, but more of that as and when)

His website, which will link you to his online work, is

---

## Anthony Powell

1905–2000

*1 message · 1 hand*

> *English novelist, author of the 12-volume* A Dance to the Music of Time*. Identified in the notice as "death of noted novelist".*

**570. — Douglas** *31 Mar 2000* ↑ **Register**

*The death of Anthony Powell*

It was sad to hear through The New York Times and the Los Angeles Times yesterday of the death of noted novelist Anthony Powell. Powell belonged to the age of the great "dialogue" novelists such as Ronald Firbank (whose presence Powell made known through his republication of Firbank's work when he was editor at Duckworth), Henry Green, Elizabeth Bowen, Evelyn Waugh, and Ivy Compton-Burnett. These authors, Powell most among them, were great writers of wit in a time when grace and wit were more common.

Among Powell's many important works are Afternoon Men, From a View to a Death, Venusburg, What Became of Waring? and the 12-volume series of novels THE DANCE TO THE LMUSIC OF TIME, one of the great achievements of 20th century fiction.

Powell was born in 1905, and was 94 at the time of his death at his home in Frome, near Somerset, England.

Sun & Moon Press (and soon Green Integer) has published and will be publishing several of Powell's works.

In memory of this great author, I am offering two novels, Oh, How the Wheel Becomes It! and Afternoon Men at 20% discount to anyone who mentions this notice.

Please order directly from Sun & Moon at visit our website at www.sunmoon.com

---

# Doug Oliver

1937–2000

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*British poet, novelist and editor of the Cambridge school, married to Alice Notley, known for the Paris sequence* Arrondissements. *Died in Paris. A subscriber here: twenty-six messages, 1998–1999.*

---

**571. — Edward Foster** *24 Apr 2000* ↑ **Register**

*Douglas Oliver*

One of the great poets of our time and one of the finest people to walk this earth, Douglas Oliver, passed away this past Saturday in Paris, where he had been living for the last few years.

> **572. — John Norton** *27 Apr 2000* ↑ **Register**
>
> *Douglas Oliver Memorial in Paris*
>
> Listees:
>
> I am forwarding this note from my friend Gloria Saltman (with her permission) who attended the services.
>
> John Norton
>
> Hi John— edit as you see fit—
>
> I hope my words will do justice to aptly depict the most remarkable memorial service which I attended tonight in honor of Doug Oliver.At the British Institute, a reference library room overflowing with well over 100 people met together at 7:30 pm for a two hour tribute. Opened by Professor Christophe Campos reading the words of Yeats the entire evening was inspirational. We should all be so lucky to lead lives as loving and full as Douglas Oliver. His wife Alice Notley shared a tale about the hospital nurse asking what religion they were and did Doug need to speak to a minister—NO-she said- we are poets.. he is agnostic..Later she realized that this did not do justice at all to Doug's spirituality and read an excerpt from Whisper Louise which Doug wrote during his illness.
>
> His brother Brian spoke as did all of his children,Kate Oliver and Bonamy Oliver-Johns, from his first,happy 20 year marriage to Jan Oliver .Also, his sons,Anselm and Edmund Berrigan , from his second happy marriage to Alice Notley, filled the room with "Well of Sorrows" and bluesy gospel recordings that Doug loved. Many colleagues and friends and students from England, France and the United States, spoke about his kindness and care as a friend, as a man and as a teacher. The man with a 'great outer gentleness and inner warpaint' who reminded us of 'the humbling necessity of poetry' and insisted on the 'existence of spirit in language' greatly impacted all those who knew him very well or even briefly.
>
> Remembered by his colleagues at the British Institute for his passion in reinvigorating the Institute and founding the Tuesday Club . A memorable conversation which usually began in a haze of cigar smoke in the staff lounge and continued for as long as two weeks, ending up in 'Le Debutante' around the corner . As his friend and colleague Mark Sholl, wondered what he would have said about his own memorial had he been able to attend, the firery energy that filled this man's life filled the room . I left feeling inspired to do much more with my life than I have done so far.....
>
> name="jnorton.vcf"

filename="jnorton.vcf"

## Milton Kessler

1930–2000

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American poet who founded and directed the creative writing program at Binghamton University (SUNY Binghamton);* Sailing Too Far *(1973).*

### 573. — Charles Bernstein *2 May 2000* ↑ Register

*Milton Kessler (1930-2000)*

Milton Kessler, Poet and Professor of English at SUNY-Binghamton (since 1963), died April 17, 2000 at the age of 69.

His books included: The Grand Concourse (Binghamton, NY : MSS paper book, 1990) Sailing too Far (New York:: Harper and Row. 1973) Woodlawn North, preface by Elizabeth Bishop (Boston : Impressions Workshop, 1970) A Road Came Once, frontispiece by Ben Shahn (Columbus, Ohio State University Press, 1963)

Milton Kessler has a poem in "The Final Issue" of Sulfur (45/46), which is just out. Here is an excerpt:

Walk to the epicenter of leaves on grass
struggle to keep carrying heavy bones
as I must each biblical day
far from any bench
and without breath Exhale Expire
.....
I failed to find help in the tools of poetry. When asked
what was wanted,
fell into deafness--rain.
Pain became
frozen reason

To make up for the years without you, reader, I hug
suffering and illness
which comfort me like the shoulders of a sweet roll
at Reznikoff's
.....
How can I leave you, reader, just having found you again
in your corner-seat, empty pages shaking.

But I have an appointment with sleep.
No rimes left for subway souls.
.....

(from "New Month")

# Ernst Jandl

1925–2000

*8 messages · 7 hands*

*Austrian experimental poet, foremost exponent of concrete and sound poetry through Sprechgedichte such as* ottos mops. *Identified in the notice as "German poet". Died of heart failure, in Vienna.*

**574. — Lawrence Upton** *13 Jun 2000* ↑ **Register**

*Fw: deadletter*

> "-
>
> *Ernst Jandl died on Friday, June 9th, 2000"*

**575. — Ron Silliman** *13 Jun 2000* ↑ **Register**

*Ernst Jandl*

The German poet Ernst Jandl, a member of the Vienna Group that came into prominence in the 1950s, died on Friday. He was 74.

http://www.datacomm.ch/mik/stillerhas/lex/jandl_ernst.html

Ron

_____ Get Your Private, Free E-mail from

**576. — Geoffrey Gatza** *13 Jun 2000* ↑ **Register**

This saddens me very much. A professor gave me a stack of his poems. Photocopied. I have cherished this stack for years now. Does anyone know how to obtain any of his books ... Geoffrey

**577. — William James Austin** *14 Jun 2000* ↑ **Register**

In a message dated 6/14/00 2:44:35 PM, writes:

> "<< *This saddens me very much. A professor gave me a stack of his poems. Photocopied. I have cherished this stack for years now. Does anyone know how to obtain any of his books ... Geoffrey The German poet Ernst Jandl, a member of the Vienna Group that came into prominence in the 1950s, died on Friday. He was 74. I share your distress, Geoff. If and when I find a good source for Jandl, I'll let you know. You do the same for me, okay? Best, Bill"*

**578. — Joseph Massey** *15 Jun 2000* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Ernst Jandl books*

Geoffrey: I searched Ernst Jandl at www.bibliofind.com

& over a dozen titles came up.

try that. & there's always interlibrary loan.

- JM

**579. — Geoffrey Gatza** *15 Jun 2000* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Ernst Jandl*

Bill -- its a deal. Best, Geoffrey

**580. — Poetics List Administrator** *15 Jun 2000* ↑ **Register**

Message reformated cause it contained HTML code. - T. Shaner

What I have done in such a situation is to look at Books in Print, and then go to my local independent book store, and ask them to acquire for me the books I want.

**581. — Charles Bernstein** *19 Jul 2000* **↑ Register**
*Fwd: Ernst Jandl in translation(s)*

This announcement just in from Burning Deck Books:

Burning Deck is pleased to announce volume 4 of DICHTEN= (a series of translations of current writing in German)

ERNST JANDL
reft and light
Selected Poems with Multiple Versions by American Poets
ed. Rosmarie Waldrop
Poems, 112 pages, offset, smyth-sewn
ISBN 1-886224-34-x, original paperback $10
Publication Date: October 15, 2000

Jandl's poems are so engrained in the German language that they are impossible to translate. This volume presents an unusual experiment: not one, but several adaptations are given for each German poem, so that the original is encircled by multiple English analogues. The responses range from close imitations to freewheeling versions that continue Jandl's thinking into other semantic areas.

Ernst Jandl was born in 1925 in Vienna. In German-speaking countries he is regarded as the main representative of concrete poetry. _To jandl_ has become a verb. He began publishing poems in 1956 and quickly attracted attention as the wittiest and most exuberant of experimental poets, with a knack for uncovering the comic potential in discrepancies between sound and spelling, in cliches, mis-pronunciations, dialect etc. He has not only explored the limits of language in his visual and sound poems, but has written powerful political commentary by playing with Auslander-deutsch, the kind of pidgin German spoken by foreign workers.

He translated Gertrude Stein, Robert Creeley's The Island, and John Cage's Silence.

Among his many prizes in both Austria and Germany are the Georg-Trakl-Preis (1974), Georg-Buchner-Preis and Grosser ...sterreichischer Staatspreis (both 1984).

It is with great sadness that we learned of Ernst Jandl's death while this book was being printed.

The translators include Charles Bernstein, Lee Ann Brown, Norma Cole, Tina Darragh, Ray DiPalma, Rachel Blau Duplessis, Kenward Elmslie, Anselm Hollo, Paul Hoover, Gale Nelson, Julie Patton, Ray Ragosta, Joan Retallack, Brian Schorn, James Sherry, Cole Swensen, Craig Watson, Marjorie Welish, John Yau, and others.

Distributors: Small Press Distribution, 1341 Seventh St., Berkeley, CA 94710 ; 1-800/869-7553 http://www.spdbook.com Spectacular Diseases, 83b London Rd., Peterborough, Cambs. PE2 9BS, England

# Ursule Molinaro

1916–2000

*8 messages · 5 hands*

*French-born experimental novelist, playwright and translator, long resident in New York, known for feminist fiction of self-reinvention;* The Autobiography of Cassandra *(1979). Died in New York City.*

### 582. — Charles Bernstein *12 Jul 2000* ↑ Register

*Ursule Molinaro (192?-2000)*

I forward here a message I received from Raymond Federman — a note he sent to Ron Sukenik, Editor of the American Book Review. I am sending this to the list with Raymond's permission. I haven't been able to locate her year of birth.

charles this is what I wrote to ron today about ursule

Ron

I just learned that Ursule Molinaro died today — she was one of us — a real writer who refused to compromise. She was also a fine artist. But for me she will remain one of the most astuce numerologists. One evening in a restaurant in the village [I think Marianne Hauser was there too — another one of our great cotemporaries] Ursule deciphered for me the numbers in my name and she told me the whole story of my life - - past present future. She was not read enough. But perhaps now she will be.

I feel sad. I don't know why really. I didn't know her that well.
I read her some.

I hope ABR will make mention of her changing of tenses

you may even print my little statement above about her as an homage to her.

Federman

from McPherson and Co's online catalog, followed by a list of books they publish http://www.mcphersonco.com/authors/umolinar.html:

Ursule Molinaro is the author of thirteen novels, a number of widely produced one-act plays, three volumes of non-fiction, and hundreds of short stories. Her novels and stories have been published in England, France, and Japan, as well as the U.S. Recipient of awards and fellowships from the McDowell Foundation, the National Endowment for the Arts, the New York Foundation for the Arts, and the PEN American Center, Ms. Molinaro also translates from four languages, including works by Hermann Hesse, Dino Buzzati, Nathalie Sarraute, Phillipe Sollers, Uwe Johnson, Rheinhard Lettau, Audiberti, and films by Jean Luc-Godard and Agnes Varda. She is also an artist (her paintings and collages appear on her McPherson titles), dramatist, translator, and acrosticist. Ursule Molinaro lives in New York City with her cat, Owlbear.

Contemporary Authors gives this bibliography:

POETRY

Rimes et raisons, Regain (Monte Carlo), 1954. Mirrors for Small Beasts, Noonday, 1960.

NOVELS

L'Un pour l'autre, translation from the English manuscript by Edith Fournier, Julliard (Paris), 1964, manuscript published as The Borrower: An Alchemical Novel, Harper (New York City), 1970. Green Lights Are Blue: A Pornosophic Novel, New American Library (New York City), 1967.

Sounds of a Drunken Summer, Harper, 1969.

The Autobiography of Cassandra, Princess and Prophetess of Troy, Archer Editions Press (Danbury, CT), 1979.

Positions with White Roses, McPherson (New Paltz, NY), 1983.

The New Moon with the Old Moon in Her Arms: A True Story

Assembled from Scholarly Hearsay, Women's Press Ltd. (London), 1990, McPherson (Kingston, NY), 1993.

Power Dreamers: The Jocasta Complex, McPherson, 1994.

COLLECTIONS Encores for a Dilettante, Braziller (New York City), 1978. Bastards: Footnotes to History (two short stories; illustrated), Treacle Nightschool for Saints, Second Floor, Ring Bell: 11 Short Stories, Archer Editions Press, 1981. Thirteen: Stories, McPherson, 1989. A Full Moon of Women: 29 Word Portraits of Notable Women from Different Times and Places, Dutton (New York City), 1990.

NONFICTION The Zodiac Lovers, Avon (New York City), 1969. Life by the Numbers: A Basic Guide to Learning Your Life through Numerology, Morrow (New York City), 1971.

PLAYS The Abstract Wife, Hill & Wang (New York City), 1961. Breakfast Past Noon (one-act), published in New Women's Theatre, Random House (New York City), 1977.

Also author of one-act plays The Engagement, After the Wash, and The Sundial, all published or produced; author of unpublished and unproduced plays "The Mine" (one-act)," Antiques" (one-act), "The Great Emancipation," and "The Happy Hexagon."

**583. — Tisa Bryant** *12 Jul 2000* ↑ Register

So sorry to hear this

To all: Take a look at the latest (I think) Rain Taxi for an interview with Madame Molinaro. She's a brilliant spirit, indeed.

I feel sad. I don't know why really. I didn't know her that well.
I read her some.

I hope ABR will make mention of her changing of tenses

you may even print my little statement above about her as an homage to her.

Federman

from McPherson and Co's online catalog, followed by a list of books they publish http://www.mcphersonco.com/authors/umolinar.html:

Contemporary Authors gives this bibliography:

POETRY

Rimes et raisons, Regain (Monte Carlo), 1954. Mirrors for Small Beasts, Noonday, 1960.

Sounds of a Drunken Summer, Harper, 1969.

The Autobiography of Cassandra, Princess and Prophetess of Troy, Archer Editions Press (Danbury, CT), 1979.

Positions with White Roses, McPherson (New Paltz, NY), 1983.

The New Moon with the Old Moon in Her Arms: A True Story

Assembled from Scholarly Hearsay, Women's Press Ltd. (London), 1990, McPherson (Kingston, NY), 1993.

Power Dreamers: The Jocasta Complex, McPherson, 1994.

**584.** **— George Bowering** *12 Jul 2000* ↑ **Register**

The person who'd know is Joseph McElroy. I would be a while back, though. She had plays produced as long ago as 1960.

**585.** **— rob wilson** *18 Jul 2000* ↑ **Register**

This news was very saddening to me, as I had always planned to meet up with Ursule Molinaro again in the scorpio haunts and hexagrams of the west village, but this is not meant to be. I was able to place a long-promised review of her writings up on amazon.com of all places. So look at it if you care, or get a chance. I can only add that Bruce Mcpherson of Tanam Press who has supported artists of their singular caliber and poetic syntax— here I am thinking back to Theresa Cha before the Korean American takeover of her identity, and of the cosmopolitical and uncanny projections of Urusule Molinaro, virtual saints of the un-american experimental crafts— the likes of which are passing from the shelf life world.

Yrs are the praises Ursule and your work will live on in the "afterlife" of the writerly world where books are still read, taught, and appreciated beyond the deadliness and flash of the commodity form. Rob Wilson

from McPherson and Co's online catalog, followed by a list of books they publish http://www.mcphersonco.com/authors/umolinar.html:

Contemporary Authors gives this bibliography:

POETRY

Rimes et raisons, Regain (Monte Carlo), 1954. Mirrors for Small Beasts, Noonday, 1960.

Sounds of a Drunken Summer, Harper, 1969.

The Autobiography of Cassandra, Princess and Prophetess of Troy, Archer Editions Press (Danbury, CT), 1979.

Positions with White Roses, McPherson (New Paltz, NY), 1983.

The New Moon with the Old Moon in Her Arms: A True Story

Assembled from Scholarly Hearsay, Women's Press Ltd. (London), 1990, McPherson (Kingston, NY), 1993.

Power Dreamers: The Jocasta Complex, McPherson, 1994.

**586.** **— Tisa Bryant** *20 Jul 2000* ↑ **Register**

Rob,

What do you mean by this, please?

Tisa

**587.** **— Tisa Bryant** *27 Jul 2000* ↑ **Register**

I forwarded this to the list and it wasn't posted.

I'll try again.

Here' I''ve posted a bit more of the context:

What do you mean by this, please?

Tisa

**588.** **— rob wilson** *27 Jul 2000* ↑ **Register**

Tisa Bryant,

That deviously embedded comment of mine about the "Korean American takeover of her [Theresa Cha's] identity" was nasty and out of place in a eulogy for Ursule Molinaro, also of Tanam/McPherson Press lineage.

But what I meant by this was, historically, to the point: Dictee was published in 1982 by an experimental NYC press (Tanam) and for the next ten to 12 years was responded to in writing by an array of writers interested in its experimental tactics as well as its "Korean uncanny" force within American/international letters: writers like Michael Stephens, Susan Wolfe, Stephen Paul Martin, Rob Wilson, all responded to Cha in diverse ways.But, until 1994, with the publication of Self/Writing/Nation on Dictee as well as the reprinting of Dictee by Third Woman Press in Berkeley, the identity-policing scholar Elaine Kim had ignored this text in her history of Asian American writing, presumably as not 'realist' or immigrant-narrative enough in Dictee's focus on the multi lingual and multi-narrative. So this experimental-criticism intertext was 'laundered' out in order to claim the text for Asian American canonization, which is ok by me as I love and respect Theresa Cha in her life and works and textual 'afterlife' as well.

Walter Cha of Kaya Press/Anthology innovation was perhaps the first poet/literary critic and canonizer to recognize the fully experimental as well as Korean diasporic identity dimensions of Dictee, in her interactive text DIKTEE of 1992 (indeed, Walter was a big influence on getting Elaine Kim to consider Dictee as a crucial text). Walter very generously supported an essay I wrote on "Falling Into the Korean Uncanny: A reading of Dictee" in "Korean Culture" journal in 1991, which is notable for the array of photos of Theresa Cha and her mother and family which her brother, John Cha, had allowed us to use to frame this essay (one is quite amazing, with Theresa Cha looking out and virtually interviewing and documenting the gaze of her readers; the ones with her mother are drenched in the pathos of a saintly love).

Tisa, I hope this explains but does not excuse my nastiness about her "appropriation" by the Elaine Kim industry, where white writers are excluded per se by a priori skin identity (I have seen this done in the past): I find this latter attitude wrong politicaly and poetically as anti-mongrel poetics, though I can understand the will to create an image of subaltern and abjected Korean Americans as the exclusive one (Cha's class position, by the way, was by no means that of a boat person....when she came to US in 1962, and her Catholicism remains crucial to her trans-identity project of mythic self-remaking as Saint Theresa of the broken missives). basta, forgiveness, Rob Wilson

**589.** **— Maria Damon** *31 Jul 2000* ↑ **Register**

it's walter lew, not walter cha. walter's own Excerpts from Dikte for Dictee was to be included in the Kim anthology of essays, but was excluded cuz it was too "experimental" and didnt fit the discourse of the anthology. however, it is one of the most gorgeous books there is. i hope chax brings it back out into print.

# Michael Cuddihy

1932–2000

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American editor and poet who founded and edited the influential Tucson poetry journal Ironwood, 1972-1988;* Ironwood magazine *(1972). Dead of pneumonia.*

**590. — charles alexander** *16 Jul 2000* ↑ **Register**

*michael cuddihy*

excerpted from the Arizona Daily Star article, written by Kathleen Allen:

Michael Cuddihy, a nationally known poet and poetry editor, died of pneumonia Thursday [July 13] at his Tucson home. He was 68.

Cuddihy was founder and editor of Ironwood, a widely respected poetry magazine he published out of his Sam Hughes [an old Tucson neighborhood] home for 16 years — an astonishingly long life for a poetry publication —before folding it in 1988.

Cuddihy came from a prominent New York family, the publishers of Funk and Wagnall's encyclopedias. He was a student at Notre Dame University when he contracted polio. He was forced to drop out of school and would spend the rest of his life in a wheelchair. His health brought him to Tucson in 1956.

He was a familiar figure at poetry events in town, sitting in his wheelchair, a strap around his forehead to hold his head up. He had a long, wispy white beard and an easy smile. When he listened to poetry, he would fix his eyes on the reader, as though he were trying to pierce the poet's soul.

[end of article]

According to a friend I spoke with this morning, Cuddihy had recently had a tracheotomy, which was to help him breathe without regular mechanical assistance for the first time in years. He had contracted pneumonia, but was apparently recovering well. Then he simply felt a "heaviness" come over him, and was gone.

His tower-of-strength wife, Mary Cuddihy, who courageously assisted Michael for the last several decades, is also a great friend to poets locally.

Members of the Poetics List might know Cuddihy and Ironwood best for its special issues, from the late 1960's through the mid-1980's, on George Oppen, Robert Duncan, Beverly Dahlen, and Language poetry. His editorial vision included poets as wide-ranging as those, as well as Czeslaw Milosz, Linda Gregg, and Tess Gallagher. He had the widest, most open mind to variety in poetry of anyone I've ever known, yet in his case, that openness implied no lack of vision and high standards. He just had room for it all. Personally, he was the most generous of poetic presences here in Tucson, and at gatherings at his house one would become embroiled in fiercely debated poetry discussions at one point, and listen to Irish jigs (and perhaps dance to them) at the next. To see him out, whether at a poetry reading, or when his assistant would take him for a neighborhood walk, always lifted my spirits.

Goodbye, Michael, we will miss you.

Charles Alexander

## José Ángel Valente

1929–2000

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Spanish poet, essayist and translator of the Generation of '50, known for a mystical poetics of silence;* Fragmentos de un libro futuro *(2000). Died in Geneva.*

**591. — Jonathan Mayhew** *19 Jul 2000* ↑ **Register**

*Valente dies*

Spanish poet Jose Angel Valente has died in Geneva. Born in Ourense in 1929, he is the author of many books of poetry and prose over the past 50 years or so. A kind of mystical poet in the tradition of San Juan de la Cruz. Also a translator of Celan and Kavafy and collaborator with Catalan painter Antoni Tapies. He wrote mainly in Catilian, but also has some poems in his native Galician.

Jonathan Mayhew

## Philadelpho Menezes

1960–2000

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*Brazilian experimental poet, essayist and curator, leading researcher of sound and visual (intersign) poetry;* InterPoesia *(1998). Dead in a car accident.*

**592. — David-Baptiste Chirot** *25 Jul 2000* ↑ **Register**

*For Philadelpho Menezes*

Some very sad and tragic news:

Philadelpho Menezes died in a car accident Sunday, 23 July 2000.

He was only 40 and working on the organizing of an upcoming conference of the Sound Poetry to be held in Sao Paulo, his native city. He had just issued a new CD, INTERPOESIA, produced with Wilton Azeredo.

Philadelpho Menezes produced many works and CDs of Sound Poetry and Visual Poetry, organized many conferences in both areas and wrote extensively on them, critically and theoretically.

He was also Professor in the post-graduate program in Semiotics and Communication of the Pontifical Catholic University of Sao Paulo.

His major work, POETICS AND VISUALITY A Trajectory of Contemporary Brazilian Poetry
is in English translation by Harry Polkinhorn, San Diego State University Press, 1995..

Excerpts from this work are at Light and Dust Mobile Anthology of Poetry

http://www.thing.net/~grist/homekarl.htm

Also theoretical work of Philadelpho Menezes in English translation is included in:

CORROSIVE SIGNS Edited by Cesar Espinosa, trnaslated by Harry Polkinhorn. (Washington D. C.: Maissonneuve Press, 1990).

Philadelpho Menezes was a very generous and energetic participant, organizer and distributor of ideas and works and performances of Sound and Visual Poetry. His work and spirit and life are an example of the openness and internationalism in the practise, thinking, history and generosity possible in the open fields of Visual Poetry and Sound Poetry, of the Intersign.

In honor of Philadelpho, may fellow workers keep alive his example and memory and works.

He who walks in hiddennes

has light to guide him

in all his acts.

--Chuang Tzu

in this spirit, we have the light of Philadelpho Menezes for guide

--dave baptiste chirot

**593. — mIEKAL aND** *25 Jul 2000* ↑ **Register**
*sad news : fwd from c padin*

Friends, again the misfortune puts a black rose in the experimental Latin American poetry. Franklin Valverde, poet from Sao Paulo, warns me for telephone that our dear friend, the poet Brazilian Philadelpho Menezes, goes out in an accident of automobile the day Sunday 23 of July. He had only 40 years old...

In his last communication informed me of the event that was preparing in his native city, Sao Paulo, on sound poetry. Also he sent me his last CD Rom INTERPOESIA that he had produced next to Wilton Azeredo. His sad destiny didn't want that he makes his projects and leave us in an impassable void of surprise and pain...

from

POETICS AND VISUALITY:
A Trajectory of Contemporary Brazilian Poetry

*"by Philadelpho Menezes edited and translated by Harry Polkinhorn http://www.thing.net/~grist/l&d/menezes/le-menez.htm a couple visual poems: http://www.pucsp.br/~cos-puc/epe/mostra/phila.htm Interactive poems: intersign perspective for experimental poetry"*

## Heberto Padilla

1932–2000

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Cuban poet whose 1971 imprisonment, the Padilla affair, turned Western intellectuals against Castro's government;* Fuera del juego *(1968). Died in Alabama.*

**594. — Aldon L Nielsen** *27 Sep 2000* ↑ **Register**

*Heberto Padilla*

Cuban poet Heberto Padilla died in Alabama Monday, age 68

"Some dangerous poem is always stalking you."
—Heberto Padilla

"Has All—a Codicil?" — Emily Dickinson

Aldon Lynn Nielsen Fletcher Jones Chair of Literature and Writing Department of English Loyola Marymount University 7900 Loyola Blvd. Los Angeles, CA 90045-8215

## Gwendolyn Brooks

1917–2000

*5 messages · 5 hands*

*American poet, first African American to win a Pulitzer Prize (1950), chronicler of Black Chicago life;* Annie Allen *(1949). Died at her home in Chicago.*

**595. — charles alexander** *30 Nov 2000* ↑ **Register**

*Gwendolyn Brooks*

I just heard that Gwendolyn Brooks has died, at age 83, of cancer.

A tremendous poet and person. Pulitzer Prize winner, author of many books.

I had the honor of meeting her twice, once for what was probably the best Tucson Poetry Festival ever, in 1987, featuring Gwendolyn Brooks, bpNichol, and Mei-mei Berssenbrugge, among others. As festival director, I was able to meet her at the train station (she only traveled by train and auto) and spend quite a bit of time with her. Later, in Minneapolis, I worked with an organization that co-sponsored her appearance at Minneapolis Public Library, where the auditorium held 600 people, but probably 1000 or more were in attendance, hearing Brooks's reading in the lobby and hallways of the building.

Her presence and history are compelling, yet it is her language I treasure most. I took some lines from her poem, "The Second Sermon on the Warpland," as the epigraph to a long poem in my book, Hopeful Buildings. I'd like to repeat those lines here.

> Salve salvage in the spin.
> Endorse the splendor splashes;
> stylize the flawed utility;

prop a malign or failing light —
but know the whirwind is our commonwealth.

Gwendolyn Brooks,
from "The Second Sermon on the Warpland"

**596. — Ron Silliman** *4 Dec 2000* **↑ Register**
*Gwendowlyn Brooks*

December 4, 2000

Gwendolyn Brooks, Whose Poetry Told of Being Black in America, Dies at 83

*"By MEL WATKINS*

*New York Times*

*Gwendolyn Brooks, who illuminated the black experience in America in poems that spanned most of the 20th century, winning the Pulitzer Prize in 1950, died yesterday at her home in Chicago. She was 83. "I wrote about what I saw and heard in the street," Ms. Brooks once said. "I lived in a small second-floor apartment at the corner, and I could look first on one side and then the other. There was my material."*

*In Ms. Brooks's early poetry, Chicago's vast black South Side is called Bronzeville. It was "A Street in Bronzeville," her first poetry anthology, that attracted the attention of the literary establishment in 1945.*

*The Bronzeville poems were recommended to the editors of Harper & Row by Richard Wright, who admired her ability to capture "the pathos of petty destinies, the whimper of the wounded, the tiny incidents that plague the lives of the desperately poor, and the problems of common prejudice."*

*But it was more than Ms. Brooks's ability to write about struggling black people, particularly black women. There was also her mastery of the language of poetry. "Miss Brooks has a command over both the colloquial and the more austere rhythms," the critic Rolfe Humphries wrote in The New York Times Book Review about the poems in "A Street in Bronzeville." Calling her "a real poet," Mr. Humphries said of her technique, "There is a range of form: quatrains, free verse, ballads, sonnets - all appropriately controlled."*

*Ms. Brooks said that her reputation was bolstered by a review of "Bronzeville" in The Chicago Tribune by Paul Engle, a poet and founder of the Iowa Writers School. Mr. Engle maintained that her poems were no more "Negro poetry" than Robert Frost's poetry was "white poetry."*

*Among the poems in "Bronzeville' was "the old-marrieds," a portrait of an aging couple:*

*But in the crowding darkness not a word did they say.*

*Though the pretty-coated birds had piped so lightly all the day.*

*And he had seen the lovers in the little side-streets.*

*And she had heard the morning stories clogged with sweets.*

*It was quite a time for loving. It was midnight. It was*

*May.*

*But in the crowded darkness not a word did they say.*

*In "A Street in Bronzeville" Ms. Brooks created such indelible figures as the old, alienated Matthew Cole, who could only smile at such memories as "say, thoughts of a little boy licorice-full/Without a nickel for Sunday School," and Satin Legs Smith, awakening on a Sunday:*

*He sheds, with his pajamas, shabby days.*

*And his desertedness, his intricate fear, the*

*Postponed resentments and the prim precautions.*

*In 1946 and 1947, Ms. Brooks was awarded a grant from the American Academy of Arts and Letters and received fellowships from the Guggenheim Foundation. In 1949, she published her second volume of verse, "Annie Allen," a portrait of a Bronzeville girl as a daughter, a wife and a mother, experiencing loneliness, loss, death and poverty. The critics praised her use of an experimental form she called the sonnet- ballad. "Full of insight and wisdom and pity, technically dazzling," Phyllis McGinley wrote in The Times Book Review. "Annie Allen" won Poetry magazine's Eunice Tietjens Memorial Prize in 1949 and the following year, it was awarded the Pulitzer Prize; Ms. Brooks became the first black writer to receive the prize since it was established in 1917. She acknowledged that it transformed her life. "That's why I am as well known as I am today," she said in a 1987 interview. "Sometimes," she added with a smile, "I feel that my name is Gwendolyn Pulitzer Brooks."*

*Ms. Brooks wrote a novel, "Maud Martha," which received scant consideration when it was published in 1953. "Maud Martha" traced the life of a Bronzeville woman from childhood to maturity and motherhood through a series of 34 vignettes.*

*The reader meets Maud as a lonely, overweight girl of 7, follows her through a dreamy adolescence and finally sees her as a young newlywed living "in a sad gray building in a cold white world," married to a man numbed by his struggle with white society.*

*But Ms. Brooks's novel was overshadowed by her achievements as a poet and invidiously compared with Richard Wright's "Native Son" and Ralph Ellison's "Invisible Man," epic novels with clear-cut socio-political themes. In recent years, however, "Maud Martha" has had a rebirth, and it is now regarded in some critical circles as an important forerunner of prominent themes in the works of today's female writers. "Bronzeville Boys and Girls," a collection of children's poetry, appeared in 1956, followed by two poetry collections, "The Bean Eaters" (1960) and "Selected Poems" (1963). Critics noticed that Ms. Brooks's vision was expanding from considerations of the everyday experiences of Bronzeville to a wider world that included the murder of Emmett Till in Mississippi in 1955 and the racial tensions in Little Rock in 1957.*

*They also noticed - and most applauded - a sharper colloquial style that was emerging in poems like "We Real Cool" from "The Bean Eaters":*

*We real cool. We*

*Left school. We*

*Lurk Late. We*

*Strike straight. We*

*Sing sin. We*

*Thin gin. We*

*Jazz June. We*

*Die soon.*

*By the early 1960's, Ms. Brooks had reached a high point in her writing career. She was regarded as a grande dame of America's black writers and an honored member of the literary elite, a sought-after teacher, a poet who was valued for her sensitive portraits of black women, her precise use of language and the universality of her work. But by the end of the decade she had transformed herself and her poetry - a reflection of the new political dynamics that were sweeping across all the Bronzevilles of America.*

*Gwendolyn Elizabeth Brooks was born in Topeka, Kan., on June 7, 1917, but grew up on the South Side of Chicago, where she remained till she died. Her parents, David Anderson Brooks and the former Keziah Corinne Wims, encouraged her and her younger brother, Raymond, to read and take an interest in culture from an early age.*

*Gwendolyn began writing poetry before she was a teenager, filling composition books with "careful rhymes" and "lofty meditations." Her mother was an enthusiastic supporter, often telling her, "You are going to be the lady Paul Laurence Dunbar." Ms. Brooks published her first poem, "Eventide," in American Childhood when she was 13.*

*Prompted by her mother, the teenager sent her poems to Langston Hughes and James Weldon Johnson. Mr. Hughes, who would become her friend and longtime supporter, wrote back: "You have talent. Keep writing! You'll have a book published one day." Mr. Johnson also responded with encouragement, urging her to read such modern poets as Wallace Stevens, e.e. cummings and T. S. Eliot. By the age of 16, Ms. Brooks had become a regular contributor to the "Lights and Shadows" column of The Chicago Defender, where many of her earliest poems appeared.*

*Three years after her graduation from the newly opened Woodrow Wilson Junior College in Chicago in 1936, Ms. Brooks married Henry L. Blakely, a young writer who later published a volume of his own poetry. They lived in Chicago for the next 30 years, divorced in 1969 but reunited in 1973. Her survivors include a daughter, Nora Brooks Blakely, and a son, Henry Blakely.*

*Ms. Brooks's poetry shifted noticeably in form and concern after she attended a conference of black writers at Fisk University in the spring of 1967. While there she listened to readings by Amiri Baraka, Ron Milner and other young firebrand poets. "I felt that something new was happening," she later said.*

*Those young black writers "seemed so proud and committed to their own people," she added. "The poets among them felt that black poets should write as blacks, about blacks, and address themselves to blacks."*

*She later wrote: "If it hadn't been for these young people, these young writers who influenced me, I wouldn't know what I know about this society. By associating with them I know who I am."*

*Returning to Chicago, she began a poetry workshop in her home that included members of a Chicago street gang called the Blackstone Rangers and younger poets like Sonia Sanchez, Don L. Lee and Nikki Giovanni. Much of the talk was devoted to ways of merging the concept of black art with the political concept of black power.*

*These currents were evident in Ms. Brooks's next volume of poetry, "In the Mecca" (Harper 1968). The 30-page title poem described a mother's frantic search for her missing daughter in a sprawling, decrepit building called the Mecca, which once was one of Chicago's fanciest apartment houses.*

*In a volume that was described by one critic as "her declaration of independence" from the integrationist pursuit that had previously shaped her work, Ms. Brooks wrote about the desperate and tragic lives of the inhabitants of the Mecca. She wrote from experience. Ms. Brooks worked at the real Mecca as a typist for a "spiritual adviser" when she was young and got to know the people in the building.*

*The collection also offered poems about Malcolm X and the Blackstone Rangers:*

*Black, raw, ready.*

*Sores in the city*

*That do not want to heal.*

*Ms. Brooks used clipped lines, abstract word patterns and random rhymes to capture her new radical tone and her more direct expression of social concern. "In the Mecca" was nominated for a National Book Award.*

*Asked if the change in work signaled her emergence as a "protest poet," Ms. Brooks said, "No matter what the theme is, I still want the poem to be a poem, not just a piece of propaganda." Ms. Brooks reflected the change in her 1988 poem "Winnie":*

*I am tired of little tight-fisted poems sitting down to shape perfect unimportant pieces.*

*Poems that cough lightly - catch a sneeze.*

*This is the time for Big Poems roaring up out of the sleaze, poems from ice, from vomit, and from tainted blood.*

*After the publication of "In the Mecca" Ms. Brooks left her longtime mainstream publisher, Harper & Row. "Rio" (1969), her next volume of poetry, was published by Broadside Press, a small, Detroit-based black company. The change, she said, reflected her desire to support struggling black publishers and the young poets they published as well as her intention to address her work to black readers.*

*With the new direction of her work and the lack of a major mainstream publisher, however, many of her subsequent books were brushed aside by reviewers for mainstream publications. From the 1970's to the 1990's, she published more than a dozen volumes of poetry and nearly a dozen nonfiction titles, which included two autobiographical works - "Report From Part One" (1972) and "Report From Part Two" (1995).*

*Despite the lack of media attention, Ms. Brooks maintained her reputation as one of America's most respected literary figures. In 1968, she succeeded Carl Sandburg as poet laureate of Illinois. In 1976, she became the first black woman to be elected to the 250-member National Institute of Arts and Letters. She received a lifetime achievement award from the National Endowment for the Arts in 1989 and another from the National Book Foundation in 1994. She was the recipient of more than 50 honorary degrees.*

*The Gwendolyn Brooks Chair in Black Literature and Creative Writing was established at Chicago State University in 1990, and there is a Gwendolyn Brooks Center for African-American Literature at Western Illinois University and a Gwendolyn Brooks Junior High School just south of Chicago in Harvey, Ill. She was selected by the National Endowment of the Humanities as its Jefferson Lecturer in 1994 - "the absolute award crown of my career," she said. And in 1995 she received the National Medal of Arts award.*

*Despite such praise, Ms. Brooks preferred to stay outside what she called "the hollow land of fame" and quietly live and work on the South Side. "All my life is not writing," Ms. Brooks once told an interviewer. "My greatest interest is being involved with young people." To that end, she devoted much time to giving readings at schools, prisons and hospitals and attending annual poetry contests for school-age youngsters, which she sponsored, judged, and often paid for out of her own pocket.*

*During her later years, Ms. Brooks tempered her assessment of the young poets of the 60's who had criticized her subjectivity and attention to form. "Many of the poets felt it was a mark of their quality, of their black and Hispanic quality, if they didn't put a lot of emphasis on technique," she said. Although she still sought to write poetry that was "direct" and appealed to "all manner of blacks," she insisted on maintaining her own standards. "I don't want to imitate these young people," she said. "I have got to find a way of writing that will accomplish my purpose but still sound Gwendolynian."*

**597. — Maxine Chernoff** *4 Dec 2000* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Gwendolyn Brooks*

Being in Chicago with her for many years, Paul and I came to know her. She was an honest and generous person and always gave her time and money to encourage young writers. We'll miss her.

**598. — Steve Dickison** *7 Dec 2000* ↑ **Register**
*Gwendolyn Brooks obit by Horace Coleman*

FYI, here's Horace Coleman's obit for Gwendolyn Brooks, from The Black World Today website.

http://www.tbwt.com/views/specialrpt/special%20report-1_12-06-00.asp

Horace Coleman, btw, is author of IN THE GRASS (Vietnam Generation/Burning Cities Press). He lives in Los Angeles, and he'll be reading at The Poetry Center on March 15, 2001, along with Ben Friedlander— who cites the following lines from H.C.'s IN THE GRASS in his own new book, A KNOT IS NOT A TANGLE (Krupskaya Books):

. . . sturdy existential shipping carton packed with slippery political nothing . . .

> Bring all the art and
> science of the world, and
> baffle and humble it with
> one spear of grass.
>
> ~Walt Whitman's notebook

**599. — Aldon L Nielsen** *20 Dec 2000* ↑ **Register**
*Fwd: INFO: gwen brooks memorial(s)*

*"Dear Friends, Just wanted to let you know that the Gwendolyn Brooks Center for Black Literature and Creative Writing will have a memorial service honoring the life and works of Gwendolyn Brooks on Friday, January 19, 2001, at Chicago State University 9501 S. King Drive Chicago, Illinois Robinson University Center, Rms A&B 6:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m. There is a permanent memorial for Gwendolyn Brooks Blakely on Legacy.com. Memories, notes, or poems may be sent to : www.legacy.com*

*Juliette Bethea Washington, DC"*

" Subjects
hinder talk."
— Emily Dickinson

Aldon Lynn Nielsen Fletcher Jones Chair of Literature and Writing Loyola Marymount University 7900 Loyola Blvd. Los Angeles, CA 90045-8215

## 2001

## Daniel Krakauer

d. 2001

*1 message · 1 hand*

> *American poet in New York published by United Artists Books in the downtown small-press scene;* Poems for the Whole Family *(1994).*

**600. — EdVenture** *6 Jan 2001* ↑ **Register**

*Some Sad News*

Poet Daniel Krakauer died yesterday (Jan. 5) after protracted struggles with a number ailments. There will be a funeral for him this Sunday (Jan. 7) at the Gramercy Funeral Home on Second Ave. between Ninth and Tenth Streets in Manhattan.

From Daniel Krakauer's poem "As Told by An Old Buddhist Monk"

In my youth, in the monastery Of Rishnapoor the student monks were asked One day 'what is your life' and after Much chewing of fingernails one of their number Wrote down "your life is that interesting movie It takes you a whole lifetime to watch" The master took one look and said to him I want to see you when class is over ...

## Gregory Corso

1930–2001

*13 messages · 12 hands*

> *American Beat Generation poet alongside Ginsberg and Kerouac, youngest of the movement's inner circle, known for surreal comic poems like Marriage and Bomb and the collection* Gasoline*. Died of prostate cancer, in Minnesota; ashes buried near Shelley in Rome.*

**601. — Maria Damon** *18 Jan 2001* ↑ **Register**

*Gregory Corso (1930-2001)*

i just learned that gregory corso, who has been living here in minneapolis with his daughter since september, has died.  peace, brother-spirit to villon and mad fan of shelley.

"My hands did numb to beauty as they reached into Death and tightened..." (I Held A Shelley Manuscript)

"And I screamed in my dream: God! Throw thy merciful pitch! Herald the crack of bats! Hooray the sharp liner to the left! Yea the double, the triple! Hosannah the home run!" (Dream of a Baseball Star)

> **602. — Pierre Joris** *18 Jan 2001* ↑ **Register**
>
> *(no subject)*
>
> January 18, 2001 Beat Poet Gregory Corso Dies at 70

*"By THE ASSOCIATED PRESS Filed at 6:41 p.m. ET MINNEAPOLIS (AP) — Poet Gregory Corso, one of the circle of Beat poets that included Allen Ginsberg and Jack Kerouac, has died. He was 70. Corso, who had prostate cancer, died Wednesday, his daughter, Sheri Langerman, said Thursday. He had been living with her since September, she said. Born in New York's Greenwich Village, Corso was the author or co-author of more than 20 collections of poetry and other works. Ginsberg discovered Corso in the 1950s. Corso's first poems were published in 1955. One of his best-known works was the 1958 poem ``Bomb,'' an ode to atomic weapons in the shape of a mushroom cloud. ``Know that the earth will madonna the Bomb/ that in the hearts of men to come more bombs will be born/ magisterial bombs wrapped in ermine,'' he wrote.*

*Among his collections of poems are ``Gasoline,'' ``Elegiac Feelings American'' and ``Mindfield.'' He remained active up until his death, recording a CD with Marianne Faithfull at his daughter's home, Langerman said. Corso was born March 26, 1930, to teen-age parents who separated a year after his birth. His own biographical notes in a compilation called ``The New American Poetry'' give a sample of his style and the early hardship of his life: ``Born by young Italian parents, father 17 mother 16, born in New York City Greenwich Village 190 Bleecker, mother year after me left not-too-bright father and went back to Italy, thus I entered life of orphanage and four foster parents and at 11 father remarried and took me back but all was wrong because two years later I ran away and caught sent away again and sent away to boys home for two years and let out and went back home and ran away again and sent to Bellevue for observation ...'' At age 17, Corso went to prison for three years on a theft charge.*

*After his release in 1950, he worked as a laborer in New York City, a newspaper reporter in Los Angeles, and a sailor on a boat to Africa and South America. It was in New York City that he first met Ginsberg, who introduced him to contemporary, experimental work. Maria Damon, an English professor at the University of Minnesota who has taught Beat literature, spent a week studying under Corso at the Naropa Institute in Boulder, Colo., in 1977. While Corso was lesser known than Ginsberg and Kerouac, he deserves no less recognition, she said. ``I would say that he was very gifted, also undisciplined, which is part of the beauty of Beat writing,'' she said. ``He was very well-read but not from formal schooling.*

*He put things together in a highly romanticized way.'' Michael Skau, author of a 1999 book on Corso, said Corso was a media favorite when the Beat movement exploded in the 1950s because he was ``the prototype of a bad boy.'' ``He was very disruptive whether it was a social setting or a literary setting, very antagonistic even toward his closest friends,'' Skau said. ``Ginsberg tolerated behavior from Corso that made Ginsberg look like a saint.'' Corso was married three times. Survivors include five children, seven grandchildren and one great-grandchild, Langerman said. Funeral arrangements were not final, but a service was planned in Greenwich Village, with burial in Rome, Langerman said."*

**603. — Charles Bernstein** *19 Jan 2001* ↑ **Register**
*Creeley on Corso*

Gregory Corso died last night (January 17), happily in his sleep in Minnesota. He had been ill for much of the past year but had recovered from time to time, saying that he'd got to the classic river but lacked the coin for Charon to carry him over. So he just dipped his toes in the water.

In this time his daughter Sherry, a nurse, had been a godsend to him, securing him, steadying the ambiance, just minding the store with great love and clarity. He thought she should get Nurse of the Year recognition at the very least.

There's no simple generalization to make of Gregory's life or poetry. There are all too many ways to displace the extraordinary presence and authority he was fact of. Last time we talked, he made the useful point that only a poet could say he or she was a poet — only they knew. Whereas a philosopher, for instance, needed some other to say that that was what he or she was — un(e) philosophe! — poets themselves had to recognize and initiate their own condition.

There are several quick websites that help recall him now. One gives a brief biography and discussion of a few of his poems:

http://www.english.uiuc.edu/maps/poets/a_f/corso/corso.htm

Another, more usefully affectionate, is taken from Ed Sanders' The Woodstock Journal. It was Lawrence Ferlinghetti who had suggested last summer that a spate of respects might help cheer Gregory in his illness — and that they were certainly well merited:

http://www.woodstockjournal.com/corso.html

A third, which includes some previously noted, is The Museum of American Poetics. There's a 'streamable' video available there of Gregory reading at Naropa , if you can get the sound clearly:

http://www.poetspath.com/corso.html

Lots of us propose to be poets but who finally stakes all, or just takes all, as being that way? In my life time only Robert Duncan could be his equal in this way. It was honor indeed to have had his company.

RC, Buffalo, January 18, 2001

***

The Whole Mess ... Almost

I ran up six flights of stairs to my small furnished room opened the window and began throwing out those things most important in life

First to go, Truth, squealing like a fink:
"Don't! I'll tell awful things about you!"
"Oh yeah? Well, I've nothing to hide ... OUT!"
Then went God, glowering & whimpering in amazement:
"It's not my fault! I'm not the cause of it all!" "OUT!"
Then Love, cooing bribes: "You'll never know impotency!
All the girls on Vogue covers, all yours!"
I pushed her fat ass out and screamed:
"You always end up a bummer!"
I picked up Faith Hope Charity
all three clinging together:
"Without us you'll surely die!"
"With you I'm going nuts! Goodbye!"

Then Beauty ... ah, Beauty --
As I led her to the window
I told her: "You I loved best in life
... but you're a killer; Beauty kills!"
Not really meaning to drop her
I immediately ran downstairs
getting there just in time to catch her
"You saved me!" she cried
I put her down and told her: "Move on."

Went back up those six flights
went to the money
there was no money to throw out.
The only thing left in the room was Death
hiding beneath the kitchen sink:
"I'm not real!" It cried
"I'm just a rumor spread by life ..."
Laughing I threw it out, kitchen sink and all
and suddenly realized Humor
was all that was left --
All I could do with Humor was to say:
"Out the window with the window!"

**604. — Kevin Hehir** *19 Jan 2001* ↑ **Register**
*NYTimes.com Article: Gregory Corso, a Candid-Voiced Beat Poet, Dies at 70 (fwd)*

i always thought this guy was more of a hood than a poet. someone once told me of a recent reading in new york where he stopped and asked the audience "where is my check?" \----------/

Gregory Corso, a Candid-Voiced Beat Poet, Dies at 70
http://www.nytimes.com/2001/01/19/national/19CORS.html

January 19, 2001

*"By WILLIAM H. HONAN Gregory Corso, a poet and leading member of the Beat literary movement that shook American social and political life in the late 1950's and 60's, died on Wednesday in Robbinsdale, Minn., where he lived with his daughter Sheri Langerman. He was 70. The cause was prostate cancer, Ms. Langerman said. To the literary world, Mr. Corso was considered less political than Allen Ginsberg, less charismatic than Jack Kerouac, but more shocking, at times, than either of them. In his book, "The Beat Generation" (Scribner, 1971), Bruce Cook calls Mr. Corso "the most avid nose-thumber of them all," a man regarded as a nemesis by those who detested his "hip, easy, wiseguy manner and direct artless diction."*

*A put-on specialist at poetry readings, Mr. Corso would delight his fans and inflame his critics by muttering into a microphone disconnected thoughts like "fried shoes," "all life is a Rotary Club" and "I write for the eye of God." But he could also be a serious social critic, re-examining an institution like marriage, said Ann Douglas, a professor of American studies at Columbia University. The lines of his poem "Marriage," for example, are wry and optimistic. The poet begins by asking playfully, "Should I get married? Should I be good?" and concludes constructively: "Ah, yet well I know that were a woman possible as I am possible then marriage would be possible."*

*Mr. Corso's early work helped pave the way for the feminists of a later generation, Professor Douglas said. "Women looked at Corso and the other Beats," she said, "and asked, `If these men can free themselves from constricted gender roles getting married, working for a corporation and so on why can't we?' " Mr. Corso's finest poem, most critics agree, is "Elegiac Feelings American," which is an elegy for his friend Kerouac and for dead notions of America and a new hope: O and yet when it's asked of you `What happened to him?' I say, "What happened to America has happened to him the two were inseparable" Like the wind to the sky is the voice to the word. . . .*

*Like other Beat poets, Mr. Corso's work was less elegantly stylized than that of his predecessors, and closer to ordinary feelings. It was personal and candid in the expression of intimate feelings sexual desire, despair and things that would not have surfaced in an earlier time. While Ginsberg and Kerouac came from upper-middle-class backgrounds and got to know each other through Columbia University, Mr. Corso's upbringing was troubled. Gregory Nunzio Corso was born on March 26, 1930, in New York, the son of teenage parents who parted when he was a year old. He bounced in and out of foster homes and jails and never made it to high school.*

*At 12 he was caught selling stolen merchandise and sent to prison for several months while awaiting trial. His fellow inmates were "terribly abusive," he wrote years later in an autobiographical sketch. When acquitted, he spent three months under observation in Bellevue Hospital. When Mr. Corso was 16 he returned to jail to serve a three-year sentence for theft. It was then that he read the classics Dostoevsky, Stendhal, Shelley and Christopher Marlowe among others but also became, as he expressed it, "educated in the ways of men at their worst and at their best." He once told an interviewer for Contemporary Authors: "Sometimes hell is a good place if it proves to one that because it exists, so must its opposite, heaven, exist.*

*And what was heaven? Poetry." Mr. Corso was released from prison in 1950. Soon after, at a bar in Greenwich Village, he encountered Ginsberg. Mr. Corso was then writing fairly conventional verse, and it was Ginsberg who introduced him to long Whitmanesque lines and surreal word combinations. At this time in his life, Mr. Corso was traveling the country, working as a laborer, as a reporter for The Los Angeles Examiner and as a merchant seaman. In 1954 he settled briefly in Cambridge, Mass., where he virtually took up residence at the Harvard University library, poring over the great works of poetry.*

*His first published poems appeared in the Harvard Advocate, and his play, "In This Hung-Up Age," a macabre drama about how a group of tourists are trampled to death by a herd of buffalo, was performed the next year by Harvard students. His later poetry exhibited an eclectic vocabulary. Referring to his study of the dictionary, Mr. Corso told the critic Michael Andre that he "got that whole book in me, all the obsolete and archaic words. And through that I knew that I was in love with language and vocabulary, because the words and the way they looked to me, the way they sounded, and what they meant, how they were defined and all that, I tried to revive them, and I did."*

*Mr. Corso moved to San Francisco in 1956, too late to attend Ginsberg's famous reading of "Howl" but in time to be recognized as a major Beat poets. In an introduction to Mr. Corso's early collection "Gasoline" (City Lights, 1958), Ginsberg called him "a great word-swinger, first naked sign of a poet, a scientific master of mad mouthfuls of language." Later, with Ginsberg, the two poets wrote a manifesto, "The Literary Revolution in America," in which they announced their convention- bashing "discontent, their demands, their hope, their final wondrous unimaginable dream." While Mr. Corso was never as politically involved as some of the other Beats, in 1965 he was dismissed from a teaching position at the*

*State University of New York at Buffalo because he refused to sign an affidavit certifying that he was not a member of the Communist Party.*

*In recent years, Mr. Corso continued to write, teach and lecture. He published 13 books of poetry, two books of plays and several collaborations. Mr. Corso's first marriage, to Sally November, ended in divorce. In addition to Ms. Langerman of Minneapolis, he is survived by his second wife, Belle Carpenter of Santa Fe, N.M.; two other daughters, Miranda Schubert of Manhattan and Cybelle Carpenter of Minneapolis; two sons, Max Corso of Guam and Nile Corso of Hamden, Conn.; his mother, Margaret Davita of Trenton; a brother, Joe Corso of Long Island; seven grandchildren; and a great-grandchild. Mr. Corso often played the wayward child among his friends.*

*The novelist Herbert Gold recalled sitting with him and other Beat writers in a Paris cafe when Mr. Corso impulsively snatched the check, exclaiming, "I never paid a check before!" Ginsberg, Mr. Gold said, "took the check from him and gave it to me with a reproachful glance at Gregory. It was assumed that Gregory would never be able to pay a check." The New York Times on the Web http://www.nytimes.com /----------\ Visit NYTimes.com for complete access to the most authoritative news coverage on the Web, updated throughout the day. Become a member today! It's free! http://www.nytimes.com?eta \----------/ HOW TO ADVERTISE For information on advertising in e-mail newsletters or other creative advertising opportunities with The New York Times on the Web, please contact Alyson Racer at or visit our online media kit at http://www.nytimes.com/adinfo For general information about NYTimes.com, write to Copyright 2001 The New York Times Company"*

**605. — Aldon L Nielsen** *19 Jan 2001* ↑ **Register**
*Gregory Corso Has Gone to the Movies!*

How Not to Die

Around people
if I feel I'm gonna die
I excuse myself
telling them "I gotta go!"
"Go where?" they wanna know
I don't answer
I just get outa there
away from them
because somehow
they sense something wrong
and never know what to do
it scares them such suddenness
How awful
to just sit there
and they asking:
"Are you okay?"
"Can we get you something?"
"Want to lie down?"
Ye gods! people!
who wants to die amongst people?!
Especially when they can't do shit
To the movies--to the movies
that's where I hurry to
when I feel I'm going to die
So far it's worked

--Gregory Corso, SELECTED POEMS

" Subjects
hinder talk."
-- Emily Dickinson

Aldon Lynn Nielsen
Fletcher Jones Chair of Literature and Writing
Loyola Marymount University

7900 Loyola Blvd.
Los Angeles, CA 90045-8215

**606. — Loss Glazier** *19 Jan 2001* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Gregory Corso*

An update: Robert Creeley's page for Gregory Corso can be found as the featured link of the EPC (http://epc.buffalo.edu/).

**607. — Chris Stroffolino** *19 Jan 2001* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Creeley on Corso*

Gregory Corso, fellow Italian, fellow orphan---fellow piano player (the description in Desolation Angels....) I never met him but in writing.... "Power" is at least as good a poem as "Howl" I'm very glad to see Robert Creeley place Gregory in the company of Duncan for that is a compliment—I only wish I could've told GC that he was very appreciated....

**608. — komninos zervos** *20 Jan 2001* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Gregory Corso*

diddle dee dum and didley dee dee bam bam a lamm lam lidldey lee bye bye and thankyou, gregory

it happened to him, it'll happen to me
at present even more so
now corso is a torso

**609. — Joseph Massey** *22 Jan 2001* ↑ **Register**
*Re: NYTimes.com Article: Gregory Corso, a Candid-Voiced Beat Poet, Dies at 70...*

Have you bothered to read his work?

**610. — Kevin Hehir** *24 Jan 2001* ↑ **Register**

yes, lots of it, but i agree that i was out of line.
kevin
On Mon, 22 Jan 2001, Joseph Massey wrote:

> *"In a message dated 1/22/2001 3:27:20 PM Central Standard Time, writes: Have you bothered to read his work?"*

**611. — Steve Dickison** *25 Jan 2001* ↑ **Register**
*Gregory Corso obits (LA Times, NY Times)*

Forwarding these, a bit tardy..... Gregory Corso's one reading for the Poetry Center was early on— both in terms of his public appearances as a poet (his poems were first published the previous year) and the Poetry Center's existence— on October 21, 1956.

[LA Times] Friday, January 19, 2001

Gregory Corso; Poet Influenced Fellow Writers in Beat Generation

By ELAINE WOO, Times Staff Writer

Gregory Corso, a streetwise poet who was a central member of the Beat movement along with Allen Ginsberg and Jack Kerouac, died Wednesday in a hospital in suburban Minneapolis.

He was 70 and had been suffering from prostate cancer.

Corso, who had a disastrous childhood and discovered literature while incarcerated, saw poetry as an ethical act that could change society. The Beat movement that embraced him presaged the social and political unrest of the 1960s.

"Sometimes Allen Ginsberg used to say that he was a fraud and that Gregory was the true great poet of the Beat generation," said poet Lewis MacAdams. "He was the real Beat, a street-singing genius. He lived the life and died the death of a poet who had given his entire life to that arcane and magnificent art."

Corso wrote or contributed to more than 20 books of poetry, the most notable of which include "Bomb," "Elegiac Feelings American" and "Gasoline."

He moved to San Francisco too late to participate in what is often cited as the first major public event in the evolution of the Beat movement—Ginsberg's reading of his seminal poem, "Howl"—but he wrote with Ginsberg one of its manifestos, an article called "The Literary Revolution in America."

Corso was an "orphan street kid adopted by the Beats," said Herbert Gold, novelist and author of "Bohemia: Digging the Roots of Cool," who spent time with Corso, Ginsberg and other Beat poets in Paris in the late 1950s. "Most of the Beats were middle-class college kids, but Corso came out of real poverty. That made him different."

Corso was born in New York City to teenage parents who separated soon after his birth. He lived in orphanages and foster homes until he was 11, when his father took him in. His formal education ended at sixth grade.

At 12 he was in trouble with the law for selling a stolen radio and spent several months behind bars. Abused by other prisoners, he later spent three months under observation at Bellevue Hospital.

At 16 he was incarcerated again, this time with a three-year term for theft. He began to read classics by Dostoevsky, Stendahl, Shelley and Marlowe.

After his release, he went to work as a manual laborer in New York, as a reporter for the old Los Angeles Examiner, and as a merchant seaman on ships bound for Africa and South America.

In 1950, he was working on his first poems when he met Ginsberg in a Greenwich Village bar, and Ginsberg encouraged his writing. Corso soon met Kerouac and seduced his girlfriend, which became the plot of Kerouac's novel "The Subterraneans."

Critics found echoes of Corso in Ginsberg's work, but their voices remained distinct. Compared to Ginsberg, Corso was "calm and quick, whimsical often, witty rather than humorous, semantically swift rather than prophetically incantatory," Geoffrey Thurley wrote in a piece collected in "The Beats: Essays in Criticism."

Corso's first poems were published in 1955 in the Harvard Advocate. His first collection, "The Vestal Lady on Brattle and Other Poems," was financed by Harvard and Radcliffe students. Lawrence Ferlinghetti's City Lights Books published his next collection, "Gasoline," in 1958.

In his early books, images of imprisonment and violence were central. His poetry sometimes provoked violent reactions. When he read "Bomb" at Oxford, members of the college poetry society hurled their shoes at him. That poem was a commentary on atomic weapons that appeared on the printed page in the shape of a mushroom cloud. "O Bomb, I love you I want to kiss your clank, eat your boom . . . "

In "The Literary Revolution," he declared himself part of a movement of American poets who believed in the power of their words to evoke change. These poets, he and Ginsberg wrote, "have taken it upon themselves, with angelic clarions in hand, to announce their discontent, their demands, their hope, their final wondrous unimaginable dream."

In "Marriage," widely considered his finest poem, Corso showed a different side of himself, writing with humor and optimism about a nervous groom on the brink of wedlock, teetering between malicious musings: "I'd sit there the Mad Honeymooner/devising ways to break marriages, a scourge of bigamy/a saint of divorce." And more worrisome thoughts: "Because what if I'm 60 years old and not married/all alone in a furnished room . . . and everybody else is married! all the universe married but me!"

Survivors include five children, seven grandchildren and one great-grandchild.
[NY Times] January 19, 2001

**612. — Anastasios Kozaitis** *2 Feb 2001* ↑ **Register**
*David Amram's Tribute to Gregory Corso*

sorry for cross-posting

(with typos and all...)

When you've known someone forty five years, its hard if not impossible to ever feel that they have left you forever. If you believe in an afterlife, or the enduring stregnth of the spirit, there is no forever. There is only a seperation in time till you are rejoined with all your old friends. In the case of Gregory Corso, his spirit was/is so strong that during hisfuneral service at Our Lady of Pompei Church in Greenwich Village, where he was born and baptized, his spirit filled the whole church and overflowed into the streets. These were the New York city streets he always loved and remembered no matter where his journeys led him in his life's travels.

We met in 1956, and with all the times we spent together in the fifties, walking those same streets of downtown New York City, engaged in heated discussions about music, poetry, Baseball, mutual romances, and how we could survive and pursue our mutual seemingly impossible dreams, there was never a moment that we didnt have fun, laugh, shout, yell, and often share some reverent moments of silence , appreciating the magic spirit that seemed even then to be a part of that amazing era. We knew without even saying it that we were part of something special.

The energy filled the air. The new masters of jazz ,painting , poetry, the theater and all related arts were all sharing their gifts with all the rest of us and we had our own reporter to document it in a new novel that told the world about itself, as well as about all of us, In spite of the critical savaging of Jack Kerouac within a year after the publication of his monumental "On the Road", we knew that we had a friend who was opening the door for all of us. And Gregory knew he had a lifelong friend in Jack as well as myself and many ,others who were walking the same path. We were all searching , in our own way, to celebrate the beauty that was all around us thAt was being ignored or destroyed by a loveless society that was screaming out for some soulfulness and joy.

Jack always knew that Gregory had a gift that was given to him at birth. Jack, like Gregory, never tried to merchandize his own deep spirituality. Like Gregory, he lived the life of his own spiritual quest. None of us ever asked people to sign up to become members of a cashcow organization designede to make you more holy. All that came later on in the Sixties, and neither Jack, Gregory or myself had anything to do with it. We all had religeous roots that stayed with us for life.The only time Jack ever addressed any of his own feelings of his connection to a higher power was when he told me in a rare immodest moment after he had completed his extraordinary improvised rap-narration for the film "Pull My Daisy" while I jammed behind him, that he, Jack Kerouac, was touched by the hand of God. Gregory never said this about himself, but a few of us then, and many of us now know that his gift was inexplicable, and that he was born to be a poet. His knowledge of his own natural gifts freed him from any doubts about why he was here, and like so many of the major talents of this rich era, he let life take him to wherever he seemed destined to be at the moment, knowing that as long as he could keep writing, he was doing what he was here to do. We talked many times about how we could live our lives pursuing our dreams and still have some kind of family, scince we also shared a mutual love of kids and wanted to have families of our own some day. "Who would be crazy enough to marry either of us?" he often said to me during the wee hours of our late night/early morning field trips down the wilds of MacDougal Street.

With surprising frequency, "I would" was immediatly uttered at 6a.m. by a young woman who we had just met an hour ago. Gregory in those days was irresistable to many women, but he always had an intuitive bond that he maintained with whoever he was with at the moment. This innate sensitivity made him more empathetic than most of the rest of us.He took the time to care for others. He was not career oriented in any way, and as a result could talk to

anybody about the beauty of the moment, rather than about himself. He knew how to listen, and how to share.

This is why in his final few months, his children,my children and so many old friends came to see him so often. The love that he kept in his heart, often hidden to strangers, was as pure as his poetry.

He was never comfortable with the whole Beat phenominon .He often said to me that the myth-making about of all of us, which none of us wanted or needed, clouded the whole picture. We all felt our work could speak for itself.

He would often poke me with his elbow , when we appeared together in the 80s and 90s, as Kerouac's genius was being rediscovered and we would attend conferences and all kinds of events where we were forced to listen to experts talk about the hidden meaning behind significent events in our lives that never actually occured.

"See that Mezz?" Gregory would whisper in my ear, with enough volume to fill up the whole room(My name , Mezz McGillicuddy was the one Jack Kerouac gave to me in the film "Pull My Daisy" that Gregory and I appeared in back in 1959) .

"It's the beat mythology shot. They'd rather deal with myths than speak with us and find out what was happening and is still happening.I'm still a poet man. So was Jack, It's all in our books. They can find out all they need to know up there on the shelf where our books lie. We'll be judged by our books on the shelf. Jusyt like you with your symphonies. How can people that weren't even there tell us who we are and what we were thinking? Why don't they ask us first and get it right?"

When "Mindfields" was reissued by Thundersmouth Press, I was asked to write a new introduction to accompany the other forwards by Burroughs and Allen. I mentioned the fact that Gregory was such a colorful personality as a performer that people often overlooked his real value as a major poet and one of our true originals.

In the last few years as I criss-cross the Globe, in concerts and seminars, young people in many countries(and finally throughout the USA as well) ask me about Gregory. They inquire about his work, and about his life outside the imagery created by his public personna. They say,as they always say about Jack ,that they feel they know him as a result of reading his books. Young people would give me messages, poems, songs and stories to give to Gregory. I always tried in some way to relay these messages of love when I would see him or talk to him on the phone.

I was also asked for years why Gregory wasn't acknowledged as much as he deserved to be. I always explained that he was only interested in being ther best that he could be, and that the excellence of his work was all that concerned him. In the past few years he is finally being recognized for his contributions by a larger audience then he ever dreamed of. He often told me how uncomfortable he was having to perform at events where he was supposed to portray the Pecks Bad Boy image, or worse yet ,be the Clown Prince of Beat poetry.

"I'm a classicist, Mezz," he used to say, "I'm a lyric poet from the tradition. When are they going to drop this Beat crap and judge me on my merits?"

That time has finally arrived. At last, Gregory is emerging in the peer culture as a unique artist whose work can be judged by its own intrinsic merit. Like Kerouac, he is being percieved as an original artist who, by virtue of his lifetime of achievement, can stand alone. No label is necessary to understand either of them.

In early Fall when his devoted daughter Sheri took him to Minneapolis and I saw him for the last time in New York, I told Sheri and Roger(his dear friend for so many years} that I would try to ask a group of young poets , musicians and appreciators of Gregory's work to get together and make a video to send him in Minneapolis. This way, he and his family could watch his poetry being read with music, the way we did forty five years ago ,by a whole new generation of young artists. In November, I had the good fortune to be chosen as the honorary chairperson the the first New York Underground Music and Poetry Festival in New

York. I asked the organizers, poets Casey Cyr and Ron Whitehead , if we could do this for Gregory while he was still with us. They were nice enough to get the Newyorican Poets cafe to give us a night during the festival where the featured performance would be a reading of Gregory's poetry with music. It went over beautifully, with a lot of joy, and no maudlin or self serving rants. The whole hour was filled with the sunshine of Gregory's spirit, guided by the beauty of his words that we celebrated. The musicians who played with me listened to every second of what was being spoken, and with our old tradition of no rehearsal, it all came out flawlessly because everybody listened to each other.We all respected every line of Gregory's poetry.

I mailed him a copy of the video,and he watched it many times in Minneapolis. When I spoke to him on the phone for the last time, he said"Mezz, I understand how you always confused Keats and Shelly, but I forgive you because the video was great. Tell all those people who read and played...Thanks"

We talked a little more that night. We remenisced about old times, when we had an unexpected grand reunion,running into each other in SanFranciso with Neal and Allen in 1965 in a tiny bar in Haight Ashbury. We recalled the jam session in 1956 at a famous painter's loft when he played drum beats on a series of pots and pans while Jack and I were scat singing till we were all thrown out at 3am. I reminded him about the great picture taken of him during the program we participated in at the National Portrait Gallery in Washington DC in the late 90s ,where he was photographed reading his poetry under an oil painting of George Washington.

And finally we talked about his kids and my kids and how they were all so grown up.

"Old times, Dave.Good times. We'll be together soon again.Goodnight Mezz." Those were the last words I heard from Gregory. At the church, after I accompanied Patti Smith in a beautiful version of an old hymn that we both played together for the first time, I spoke briefly.I began by reading touching statements by Laurence Ferlinghetti and Robert Creeley, both of whom I called a few nights before the funeral. They weren't able to come, so they gave me their messages to read. Then I asked the people in the church to remember Gregory's shining spirit,and to celebrate the joy and laughter he brought to our lives. I mentioned that so many of us came from other places to New York and to Greenwich Village, searching for something we knew was there. When we said hello to Gregory for the first time, he told us all that this was where he was born. Now we were in the same place to say goodbye.

I also thanked the priest for letting all of us share the place where Gregory began his life journey, and where he told his daughter Sheri he wanted to have his farewell.I reminded everyone that Gregory , Jack and I often would quote to other aspiring artists and dreamers the classic maxims -that an artist must burn with a hard and gem like flame(Ruskin)by your works ye shall be known(the Bible ) and that a thing of beauty is a joy forever(we always argued whether Keats took it from Shelly or Shelly took it from Keats) And I told everyone that we had to remember Gregory's family and treasure the gift to the world of his beautiful children his grandchildren and his relatives that are still with us.

The church was full of people who wanted to read a poem, sing a song or tell a story. This will all happen many times in many places for years to come because Gregory's star will shine brightly when all of us are gone. His work will always be here to remind us and future generations that you can follow your heart, and if you remain honest and dedicated to what you dream to set out to do, you can lift peoples spirits and make the world a better place through your work, just as Gregory did.

David Amram January 30th 2001

Amram's 1968 autobiography "Vibrations" has just been re-issued by Thundersmouth Press and he is currently writing a new book"Collaborating with Kerouac" which includes much about Gregory Corso for the same publisher, to be issued in the Spring of 2002. His website www.davidamram.com contains information and links to other websites that contain accurate information about the era .

> He is currenltly composing a new setting of the Mass, "Missa Manhatten" with author Frank McCourt for chorous, orchestra and narrator that celebrates 300 years of immigrants and their music to New York and the USA. He continues to compose for and perform with symphony orchestras, as well as tour with his jazz/world music ensemble, including spoken word collaborations with todays young writers, and to encourage young people to study the legacy of Jack Kerouac in order to become inspired enough to continue to pursue their own creative efforts.

**613.** **— David Baratier** *14 Feb 2001* ↑ **Register**

> *"George, it beats the hell out of me. The language is in trouble. First the missing semi-colons, and now this. Best, Bill"*
>
> Damn Amram
>
> Be well
>
> David Baratier, Editor
>
> http://pavementsaw.org

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# John Fahey

1939–2001

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*American fingerstyle guitarist and composer who founded the American primitive guitar genre on solo steel-string acoustic;* Death Chants, Breakdowns and Military Waltzes *(1963). Died of complications from coronary bypass surgery, in Salem, Oregon.*

**614.** **— Patrick Herron** *23 Feb 2001* ↑ **Register**

*Sad news of John Fahey's death*

Guitarist John Fahey passed away yesterday afternoon. A sad day for music and for his friends and family.

> *"Subj: John Fahey Date: Thu, 22 Feb 2001 2:39:56 PM Eastern Standard Time From: "Glenn K. Jones" Hello, I called the Salem Oregon hospital about a half hour ago and spoke to Tim, Fahey's guitar store friend (and a member of the John Fahey Trio). John had died just a couple minutes before I called, maybe an hour or so ago, now. Dean Blackwood told me that Fahey had been put on dialysis late Wednesday night, due to failing kidneys. Tim said Fahey had had more open heart surgery this morning, and "things got worse and worse" and that they'd finally taken him off life support. John had been heavily sedated since the sextuple bypass surgery this past Monday. Tim and Melody (Fahey's ex-wife) and a few other friends were there. The change in John's condition came as ashock to all, and there is much to do in terms of arranging a service, announcements to the press, dealing with Fahey's legal affairs and all that. I'm sure more information will be forthcoming. Glenn Jones"*

Patrick

Patrick Herron

http://proximate.org/ getting close is what we're all about here!

**615.** **— Marc Couroux** *27 Feb 2001* ↑ **Register**

*John Fahey (1939-2001)*

> From the New York Times

February 25, 2001

John Fahey, 61, Guitarist and an Iconoclast, Dies at 61

*"By JON PARELES*

*John Fahey, a guitarist who carved out a private corner of Americana only to see it become a foundation of new age music, died on Thursday at Salem Hospital in Salem, Ore., after undergoing sextuple heart bypass surgery, said Mitch Greenhill, the president of Folklore Productions and Mr. Fahey's executor. Mr. Fahey was 61 and lived in Salem.*

*Playing a six-string acoustic guitar, Mr. Fahey used country-blues fingerpicking and hymnlike melodies in stately pieces with classical structures. Wordless and unhurried, his music became a contemplation and an elegy, a stoic invocation of American roots, nameless musicians and ancestral memories. Behind its serene surface, the music was both stubborn and haunted. "I was creating for myself an imaginary, beautiful world and pretending that I lived there, but I didn't feel beautiful," Mr. Fahey said in an interview with The Wire magazine in 1998. "I was mad but I wasn't aware of it. I was also very sad, afraid and lonely."*

*From the beginning, he was an iconoclast and a maverick. He started two independent labels. In 1959 he founded Takoma Records, which released his own albums, blues albums and recordings by other guitarists including Leo Kottke. And in 1995, he and his manager started Revenant Records, dedicated to what it called American Primitive music.*

*Although he didn't sing or write lyrics, Mr. Fahey was a voluble author of liner notes. His albums were crammed with parodies of academic analysis and tales of a fictitious blues guitarist, Blind Joe Death, and his disciple, John Fahey, who purportedly "made his first guitar from a baby's coffin." He shared a Grammy Award for the liner notes to the 1997 "Anthology of American Folk Music"*

*(Smithsonian Folkways).*

*Mr. Fahey was born in Takoma Park, Md., on Feb. 28, 1939. His father and mother both played piano, and his father also played Irish harp. On Sundays, the family went out to hear bluegrass and country music. Mr. Fahey said that hearing Bill Monroe's version of Jimmie Rodgers's "Blue Yodel No. 7" and*

*Blind Willie Johnson's "Praise God I'm Satisfied" changed his life.*

*He started teaching himself guitar when he was 12. He also began collecting and trading old 78-r.p.m. recordings of hillbilly songs, blues, gospel and jazz, going door to door in the rural South to find them. A fellow collector, Joe Bussard Jr., recorded Mr. Fahey on 78-r.p.m. discs for his Fonotone label, under the name Blind Thomas. In 1959 Mr. Fahey recorded his first album and pressed 100 copies, the first Takoma Records album. One side of the LP was credited to "Blind Joe Death," the other to "John Fahey."*

*Mr. Fahey studied philosophy at American University in Washington and then at the University of California in Berkeley, where he played at folk clubs in his first paid engagements. In 1963, he recorded his second album, "Death Chants, Breakdowns and Military Waltzes." He and his partner in Takoma Records, ED Denson, tracked down two Mississippi bluesmen, Bukka White and Skip James, and recorded them for Takoma, bringing them to new audiences on the folk-revival circuit.*

*Mr. Fahey entered a graduate program in folklore at the University of California at Los Angeles in 1964, and wrote his master's thesis about the Delta bluesman Charley Patton. After he received his degree, Mr. Fahey turned to music full time.*

*His compositions expanded, embracing the modalities of raga along with dissonances not found in country or blues; he used unconventional tunings and turned some traditional picking patterns backward. He also experimented with tape collages, often to the annoyance of folk fans. Though hippie listeners may have heard his music as psychedelic, he was a bourbon drinker.*

*Along with his Takoma releases, Mr. Fahey also made albums for Vanguard and Reprise Records. His pristine 1968 solo album of Christmas songs for*

*Takoma, "The New Possibility," sold 100,000 copies initially and has been perennially reissued. Mr. Fahey spent time at a Hindu monastery in India; a 1973 album of extended solo pieces, "Fare Forward Voyager" (Takoma) is dedicated to a guru. Takoma was sold to Chrysalis Records in the mid-1970's, and in the 1980's Mr. Fahey made albums for the Shanachie and Varrick labels. New age performers like the pianist and guitarist George Winston, who made his first album for Takoma, prospered with a more ingratiating solo-guitar style.*

*Mr. Fahey suffered setbacks in the late 1980's. He divorced his third wife, Melody, and lost his house. He suffered from chronic fatigue syndrome and diabetes. His drinking grew worse. For a time, he lived at the Union Charity Mission in Salem. He often supported himself by scouring flea markets for used classical records to sell to collectors. He sometimes pawned his guitars.*

> *But he was rediscovered in the 1990's. Rhino Records compiled a retrospective, "Return of the Repressed," in 1994, and alternative rockers working on "post-rock" instrumental music sought out Mr. Fahey. He sobered up and restarted his career. In 1996 he released "City of Refuge" (Tim/Kerr), followed by two albums in 1997 and one each in 1998 and 2000. He continued to experiment, playing electric and lap steel guitars and freely using electronic effects.*
>
> *Last year, he published a book of loosely autobiographical stories, "How*
>
> *Bluegrass Music Destroyed My Life" (Drag City Press). "I never considered for a minute that I had talent," he wrote in 1994. "What I did have was divine inspiration and an open subconscious."*”

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# A. R. Ammons

1926–2001

*4 messages · 4 hands*

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*American poet and longtime Cornell professor whose book-length poem* Garbage *won the National Book Award. Died in Ithaca, New York.*

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**616. — Tom Orange** *27 Feb 2001* ↑ **Register**

*A.R. Ammons, 1926-2001*

http://nytimes.com/books/01/02/25/daily/ammons.html

> **617. — Aaron Belz** *4 Mar 2001* ↑ **Register**
>
> *ammons tribute*
>
> By my friend, J.R. Caines:
>
> POEM ON THE OCCASION OF AMMONS' DEATH using fragments from Ammons, Snodgrass, Merrill, Creeley, Ginsberg, O'Hara, and Bly (all born in 1926)
>
> My heart moves roomier
> under storms of generosity
> I went into the night of broken glass
> aswirl with suns,
> lakeflesh for lunch,
> my only baggage the tools of weather.
> I never returned to
> my current identifications,
> my apartment with its
> orange crates of theology,
> the stores that eat up light.
> I went through a door in the East River,
> the stairs led me up into the air,
> and I disappeared
> like a ghost train in the Rockies.
> And someone
> in drudgery takes up
> my needlework.
>
> **618. — Jim Behrle** *22 Aug 2001* ↑ **Register**
>
> *anthologized*
>
> Well, for example:
>
> CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN POETRY put out by Houghton-Mifflin. Their Fifth edition, edited by A. Poulin, Jr. (1991) contains:
>
> A. R. Ammons, John Ashbery, Marvin Bell, John Berryman, Elizabeth Bishop, Robert Bly, Gwendolyn Brooks, Lucille Clifton, Robert Creeley, James Dickey, Rita Dove, Ala Dugan,

> Robert Duncan, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Isabella Gardner, Allen Ginsberg, Louise Gluck, Donald Hall, Michael Harper, Robert Hass, Robert Hayden, Richard Hugo, David Ignatow, Randall Jarrell, Donald Justice, Galway Kinnell, Carolyn Kizer, Maxine Kumin, Stanley Kunitz, Denise Levertov, Philip Levine, John Logan, Robert Lowell, William Matthews, James Merrill, W. S. Merwin, Frank O'Hara, Mary Oliver, Charles Olson, Marge Piercy, Sylvia Plath, Adrienne Rich, Theodore Roethke, Anne Sexton, Charles Simic, Louis Simpson, W. D. Snodgrass, Gary Snyder, William Stafford, Gerald Stern, Mark Strand, Lucien Stryk, Richard Wilbur, C. K. Williams, Charles Wright, James Wright.
>
> Backcover: "Now in its 20th year, CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN POETRY presents 56 poets who have shaped the contours of poetry in this country since World War II..."
>
> Enter the 7th edition, (2001) edited by Michael Waters (and A. Poulin, Jr. died 1996):
>
> Gone from this edition:
> Robert Duncan
> Lawrence Ferlinghetti
> Isabella Gardner
> Mary Oliver
> Charles Olson
>
> Added:
>
> Ai
> Olga Broumas
> Stephen Dobyns
> Carol Frost
> Albert Goldbarth
> Kimiko Hahn
> William Heyen
> Andrew Hudgins
> Bill Knott
> Yusef Komunyakaa (added 6th edition)
> Li-Young Lee (added 6th)
> Marilyn Nelson
> Naomi Shihab Nye (added 6th)
> Sharon Olds
> Carl Philips
> Gary Soto (added 6th)
> Elizabeth Spires
> David St. John
> Ellen Bryant Voigt
>
> From the backcover:
>
> "The book has enough diversity of styles and
> enough virtousity that it can be taught over
> and over..."--Charles Hood, Antelope Valley College
>
> "I have not found another anthology that comes even
> close to the quality and usability of this book."
> --Carol L. Cole, Manatee Community College
>
> "This anthology includes more than 500 poems...
> by 66 poets who have shaped the direction and
> contours of American Poetry since 1960..."
>
> "Houghton Mifflin and the editor of this book
> welcome your comments via e-mail at
> college_english.hmco.com or by letter
> to:"
>
> Michael http://www.salisbury.edu/Schools/Fulton/English/Faculty/michael_waters.htm

> Charles Carole
>
> Please, please, please send e-mail with comments to these parties.
>
> As Sinead O'Connor once said, "Fight the real enemy."
>
> Take care.
> Jim
>
> _____ Get your FREE download of

**619. — Roger Gilbert** *28 Sep 2001* ↑ **Register**
*Ammons tribute*

> Tuesday, October 2nd 7 PM
>
> A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO A. R. AMMONS
>
> A. R. ("Archie") Ammons died last February at the age of 75. One of the country's most important and beloved poets, Ammons won almost every award that can be bestowed upon a poet including the Bollingen Prize and, twice, the National Book Award. The distinguished speakers at this memorial event include John Ashbery, John Brehm, Martha Cooley, Alice Fulton, Glen Hartley, Richard Howard, Robert Polito, Alice Quinn, and Bill Wadsworth. David Lehman will moderate.
>
> Co-sponsored with The New School Graduate Writing Program.
>
> Admission is free.
>
> Tishman Auditorium
> The New School
> 66 West Twelfth Street
> New York
>
> Call  for more information.

---

## C. W. Truesdale

d. 2001

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American poet and founder-editor of New Rivers Press (1968), the first book publisher to gain nonprofit status;* The Loss of Rivers *(1967).*

**620. — Halvard Johnson** *27 Feb 2001* ↑ **Register**
*RIP: C. W. Truesdale*

I was just informed that Bill Truesdale died last night or early this morning. He was the founder and, for many years, the publisher of New Rivers Press, which began back in the late 60s on a press in the basement of Bill's home in Nyack, New York. The press's later wanderings took it to New York City and then on to Minneapolis/ St. Paul.

In its early years New Rivers published poetry collections by Charles Baxter, Charles Simic, John Knoepfle, Margaret Randall, Roger Mitchell and others, including myself.

Bill Truesdale was himself a poet.

> Astronaut
>
> after the operation
> ashes  a full moon

a light wintery and blurred
evidence of some natural disaster

after the operation
he dreamed of walking
like a moon
in the dust of dead planets
though he cared nothing
for gravity
or distinction

after the operation
he was lying in a cloud

when the others came into the room
he could still see
how they shaped themselves
around a name
and certain mechanical expressions
the word 'shadows'
stuck in his mind
like a feather

after the operation
he thought of ears
and words walking into them
trying and trying
to find a connection
was it honey or balm
they would offer
at the heart of the maze?
but long  long before
they fell down exhausted
and dried into nothing
like the eye of a lizard

after the operation
he went gladly into exile from himself
and I could control him
without difficulty
even to Jupiter and beyond

# Ramez Qureshi

1972–2001

*12 messages · 8 hands*

*New York poetry critic and poet on the Buffalo Poetics list, prolific young reviewer for Jacket, How2 and Rain Taxi. Died apparently by his own hand, aged 28, per Gary Sullivan's memorial.*

**621. — Gary Sullivan** *22 Mar 2001* ↑ **Register**

*Ramez Qureshi, 1972-2001*

Hello Everyone,

I have some very sad news to report. Ramez Qureshi, who many of you will know from this list as well as from his critical writing and poetry on various online & in print magazines, passed away last Saturday night, apparently by his own hand, although the details at this time are still not entirely clear. He was 28.

I first "met" Ramez online, in response to a call in 1999 I put on the list for the first issue of Readme. He wrote asking if I'd be interested in a review of J.H. Prynne's Poems. I was thrilled that someone wanted to write about Prynne, and was curious about who Ramez was: Who would brave a review of Prynne's Poems? So, I begged him to send it, which he did. It was a brilliant review, obviously the product of careful reading and a real love of the work. I was amazed that I was going to get to publish it. Ramez continued to send me reviews, essays and poetry (he wrote on Armand Schwerner, Stuart Merrill, Mark Rothko), and I began to see his work popping up in some of my favorite online and in print journals: How2, Lagniappe, Jacket, Rain Taxi, Riding the Meridian, Cauldron & Net, Lynx: Poetry from Bath, where he wrote about Barbara Guest, Johanna Drucker, John Cage, Tom Raworth, Nick Piombino, Michel Foucault ... as well as, less frequently, publishing his own poetry. It was clear that he lived for poetry — for writing in general — was a voracious, careful, loving and diverse reader, and though he kept most of it to himself, a prolific and engaging poet. (His uncle Rafique Kathwari, a poet himself, said that despite the fact that he and Ramez talked often about poetry and writing, Ramez never showed him any of his poetry.)

In a post of his from November of 1999, Ramez said: "Marjorie Perloff was wrong. I 'need' poetry." I don't think I've personally met anyone for whom this was more true.

I didn't know at first that Ramez lived in the New York area ... not until I got an email message from him asking for directions to a reading. I was shocked to find out that he'd never been to the Poetry Project before, especially when he told me that he had spent most of his life in Westchester County, just north of the city. Soon, Ramez began coming to more events, and on occasion Nada & I would get a call from him, and we'd either hang out before and or after this or that event. When we heard that certain poets would be reading soon, we began to assume that Ramez would be calling, or that we might see him at the reading.

Once, Nada and I had dinner with Ramez and his sister Sofie, who was about to move from New York City to San Francisco to study environmental science. I think at that time, Ramez had gotten into Otis College of Art and Design in Los Angeles, and was

very excited by the prospect of getting to study with Douglas Messerli and (I think) Leslie Scalapino. But, days before he was set to move, he decided against it. I later asked him why, but he said that he had just decided to stay in New York and study computer programming. I was taken aback by this, and began to slowly realize that leaving and being away from home must have meant much more for him than most. I knew that Ramez had suffered from chronic depression, and once when he was supposed to meet up with me & Nada to see Clark Coolidge & Michael Gizzi read he didn't show up, and called later from a hospital, saying that he had "gotten sick." But I didn't know the whole story until talking with Sofie and Ramez's friends & other family after the prayers and burial this Tuesday. I'm beginning to realize now just how much poetry meant to Ramez, and how much his fairly recent entry into the world of letters, his acceptance by the various magazines that he read and returned to, meant to him. I realized that it meant a lot to his friends and family, too.

Sofie has asked me to forward a letter she has written to the everyone here about just that. She's also asking for help in locating all of Ramez's work in publication. If you published anything of Ramez Qureshi's, or if you corresponded with him, please get in touch with her.

Ramez was not only one of the most brilliant people I've ever met (I felt like the laziest reader in the world hanging out with him, he could quote from so much), he was also the sweetest. He will be greatly missed.

Gary Sullivan

* * *

Dear Poetics Listserve,

You don't know me but I know you. About three years ago you became a vital part of my brother's life. Since then Ramez not only read and contributed to the listserve but through it was exposed to a whole new social world of (un)like minded artists, both online and in New York City. He began going to more readings, meeting other poets and getting his work exposed. In his excitement, he would forward me your poetry and other postings, especially those of Alan

Sondheim, which, quite frankly, I didn't 'understand.' However what my family and I did understand is that the listserve brought meaning and community into Ramez's life. Struggling with 'mental illness' (diagnosed as bipolar) for the past eight years, Ramez led a more solitary life than most. There aren't many spaces in society for people surviving with 'mental illness,' which in turn fostered my brother's alienation. And so these days while most folks seem to want to escape from community, my brother needed this space to escape to community. And although we could never keep the pace of his passions, the listserve and its repercussions gave us a way to share in his life, which in the internality of his hallucinations, depressions, manias, paranoia and brilliance was often elusive.

Inevitably conversations with my brother would turn to politics, me being the supposed 'concrete activist' and him the 'academic leftist.' In these conversations he used to question the role of poetry. Not knowing too much about poetry(ies), I would say things

like "The role of poetry is to utter the un-utterable; to open up spaces of consciousness and resistance; to language oppressions; to re-language histories and spaces of resistance; to shift contexts; to create community; to rethink grammars of action. And of course to inspire." Perhaps. But in his death I realized the obvious; my brother's passion for poetry: reading, writing, theorizing, discovering and most importantly relating with others who shared these passions, in whatever virtual manner, kept him alive for the past eight years. Quite literally and with no exaggeration.

So I want to thank you for creating community and keeping poetry and my brother, Ramez, alive.

With tremendous gratitude,

Sofia M. Qureshi

p.s. I am in the process of collecting his online and print work (poetry and reviews) and would appreciate any leads. Please write to me at:

**622.** **— Charles Bernstein** *22 Mar 2001* ↑ **Register**
*Ramez Qureshi, 1972-2001 (fwrd from Gary Sullivan)*

It is with great sadness and utter shock that I pass on this note just in from Gary Sullivan. I am sending out as a separate post a letter from his sister to our list, which Gary also forwarded to me.

I corresponded by email with Ramez and had some lively discussions with him at readings, as well as avidly reading his reviews and essays. (A quick search on Google.com came up with a number of his pieces.)

This is the place to quote a poem, to console or maybe add some perspective.

Maybe later.

Charles Bernstein

**623.** **— Road Runner** *25 Mar 2001* ↑ **Register**

I just wanted to say that I met Ramez after a short correspondendence with him (regarding a short review or two he sent to Rhizome). He was indeed a very smart and rigorous thinker with a boisterous laugh.

He did indeed come out west to LA to see the Otis Writing Program, I was struck by his utter devotion to all things literary, to Adorno particularly, and his eagerness to discuss poetics/politics. I'm very sad to hear of his passing. He did not enroll, however, and I recall him briefly saying that he had some psychiatric concerns to address. I only with that I'd put myself out more to get to know him better.

**624.** **— David Kellogg** *26 Mar 2001* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Ramez Qureshi, 1972-2001*

Goddammit.

How many people have I gotten to know on this list, then met in person years later in Orono, Louisville, Chicago, or DC? How many of us were waiting to meet Ramez and now never will? Fuck.

Searching around on the net this morning for Ramez's works, I came across a picture of him (smiling, beautiful) alongside his review of Hejinian's _Happily_. It's at http://www.departments.bucknell.edu/stadler_center/how2/current/alerts/qureshi.html

David

**625. — richard.tylr** *27 Mar 2001* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Ramez Qureshi, 1972-2001 (fwrd from Gary Sullivan)*

I've just noticed this. I red Patrick's poems a bit mystified. Ramez was the same age as my own son. Its a fuck off when its someone so young. As a parent I know how his parents will be. It is terrible. Nothing else I can say. Never met him. Feel as if I knew him. Richard.

**626. — Gary Sullivan** *6 Apr 2001* ↑ **Register**
*Ramez Qureshi URLs*

I've put together what URLs for Ramez's work online I could find. I know there's at least one missing (a review of Hejinian's Happily in How2, which is temporarily inaccessible), and maybe others will be found. If you know of any not here, please email me. Thanks.

Poetry

from "An Idea and/but (an) Idea alone of Order" http://www.jps.net/nada/ramez.htm

"Forgotten" http://homepages.nildram.co.uk/~simmers/52forgot.htm

"Fields" (a verse review of the Francesco Clemente retrospective at the Guggenheim) http://www.StudioCleo.com/cauldron/volume2/contents/index.html

Essays and Reviews

Review of Jerome Rothenberg's A Paradise of Poets http://www.jacket.zip.com.au/jacket12/rothenberg-rev-qureshi.html

Review of Barbara Guest's Rocks on a Platter http://www.jacket.zip.com.au/jacket10/guest-rev-by-qureshi.html

Review of J.H. Prynne's Poems http://www.jps.net/nada/prynne.htm

Review of Armand Schwerner's The Tablets http://www.jps.net/nada/tablets.htm

Review of Stuart Merrill's The White Tomb http://www.jps.net/nada/merrill.htm

"Rothko and the Sublime" http://www.jps.net/nada/rothko.htm

Review of Tom Raworth's Tottering State http://www.acsu.buffalo.edu/~foust/B2.html

Review of Nick Piombino's Theoretical Objects http://www.bath.ac.uk/~exxdgdc/lynx/lynx152.html

Review of Fanny Howe's Selected Poems http://www.departments.bucknell.edu/stadler_center/how2/current/alerts /qureshi.html

Review of Richard Kostelanetz's John Cage: Writer

**627. — Patrick Herron** *6 Apr 2001* ↑ **Register**

Thank you Gary. What a collection & what an impressive thinker & writer Ramez was.

**628. — richard.tylr** *18 Apr 2001* ↑ **Register**

Gary. Ramez was clearly an extraordinary thinker and his poetry highly imaginative and intelligent. Uncannily I have just been looking through Fanny Howe's book of poems (I purchased it here a month or so ago) and his explication and thoughts on it are timely and fascinating for me. Also his review of J H Prynne's book has inspired me to purchase his collected poems. (Finally..its not cheap!) His reviews are incredibly attentive to what he has read. The Prynne book is quite large, and would daunt many, but Ramez is very thorough and perceptive. I also liked Ramez's very imaginative poem with the multiple Eves and so on. Obviously a highly energetic and enthusiastic thinker...I'm still working through these reviews. Fascinating. Thanks. Richard.

**629. — Gary Sullivan** *21 Apr 2001* ↑ **Register**
*Readme #4 now up*

R e a d m e Issue #4 Spring / Summer 2001

INTERVIEWS * REVIEWS * ESSAYS

Edited by Gary Sullivan

I n t e r v i e w s

John Ashbery / Rolf Belgum / Mairéad Byrne Martin Corless-Smith / Benjamin Friedlander Kenneth Goldsmith / Kevin Killian Sheila E. Murphy / Julie Patton / Wanda Phipps Fatimah Tuggar / Mark Wallace

E s s a y s

Ben Friedlander on Lisa Robertson
Nada Gordon on Bernadette Mayer
Arielle Greenberg on Conferences
Eleana Kim on Language Poetry
Murat Nemet-Nejat Is Poetry a Job, Is a Poem a Product
Ramez Qureshi Rothko and the Sublime
Chris Stroffolino on Lineage
Eileen Tabios on Jose Garcia Villa

C h a p b o o k s

Bob Harrison Coup Sticks
Susan Landers No Clearance in Niche
Mark Wallace from Dead Carnival

P o e t r y

Mairéad Byrne / Benjamin Friedlander / Kenneth Goldsmith
Nada Gordon & Gary Sullivan / Küçük Iskender / Kevin Killian
Ange Mlinko / Sheila E. Murphy / Wanda Phipps
Rick Snyder / Alan Sondheim

R e v i e w s

Joe Safdie on Ammiel Alcalay
Alan Sondheim on Mairéad Byrne
Ange Mlinko on Jordan Davis and Brenda Iijima
Alan Sondheim on Stacy Doris
Carol Mirakove on Buck Downs
Murat Nemet-Nejat on Hafiz
Henry Gould on Lissa Wolsak

**630.** **— Maria Damon** *27 Apr 2001* **↑ Register**
*Re: "All Things Considered" broadcast, etc.*

tho i've been virtually a lurker lately i want to add my $0.02 here. i feel the hawai'i posts were entirely legitimate. if we are restricted to a narrow definition of "poetics," we would never have learned of ramez qureshi's death, for example, which for me at least was one of the list's shining moments. i consider community-building to be a prime function of the list, and human emergencies count.

At 9:35 PM -0700 4/26/01, Steve Potter wrote:

> *"Arielle:*
>
> *I agree that there is a place for overtly political material in poetry and in fact, language being innately political, there is no poetry that is not, intentionally or otherwise, political in some way.*
>
> *My view in the great "tar pits" debate was that the Hawaii posts were outside the parameters of the list because they did not directly involve the creating/presenting/appreciating of poetry but rather the political struggles of those whose work it is to teach the practice and appreciation of poetry.*
>
> *Not to say that isn't extremely important and relevant, I only thought it was a step outside the realm of the list but, as the moderators made clear, I was off base.*
>
> *I didn't have any problem with the anti-Bush anthology posts because 1) I think it's a great idea and 2) even if it was a pro-Bush poetry anthology (as if such a thing could happen!) I'd have been okay with it because it was directly related to the creation and presentation of poetry.*
>
> *Best,*

*Steve on 4/24/01 6:47 PM, Arielle C. Greenberg at wrote:*

*I heard Charles Bernstein's essay on NPR and it made my day, especially as I had just come out of a particularly pandering workshop experience with a poet who shall go unnamed.*

*This essay made me very proud to be part of this listserv!*

*As, I must say, have the recent postings about issues of political import and social justice, including the reports from the U Hawai'i strike and the anti-Bush anthology.*

*I recently saw Minnie Bruce Pratt read her work, and really she mostly talked about various political issues she's involved in.*

*Her poetry is not the kind of thing I usually go for, but I have to say I was struck by how *relevant*, in an obvious way, it was, and how closely she's melded her poetry life with her political life.*

*Afterwards I asked her about this, about how she brought the two together, and she basically responded by saying it is only in my insulated little academic poetry world where poetry and politics AREN'T united.*

*I don't neccessarily agree with this — I still think certain kinds of poetries and politics are kept separate, and anyway, even if you're only talking about "academic" (and what does that mean, really? experimental? confessional? lyric?) poetry, it's still an issue to think about that should not be easily dismissed: how does one be an artist and an activist? To me this is really a question of how best can one live one's life.*

*Art and activism are two of the most crucial elements in my life.*

*This is obviously true for many people on this list, judging from the posts.*

*Ok, now, disclaimer.*

*This was written quickly and off the cuff.*

*I have been reluctant to post opinionated things of this sort in the past because of the intimidation factor: I didn't want to be the recipient of flames or attacks.*

*I'm sure there is much in the above that could be denied or is somehow incorrect.*

*Nonetheless.*

*I like seeing political (and, I'll admit it, by that I mean "lefty") postings on this list.*

*I think it's important. I have great admiration for list members who are doing something to make the world safer, more just, cleaner, more complex, etc. And I'll stop now before someone throws something at me.*

*Arielle*

*On Mon, 23 Apr 2001, Charles Bernstein wrote:*

*An adaption of my essay about National Poetry Month was recently broadcast on National Public Radio's "All Things Considered". You can listen to it in*”

**631. — richard.tylr** *5 May 2001* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Prosody of Langpo*

Jeffrey. The things you are talking about (by the way I'm miles from being a professor I've worked most of my life as a labourer or sometimes a tech and was mainly a linesman/cablejointer...I've done virtually no clerical work except my recent spree as a book shop assistant and now a book seller/dabbler..of

I have an Enginereing Cert. (Telecoms electronics, and finishe d a BA (English) at Ayck Uni 1995)). But back to this issue: I'll jump a bit..I think that what you are saying in part or referring to is the very strangeness of this arbitrariness. Rhyme metre etc are quite arbitrary things (or they arre not in a sense: rhyme derives partly from its use in learning language, as a memory aid, and eg Stein since has talked about persistence of memory produced by repetition (which also has the effect of increasing the semantic branchings so to speak that radiate as words interact)).

The traditional metre - which when one thinks about it - IS strange. And it has had (as rhyme does) a powerful part to play. Any system though is "artificial"..hence a good book to look at is "Radical Artiifice" by Perloff or even Veronica Forrest-Thompson's book Poetic Artifice (that Ramez Qureshi so brilliantly talked about and also in relation to J H Prynne). The various "language" poets (including Grenier and say Inman) may seem to be abandoning

meaning and structure or oblivious to rhyme or metre etc etc but this is quite wrong. They have simply,or complexly, challenged the conservative artificialities that were in place...but no one would suggest that structure or form thus must or does would should is go(ing) or go.

Even if one TRIES to make a random structure (or works "off the cuff" so to speak as J Ashbery does) a form is found or finds itself: a pattern, a ryhthm. But the patterns and rhythms are not dictated by some traditionalist formula. They may be preplanned or discovered: but it is impossible to avoid meaning or some structure.[Doesthe Universelook like a great Iambic Poem in the post Hawkinsinain Universe or Universes?] In R S's case there's eg the fibonnacci series or golden number: John Cage utilised a psuedo random system and the I Ching....McCaffery's "Lag" (as desciribed by Perloff brilliantly in her book "Radical Artifice") is at first sight "meaningless"..and lacks any obvious "rhythm" and looks nothing like Tennyson or Herbert or Crashaw or anyone else: but what is seen is meaning generation and attention is drawn to that process.McCaffery, Silliman, all those writers, are found to be both intensely meaningful and as fascinating , and if you like, as "beautiful" as anything you once loved by Keats or Shakespear.

Its just that the beauty's form has transformed: it has not become "intellectual" (all writing has to be intellectual, or "lacking in heart or spontaneity" or "dry" (witness the marvellous lyricality/intellection of Michelle Leggott's work or that of her "mentor" Zukovsky in his sonnet sequence in `A' or his "Flowers".

This is one of the developments. The age of Tennyson etc is over: we are dealing with new ideas, new philosophies, a new and quite different social structure, art and music have taken light-jumps right into and beyond conceptualism...sure certain deep fundalmentals remain, no problem there...but to challenge or confront this world we are currently in requires an honesty but also an ingenuity and an awareness of the value of Art. Its value is partly in its artificial nature, its constructiveness, its ludicness and its seriousnss, and its comicality. that is the freedom(if we have any) we have gained (as MEMBERS OF THE WORKING CLASS [any one who does not actually own or control the means of prodution]).

That freedom has been earnt through struggle. But its an ongoing struggle (inextricably mixed with political social struggles). It is our struggle. A poetical philosophical political struggle: a struggle to breathe. The old forms, used now, produce weak, often insincere art that masquerades as the art of "concern"...but often its a failure to face certain realities: we may be aware of W C W's "pecadillos", but his "no ideas but in things" and his emphasis on the imagination are vital ideas. I read an essay by John Ashbery (on Clare) in which he says (as I too have always thought) that for him ideas are also things.

(I think WCW's was aware of that, but any way many have become confused on that). Rhetoric begins to replace intense writing as one descends into NewFormalism. Language poetry and or its derivatives and forms is high energy and living poetry (NF is dead wood, sludge produced by poetic slugs). Nor does this high energy writing have to be dull or "unmusical"...its musicality, or the musical muscle of its ideation, takes on new forms. Some of those forms are seen now on various links I've received to certain "cyber artist/poets" but the ongoing possibilities for experiment and novelty and creativity are unlimited regardless of the media used.

I dont need to go on. The dinosuars, I think, died out, not because of meteors or external "catastrophes", but because they lacked the adaptability to many changing conditions that mammals had and have. They were slow and stupid if it got cold. Their barins were very small (the "reasoning part" of them at least").The New Formalists are the dinosaurs of literature trying to re-Frankenstein themselves. They are dead already. Their project is quite simply stupid: they're thickos...they require a Duciad: a voltage burnt thru their precious crania. Although Pope's Dunciad was perhaps too much directed at individuals, but lets not discuss the New Foramalists...

The word as unit: ok that's one way...but its the reaction of the eye/mind/brain on that word or phraseunit. And its where and why one would use such units or methods: its away from

either simplistic realism or weak romanticism towards both a more intelligent and interesting thinking and presenting - and playing - and in many cases wea re re-confronted with the mystery and the beauty of language but also with the reality of language and the alternative psuedo-realities that the NFsm would deal up. Reality as far as we can know it and as far as we can deal with it and thus reality (I know the term is problematic) that we are wary of but half in love with, half or two thirds in anger at: but at least we see it.

Unclouded by the mesmeric miasma of rumpa tumpa tumpa tum, we hear those lovely rhymes, those sirenic songs, but we are tied fast to our mast: we can master, we are not overmastered, we'll Deutschland it, we'll Grendel wrestle it, we'll be in there in a Cincinatti shoot out...but we wont wishy washy iambify or monotone the blood that may be spilt...we'll even takes sides and 'deal' with this execution...we'll face it...we have the tools ...we can see...we can hear if we cant see..or sense.. our senses are alive.. we are thinking and language and idea machines... we are human...we'll eye...we'll eye...we'll "eye" it all.

Cheers, Richard Taylor.

*"-Thank you, "Professor" Silliman/Mr. .tylr, for your Apollonian/Dionysiac replies, respectively.*

*I'll check my bookshelves for Ketjak, Tjanting, etc., this weekend when I get home.---*

*The long Silliman poem structured on Fibonacci numbers (in the book with the yellow cover) was very startling and important for me in the mid-'80's.*

*(I'd appreciate a full citation on Quindecagon, as I blush to admit that book may have escaped my collection, bounding off down cobbled road like a salt biscuit with three-toed feet in an illustrated nursery rhyme.).*

*Somewhere beneath your reply, Ron, I sense (or infer) an unstated point about Language prosody: --- that the word-as-unit may have replaced the syllable-as-unit, in many cases.*

*(Along those lines, Goddess Perloff's critique book made much of Creeley's word-counting as a neometric.)*

*I hope you know that my question is not meant as dismissive or ignorant of the prosodic sophistication and subtleties in canonical Language writers--- the metrics in a Howe or Armantrout are perhaps the type that most kinaesthetically gets through to me as palpable, unmistakable.*

*And, as I've largely gone over from poetry into (attempts at) writing music in the past year and a half, Grenier's are foremost among the texts I'm re-reading for possible settings.*

*Perhaps what I had in mind---Yes, in a nod to .tylr, sure, primitive meters like the iambic pentameter resurgency were old hat, basically.*

*More pernicious still, their essays that I've read rooting the buh-BUM iamb in--- the heart's systole/diastole! a totally anti-Saussurean pseudo-linguistics whose danger lies strongly in its reversing or eliding the whole principle of "arbitrary" that you mention.*

*Here and there, though, these N.F. codgers have appropriated historical inheritance that I don't think "we" should be ceding over so uncontested (go ahead, old crab-apple-faced N.F.-ers! you can have Catullus, Alcaics,---take it all! [Courtney Love lyric echo: "Go on!*

*Take everything!*

*Take everything!*

*I like it!"]*

*We're sated to claim 22nd century Brownian movement as our libertarian ping pong!).*

*An effort that especially interested me (out of their otherwise generally offputting literature) was the Catullus castration ode imitation that the former Poetry (Chicago) editor John Middle-Name*

*Possible-Three-Syllable-Last-Name-Ending-in-"-er"?-Maybe-&-with-an-"ei"-in-I t-Possibly published as the last poem (?) in a book with a black cloth cover, sort of squarish in dimensions. ---Especially because (oh Lord! this name-and-face agnosia disability of mine!) one of ~our~ forefathers --- help me out here, Ron, you're still sane --- did a really special translation of the Catullus original (y'know, Ron, everybody, that polyphonic translation?). Ode starts with a boat bounding over waves, . . . it's the single instance of a metric line almost impossible to imitate in English because it has like five unstresseds in a row . . . "ego flos gymnasii", that ring a bell?*

*I think what I ~do not~ know is whether there is some intrinsic, idiopathic propensity toward skill with elaborate metrics.*

*I mean, if some people are "good at it" and wind up continuing doing it because they've got a knack and it's sort of fun to flaunt that they can trip off these metricall rills---and if other people (apologies in advance) never quite get the swing of macron/breve so wind up successfully re-territorializing themselves into "free verse"-ishness, as I think William Carlos Williams' early metrical efforts show.*

*(It's not an insult to say this!*

*On some level, Juan Miro, like the Douannier Rousseau, simply never had the draftsmanship at drawing that his beaux arts confreres had, and the option of modernism was a wonderful haven that allowed his genius and drive to flourish, a gift to us all, everybody smilin'.)*

*The political curve you mention ("Politics of Poetic Form") you state with great diagrammable clarity, in brief:*

*Langpo = n>1 components =*

*ProLPo (prosody of Langpo) ~plus~ pure "non-d/a"comp ("non-discursive/...").*

*Thanks.*

*But the political "mischief" I'm envisioning is--- if New Formalism equals ProNF plus pure ~disc~/~synt~ (if New Formalism's components are conspicuously normative syntax and classical meters),---what happens to the political reverberations if any two of these (Greimas post-structuralist grid) components are abhorrently re-coupled?*

*(Mules?) The de-coupling of poetic discursivity from classical meter already happened and was called "free verse."*

*Asyntactical non-discursivity in classical meter would ~re-claim~ the entire pre-modernist lineage as entirely compatible with if not forerunner to the International Avant-Garde.*

*Democrats don't say well alright you crusties go and take America we'll be Futurians from now on.*

*Tennyson, rather than being the old boring grampa NF-ists would have us believe, was an extreme weirdo in his Formalism, freakishly inventive, often risking asynt' non-disc' to stretch a foot. (Tennyson at the 1800s/1900s fin-de-siecle, Ashbery at the 1900s/2000s fin-de-siecle: almost identical fulcrums in their innovative/conservative blend.)*

*The paradox is that meter is ~ludic~ in its game-like play,--- and the ludic is associated with the post-modern.*

*But it is Language Poetry that is thought to be post-modern and New Formalism as anti-modernist.*

*I may have some efforts at classical meter Language-ishness in my papers. I'll rummage and maybe post them as f'r-instances, see what you think of the fusion.*

*Jeffrey ----------Ron Silliman wrote:*

*Jeffrey Jullich writes: "Why hasn't Language Poetry/post-Language Poetry ever moved into the same metricizing/prosodic mechanics as the New Formalists, and simply challenged/subverted them on their own ground by simply doing better (or as well) but with purely non-discursive/asyntactical Language Poetry nonlinearities?"*

*Because the prosody of langpo is as important as any "non-discursive/asyntactical" component.*

*In fact, though, there is a lot of work that could be read in just this light. The use of reiteration in Ketjak and Tjanting in my own work can certainly be understood (as it was by me when I wrote it) as rhyme. Quindecagon is a complex form using the same 15 syllables to complete lines in 15 consecutive stanzas, etc. You can find complex syllabics at play in the poetry of Barrett Watten, and work as diverse as Bob Grenier's and Lee Ann Brown's and Bernadette Mayer's can certainly be read as a new formalism in the most literal sense. Or think of Charles Bernstein's limerics, militantly metrical.*

*The reality is that such work has existed for decades, but for reasons of politics (not poetry) is seldom acknowledged as such, save by the very few open minded new formalists (Annie Finch being perhaps the best case example of somebody comfortable with both tendencies of writing).*

*Ron ----------Jeffrey. The New Formalists writing in metre and rhyme are a pathetic lot. Who wants to be bound by a lot of quite arbitrary rules? I would and will write in any way I want*

*(until one is shot for such an attitude). Certainly its important to have some understanding of metre and the history and certain grammatical subtleties: but if a form is "required" it will be found. Obviously its not really possible to be "formless". The NFs have taken one set of arbitrary forms and now they "worship" those forms. Even apart from the stuff going on in and on cyberspace: there's room for a vast range of invention and originality and complexity (or "simplicity" if you want it)...one of the things the Langpos have "bequeathed" and continue to practise is the "right" to write. The right to write and write. This write thus then becomes much more than a rite. The reader is challenged. The writers are challenged. Language is challenged. Shakespeare and all those old guys get turned on their heads. People start thinking about things instead of being sucked into a morass of mush. If challenging poetry is*

> *difficult and interesting but unpopular then so much the better. The New Formalists are wasting everyone's time.*
>
> *Let's attack them: satire and sarcasm: that's what we need...the ghost of Swift... Death to New Formalism! Richard.*”

**632. — Nick Piombino** *11 Jun 2001* ↑ **Register**
*Ramez Qureshi correspondence*

Many readers of this list knew or knew of Ramez Qureshi, critic and poet, who died in March of this year. Ramez and I corresponded quite a bit by email, during and after the period he was working on a review of my book "Theoretical Objects". Ramez was an engaging and challenging writer who could openly express support and enthusiasm, yet hold strongly to his own convictions, questioning facile stances and categorizations. Despite the fact that I knew him all too briefly, he will be greatly missed. Some of these complex aspects of his thinking and personality came into play, I feel, in the course our correspondence, which is now available, virtually unedited, at the Electronic Poetry Center. A bibliography of some of his writing, along with URLS, is available also at the EPC, in the latest issue of Read Me. My thanks to Loss Pequeno Glazier for his generous work on this project.

Nick Piombino

Nick Piombino http://writing.upenn.edu/epc/authors/piombino/

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## Louis Dudek

1918–2001

*1 message · 1 hand*

---

> *Canadian modernist poet, academic and publisher whose criticism shaped the teaching of Canadian poetry nationwide;* Europe *(1954). Died in Montreal.*

**633. — Kevin Hehir** *24 Mar 2001* ↑ **Register**
*LOUIS DUDEK, MAJOR CANADIAN MODERNIST, DIES AT 93 (fwd)*

Louis Dudek, one of Canada's major modernist poets, poetry activists, polemicists , a member of the Order of Canada - and perhaps the greatest advocate of local emerging talent in anglophone Quebec - has died, age 93.

While his own poetry was often overshadowed by the immense influence his various little magazines, publishing houses and other literary ventures had, especially in the 50s and 60s and 70s, he left a distinguished body of work which may be Canada's most rigorously Modernist in outlook and practice, being directly influenced by major figures of the period such as Ezra Pound (with whom he had an important epistolary relationship) and Cid Corman.

Louis Dudek was the mentor of many, like his own mentor Pound, and was responsible for the early publication and recognition of poets Leonard Cohen and Daryl Hine.

Dudek was born in the East End of Montreal, of a family recently migrated from Poland, February 6, 1918. He was raised in that primarily working-class and francophone neighbourhood of Montreal, graduating from McGill University with a BA in 1940. From 1943-1951, he lived in New York City, where he eventually graduated with a Ph.d from Columbia, and then taught English at (the) City College of New York. His friends

at this period included Paul Blackburn and Corman. It was at this time he began exchanging letters with Pound.

Dudek was committed to the idea of controlling the means of production and dissemination of poetry, and promoting the local, as well as the international; thus, he encouraged many emerging poets from his original community, Montreal, as well as from across Canada.

Dudek pioneered the role and significance of small press publishing in Canada, particularly in the 60s and 70s, through his work as contributing editor to First Statement (with Irving Layton and John Sutherland), his little magazine Delta (founded in 1957), and the founding of Contact Press in 1952. He was later the editor and publisher of Delta Canada Press, which published the work of R.G Everson and F.R. Scott, among others. Dudek was also instrumental, through the McGill Poetry Series, in publishing Leonard Cohen at an early stage of his career.

Louis Dudek's own poetry was published over a span of six decades, making him, surely, the grand old man of Canadian letters, in so many ways. His major books include East of the City (1946), the long poem masterpiece replying to Pound, Europe (1955), Atlantis (1967), Continuation (1981) and most recently The Caged Tiger (1997). Dudek's work was marked by a spare, prosaic, dry, probing intellectual manner, which was in some ways reliant on the "local" diction of William Carlos Williams, but the political, cultural and philosophical epigrams and statements his poems were made to contain, owed much more to The Cantos of Pound.

The uncompromising seriousness of his vision alienated him from a wider reading public, and, unlike, say, his near-contemporary Irving Layton, he did not find himself a household name, or god, in quite the same way; more's the pity, as his work will sustain the inevitable posthumous appreciation it all-too-desperately demanded while the poet himself was alive.

Dudek's legacy lives on, in the numerous small presses in Canada, the lively 'zine culture, the Quebec Literary Renaissance which inspired The New McGill (Reading) Series, founded by Bill Furey and Todd Swift in the late 80s, and in the newly-reborn DC Books, edited by Robert Allen, which is based on the classic Delta imprint.

Most importantly, his attention to the local - to the possibility of poetry in his place, in his time, in Montreal - has led to a never-fading community of excellent Montreal poets; and indeed, in the 1950s and 60s, to the nearly unquestioned poetic dominance of his native city in his nation's poetry.

Louis Dudek will be sorely missed.

March 23rd, 2001 written by Todd Swift

with biographical information from the internet

# Joey Ramone

1951–2001

*3 messages · 3 hands*

*American singer, lead vocalist and co-founder of the* Ramones*, punk rock pioneer and countercultural icon. Died of lymphoma, in New York City.*

**634. — J Gallaher** *16 Apr 2001* ↑ **Register**

*Joey Ramone 1951-2001*

From the New York Times:

TOP ARTS NEWS

**635. — David-Baptiste Chirot** *16 Apr 2001* ↑ **Register**

*"Too Tough to Die" Long Live Joey Ramone*

The newspapers say Joey Ramone has died, age 49, of lymphoma. This is not entirely true—as anyone knows, Joey was "Too Tough to Die." Ramones' songs blast out at ballparks and Ramones prodigies and progenies the world over stalk street corners and haunt garages with two and three cord blasts and comic book lyrics of a deadpan dysfunctional dystopia america —or anywhere—inciting savage glee, gallows humor and good times despite all. Joey may have taken his "Permanent Vacation"—but the work goes on, wherever the immortal words and rhythms of "Gabba Gabba Hey" burst forth in energetic glory!

"Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever It is a damp, drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses, and bringing up the rear of every funeral meet; and especially whenever my hypos get such an upper hand of me, that it requires a strong moral principle to prevent me deliberately knocking people's hats off —then I account it high time to . . . "

put on a Ramones record!

for you, Joey--

dbc

**636. — GasHeart** *26 May 2001* ↑ **Register**

*Philly: Theater, Music, Film - May/June - Issue #42*

1. NOTcoffeeHouse at 2125 Chestnut St., Sunday, June 10, 1 pm, $1 2. Clark Park Arts/ music Festivals, June 23rd and Sept. 29th, artist tables free! 3. An 'Evening of Collaboration Between Poets and Artists', June 3, 4-7pm 4. A Job In The Arts - Leeway Foundation needs new Program Director 5. KNOW NOTHING FAMILY ZIRCUS AND ZIDESHOW, AT FAKEHOUSE, 6/2, 9pm 6. P POWER - SUPER STAR SUPER GIRLS!!! June 3rd at Silk City, 9pm-ish 7. CARP BBQ, (not the fish) an artist materials donate/free stuff org., celebrates getting a space again, Monday, May 28, 1PM 8. Jaaammes Brooown??, James Brown! Godfather of Soul, Sunday, 5/27, 7:30pm $15 9. Ramones Tribute @The Balcony May 31st, 8:30pm 10. Joey Ramone anectdotes, from me, josh cohen

1. NOTcoffeeHouse at 2125 Chestnut St., Sunday, June 10, 1 pm, $1

Plus Open Poetry and Performance Showcase $1 admission. Along with a live poetry reading and performance, we invite you to join in our website poetry reading. Send your work for inclusion in the ongoing internet presentation. Poets and performers may submit works for direct posting on the website via email to the or works may be emailed to Richard Frey at or USPS or hand-delivered through slot at 500 South 25th Street, Philadelphia, PA 19146. More information: Church office, , Jeff Loo, 546-6381 or Richard Frey, 735-7156. Our website: www.notcoffeehouse.org

Poets & performers previously appearing at NOTcoffeeHouse: Nathalie Anderson, Lisa Coffman, Barbara Cole, Barb Daniels, Linh Dinh, Lori-Nan Engler, Simone Zelitch, Dan Evans,

Brenda McMillan, Kerry Sherin, John Kelly Green, Emiliano Martin, Jose Gamalinda, Toshi Makihara, Thom Nickels, Joanne Leva, Darcy Cummings, David Moolten, Kristen Gallagher, Shulamith Wachter Caine, Maralyn Lois Polak, Marcus Cafagna, Ethel Rackin, Lauren Crist, Beth Phillips Brown, Joseph Sorrentino, Frank X, Richard Kikionyogo, Elliott Levin, Leonard Gontarek, Lamont Steptoe, Bernard Stehle, Sharon Rhinesmith, Alexandra Grilikhes,

C. A. Conrad, Nate Chinen, Jim Cory, Tom Grant, Gregg Biglieri, Eli

Goldblatt, Stephanie Jane Parrino, Jeff Loo, Theodore A. Harris, Mike Magee, Wil Perkins, Deborah Burnham, UNSOUND, Danny Romero, Don Riggs, Shawn Walker, She-Haw, Scott Kramer, Judith Tomkins, 6 of the Unbearables - Alfred Vitale

Ron Kolm, Jim Feast, Mike Carter, Sharon Mesmer, Carol Wierzbicki-,John Phillips, Quinn Eli, Molly Russakoff, Peggy Carrigan, Kelly McQuain, Patrick Kelly, Mark Sarro, Rocco

Renzetti, Voices of a Different Dream - Annie Geheb, Ellen Ford Mason, Susan Windle - Bob Perelman, Jena Osman, Robyn Edelstein,Brian Patrick Heston, Francis Peter Hagen, Shankar Vedantam, Yolanda Wisher, Lynn Levin, Margaret Holley, Don Silver, Ross Gay, Heather Starr, Magdalena Zurawski, Daisy Fried, Knife & Fork Band, Alicia Askenase, Ruth Rouff, Kyle Conner, Tamara Oakman, Robyn Edelstein, Sara Ominsky, Thaddeus Rutkowski, Carole Bernstein, Ryan Eckes, The Nightbirds, Marj Hahne, Toni Brown, Melisa Cahnmann, Diane Guarnieri, Siani Taylor, Catzie Vilayphonh, Michelle Myers,

Nzadi Keita

—Richard Frey 500 South 25th Street Philadelphia. PA 19146

i met richard, and he is a real nice guy who’s been doing this NOT coffeehose poetry/performance series for some time….it is only a dollar and is a good time. -josh

2. Clark Park Arts/ music Festivals, June 23rd and Sept. 29th, free!

Music Arts community fests.

Hey Y'all,

I am putting together artist/crafters/community group tables at Clark Park Arts/ music Festivals. they are June 23rd and Sept. 29th. It will be free to all who want a table. It is my intention to build up a large showing of quality art/craft/ community group showing at the Festivals. We have a very active artistic/ organizational community that should have it work shown.

Here is the deal and requirements.

A. In terms of Art/Crafts, they must be handmade by the artists (or if its a group you can show others work) No beanie babies please ! ok, maybe the tye-dye ones. (Just kidding)

B. Please let me know what kind of work you are selling so I can add info. into the program booklet. Please include contact numbers, email. etc. If you want to place a card in program booklet that would cost (i believe $25) I want to include a list of artist etc. I also don't want to have to much of the same type of items.

C. Provide your own table. If you cannot, let me know maybe I should work out sharing tables etc.

D. I don't want to censor any work but please remember there are kids present , so keep risky items out ofchildrens sight.

E. I need final confirmation asap if you want to be included in program booklet.

Please forward this to anyone else that may be interested. Call for more info.

contact directly - rich,

Clark Park fest is real fun….see Clarkpark.org for details location at 43rd St. and Baltimore Ave, a bunch of bands, free, in the park, always nice weather! -josh

3. An 'Evening of Collaboration Between Poets and Artists’, 6/3, 4-7pm

You are invited to participate in a unique evening of collaboration and connection between Philadelphia-area poets and artists on Sunday, June 3, from 4 - 7 pm, at Nexus Gallery in Old City (137 N. 2nd Street, Philadelphia).

In the spirit of a 1960s happening, visitors to the exhibition by sculpture artists Keiko Miyamori and Carole Sivin will be invited to type their responses and comments on typewriters that form part of the artwork.

Later in the evening, from 6 - 7 pm, local poets Deidra Greenleaf Allan, Herschell Baron, Elaine Terranova, and Justin Vitiello will create a poem collaboratively from the written responses of the visitors and also read from their own work.

Both the sculpture and the composed poem will reflect aspects of Japanese culture. Miyamori, who is Japanese, and Sivin, who has exhibited her work in Kyoto and Tokyo, will exhibit works that incorporate Japanese paper. The poem created jointly by the four writers will follow the technique of traditional Japanese Renga or linked verse, in which poets compose a poem sequentially, each contributing a stanza that responds to earlier ones.

For a fun evening that celebrates the connections between the visual and literary arts, join us at Nexus on June 3.

For more information, contact Nexus at215.629.1103

4. A Job In The Arts - Leeway Foundation needs new Program Director

Hi all-We just got word from the fine folks at the Leeway Foundation that they are looking for a new Program Manager. A job description, application guidelines, and contact info are included in the following description. Good luck to any and all who apply.

**********

Position Available**********

The Leeway Foundation is currently seeking a Program Manager to coordinate and adminster Leeway's programs, maintain their office systems, and assist with outreach and organizational development. The Program Manager's charge is to ensure efficiency while contributing to a culture of caring, flexibility, and teamwork.

Qualifications: -at least 2 years administrative experience -demonstrated commitment to women, the arts, and/or social change -demonstrated ability to represent an organization publicly, manage programs, and work collaboratively -comfortable with and knowledgeable about computers

Responsibilities: *Programs* -Produce and process applications -Manage application- and award-related mailings and tracking -Help plan and conduct informational workshops -Coordinate production of awards catalog -Coordinate readings, exhibitions, performances, jury sessions, symposia -Manage phone and written correspondence

*Office Systems*
-Produce and distribute materials for meetings
-Schedule appointments, meetings, travel, etc.
-Manage Website
-Maintain online calendar of local events
-Maintain databases and filing
-Coordinate bulk mailings

*Outreach* -Help create and disseminate press releases and advertising -Help develop and prepare reports, newsletters and other publications -Help build and maintain relationships with artists and non-profits -Help identify and attend relevant community events, courses, conferences

*Organizational Development* -Help develop and administer evaluation process for the foundation and its programs -Help coordinate office relocation -Conduct research on relevant subjects

Salary Range: $35,000-40,00 (commensurate with experience)

Timeline for Search: May 18-June 15: Applications accepted June 16-June 22: Review of applications June 25-July 10: Interviews

Application Process: Please fax or mail cover letter, resume, and 3 references with contact info. For more info please call or email:

Sara Becker Vice President The Leeway Foundation 123 South Broad Street Suite 2040 Philadelphia, PA 19109

5. KNOW NOTHING FAMILY ZIRCUS AND ZIDESHOW, AT FAKEHOUSE, 6/2

ok ok so my name is derek and i live at the fakehouse...this year i am in charge of the promotions of the zircus so here it is...apparently you have some connection to the big world out there...maybe via .comz KNOW NOTHING FAMILY ZIRCUS AND ZIDESHOW JUNE 2 2001 LOCATION THE FAKEHOUSE 3868 LANCASTER AVENUE START TIME 9 ISH

this is a wild show not to be missed, .... the side show part is really freaky -josh

6. P POWER - SUPER STAR SUPER GIRLS!!! June 3rd at Silk City, 9pm-ish

P POWER PERFORMANCE PROJECT presents:

SUPER STAR SUPER GIRLS!!!

Sunday June 3, 10pm Silk City Lounge, 5th & Spring Garden, Philadelphia (doors open at 9pm, dance party until 2am)

Featuring:

Pasta Girl (Jessica Dellecave)

Super Foie Gras Fille (Mauri Walton)

Pagan Oregano (Nancy Golike)

Mutant Mermaids (Bald Mermaids)

Vera Vex, the Harbinger of Hearts (Patricia Graham)

The OTHER Spice Girl (Joy Mariama Smith)

Super Sax (Aino Soderhielm)

2 Step Toni (Louise Carpino)

special guest MC, Helen Back and DJ Half Breed

Tickets are $7 or $5 if you come dressed as a supergirl

For more info and volunteer opportunities call or contact

Super powered females are revving up to kick ass for a spectacular evening of woman-powered performance. The P Power Performance Project presents SUPER STAR SUPER GIRLS!!! Martyrdom is malicious and marvelous as trashy glitz commingles with high art in an otherworldly domain. Join your favorite local performers as they reveal themselves in capes and tiaras for an action-packed performance party extravaganza. Drinking, dancing and debauchery will follow the performance. Come dressed as a supergirl for discounted admission and a super human experience. Kitschy clothing and CD's will be sold at both events. Maximum fun is required, all you need is a cape and you're there!!! Proceeds from the event benefit P4's out of town season.

P Power Performance Project (aka P4) is founded and curated by local dancer/performance artist Jessica Dellecave. P4 is committed to expanding images of women and power in the context of performance and fueled by the desire to create a nationwide legion of super women, super heroines, super girls, their friends, fans and lovers. This April in Chicago, P4 was a smashing success at the 4th Annual Ladylike Performance Festival. P4 is eagerly anticipating appearances in Providence, San Francisco, Atlanta and Arkansas later this year.

Dellecave deserves tons of props for creating a warm, enjoyable, engaging environment. This is the kind of show where a woman you've never met before will engage you in conversation

at intermission about Inga Muscio's book Cunt. The P-Power Performance Project may well become The Vagina Monologues of the alternative set. " -Kerry Reid, Chicago, 2001

"Quite the vision to behold..." -Dance Insider, 2000

"Fascinating...for utter conviction as flying feminist in sequined pasties and satin cape." -Philadelphia Weekly, 1997

"Over the top with wacky costumes, clever dialogue and funky dance sequences..."
-Philadelphia City Paper, 1996

very very good, lots of fun. -josh, 2001

7. CARP BBQ, (not the fish) an artist materials donate/free stuff org., celebrates getting a space again, Monday, May 28, 1PM

Creative Artists Resource Project/Please Take Materials Exchange/And All Other Interested Parties

IMPROMPTU BAR-BEE-QUE

Yeppers, CUE it up folks!!

Whatchoo doing monday??

Wellllllll... ya wanna get a peek at our new place/office space and meeting facility-to-be? Just want to come over? come relax? C'mon!

Ain't got nothin better ta do? Nuttin' else planned, well, c'mon!

We're a whole lot cheaper than the Jam on the River, although we don't have any aligator-on-a-stick... unless you bring it! :P

Soooo.... look around, grab sometin', and bring it... or someone, at least... maybe even just yourself.... bring your friends, bring your enemies, bring anybody who is interested in our space and or/efforts.... or just TELL them about this/pass on the invite... and come come come on down to 2026 E. York St. THIS MONDAY @ 1PM till who knows when!

Monday 1pm till ????? @ CARP's new Offices/Home To Be... Currently Under Renovation. 2026 E. York Street Philadelphia, PA 2 short Blocks from the El (York-Dauphin stop) or 2 Blocks from Frankford Ave. (If driving, come via Frankford Ave. as York is a One-Way Street)

There's a Tree outfront... And the address numbers are in stained glass over the door.

D-I-Y Barbie-QUee...

So far I've got covered:

Napkins
Mustard (at least three different kinds... maybe more!)
Ketchup
a few folding chairs
hotdogs
I have a tiny little barbequee... but someone might want to bring something better
some soft-drinks
Blankets for those sittin on the floor or ground picnic style...

And I'll probably bring some other stuff such as:

A music box -- but YOU can bring the Music, or make it yourself!!
A cooler

We'll definitely need: (Let me know what you're going to bring and how to get back to you so I can make sure we dont get 20 of each item.) a better or another barbeequee charcoal briquettes/lighter fluid Cups Burgers Buns for Burgers & Hot-doggies ice veggies or veggie burgers & dogs we can grill for those who dont eat meat Any sort of non-softdrink (read:alcohol) you want to consume or share with your fellow CARPs Any other food/snacks Anything else you feel appropriate or desire for the day!!

> And I'll probably get more... so LET me know if you're going to come/what you're going to bring...
>
> email me or ..my contact info is in the pleasetakeme discussion list contacts database or ask me for my cell phone # if you want that.
>
> CARP/Please Take Annoucements http://groups.yahoo.com/group/pleasetake/ CARP/Please Take Discussion http://groups.yahoo.com/group/pleasetakeme/
>
> —INFORMATION*MEDIA*PHOTOGRAPHY http://www.slackware.com/~msimons to be constantly created again a home! Creative Artists Resource Project: www.slackware.com/~msimons/arts/reuse/ A 501(c)3 Non-profit Organization Arts Reuse/Recycling Materials Exchange Do you like what I do? Consider donating resources to CARP; Ask me how!
>
> (this is a group that takes donations of materials for artists....anything at all...stores them....and gives them to artists.....plug into this group, they just got a space again. Modelled after Materials For The Arts in NYC. -josh)
>
> 8. Jaaammes Brooown??, James Brown! Godfather of Soul, Sunday, 5/27, 7:30 $15
>
> well, i never saw him in person....but i did on tv....and he rocks the house....probably the last time to see him....he's getting up there, agewise more info at jamontheriver.com he goes on at 7:30, sunday location....not at penn's landing....actually it's on the river, between spring garden and callowhill.....which is the location of the soon to be built World Trade Center....which will look sort of like the U.N., with one big building in the middle and a cluster of buildings at the base. not too phallic, huh? -josh
>
> 9. Ramones Tribute @The Balcony May 31st, 8:30pm
>
> Thursday, May 31st, 8:30pm
>
> @The Balcony (above the Trocadero) 1003 Arch Street Philadelphia, PA
>
> RAMONES MANIA! Joey Ramone Tribute Show
>
> TO BENEFIT CANCER RESEARCH AT NEW YORK PRESBYTERIAN
>
> 21 and over (but it's for a good cause!!!), $7 donation
>
> Los Ramones
> Smut
> Bad Vibes
> Nixon's Head
> Drop Zero
> Fuck Bomb
> Riff Raff
> Trailer Trash UK
>
> (get there early if you wanna see Trailer Trash UK or Riff Raff—we'll be going on RIGHT AT 9pm!!!)
>
> contact me for info,, or call the Balcony, 215-922-LIVE.
>
> see ya there!
>
> Trailer Trash UK
>
> 10. Joey Ramone anectdotes
>
> and from josh cohen-
>
> by the way, i knew joey ramone and he was waycool, and a really nice guy.....and we mourn his passing....i met him in new york, and worked with him on a friday the 13th extravaganza, joey booked the bands, and i booked the performance art. It was at the Ritz in new york (on 11th st.) and it was so packed, at one point, no one could move. lemmy from motorhead was the emcee. i told Joey that if he wanted people to come out to the show, he should go on Howard Stern. Joey didn't want to at first, due to political differences, but i said to Joey that he could go on the show, and say his positions, which would have a greater impact....and

> while he’s on he can mention the show. he did, and it was way packed.i have several fond memories of joey....i remember him putting his lanky arm around my shoulder/neck and saying i was doing a great job with the show....and i’ll never forget a cab ride, we were both in the back seat, and he kept saying over and over, “sphincter”, then laughing... and he said he liked the sound of the word “sphincter” ....then he’d laugh, ...staring out the window. how did i meet joey ramone?? ..... i met him playing pool at a bar in new york....then we decided to go to another bar.....he had a pickup truck and was in the passenger seat, i was in the back of the pickup truck. it was only a couple blocks and i stood the whole way, putting my arms out for balance, and acting like i was ‘surfing’. i had long hair at that time....joey was laughing the whole way....later when he asked what i do, i said i book performance art....he said he wanted me to help with the friday the 13th event.
>
> -josh cohen
>
> well that’s all for now....send add/deletes to me....and any info/upcoming events....i love you all,..... -josh cohen
>
> P.S. issue# 42 also is sent out to douglas adams, wherever you are, recently passed away, author of the hitchhiker's guide to the galaxy. 42 is, of course, the answer to the universe and everything, but we never did get the question...

---

## André du Bouchet

1924–2001

*4 messages · 3 hands*

*French poet associated with 'poésie blanche', co-founder of L'Ephémère journal;* Dans la chaleur vacante *(1961). Died in Truinas.*

### 637. — Tom Orange *26 Apr 2001* ↑ Register

*Andre du Bouchet 1924-2001*

thank you jerrold. this is terrible news. du bouchet is less well-known than yves bonnefoy or jacques dupin. he has been horribly under-served in english translation: only paul auster and david mus have translated books or book-length selections. paul celan translated du bouchet into german. the notion of an "abstract french lyric" fails miserably when applied to du bouchet; like celan he lives and breathes. below is a rough translation of the obit from le monde, to be followed shortly by some poems....tom orange / wdc

The poet Andre du Bouchet died, Thursday April 19, in Truinas at the Drome where he resided, at the age of 77, following a serious illness diagnosed two years ago.

With Andre du Bouchet, one of contemporary French poetry's highest and purest voices dies out — a voice that knew to guard itself against two great temptations: the excess of lyricism, overflow of ego — "loss of oneself refreshes," he wrote —, and the escape into an abstraction in which the world itself would no longer be the horizon. Considered difficult, his poetry however became, when du Bouchet read it himself in public or in front of a computer, so limpid, obvious, admirably structured. Inheritor of Mallarme and especially his great master Pierre Reverdy, du Bouchet had kept intact the idea of a poetry that should accept no compromise, no concession. "The words of the tribe" could not enter the poem.

Anecdote, biography or mundanity in fact find no place in his oeuvre. From the start, around the end of 1940, his choices were made; certain discrete standards would go together with a rigorous poetic esthetics. Relatively prolific — about thirty books and a number of limited editions — the oeuvre has no room for explication, no space of expression for the personality, the thoughts or opinions of the poet.

Andre du Bouchet was born May 7, 1924 in Paris. His paternal French family emigrated to the United States in the 18th Century. His origins on the maternal side are Russian and Jewish. The war interrupted his Parisian adolescence, and from 1941 to 1948 he found himself exiled in the United States. He completed his studies at Harvard and started to teach English. Upon returning, he rediscovered the French language, the use of which he claimed to have lost. During a conversation that he granted to us in October 2000, he spoke at length about this central experience of his life. This rupture probably gave his poetic language this original character, as if released from a coating, as well as the by no means peripheral relationship that Bouchet maintained with the translation of writers such as Mandelstam, Pasternak, Celan, Holderlin, but also Faulkner, Joyce — a portion of Finnegans Wake (Gallimard, 1962) — , and Shakespeare.

All these works are tied by a common thread. It would be unjust, and it could be, to reproach him for his theory of the translation. He did not explicitly have one. It was less one of the movement of appropriation or collecting than of the extension of the field of the word, at the interior of which whose each work leaves a mark.

du Bouchet's first book, Air, was published in 1951. But the collection that truly inaugurates the oeuvre is Dans la chaleur vacante [tr. by David Mus as Where Heat Looms, Sun and Moon 1995], which appears ten years later. From this point the work develops by sharpening each one of its edges, by revealing its escarpments and its accidents. "At the tearing in the sky, the thickness of the ground" du Bouchet writes on the first page. Mountain, glacier, reliefs. . . all the world's mineral and physical reality is convened. There is nothing under the heading of decoration. "One cannot make a higher bid on reality," he says again in one of the pages of his "notebooks." If the "I" is expressed, it does not drop to any confidence.

From Ou le soleil (1968) to Axiale (1992), through Laisses (1979), L'Incoherence (1979) or Desaccordee comme par la neige (1989), the subject matter does not vary. There are no other matters to speak about properly but the drawing of the word, the space of its deployment, its movement and its projection into terrain at once tangible and mysterious. The poem is detached on the page in vocables separated by white spaces, many, intended to make the poet's gaze at once participate with the reader's listening. Prose or poetry? The question does not find an answer immediate. But it hardly worries the interested party. . .

The dialogue with painters — there still without giving in to speculation, criticism, specialized or in-the-know discussion — proves quite as central as that with the foreign works. Tal-Coat and Giacometti are the two great witnesses, but also Genevieve Asse, Bram van Velde. . . not to mention the great past masters, Poussin, Hercules Seghers. . . It is finally necessary to cite the experience of collective work around the Maeght gal-

lery and the journal L'Ephemre (twenty issues from 1967 to 1972), alongside Jacques Dupin, Yves Bonnefoy, Louis-Rene des Forets, then Paul Celan.

"The word is there / Not me." This abstention for du Bouchet was in no way the expression of a will to withdrawal. His cordial and demanding presence, his attention, the constant search of a "truth of word" — to borrow a title from Yves Bonnefoy — showed. "All that is far today, undoubtedly the turning emerged too late." (Osip Mandelstam, Journey in Armenia, translated by du Bouchet).

The essence of the work is published by Mercure de France and at Fata Morgana. Two volumes appeared in the "Poesie-Gallimard" collection.

Patrick Kechichian

**638. — Tom Orange** *26 Apr 2001* ↑ **Register**
*du Bouchet: Le Surcroit / The Increase*

some poems from Le Surcroit (Fourbis, 1990) by Andre du Bouchet

and
it's
by the downgoings
that
it had
to be.
*
and yet more air
than from one
to
the other
in
a word of the speaking even
when
open
it opened.
*
rope
with a human face
like labored breathing
as soon
as one draws here
on
fresh air.
*
i will have
been
like cold air
returning
the other
that i could not
be
*

without
what you hear
but
what
air itself
takes from this mouth
where
air
as soon
as it is
even breath
gone
goes
free from sense.
*
to
join without having passed through a
name today
mine
being lost
" but
mine too."
*
no
longer one
but endlessly more
than one
deciphering
until the cold today
comes.
*
this
morning on
the
thicker lip
like
a blot of day.
*
where
mountain
once again
must
without which I had gone
to
leave
and
it gives
give.
*

you the
gust of wind

will have
joined you as
with the wall

of a wind's gust
and without sharing

the open.

*

stones,

room's quarters.

*

it's day -- day's
breath -- which, having crossed it, retakes it, your speaking,
in its mouth.

mouth, as it will pronounce us, without
the speaking drawn outside.

the source
of return to the sources never redoubled.

then tell me
what I say. I will listen to you without believing you.

*

a step (not), and

the road will go where i was.

*

**639. — Pierre Joris** *27 Apr 2001* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Andre du Bouchet 1924-2001*

There is an excellent interview (in French) with André du Bouchet done by Alain Veinstein on France Culture (this week — you need to listen or download before monday). You can try this url in your realaudio: http://bahamas.francelink.com:8080/ramgen/rfc/lundi_surpris_par_la_nuit.ra

or else go to www.francelink.com, follow links to radio, then france-culture, the go to "Lundi" and choose the last show of the day: "Surpris par la Nuit".

If all else fails, email me & I'll send you a zipped version as I have downloaded the interview.

**640. — Joseph Massey** *27 Apr 2001* ↑ **Register**

"Today It's," Origin Press, 1985.

There's also some Bouchet in his GIST OF ORIGIN anthology, a pretty generous chunk of work - Corman's translation.

## Billy Higgins

1936–2001

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*American jazz drummer on more than 700 recordings, from Ornette Coleman's free-jazz landmarks to hard bop dates;* The Shape of Jazz to Come *(1959). Identified in the notice as "Percussion poet". Died of kidney and liver failure.*

**641. — Michael Magee** *4 May 2001* ↑ **Register**

*Billy Higgins dies*

Hi all, I just heard that Billy Higgins has died, and thought some of you would want to know. Playing Ornette Coleman's "Congeniality" on my imac right now - this is really sad. Better drummers perhaps - Roach, Elvin, Tony Williams? But no one to my mind ever came across as LIVE as Billy Higgins on The Shape of Jazz to Come. Life changing for me when I first heard it. -m.

> **642. — Aldon L Nielsen** *4 May 2001* ↑ **Register**
>
> *Billy Higgins*
>
> Percussion poet Billy Higgins died yesterday — Many on this list loved him — Many on this list grew up with his rhythms in their ears

## Mentor Huebner

1917–2001

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Leading Hollywood production illustrator whose storyboards and production art shaped more than 250 films, including* Blade Runner.

**643. — Alan Sondheim** *27 May 2001* ↑ **Register**

*Mentor Huebner Obit (fwd)*

(from Ian Murray)

RE: Mentor Huebner Obit

Mentor Huebner

My husband, Mentor Huebner, died March 19. He was an artist. A Post Impressionist Painter. He was a Motion Picture Production Illustrator, Designer, Conceptual Artist, "Ghost Designer," Choreographer of Complicated Film Sequences, Conceptual Story Board Artist. He worked on 250 Feature Films, helped to design 10 Theme Parks (Warner's Theme Park in Australia he was the only Artist), and he had 50 One Man Solo Art Exhibits of his work. The Smithsonian Museum, Washington, DC, and the Museum of Modern Art, New York City, each featured his work in traveling national exhibits (three years each), the Native Sons of the Golden West Museum had an exhibit for five years, daily. He has received numerous awards and citations for his contribution to World-Art. The City of Los Angeles Council adjourned in his honor to commemorate his death. He is considered to be a genius and an Icon in the industry and known to be the last Post Impressionist Painter of the 20th Century.

Some of his films range from Ben Hur to Blade Runner, from A Star is Born to The Planet of the Apes...

He designed all the vehicles in The Great race, the entire City in Blade Runner; the now very famous Crop Plane chase of Cary Grant in North By Northwest...

He is Cofounder of a group for the advancement of culture in Los Angeles: The Mount Washington Poets and Artists Back Yard Conservancy.

A scholarship in his memory has been established to help less fortunate artists, "The Mentor Huebner Memorial Art Awards"

Mentor has followers around the world.

Sort of a cult following.

Thank you.

Louise Huebner

---

## Timothy McVeigh

1968–2001

*5 messages · 5 hands*

> *American domestic terrorist who carried out the 1995* Oklahoma City bombing *that killed 168 people. Died executed by lethal injection at Terre Haute federal prison, June 2001.*

### 644. — Dodie Bellamy *14 Jun 2001* ↑ Register

*McVeigh's face*

Hi All,

Kevin (Killian) and I were in Indiana when Timothy McVeigh was executed. We were staying at my mother's house, where, if one got up early one was forcefed incendiary talk-radio. Imagine making your morning coffee to the voice of Dr. Laura. I usually skirted the issue by sleeping until 10, when Martha Stewart was on TV and the radio was turned off. Coffee with Martha was fine, learning how to make handbags decorated with the impressions of weeds dipped in paint, etc.

But, we were flying back to SF the morning of McVeigh's execution, and thus, the talk-radio was on. It was mostly pro-execution. One Chicago broadcaster was actually calling McVeigh the McMurderer.

So, when I got back, I read the online reportage in the New York Times, and there was a very interesting passage about people struggling to interpret McVeigh's face as he was dying. It reads like the beginning of a Roland Barthes essay:

> *"As the witnesses to the execution spoke through the day, their jarringly different descriptions offered a lucid but unexplored commentary about the power of the camera. The two network journalists chosen by lottery to watch, Byron Pitts of CBS and Shepard Smith of the Fox News Channel, were careful not to read anything into Mr. McVeigh's expression. Mr. Smith was especially nuanced in reporting that Mr. McVeigh's skin had turned yellow and that he had seemed to die painlessly; yet Mr. Smith was rare in remaining so astutely aware*

*that each witness would read the event differently. As Paul Howell, whose daughter died in the bombing and who was also a witness, said, "We didn't get anything from his face."*

*But many family members who watched on closed circuit television in Oklahoma City saw something else. After seeing images from a stationary camera above Mr. McVeigh that stared into his face, they said things like "We saw hatred" and "It was like I was looking at the face of evil."*

*That lesson about the camera seemed willfully lost on the commentators, even when they noticed it. On the Fox News Channel, John Gibson rhetorically jumped up and down after a woman who had watched on closed circuit said it was "a slap in the face" when Mr. McVeigh turned his head away. Mr. Gibson, inflammatory as usual, didn't spend time wondering whether the people watching thousands of miles away were imposing ideas on an image they could not truly come close to.*”

**645. — Rova Saxophone Quartet** *15 Jun 2001* ↑ **Register**

Dodie

I was struck by the news report lead sentence which read something like "Timothy McVeigh died today unknowingling staring into the eyes of OK City bombing survivors who watched through a hidden camera mounted in the ceiling..."

how do they know it was "unknowingly?"

and the strange dissatisfaction engendered by this — that at the end he got to stare them in the face but they werent able to return the stare — thus it must have been "unknowingly" — and an odd parallel to the act he committed: having offed 150+ people without looking any of them in the eye, the ultimate act of cowardice, he wd be offed by the will of the masses w/out any of them looking him in the eye...

hence the fascination w/ his face... the need to draw some kind of relief from that... the utter inability to do so.

**646. — paula speck** *19 Jun 2001* ↑ **Register**

Rova Saxophone Quartet and all—

I've worked on some death penalty cases, and I'd bet that Timothy McVeigh DID know what that camera was and who he was looking at.

A Spanish poet (Antonio Machado, I think) wrote a proverb that goes: "The eye that sees you is an eye/ not because you see it/ but because it sees you." ("El ojo que ves no es/ ojo porque lo ves/ sino ojo porque te ve." The original has rhyme and a lot of close-rhyme). That means on several levels, but the one I see here is this: Timothy McVeigh's eyes were eyes while he was staring out of them; afterwards, just flesh. In his last moments, the only action he was free to choose to take was to stare up at the camera lens; from what we know of his character, he probably WAS expressing hate (many witnesses thought so). That may have been an evil thing to do, but it's consistent with the rest of his life. Anyway, I think it would have been wrong to deny him that last choice after taking away all other choices. Also, a better choice (if he made it) than "Invictus"—a whiny adolescent poem if there ever was one.

**647. — richard.tylr** *20 Jun 2001* ↑ **Register**

Paula. Good on you. It;s strange, but evil or whatever they call it, always fascinates people. The truth (terrible as it was) of what McVeigh did gets forgotten...and people remember the fact that he stared at the camera: it doesnt matter what Hitler did or caused he is perennially fascinating: Albert Schweitzer has less of a following. McVeigh thought he was right...in fact he had to believe it or he would have gone mad or whatever term you want to use. Regards, Richard.

**648. — gene** *20 Jun 2001* ↑ **Register**

I write about Invictus, not McVeigh.

> Invictus may be whiny in its high school, forced memorization context. But, its fascinating origins shed a different light on the poem.
>
> Wm. Henley, its author, had lost one leg to osteomyelitis at 18. He was in danger of losing the other when he went to see Joseph Lister. He placed himself in Lister's care for almost two years, in hospital all this time. Lister saved his leg. So, it was through this personal struggle that Invictus was born. It is also a very radical poem in its period, since it tears faith from the heavens and embeds it in the individual who wins through great personal risk via individual struggle. Of course,the struggle was not entirely individual...there was also Lister...but not God.
>
> Henley is Stevenson's model for Long John Silver.

---

## Tove Jansson

1914–2001

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Finland-Swedish author, painter, and illustrator who created the internationally beloved Moomin books and comic strips;* The Moomins and the Great Flood *(1945).*

**649. — peter culley** *28 Jun 2001* ↑ **Register**

*Tove Janesson*

Tove Janesson, Finnish author and illustrator of the Moomin books, died today at 86. Kiitos, Tove.

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## James Hatfield

1958–2001

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American author whose controversial George W. Bush biography* Fortunate Son *was recalled by St. Martin's, then reissued by Soft Skull. Died suicide by prescription-drug overdose in a Springdale, Arkansas motel room.*

**650. — Patrick Herron** *9 Aug 2001* ↑ **Register**

*_Fortunate Son_ author Hatfield Found Dead*

Revisionist History Part II

The author of the book about GW that was pulled from shelves during the 2000 campaign, JH Hatfield, was found dead in a hotel room on July 20 or 21, of an apparent suicide.

http://chicago.indymedia.org/front.php3?article_id=3701&group=webcast

It seems Hatfield really messed with the wrong family, a family whose personal fortune rests on the financing of Hitler, a Savings & Loan scandal, wars of all sorts, weapons manufacture and distribution, general colonial mentality, and the illegal drugs trade. Oh, yeah, and oil, banking, and intelligence. Assassination. Politics. And baseball, too.

Author of a book that angered the Bushes, a most violent and skilled family. Dead from an alleged suicide. Pulled from St. Martins Press and bookshelves across the nation, allegedly because Hatfield was a convicted felon. Now THAT'S power.

Coincidence?

Police say there will be no investigation of foul play.

The price of freedom.

Patrick

Patrick Herron

http://proximate.org/ getting close is what we're all about here!

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## Rachel Raffler

d. 2001

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American poet who read at the Kelly Writers House and published in Combo.*

**651. — Michael Magee** *28 Aug 2001* ↑ **Register**

*Rachel Raffler, in memory*

Hi all,

I'm sorry to have to let you know that Rachel Raffler died this week. Rachel was a brilliant young poet and a wonderful person. She took a Creative Writing class with me in 1998 and subsequently published in COMBO. We kept in touch, emailing about once a month, thru this past June. I'm so, so sad about this and don't know many details yet but some of you knew Rachel or had read her poems - a handful of you had specifically written me to say how much you liked them - and I thought it right to let you know. In her last email to me she'd mentioned that she'd decided to volunteer at the Poetry Project, tho I don't know if she ever did. Her poems can be found in COMBOs 3 & 7. And her reading at Live at The Writers

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## Mary Barnard

1909–2001

*3 messages · 3 hands*

*American poet and translator whose 1958 verse translation of Sappho has never gone out of print;* Sappho: A New Translation *(1958).*

**652. — Pete Landers** *31 Aug 2001* ↑ **Register**

*Mary Barnard passed on*

Hi list,

Sadly, a great spirit has left this world. Mary Barnard, whose Sappho translations are at this point the most widely read, passed away last Saturday. She was 91. I don't know if anyone on the list knows more about her, but if so, please tell. She traveled to see Pound and exchanged letters with Williams. Some of her work was published by Laughlin. She worked at the Buffalo SUNY Library for a while and helped establish the modern poetry collection. Her poetry is relaxed and intelligent. It's a pleasure to read. Maybe she deserves at least a token obit somewhere, but I'm afraid the big papers haven't noticed yet, or don't care. Here in Portland, OR there is going to be some sort of poetic memorial service. I don't know more yet. She grew up in the logging community, went to Reed in the thirties, and lived much of her later years in Vancouver Washington (just across the river).

No need to post any Sappho here. Just search the web for Sappho and you'll find many Barnard translations. I hope someone at the library, who knows what she meant to Buffalo and modern poetry, reads this.

Pete

**653. — George Bowering** *4 Sep 2001* ↑ **Register**

Mary Barnard was one of the best US poets of our time. I still have not read a Sappho that has the heart that Barnard's Sappho has. Williams certainly owed something to her. Check Paterson.

**654. — Steve Dickison** *9 Oct 2001* ↑ **Register**

***Claudia RANKINE & Linda NORTON, Thurs Oct 11 7:30 pm*

P O E T R Y C E N T E R 2 0 0 1
The Poetry Center & American Poetry Archives
presents

An evening with poets
CLAUDIA RANKINE & LINDA NORTON

Thursday October 11
7:30 pm, $7 donation
@ The Unitarian Center
1187 Franklin (at Geary)

CLAUDIA RANKINE is the author of three books of poetry: Nothing in Nature is Private, The End of the Alphabet, and-new from Grove Press-Plot. Among a growing number of younger Black poets at work in the U.S. with ties to the Anglophone Caribbean, Ms. Rankine in this latest book arrives at a remarkable multipli-voiced feminine vision. The poetry of Plot is often a "thinking in pictures," in image and dialogue, memory, fragment, and story:

"Still to speak of loss is like dusting a thought much farther away . . . farther than the moment the atmosphere cries, I am lost though I am here."

As Barbara Guest writes, "Plot moves as in a picaresque novel, in which the body schemes and frightens, accompanied by Claudia Rankine's instinct for poetic surprise ." Mary Gordon remarks, "I am awestruck. Quite simply, I have never read anything like Plot. Its stupendous intelligence . . . marks it as a masterpiece." Ms. Rankine teaches at Barnard College and lives in New York City.

LINDA NORTON's writing finds its way in the interstices where human lives take place in the contemporary urban milieu. Marked distinctly by three American cities-Boston, New York, Oakland-her poetry and prose works are restlessly interrogating, acutely keen to the singular nuance of people's expressive revelations . . . knowing and wondering, intimate and exposed. Ms. Norton is an acquisitions editor for the University of California Press, and an

editor at Five Fingers Review. She has published her poetry, fiction, and non-fiction in Mandorla, Exquisite Corpse, North American Review, and other magazines. Her postcard collages were included in a recent show at the Kitchen in New York, Art for Plot, centered on art inspired by Claudia Rankine's poetry. She lives in Oakland.

"April 26, 1992

The boy on the subway with the lavish scar from temple to dimple. The scar tissue isn't really tough yet. Voluptuous cleavage. I can see _into_ him— the coral-colored flesh beneath his dark skin.

The temples—the sanctuary—his face—violated.

He winks at me at Flatbush Avenue, where he gets off the train."

=====+=====+=== COMING UP: for details http://www.sfsu.edu/~newlit

October 15 Lawrence Ferlinghetti: Benefit for Poetry Center @ Club Fugazi, call for tickets. October 18 Paul Auster: George Oppen Memorial Lecture @ ODC Theater, call for tickets. October 25 Bill Berkson & Vincent Katz October 27 Mark Nowak & Allison Hedge Coke

November 2 Bernadette Mayer & Jack Collom November 10 Alice Notley November 29 Pierre Joris

=====+=====+=== THE UNITARIAN CENTER is located at 1187 Franklin Street at the corner of Geary on-street parking opens up at 7:00 pm from downtown SF, take the Geary bus to Franklin

READINGS that take place at The Poetry Center are free of charge. Except as indicated, a $7 donation is requested for readings off-campus. SFSU students & Poetry Center (with exception of October 15th Benefit Reading featuring Lawrence Ferlinghetti) get in free.

All Poetry Center events are videotaped and made available to the public through our American Poetry Archives collection. The first Complete Catalog in over a decade detailing available Archives tapes will be published in late 2001, including videos from 1974 forward, and audiotapes dating from the early years of The Poetry Center , from its founding in 1954 through the early 70s. MEMBERS WILL BE MAILED A FREE COPY OF THE CATALOG ON PUBLICATION.

The Poetry Center's programs are supported by funding from Grants for the Arts-Hotel Tax Fund of the City of San Francisco, the California Arts Council, the National Endowment for the Arts, Poets & Writers, Inc., as well as by the College of Humanities at San Francisco State University, and by donations from our members. Join us!

Bring all the art and
science of the world, and
baffle and humble it with
one spear of grass.

~Walt Whitman's notebook

# Theodore Silverstein

1904–2001

*1 message · 1 hand*

*British-born American medievalist at Chicago, known for his Sir Gawain and* Visio Sancti Pauli *scholarship. Died aged 96.*

## 655. — Halvard Johnson *24 Sep 2001* ↑ Register

*RIP Theodore Silverstein*

Back in my grad school days, I took two courses from Theodore Silverstein—Old English and Chaucer—and, although I haven't thought of him much during the intervening years, I was both sorry and pleased to see his obituary in this morning's NYT. I was sorry for the usual reasons, and I was pleased because this morning I learned more about him than I'd ever known before. How little I usually knew about those who were my teachers. Silverstein's classes were a delight and a pleasure, unlike most of those I remember from those Chicago years. Here's to him. His obit is below.

Hal

website: http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard/index.html

Dr. Theodore Silverstein, 96, Literature
Scholar, Dies

> *“ By DOUGLAS MARTIN Theodore Silverstein, a scholar of medieval literature at the University of Chicago whose subjects included Old English poetry and Late Latin visionary apocalypses and whose exploits as an intelligence officer in World War II were only recently revealed, died on Sept. 1. He was 96 and lived in Chicago. Dr. Silverstein was known for extending the work of 19th-century American scholars who realized that the dark ages were far from dark. His translation of the tale of Sir Gawain and the Green Knight was considered by some to surpass the previous definitive version, that of J. R. R. Tolkien. His scholarship was often playful, and he once made up a verse of Latin poetry to begin an article on his beloved Sir Gawain and signed it Petrus Argenteus, Latin for "silver stone." But his jokes sometimes suggested some fascinating thread in the rich tapestry of his life. The flyleaf of his translation of Sir Gawain, for instance, mentions "an adventure of a certain knight, during which Professor Silverstein commanded an Air Force unit which requisitioned the Eiffel Tower." The reference is to Dr. Silverstein's participation in an elite intelligence unit, which did indeed take over the tower to intercept communications of German planes during World War II. To be sure, his intelligence career contained stunning mishaps as well as brilliant successes. In trying to show his commanding officer a captured Belgian pistol, he accidentally fired the gun, hitting his superior in the groin. But Arnold C. Franco, who wrote a book about the unit, "Code to Victory" (Sunflower University Press, 1998), said the wounded officer, Harry Turkel, nonetheless later called him "the finest intelligence officer in the Western Theater." Hyman Theodore Silverstein was born on Oct. 11, 1904, in Liverpool and immigrated with his family to Boston in 1910. His father was a furniture salesman, and he attended the Boston Latin School. He then graduated from Harvard, where he stayed to earn his doctorate and teach. He accepted an appointment to teach at the University of Kansas City, a private college, now part of the University of Missouri. A freshman there, Mary Poindexter, became so enthusiastic about his brilliance that she attended all his lectures, even those in courses in which she was not enrolled. When*

*he enlisted at 37 in the Army Air Forces in 1942, she wrote him every day for three years. They married after the war, after Dr. Silverstein agreed to her one demand: that he drop his first name, Hyman. His wartime career remained classified until the late 1980's. He first served in North Africa and Italy interrogating captured German pilots. He was then assigned to a new mobile unit that intercepted communications of German pilots and relayed them to Allied pilots. Dr. Silverstein joined the English department at the University of Chicago as an assistant professor in 1947, and stayed until his retirement in 1973. His intellectual work virtually began and ended with editions of the Apocalypse of Paul, an anonymous text written in the third century A.D., or even earlier, which tells of Paul's visits to heaven and hell. It was the subject of Dr. Silverstein's first book in 1935, and in 1997, he and Anthony Hilhorst, a Dutch scholar, cooperated on a version that many scholars consider definitive. Dr. Silverstein, who is also survived by his sister Mildred Nollman of Foxboro, Mass., is remembered for his talent for teasing. When a niece said she had never tried mincemeat pie, he gave a long lecture highlighted by the disclosure that the first such pie was found in fossilized form in China. He then offered what he said was the rival Russian claim, that the pie was actually Minsk pie.*"

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## Germain Bree

1907–2001

*1 message · 1 hand*

*French-born American scholar of modern French literature, noted for studies of Proust, Gide,* Camus*, and Sartre. Died at her home in Winston-Salem, aged 93.*

**656. — Ron Silliman** *26 Sep 2001* ↑ **Register**

*Germain Bree*

The French scholar Germain Bree (don't know how to do the accent here) has

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## June Oppen Degnan

1918–2001

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American publisher and Democratic activist, George Oppen's sister, who co-published the San Francisco Review from 1959;* the San Francisco Review (from 1959)*.*

**657. — Ron Silliman** *28 Sep 2001* ↑ **Register**

*June Degnan*

I remember Mary Oppen telling me once that she and George could not have returned to the US when they did without June's help and political connections.

Ron

June Degnan — S.F. matron, active Democrat Angelica Pence, Chronicle Staff Writer Friday, September 28, 2001

> *“©2001 San Francisco Chronicle*
>
> *URL: http://www.sfgate.com/cgi-bin/article.cgi?f=/c/a/2001/09/28/MN21406.DTL*
>
> *San Francisco — June Oppen Degnan, a staunch Democrat, respected publisher and lover of all things literary, passed away in her Nob Hill home Sept. 14. She was 82.*
>
> *A self-proclaimed liberal Democrat, Ms. Degnan was an ardent fund-raiser and loyal party delegate for the better part of three decades. "Back in the days before the reformers got their hands on the campaign-finance laws, a wealthy, charming and public-spirited San Francisco matron was much sought after by Democratic candidates for the presidency," David S. Broder wrote in a 1988 editorial for The Washington Post. "They knew that simply by putting pen to checkbook, June Degnan could keep them in the race for another two months or more."*
>
> *In 1956, in her mid-30s, Ms. Degnan joined the State Democratic Central Committee, the party's governing body for California. By 1962, she was a national board member of the Americans for Democratic Action. "In the 1960s and early 1970s, her support was so earnestly solicited by so many aspiring hopefuls that she became notably tough-minded in her judgments, finally distilling her criteria into what I came to think of as Ms. Degnan's Law," Broder wrote. "I figure," she once told him, "that anybody who deserves to be president of the United States ought to be able, in a half-hour conversation, to express one thought I had not already thought of myself."*
>
> *In 1971, Ms. Degnan became both treasurer for the state Democratic Party and national vice-chair for George McGovern's run for the White House. She served three times as a delegate to the Democratic National Convention from 1972 until 1980, twice as a member of the national finance committee.*
>
> *In 1979, President Jimmy Carter tapped her as a trustee for the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C. She served in the coveted position until 1989.*
>
> *She was born in Rochester, N.Y., in 1919, and in 1939 married George Degnan, a longtime medical director for Contra Costa County. They were divorced in the mid-1940s.*
>
> *Frequently candid, she appeared just as often in the society columns of local newspapers — including those of The Chronicle — as she did in the editorial and news pages.*
>
> *Ms. Degnan was quoted in a 1990 Herb Caen column after returning from her first flight on the Concorde. "An experience which, she (said), reminded her of Lord Chesterfield's deathless line about sex: 'The pleasure is momentary, the position ridiculous, and the expense damnable.' "*
>
> *In 1952, she co-founded San Francisco Review, a magazine featuring the work of poets, playwrights and novelists. Throughout the '50s and '60s, Ms. Degnan co-published works from a slew of authors including James Hall, William Bronk, Charles Reznikoff, Curtis Zahn and George Oppen — her brother.*
>
> *In all, she published three books authored by her brother — The Materials (1962), This in Which (1965) and Of Being Numerous (1968), which was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for poetry the year after it was first put on bookstore shelves. By 1975, Ms. Degnan became publisher of Oceans Magazine, one of the first wildlife and environmental magazines. "My mother . . . was very sensitive to the history of our country both in politics and in culture," said her daughter, Aubrey Degnan.*
>
> *It was that very sensitivity, she said, that in many ways led to her mother's death on Sept. 14 — just three days after the terrorist attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. "She was profoundly loyal to the morals, values and spirit of this nation," Aubrey Degnan said. "What really led to her immediate passing were the incidents of the Tuesday attacks. It was just too much for her spirit."*

> *In addition to her daughter, Ms. Degnan is survived by two grandchildren, Brett Fisher and Adam Lindgren, and four great-grandchildren: Michelle, Richard, Alexandra, Ethan and a fifth who is yet to be born.”*

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## Allen Curnow

1911–2001

*1 message · 1 hand*

*New Zealand poet, anthologist, and satirical columnist whose landmark 1945 anthology helped define the nation's literature;* A Book of New Zealand Verse 1923–45 *(1945).*

### 658. — Charles Bernstein *28 Sep 2001* ↑ Register

*Allen Curnow (1911 -2001)*

I had the great fortune to meet Allen Curnow in Auckland, in the mid-80s, when I was visiting Wystan, who wrote to this list, a few days ago, of his father's death.

In his memory, here are two of his relatively early poems (with a couple of links below):

WILD IRON

Sea go dark, dark with wind, Feet go heavy, heavy with sand, Thoughts go wild, wild with the sound Of iron on the old shed swinging, clanging: Go dark, go heavy, go wild, go round, Dark with the wind, Heavy with the sand, Wild with the iron that tears at the nail And the foundering shriek of the gale.

(from Island and Time, 1941)

& this one's for you, Wystan —

(I suppose all of us in New York are wishing, like you father —"That the salt winds which scattered us blow softer")

ELEGY ON MY FATHER

Spring in his death abounds among the lily islands, There to bathe him for the grave antipodean snows Fall floodlong, rivermouths all in bloom, and those Fragile church timbers quiver By the bourne of his burial where robed he goes No journey at all. One sheet's enough to cover My end of the world and his, and the same silence.

While in Paddington autumn is air-borne, earth-given, Day's nimbus nearer staring, colder smoulders; Breath of a death not my own bewilders Dead calm with breathless choirs O bird-creation singing where the world moulders! God's poor, the crutched and stunted spires Thumb heavenward humorously under the unriven

Marble November has nailed across their sky: Up there, dank ceiling is the dazzling floor All souls inhabit, the lilied seas, no shore My tear-smudged map mislimned. When did a wind of the extreme South before Mix autumn, spring and death? False maps are dimmed, Lovingly they mock each other, image and eye.

The ends of the earth are folded in his grave In sound of the Pacific and the hills he tramped singing, God knows romantically or by what love bringing Wine from a clay

creek-bed, Good bread; or by what glance the inane skies ringing Lucidly round; or by what shuffle or tread Warning the dirt of miracles. Still that nave

He knelt in puts off its poor planks, looms loftier Lonelier than Losinga's that spells in stone The Undivided Name. _Oh quickening bone Of the Mass-priest under grass Green in my absent spring, sweet relic atone To our earth's Lord for the pride of all our voyages, That the salt winds which scattered us blow softer.

(London, November 1949)

For the obituary in New Zealand Herald, go to http://www.nzherald.co.nz/storydisplay.cfm?thesection=news&thesubsection=&storyID=219315

The Curnow entry in the Oxford Companion to New Zealand literature is at

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## Gellu Naum

1915–2001

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*Romanian surrealist poet, dramatist, and children's writer who founded the Romanian Surrealist group;* Zenobia *(1985). Died at Elias Hospital, Bucharest, aged 86.*

**659. — kiwi** *4 Oct 2001* ↑ **Register**

*(no subject)*

Dear Friends,

Although Gellu Naum's death has already been reported to the Poetics List, I thought members of the list and friends of Green Integer and Sun & Moon Press would be interested in the short obituary which appeared in the New York Times this morning (October 4th).

Gellu Naum, a leading Surrealist literary figure here (Burcharest), died on Saturday of a heart attack. He was 86. During a career as a poet, playwright and translator that lasted more than 65 years, Mr. Naum published 20 books of poetry, numerous plays and a novel. Born in 1915, and the son of a poet, Mr. Naum studied philosophy in Burcharest and Paris, publishing his first poetry book, The Incendiary Traveler, in 1936. He was recognized worldwide as a prominent Surrealist, and his works were translated into English, German, French and other languages; his Surrealist novel, Zenobia, was published in 1985. Mr. Naum also translated works by Beckett, René Char, Jacques Prévert and Kafka into Romanian. He received numerous international and national awards for his work, including the 1999 European Prize for Poetry.

Naum's novel is available from Northwestern University Press. Green Integer, moreover, published his autobiographal collage and assisted cut-up "pohem" My Tired Father. In honor of Naum's memory, we are offering My Tired Father to members of this list for a 20% discount. If you send a check for $7.16 (the orignal price is $8.95) plus $1.50 for postage (total $8.66) we will be happy to send you a copy of this

wonderful book. Please write checks to Douglas Messerli (not Green Integer) at 6026 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, CAlifornia 90036. Be sure to include your name and address.

Douglas Messerli

> **660. — mIEKAL aND** *4 Oct 2001* ↑ **Register**
> douglas: is it possible to post a poem or two to the list? a search on the net comes up null for poems by him in english....

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## David Gascoyne

1916–2001

*1 message · 1 hand*

*English poet and translator, a leading figure of 1930s British Surrealism who introduced French surrealists to English readers;* Man's Life Is This Meat *(1936). Died on the Isle of Wight, aged 85.*

**661. — Scott Hamilton** *28 Nov 2001* ↑ **Register**

*David Gascoyne Dies*

WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 28 2001

One of the last survivors from the literary 1930s, David Gascoyne once described himself as “a poet who wrote himself out when young and then went mad”. Like a not dissimilar predecessor, Chatterton, he was a “marvellous boy” in his time, original and creatively precocious in his youth and early manhood. Like those two similarly precocious spirits of that era, George Barker (a close friend) and Dylan Thomas, he was essentially a neo-Romantic and had something of the self-destructive impulse which went with that. In the ultimate analysis he promised more than he could deliver. But what he did deliver was, in the early days certainly, completely unusual and arresting.

Like Barker and Thomas, too, and in contrast to the other leading English poets of the age, Auden, Spender, Empson, MacNeice and Day Lewis, he had not been to university, a fact that may account for the sense of inner spontaneity, a spirit completely free of cleverness.

Yet Gascoyne was familiar with contemporary Europe and European philosophical and artistic movements to a degree many of his contemporaries were not, and was in tune with Surrealism and Existentialism in their early days. The involvement with Surrealism tended, in the end, to hang like an albatross round his neck, and he had to repudiate it. But gradually, as the years went by, and he and his work emerged from beneath the wreck of his early hopes, the scope of his lifetime’s achievement as poet, translator and memoirist became apparent.

David Emery Gascoyne was born the son of a bank manager in Harrow in 1916 and educated at Salisbury Choir School. There, his restless creativity somewhat alarmed his stolidly bourgeois parents.

At Regent Street Polytechnic he met George Barker, who was to become one of his greatest friends. But he failed his exams and left in 1932.

Gascoyne was 16 in 1932 when Auden's The Orators and his own imagistic Roman Balcony and Other Poems were published. It was the beginning of an auspicious period for him: in 1933 A. R. Orage published Ten Proses and Surrealist Cameos in The New English Weekly; Geoffrey Grigson included Gascoyne's first purely "automatic" Surrealist poem, And the Seventh Dream is the Dream of Isis, in one of the early numbers of New Verse, which had appeared for the first time that year; Alida Monro persuaded Cobden-Sanderson to publish Gascoyne's first and only full-length novel, Opening Day.

The advance royalties made it possible for him to make his first visit to Paris, where he spent his 17th birthday. In Paris he made several new acquaintances, including Cyril Connolly, visited the ateliers of S.W. Hayter, Max Ernst and Jean Hélion, and met Paul Eluard and Salvador Dalí. … By the mid-1930s Gascoyne had become prolific as poet, novelist, essayist and reviewer. Apart from New Verse his poems and translations were printed in The European Quarterly, The Bookman, the New Statesman and Nation and in the Left Review symposium of 1937, Authors Take Sides on the Spanish War, among others.

Gascoyne returned to Paris in 1935 to research a book on Surrealism. He was already in correspondence with Eluard, and he met André Breton who made a lasting impression on him. His A Short Survey of Surrealism (1935), with a dust jacket designed by Max Ernst, was the first book-length historical account of the movement in English. It was followed in 1936 by his own collection of Surrealist poems, Man's Life Is This Meat, and by his translations of Breton's What is Surrealism? Back in England in 1936 he co-curated the International Surrealist Exhibition with Roland Penrose and Herbert Read at the Burlington Galleries (where with the aid of a spanner he was able to extricate Dalí from suffocation in a diving suit as he delivered a lecture).

In November, and now a member of the Communist Party, he travelled from Paris with Roland and Valentine Penrose to Spain in the throes of civil war. In Barcelona, he translated news bulletins during the day, broadcasting them in English each evening for the propaganda bureau of the Catalonian government, from a studio near the port.

Gascoyne travelled backwards and forwards from England to the Continent throughout the rest of the decade, living in Paris for long periods between 1937 and 1939. His Journals of that time reveal friendships with Dylan Thomas, Julian Trevelyan, Kathleen Raine, Antonia White and Norman Cameron, who introduced him to American poetry, which he found "more exciting than English poetry". Anäis Nin, Lawrence Durrell and Henry Miller, too, were among his friends.

In the Journals he records his disenchantment with Surrealism and search for a new poetic language and sensibility; his struggle to come to terms with his homosexuality; his growing amphetamine addiction; and his engagement with Existentialist philosophy.

In 1937 he first made contact with the poet-philosopher Benjamin Fondane and discovered Pierre Jean Jouve. It was a significant turning point. He entered into

analysis for several months with Jouve's psychiatrist wife, Blanche Reverchon. Gascoyne's Hölderlin's Madness (1938), with four original poems interpolated in the "free adaptations" of the German poet, was his response to Jouve's Poèmes de la folie de Hölderlin. In Gascoyne's third collection, Poems 1937-42 (1943, with eight striking reproductions in colour by Graham Sutherland), he found his mature voice and emerged as a religious poet. Cyril Connolly claimed that the poems "take us in their chill, calm, sensitive language as near the edge of the precipice as a human being is able to go and still turn back".

Gascoyne failed his medical for military service, and worked for a short time early in the war as a ship's cook, then joined ENSA. On his first postwar visit in 1947 to Paris and the café frequented by the Surrealists he was "excommunicated" from the group by Breton who, after reading his Ecce Homo, accused him of being a Roman Catholic.

Gascoyne's postwar work lacks his previous intensity. His satirical one-act play, The Hole in the Wall, on the state of English theatre (pre-Osborne and Pinter) was produced in 1950, the year A Vagrant and other poems was published. In autumn 1951 Gascoyne, Kathleen Raine and W. S. Graham left for the US, where they gave readings as "Three Younger British Poets".

Back in Britain Longmans Green commissioned his Thomas Carlyle (1952) for their series Writers and their Work, but Gascoyne was suffering from writer's block, the first of several instances of the affliction. Then, in 1953, Douglas Cleverdon commissioned Night Thoughts for the BBC Third Programme. This he finished and it was first broadcast on December 7, 1955, offering to listeners the essence of his "religio poetae".

The following year he attended the first performance, with Peter Pears as soloist, of his poem, Requiem, written in Paris in the late 1930s for the composer Priaulx Rainier as a text to be set to music.

Between 1954 and 1964 Gascoyne lived in France, publishing very little. Then, after a serious breakdown, he returned to England to live with his parents on the Isle of Wight. He worried that his parents must think him "a complete failure" and was relieved when his Collected Poems appeared the following year. After his father's death acute depression dogged him and over the next 11 years he endured further periods in hospital.

His marriage, in 1975, to Judy Lewis, restored much self-esteem. He began to write again, contributing reviews, translations, and occasionally poems, to newspapers and periodicals. The publication — in the order of their mysterious reappearance —- of Paris Journal 1937-39 in 1978 and Journal 1936-37 in 1980 brought enthusiastic reviews.

In May 1981 in Paris he took part in Homage to David Gascoyne, organised jointly with the British Council, and a selection of his translated poems became a university set text, Miserere (Granit, 1989), in France. He achieved public recognition in Italy, too, where he was presented with the Premio Biella-Poesia Europea for his translated collection La Mano del Poeta (1982). In 1985 his translation of Breton's and Philippe Soupault's Les Champs Magnétiques was published as The Magnetic Fields.

The past ten years have seen the publication of several works (some recovered from limbo): Selected Poems (1994); Selected Verse Translations (1996); Selected Prose 1934-1996 (1998); Encounter with Silence: Poems 1950 (1998); A Short Survey of Surrealism (reprint, 2000); and April: a novella (2000). In 1996 Gascoyne was appointed a Chevalier de l'Ordre des Arts et Lettres in London by the French Minister of Culture.

In the 1990s he suffered a serious fall, breaking his pelvis. From this he recovered, but his frail, stooping but impressive figure became gradually less mobile.

David Gascoyne is survived by his wife Judy.

David Gascoyne, poet, was born on October 10, 1916. He died on November 25, 2001, aged 85.

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## Spencer Holst

1926–2001

*2 messages · 1 hand*

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> *American writer famed for fable-like short tales performed aloud in New York in a mellifluous, cadenced voice;* The Language of Cats and Other Stories *(1971).*

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### 662. — George Quasha *2 Dec 2001* ↑ Register

*Spencer Holst (1926-2001)*

Spencer Holst died on Thanksgiving at St. Vincent's Catholic Medical Center in lower Manhattan. The cause of death was complications of emphysema and apparent stroke. He was 75.

His unique writings — his inventions, "Spencer Holst stories" — have influenced and been praised by two generations of writers. His books include On Demons [1970, with Beate Wheeler], The Language of Cats & Other Stories [1971], Spencer Holst Stories [1976, a New York Times "notable book"], Something to Read to Someone & Sixteen Drawings [1980, with Beate Wheeler], Prose for Dancing [1983], The Zebra Storyteller [1993] and Brilliant Silence [2000], the latter four still available from Station Hill/Barrytown, Ltd. [A couple of examples included at the end here.] Audiographics has published tapes of his readings and plans CD collections in the future.

Spencer Holst was also an extraordinary and prolific painter in later years and exhibited regularly with the painter Beate Wheeler, his wife. (A painting is currently on exhibit at the Westbeth Gallery in Manhattan.)

Spencer Holst's work gained a reputation first from the animated readings he gave during four decades in New York cafés, and since the 1960s he has appeared widely in magazines and anthologies. He curiously straddled very different audiences and literary milieus, mostly published by small magazines and independent publishers but also appearing in the popular press (e.g., The Language of Cats was a mass market paperback). His many devoted readers regarded him as under-recognized, yet he received a number of awards, including, for Spencer Holst Stories, the Hilda and Richard Rosenthal Foundation Award in 1977 from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters. He also received an award from the Foundation for Performing Arts. His work has been translated into other languages, including Swedish, Japanese, Spanish, and French. The charm and imaginative accessibility of his work made one wish that his stories become universally known — it would have to be good for the world.

He once said of himself: "In the geography of literature I have always felt my work to be equidistant between two writers, each born in Ohio — Hart Crane and James Thurber, but my wife says don't be silly, your stories are halfway between Hans Christian Andersen and Franz Kafka." Or Borges, greatly admired by Spencer and with whom he had a long correspondence. Yet, according to his sister, Mary-Ella Holst, in the 1950s he identified with the Beats.

Spencer Holst's work was not obviously "experimental" yet he was a storyteller who challenged narrative in many ways, sometimes reducing story to a single sentence, as if the drama of unfolding syntax embodied a secret of story itself. "The bubbling Babylonian tablet came clean in the bath of acid." He made an art in which language has consequences, both in ways we prefer to ignore and on levels we have yet to acknowledge or understand. "When she raises one eyebrow, and one nostril rises into half a sneer, and one eye closes to a slit — watch it!." He felt he had invented a new kind of "very, very short story"; others felt the art he cultivated was liminal to performance and magic, in all of its senses. "My Reader, if you should suddenly discover that you have this very vase in your hands, handle it with care and a certain circumspection." One never heard him refer to himself as a poet, but that non-view would be hard to sustain. "I am stuck in this chair in front of my typewriter like a fly on flypaper."

Quite different poets/writers have praised his work, including John Cage, Jackson Mac Low, Francine Prose, Muriel Rukeyser, John Hollander, Diane Wakoski, Donald Newlove, W.S. Merwin, Allen Ginsberg and Jerome Rothenberg. [Quotes at the end.] A New York Times reviewer called him "the most skilled fairy-tale artificer of our times." In one edition of The Norton Anthology of the Short Story, his stories were the first and the last entries. His work is increasingly taught in schools and universities.

[The following account combines information from his family with the only unpaid obituary so far — in The Toledo Blade — which was based on a conversation with Mary-Ella Holst.]

Born July 7th, 1926 in Detroit, Michigan, he grew up in Rossford and Toledo, Ohio, where his father, Lawrence Spencer "Doc" Holst, was for many years a reporter and

sports columnist (specializing in the Detroit Tigers) for The Toledo Blade and the former Toledo Times.

At 16 he dropped out of Scott High School and ran to New York to be a poet. He returned to Toledo but never finished school. He served in the army at the end of World War II, remaining stateside, and worked a short stint in the library of The Toledo Blade. Then, in 1957, he returned to New York, determined to be a writer. He married Beate Wheeler, an artist as impecunious as he, and in 1970 they became charter tenants of Westbeth, the artists' residence on the lower West Side, where rents are charged according to a resident's ability to pay. There, where he lived until his death, he played chess (frequently with John Cage during the years he too lived there), wrote his short stories, gave readings, painted and regularly exhibited, often with Beate Wheeler.

For money, which always was short, he did readings in bars, churches, cafés and other paying venues across New York, as well as colleges and universities. "He was a wonderful reader and storyteller," his sister Mary-Ella said. "He could mesmerize an audience." And in an interesting bit of cultural speculation, the Washington Post wrote in an article about him in 1975: "In New York City, as in other great and expensive cities of the world, there is a secret network of friends who conspire to live just the way they want, quietly and gently on practically nothing, without the system ever knowing."

Perhaps his best-know short-story collection is The Language of Cats (incorporated in The Zebra Storyteller), in which, according to The Saturday Review, "he creates brief but startling visions of men who are maimed, lost, and lonely, unwarmed by the cold comforts of a scientific age." Muriel Ruyekser offered a corrective to this view many would agree with: "At first I thought The Language of Cats was just a book of wry, marvelous fables. But as I went further and began to feel entirely different, I saw that what we have here is a mater of ecstasy."

Surviving are his wife, Beate, and sister, Mary-Ella Holst, of Manhattan, and son, Sebastian, daughter-in-law, Dawn, and grandchildren Spencer Robert and Adrianna Beate of Chevy Chase, Maryland.

No funeral was held; his ashes were sent to a family grave site in Ohio. But there will be a memorial at Westbeth, probably early January, the date to be announced. [Those wishing to participate actively in the memorial can contact me at

Other comments on Spencer Holst:

"These stories are (or should be) classics; they're not merely extraordinary, but absolutely unique. Witty, magical, immensely strange, shimmering with paradox, Spencer Holst's stories oblige us to revise whatever it was we thought we knew about the possibilities of storytelling." Francine Prose

"His gift is to a remarkable extent that of a storyteller in the oldest and simplest sense. It's not hard to imagine him telling stories on the street corners of ancient Rome." W.S. Merwin

"His sense of humor and of the macabre have earned him a special place as wise jester of the vanguard." The New York Times

"These are routines — something like fictions, something like jokes — of a stand-up tragic. Transcriptions of a spoken voice, their cadences linger beyond laughter." John Hollander

"Spencer Holst at his best is a goblin telling a story to an audience of spellbound magicians. His stories transform you into a man in an invisible coat seeing all the secrets of the world." Diane Wakoski

Subterranean anonymous archaic Lower East Side Kafka prose-poems in a mirror-universe — mysterious impersonality, not self seeking — in simple NY lingo — Empty Buddha centered fables — Lookback on present thru time Distance — Author by now like myself Aging wrinkled in Science-Fiction Wars & Dope Eras, Police State! — but still writing in pubescent youth's persona — Power of imagination goes back Poeesque thru late 1940's to Mailer's underground paranoiac trotskyite Monroe Street — patient genius, triple quadruple twists & contradictions — Daguerreotype Illuminations, Oracle's 'little fantasies' — Silent monster — Storm on Bklyn Bridge — Mind puzzles — Charmant! Charming!" Allen Ginsberg

"His stories — written with the verbal and rhythmic preciseness of poetry — are witty, intriguing metaphors for the secrets of the cosmos."

Howard Kissel, Women's Wear Daily

Spencer Holst stories:

Mona Lisa Meets Buddha

Up in heaven the curtains fluttered, the curtains fluttered, the curtains fluttered, and the Mona Lisa entered at one end of a small hall, which was hung with many veils.

Up in heaven the curtains fluttered, fluttered, fluttered, and the Buddha entered the hall at the other end.

They smiled.

The Zebra Storyteller

Once upon a time there was a Siamese cat who pretended to be a lion and spoke inappropriate Zebraic. The language is whinnied by the race of striped horses in Africa. Here now: An innocent zebra is walking in a jungle, and approaching from another direction is the little cat; they meet. "Hello there!" says the Siamese cat in perfectly pronounced Zebraic. "It is certainly a pleasant day, isn't it? The sun is shining, the birds are singing, isn't the world a lovely place to live today?" The zebra is so astonished at hearing a Siamese cat speaking like a zebra, why — he's just fit to be tied. So the little cat quickly ties him up, kills him, and drags the better parts of the carcass back to his den. The cat successfully hunted zebras many months in this manner, dining on filet mignon of zebra every night, and from the better hides he made bow neckties and wide belts after the fashion of the decadent princes of the Old Siamese court. He began boasting to friends he was a lion, and he gave them as proof the fact that he hunted zebras. The delicate noses of the zebras told them that there was really no lion in the neighborhood. The zebra deaths caused many to avoid the region. Superstitious, they decided the woods were haunted by the ghost of a lion. One day the storyteller of the

zebras was ambling, and through his mind ran plots of stories to amuse the other zebras, when suddenly his eyes brightened, and he said, "That's it! I'll tell a story about a Siamese cat who learns to speak our language! What an idea! That'll make 'em laugh." Just then the Siamese cat appeared before him and said, "Hello there! Pleasant day today, isn't it!" The zebra storyteller wasn't fit to be tied at hearing a cat speaking his language, because he'd been thinking about that very thing.

He took a good a good look at the cat, and he didn't know why, but there was something about his looks he didn't like, so he kicked him with a hoof and killed him.

That is the function of the storyteller.

**663. — George Quasha** *5 Dec 2001* ↑ **Register**
*Spencer Holst obit in NY Times 12-5-01*

December 5, 2001

Spencer Holst, 75, Writer and
Teller of Fables, Dies

*“By HARVEY SHAPIRO Spencer Holst, a writer of fables and a fixture of the downtown Manhattan avant-garde scene for 30 years, died on Nov. 23 at St. Vincent's Hospital in Manhattan. He was 75. He had been suffering from emphysema and apparently died of a stroke, said George Quasha, a co- owner of Station Hill/Barrytown, Mr. Holst's publisher. Mr. Holst gained his reputation partly from his own readings of his stories. He was a big-eyed man and read the magical tales with an air of constant wonderment, as if they had been dropped on his doorstep just that morning. They were short and often funny stories in which animals mixed with people. The poet Hugh Seidman, Mr. Holst's neighbor for 30 years in Westbeth, the housing complex for artists in the West Village, said, "Once you heard him perform his classic tales, like `The Frog' or `A Balkan Entertainment,' it was impossible to get his voice out of your head, impossible not to hear it each time you read one of his fables." His venues for readings included Westbeth, the former club Max's Kansas City, Judson Memorial Church and the Village Vanguard. His books of stories included "On Demons" (written with his wife, the painter Beate Wheeler), "The Language of Cats and Other Stories," "Prose for Dancing," "The Zebra Storyteller," "Brilliant Silence," and "Spencer Holst Stories," for which he received the Hilda and Richard Rosenthal Foundation Award from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters in 1977. His stories are hard to classify. The poet John Hollander said: "These are routines — something like fictions, something like jokes — of a stand-up tragic. Transcriptions of a spoken voice, their cadences linger beyond laughter." In one of his characteristic stories, "The Frog," a frog becomes "addicted to morphine during experiments at the federal hospital at Lexington, Ky.," is eventually kissed by a beautiful teenager and, of course, becomes a prince ("a tall Italian-looking guy"). But the girl won't marry her prince because he is a drug addict; the narrator wins her. Some of his short stories are very short indeed. For example, "Mona Lisa Meets Buddha" reads in its entirety: "Up in heaven the curtains fluttered, the curtains fluttered, and the Mona Lisa entered at one end of a small hall, which was hung with many veils. Up in heaven the curtains fluttered, fluttered, fluttered, and the Buddha entered the hall at the other end. They smiled." He once said of himself, "In the geography of literature I have always felt my work to be equidistant between two writers, each born in Ohio — Hart Crane and James Thurber — but my wife says don't be silly, your stories are halfway between Hans Christian Andersen and Franz Kafka." Mr. Holst was born in 1926 in Detroit and grew up in Ohio, where his father was a sports columnist for The Toledo Blade and The Toledo Times. In 1957 he came to New York determined to be a writer. He married Ms. Wheeler, and in 1970 they became charter tenants of Westbeth. He lived there until his death. In addition to his wife, he is survived by a sister, Mary-Ella Holst, of Manhattan; a son, Sebastian, of Chevy Chase, Md.; and two grandchildren.”*

# Perdita Schaffner

c. 1919–2001

*1 message · 1 hand*

*British-born American essayist and translator, daughter of Imagist poet H.D., who wrote memoir-essays preserving her mother's legacy;* "Keeper of the Flame", in H.D., Woman and Poet *(1986). Aged 82 and died at her home in East Hampton.*

**664. — Pierre Joris** *28 Dec 2001* ↑ **Register**

*Perdita Schaffner*

Via the EP discussion-list, this message:

Dear H.D. Society members,

I am a grandson of H.D. and have been reading your postings with interest over the past couple of years. I'm afraid that now I have some bad news to share with you. My mother Perdita, H.D.'s daughter, died on Wednesday at her home in East Hampton. I know that many of you were her friends and correspondents. What follows is the text of an obituary I wrote that will appear next Thursday in the East Hampton Star.

Val Schaffner

PERDITA M. SCHAFFNER

Perdita Macpherson Schaffner died on Dec. 26 at her home in Springs. She was 82. Mrs. Schaffner was the author of many published essays as well as a number of unpublished stories and novels.

She was an active philanthropist and served on the boards of cultural institutions such as the Bay Street Theater in Sag Harbor, Poets and Writers Inc., and Yale University's Beinecke Library.

She cultivated a wide range of friends here, in New York City, and in Europe. In academic circles she was known as the daughter of the Imagist poet Hilda Doolittle, who wrote under the pen name H.D. She was born in London on March 31, 1919, and was raised in a highly unusual household there and in Burier, Switzerland, near the town of Montreux.

The identity of her father was a subject she long refused to discuss, although she was amused when biographers and dissertation-writers deduced that he must have been the poet Ezra Pound, who at one time was H.D.'s fiance, or the novelist D.H. Lawrence, who was a close friend. Although Mrs. Schaffner was originally named Frances Perdita Aldington, H.D. being married at the time to the British novelist Richard Aldington, he was not her father either.

It was not until 1983, in an essay included with a reissue of her mother's novel Bid Me to Live, that she publicly identified him as the character who in that roman a clef is called Vane, and who in real life was Cecil Gray, a Scottish music critic and minor composer.

Like Vane and the novel's protagonist, the musician and poet carried on an affair in the final months of World War One, and he quickly disappeared from her life and that of his daughter, who would meet him on only one occasion, in 1947, by chance, in the

entourage of the writer Norman Douglas on Capri. At the height of the flu epidemic that followed the war, H.D. was alone and ill in an unheated room in a seedy London rooming house, on the verge of labor, when she was rescued by her young friend Winifred Ellerman, who wrote novels under the name Bryher and was heiress to a shipping fortune.

In what became a lifelong relationship, Bryher took mother and daughter under her wing. Perdita (the name comes from Shakespeare's The Winter's Tale) grew up in a menage that included H.D, Bryher, and the latter's husbands, starting with Robert McAlmon, a novelist who later chronicled those somewhat manic years in a memoir titled Being Geniuses Together. Bryher's second husband was yet another novelist, a debonair Scotsman named Kenneth Macpherson who, like her, was in love with H.D.

The couple formally adopted her child, who took the name Perdita Macpherson, and all four set up house in a towering Bauhaus structure overlooking Lake Geneva that doubled as a studio for avant-garde films and was also home to an assortment of dogs, cats, and monkeys.

They divided their time between Switzerland, London, and Paris, where they were at the center of a group of literary and artistic figures, some of whom, including Gertrude Stein and Edith Sitwell, Mrs. Schaffner would later recall in a series of vivid, witty essays. Surrounded by writers, the girl seldom had a chance to meet other children, for she was educated at home according to Bryher's eccentric educational theories.

She did, however, become fluent in French, German, and Italian, skills that served in good stead when, as a young woman at the onset of World War Two, she took a job in with the Office of Strategic Services, which was the precursor of the Central Intelligence Agency. She worked at a country manor called Bletchley Park where teams of translators pored over scraps of intercepted Nazi messages decoded by the top-secret "Enigma Machine"

Later she was assigned to OSS headquarters in London.

She lived through the Blitz and served as an air-raid warden with the novelist Graham Greene. At the OSS she became friends with many American officers, among them James Angleton, the poetry-loving spy who later earned notoriety as the CIA's chief mole-hunter.

They encouraged her to visit the US, her mother's native country, and after the war she came and stayed. In New York she took a job as secretary for John Valentine Schaffner, a literary agent who was starting out in business and could not afford to pay her.

They fell in love and were married in 1950, setting up both home and office in a century-old house on East 53rd Street that is one of Manhattan's few wooden structures.

They had four children, Valentine, Nicholas, Elizabeth Bryher, and Timothy, all of whom grew up to be writers.

Summers and weekends were spent at a rented house in Southampton, on land that is now part of the Conscience Point National Wildlife Refuge, and later at property the family bought in 1967, an 18th-century farmhouse near the end of Fireplace Road,

Springs, that was originally the Parsons homestead. Following Mr. Schaffner's death in 1983 she moved to Springs full-time and developed a wide range of friends and activities here.

She began publishing essays in The Star, in literary magazines such as Grand Street and American Scholar, and in editions of her mother's books, for which they served as prefaces or afterwords.

One of them is included in the recently-published Best of the Pushcart Essays.

She was a regular at meetings of a fiction-writing workshop and a Shakespeare study group.

She became active on behalf of the Bay Street Theater and other local causes. She was a keen devotee of the theater—here, in New York, and in London on annual trips there—as well as of travel.

Although Europe and the Caribbean were her most frequent destinations, she also visited Kenya, the Falkland Islands, Alaska, Turkey, and Korea.

In Springs she built up a substantial library, particularly of contemporary novels, literary biographies, and histories of World War Two espionage. In 1996 she suffered a massive heart failure and spent two weeks in a coma at Southampton Hospital, where the doctors, having almost unanimously pronounced her case hopeless, dubbed her "our miracle girl" when she proved them wrong.

Back home she gave up smoking, substituted red wine for Scotch whiskey, and cut down on travel but otherwise kept up her schedule of activities. Her heart remained frail, however, and following a seizure last month her condition began gradually to decline.

She died at home, as was her wish, among her family and her six cats.

She is survived by three of her children: Val, an author and former editor and columnist for The Star, who lives in Bridgehampton and Manhattan; Elizabeth, also a former Star columnist, who has a home and horse farm in the Northwest area of East Hampton; and Timothy, a poet and publisher who lives in Tucson, Arizona.

Nicholas Schaffner, a composer and biographer of rock groups, died in 1991--a victim, as was his father, of AIDS.

Also surviving are four grandchildren: Timothy's sons Wyatt and John and Val's daughters Kaya and Lia.

A fifth grandchild, a boy who will be named Pada Macpherson Schaffner, is expected to be born within the next few days to Val and his wife Min-Myn. A memorial service will be held on Mrs. Schaffner's birthday, March 31, at a place to be announced.

In lieu of flowers, contributions to the Bay Street Theater are suggested.

## 2002

# Juan García Esquivel

1918–2002

*2 messages · 1 hand*

> *Mexican bandleader, pianist, and composer dubbed the King of Space Age Pop for exotic stereo lounge arrangements;* Four Corners of the World *(1958).*

**665. — Aaron Belz** *9 Jan 2002* ↑ **Register**

*goodbye, esquivel*

A friend forwards—

"Esquivel's orchestrations were like an exploding musical piñata with arrangements that were strikingly futuristic: scattered among the pianos and trombones were slide guitar, echo, dissonance, beatnik percussion and weird juxtapositions of mood and volume. His "kitchen sink" approach incorporated Chinese bells, organ, jew's harp, gourd, and timbales. "

> **666. — Aaron Belz** *11 Jan 2002* ↑ **Register**
>
> Sorry to be unclear: Esquivel has died.
>
> http://www.metafilter.com/comments.mefi/13640
>
> -Aaron

# Pierre Bourdieu

1930–2002

*18 messages · 16 hands*

> *French sociologist whose concepts of habitus and cultural capital reshaped the study of class, education, and taste;* Distinction: A Social Critique of the Judgement of Taste *(1979). Died of cancer, in Paris. One forwarded announcement on the thread, about nothing, is omitted.*

**667. — Pierre Joris** *24 Jan 2002* ↑ **Register**

*Bourdieu*

I just heard the the French sociologist Pierre Bourdieu died last night from cancer at 71. Although much of the later sociology work could seem problematic from a poetics point-of-view {& years ago the French poet Michel Deguy wrote a scathing criticism of Bourdieu's famous "La Distinction"), his heart was in the right place, with his recent acticity against globalism, including the founding of the radical publishing house, only the tip of the iceberg of an honest activist intellectual's career. My own preference goes towards his earliest work, socio-anthropological work on Maghrebian Berber societies. — Pierre

[apologies for crossposting]

**668.** **— David Kellogg** *24 Jan 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Pierre Bourdieu dies*

Pierre Bourdieu, the French sociologist who has influenced a lot of cultural criticism (including mine), has died in Paris of cancer at the age of 71. The New York Times obit is at

http://www.nytimes.com/2002/01/24/obituaries/24WIRE-BOURDIEU.html

**669.** **— Ron Silliman** *24 Jan 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Bordieu est mort*

From Liberation:

Le sociologue français Pierre Bourdieu est décédé mercredi soir des suites d'un cancer à l'âge de 71 ans à l'hôpital Saint-Antoine de Paris. Né le 1er août 1930 à Denguin (Pyrénées-atlantiques), dans une famille d'origine paysanne, Bourdieu, agrégé de philosophie, débute sa carrière comme professeur au lycée de Moulins (Allier) en 1955. Il enseigne ensuite à Alger (1958-1960), à Paris puis à Lille (Nord).

De 1964 à 1980, Pierre Bourdieu est directeur d'études à l'Ecole pratique des hautes études, devenue d'Ecole des hautes études en sciences sociales. Il est parallèlement directeur de la revue Actes de la recherche en sciences sociales. Titulaire de la chaire de sociologie au Collège de France depuis 1981, Pierre Bourdieu avait acquis une certaine renommée dès 1964 en publiant avec Jean-Claude Passeron «Les Héritiers», un ouvrage qui, quatre ans avant Mai 68, formulait une critique fondamentale de l'enseignement supérieur français.

Il a ensuite connu un franc succès public avec «La Misère du monde» (1993), une enquête sur la souffrance sociale. En 1996, il fonde l'association «Liber/Raisons d'agir», éditrice de petits livres militants dénonçant le néo-libéralisme, une lutte incessante qui lui tenait au coeur. Bourdieu avait ainsi soutenu la candidature de l'humoriste Coluche à l'élection présidentielle de 1980, puis apporté son soutien aux grévistes et aux sans-papiers en grève de la faim en 1995. Il avait également fondé le Comité international de soutien aux intellectuels algériens (Cisia).

Il était notamment l'auteur de «La Distinction» (1979), «Ce que parler veut dire» (1982), «La Noblesse d'Etat» (1989), «Les règles de l'Art» (1992), «Sur la télévision» (1997) et «La Domination masculine» (1998).

_____ Send and receive

**670.** **— Pierre Joris** *25 Jan 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Bourdieu*

For anybody who has French & likes Bourdieu, here is an excellent site that makes a number of recent PB texts available online — Pierre

http://www.homme-moderne.org/societe/socio/bourdieu/index2.html

sorry for corssposting,

**671.** **— Robert Archambeau** *28 Jan 2002* ↑ **Register**

Very Sad news indeed.

I'd like to take this opportunity to dedicate the panel I'm chairing on Bordieu and contemporary American Poetry at the Louisville conference next month to his memory.

**672.** **— Rod Smith** *7 Dec 2003* ↑ **Register**
*New @ Bridge Street: Dydo on Stein, Creeley, Selected Oppen, Jarnot, 2 x Hejinian, Krupskaya, Gizzi, 2 x Howe, 2 x Waldrop &&&*

Big list this time. Ordering and discount information at the end of this post. Thanks for your support!

BUSH IN BABYLON: THE RECOLONISATION OF IRAQ, Tariq Ali, Verso, cloth 224 pgs, $20.

JOHN ASHBERY IN CONVERSATION WITH MARK FORD, Between the Lines, 168 pgs, $19.95. Approximately 50 page interview, 15 pages of photos, and a very detailed bibliography also about 50 pages.

DEBATING EMPIRE, ed Gopal Balakrishnan, Verso, 172 pgs, $19. Responses to Hardt and Negri by Aronowitz, Arrighi, Brennan, Bull, calliconos, Gindin, Mertes, Panitch, Rustin, Seth, Tilly, and Wood.

CRYSTALLOGRAPHY, Christian Bok, Coach House, 157 pgs, $17.95. "Houseflies / see the world through gemstones."

FIRING BACK: AGAINST THE TYRANNY OF THE MARKET 2, Pierre Bourdieu, New Press, $13.95.

ANDRE BRETON: SELECTIONS, ed Mark Polizzotti, U Cal, 174 pgs, $16.95. Translators include Antin, Auster, Beckett, Duncan, Gascoyne, K Waldrop, and Zavatsky.

THE BLUE BOOKS, Nicole Brossard, Coach House, 347 pgs, $19.95.

CHAIN No. 10: TRANSLUCINACION, ed Osman, Spahr, Field, and Vicuna, 263 pgs, $12. Ajens, Moure, Alcalay, Bernstein, de Campos, Nied, Cobb, Coleman, Bergvall, DeSilver, Gordon, Kennedy, MacLeod, Nowak, Pastior, Waldrop, Spears, Dworkin, Iijina, Retallack, &&&.

HEGEMONY OR SURVIVAL: AMERICA'S QUEST FOR GLOBAL DOMINANCE, Noam Chomsky, cloth 278 pgs, $22.

ON THE EDGES OF ANTHROPOLOGY (INTERVIEWS), James Clifford, Prickly Paradigm, $10.

IF I WERE WRITING THIS, Robert Creeley, New Directions, 99 pgs cloth, $21.95. "What did it feel like / to be one at a time—"

GUYS LIKE US: CITING MASCULINITY IN COLDWAR POETICS, Michael Davidson, U Chicago, 281 pgs, $22.50. Considers how the writers of the 5os and 60s struggled to craft literature that countered the anti-communist hysteria in America, and how notions of masculinity figured into their effort. Authors discussed include Olson, Spicer, the beats, O'Hara, Gwendolyn Brooks, Baraka, Plath, and others.

COMPLETE CINEMATIC WORKS, Guy Debord, AK Press, cloth 258 pgs, $29. "The stupidity of their reactions stems from the breakdown of their world."

THE LETTERS OF ROBERT DUNCAN AND DENISE LEVERTOV, ed Robert J Bertholf and Albert Gelpi, Stanford, 857 pgs, $39.95. "Words as mixed greens?"

READING THE ILLEGIBLE, Craig Dworkin, Northwestern, 238 pgs, $29.95. Examines the rearrangements, print-overs, appropriations, defacements--- the "illegibilities" which comprise much 20th century poetry. Authors 'read' include Cage, Mac Low, Bernstein, Howe, Waldrop, McCaffery, Ronald Johnson, Tom Phillips, Debord, Dewdney, Stein, Robert Smithson, & others.

GERTRUDE STEIN; THE LANGUAGE THAT RISES, 1923-1924, Ulla Dydo, Northwestern, cloth 686 pgs, $49.95. Over twenty years of scholarly work. Dydo here presents the first extensive examination of Stein via her notebooks, letters, and manuscripts. A 'must read,' like they say.

THE DIRTY HALO OF EVERYTHING, Geoffrey Dyer, Krupskaya, 79 pgs, $11. "I whispered all my favorite proteins. Then the 'dad' incident."

SKINCERITY, Laura Elrick, Krupskaya, 82 pgs, $11.00. "Truth is a fear here."

ABNORMAL: LECTURES AT THE COLLEGE DE FRANCE 1974-1975, Michel Foucault, Picador, cloth 373 pgs, $28. "In any case, it is around this suspect bed that the sexually ir-radiated and saturated and medically anxious modern family was born."

AS IN EVERY DEAFNESS, Graham Foust, Flood Editions, 66 pgs, $13. "Please and please / unprecedented chemical— // be careful for me."

LIES AND THE LYING LIARS WHO TELL THEM, Al Franken, Viking, cloth, $24.00.

SOME VALUES OF LANDSCAPE AND WEATHER, Peter Gizzi, Wesleyan, 96 pgs, $13.95. "You know, here a dumpster, there a Dane."

THE ACTIVIST, Renee Gladman, Krupskaya, 145 pgs, $11. "The bridge remains intact today, despite reports that it is long gone."

THE FREQUENCIES: A POEM, Noah Eli Gordon, Tougher Disguises, 88 pgs, $12. "The Emergency Broadcast System was bunk to begin with. Learning radio was sort of like Braille. I think I'm getting closer to the ideals that abbreviate me."

DEAR [Blank] I BELIEVE IN OTHER WORLDS, Lorraine Graham, Phylum Press, unpaginated chapbook, $5. "Oh miss, la miss. You know that all acts venerate making 'no' together."

POETICAL DICTIONARY, Lohren Green, Atelos, 94 pgs, $12.95. "a savoring in mastication's mass of juice and perfume, with fingers"

THE NEW IMPERIALISM, David Harvey, Oxford, 253 pgs cloth, $24.95.

PARIS, CAPITAL OF MODERNITY, David Harvey, Routledge, 372 pgs, $30.

MY LIFE IN THE NINETIES, Lyn Hejinian, Shark Books, 88 pgs, $12. The continuation of MY LIFE. "But to remain passive is to engage in ethical mediocrity."

THE FATALIST, Lyn Hejinian, Omnidawn, 84 pgs, $12.95. "Plutocrats love to be naughty together"

AFTER THE NEW ECONOMY, Doug Henwood, New Press, cloth 270 pgs, $24.95.

TIS OF THEE, Fanny Howe, music by Miles Anderson, directed by Nya Patarinos, Atelos, 95 pgs with audio CD, $12.95. "—you are always outside the law!"

THE WEDDING DRESS: MEDITATIONS ON WORD AND LIFE, Fanny Howe, U Cal, 153 pgs, $16.95. Contents: "Bewilderment," "Fairies," "Immanence," "White Lines," "The Contemporary Logos," "Incubus of the Forlorn," "Purgatory & Other Places," "Catholic," "Work and Love," and "After 'Prologue'."

BLACK DOG SONGS, Lisa Jarnot, Flood Editions, 55 pgs, $13. "I clyde the epic / I resting clouded / I cloudest epic I / are resting clyded by / clyde resting, constant by / I constant, constant I / rye clyded epic rye"

LYRIC INTERVENTIONS: FEMINISM, EXPERIMENTAL POETRY, AND CONTEMPORARY DISCOURSE, Linda A. Kinnahan, U Iowa, cloth 277 pgs, $39.95. Discusses Barbara Guest, Kathleen Fraser, Erica Hunt, M. Nourbese Philip, Carol Ann Duffy, Denise Riley, Wendy Mulford, and Geraldine Monk.

248 MGS., A PANIC PICNIC, Susan Landers, O Books, 83 pgs, $12. "Little pill falls down / the stairs thinking / of other people's hands."

POKER FACE: A GIRLHOOD AMONG GAMBLERS, Katy Lederer, Crown, cloth, signed copies, 209pgs, $23.95. "I had heard early on in my time as a student that the easiest A in the department was the poetry workshop."

RED BOOK IN THREE PARTS, Bernadette Mayer, United Artists, $6. "o the turtles cannot sing and yet they love"

THE BLAZE OF POUI, Mark McMorris, U Georgia, 74 pgs, $16.95. "Someone kept a catalogue of the landfall."

NINE ALEXANDRIAS, Semezdin Mehmedinovic, trans Ammiel Alcalay, City Lights, 61 pgs, $9.95. "I can't say I put much stock in the world ending"

IRRESISTIBLE DICTATION: GERTRUDE STEIN AND THE CORRELATIONS OF WRITING AND SCIENCE, Steven Meyer, Stanford, 449 pgs, $24.95.

DEER HEAD NATION, K. Selim Mohammad, Tougher Disguises, 120 pgs, $12. "I have no clue and if I did I would suck at it"

DUDE, WHERE'S MY COUNTRY?, Michael Moore, Warner, 249 pgs, $24.95.

CROP, Yedda Morrison, Kelsey Street, 79 pgs, $11.00. "she craves the authority of a Public Art project but is covered in skin"

SELECTED POEMS, George Oppen, ed with intro by Robert Creeley, New Directions, 205 pgs, $14.95. "tamed stones of ourselves"

LAST ONE OUT, Deborah Richards, Subpress, 93 pgs, $12. "I get messy at the edges"

THE MONSTER LIVES OF BOYS AND GIRLS, Eleni Sikelianos, Green Integer, 129 pgs, $10.95.

DELIRIUM OF INTERPRETATIONS, Fiona Templeton, Green Integer, 172 pgs, $10.95. "Are you be do yes no? Once there were three pears. They are still there."

CHANCES ARE FEW, Lorenzo Thomas, Blue Wind, 141 pgs, $19.95. Expanded second edition with intro by the author. "Everything is very difficult to distinguish"

AFTER THE EMPIRE: THE BREAKDOWN OF AMERICAN ORDER, Emmanuel Todd, Columbia, cloth 233 pgs, $29.95. "After years of being perceived as a problem solver, the United States itself has now become a problem for the rest of the world."

STRUCTURES OF FEELING, Hung Q. Tu, Krupskaya, 107pgs, $11."have I been unfair to Ry Cooder"

LOVE, LIKE PRONOUNS, Rosmarie Waldrop, Omnidawn, 119 pgs, $12.95. "The travelers disappoint the lake."

BLINDSIGHT, Rosmarie Waldrop, New Directions, 114 pgs, $15.95. "At the rate of one revolution per kiss."

OPAL: A LIFE OF ENCHANTMENT, MYSTERY, AND MADNESS, Katherine Beck, Viking, cloth 274 pgs, $24.95. A well-written full-length biography of Opal Whiteley.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS AND LOUIS ZUKOFSKY, ed Barry Ahearn, Wesleyan, cloth 574 pgs, $65. "'The Poet in Time of Confusion is very acceptable. . ."

THE I HATE REPUBLICANS READER, ed Clint Willis, Thunder's Mouth Press, 417 pgs, $13.95. Paul Krugman, Michael Moore, the Onion, Molly Ivins, Paul Begala, Bridget Gibson, Al Franken, Greg Palast, Wallace Shawn, &&&.

ORGANS WITHOUT BODIES: ON DELEUZE AND CONSEQUENCES, Slavoj Zizek, Routledge, 217 pgs, $18.95. "This short vacillation mobilzed the fetishist split . . ."

THE PUPPET AND THE DWARF: THE PERVERSE CORE OF CHRISTIANITY, Slavoj Zizek, MIT, $16.95.

Some Bestsellers:

COLLECTED POEMS, Tom Raworth, Carcanet, 576 pgs (a few signed copies left), $29.95. REMOVED FOR FURTHER STUDY: THE POETRY OF TOM RAWORH, ed Nate Dorward, $19. GONE, Fanny Howe, U CA, 121 pgs, $16.95. SELECTED WRITINGS Vol 4 1938-1940, Walter Benjamin, Harvard,$39.95. A HANDMADE MUSEUM, Brenda Coultas, Coffee House, 125 pgs, $15. SO GOING AROUND CITIES: New & Selected Poems 1958 - 1979, Ted Berrigan, $34.95. THE CONSTRUCTIVIST MOMENT: FROM MATERIAL TEXT TO CULTURAL POETICS, Barrett Watten, Wesleyan, $27.95. A TALL, SERIOUS GIRL: Selected Poems 1957 - 2000, George Stanley, signed, $25. ZITHER & AUTOBIOGRAPHY, Leslie Scalapino, Wesleyan, $14.95. MUSIC OR HONESTY, Rod Smith, Roof, $12.95. FASHIONABLE NOISE: ON DIGITAL POETICS, Brian Kim Stefans, Atelos, $12.95. TURNERESQUE, Elizabeth Willis, Burning Deck, $10. WHAT IS POETRY: Conversations with the American Avant-Garde, Daniel Kane, Teachers & Writers, 185 pgs, $17.95. ROBERT CREELEY CD, Robert Creeley, Jafjaguwar, $14. DIGRESSISONS ON SOME POEMS BY FRANK O'HARA: A MEMOIR, Joe Leseur, FSG, $25. HOW TO LIVE / WHAT TO DO:

H.D.'S CULTURAL POETICS, Adalaide Morris, $34.95. THE SLEEP THAT CHANGED EVERYTHING, Lee Ann Brown, Wesleyan, 175 pgs, $14.95. ROMANIAN POEMS, Paul Celan, Green Integer, 76 pgs, $10.95. THE BEGINNER, Lyn Hejinian, Tuumba, $10. ZERO STAR HOTEL, Anselm Berrigan, Edge, $14. 9:45, Kit Robinson, Post-Apollo, (signed copies), 31 pgs, $10. ALL POETS WELCOME: THE LOWER EAST SIDE POETRY SCENE IN THE 1960S, Daniel Kane, U Cal, 305 pgs with CD, $27.50. MILLION POEMS JOURNAL, Jordan Davis, Faux, 92 pgs, $13.50. YESTERDAYS, Robert Creeley, Chax, unpaginated saddle-stitched, $15. THE FEMINIST AVANT-GARDE IN AMERICAN POETRY,

Elizabeth A. Frost, Iowa, 245 pgs cloth, $24.95. SELECTED WRITINGS VOLUME 3, 1935-1938, Walter Benjamin, Harvard, 462 pgs cloth, $39.95. FORCES OF IMAGINATION: WRITING ON WRITING, Barbara Guest,

Kelsey Strret, 108 pgs, $14. WALTZING MATILDA, Alice Notley, Faux Press, 133 pgs, $13.50. SEVEN PAGES MISSING VOLUME TWO: REVIOUSLY UNCOLLECTED TEXTS 1968-2000. Steve McCaffery, Coach House, 381 pgs, $19.95. BLUE HOUR, Carolyn Forche, HarperCollins, 73 pgs cloth, $24.95. PAGE, Hannah Wiener, Roof, 134 pgs, $12.95. THE NO-NONSENSE GUIDE TO THE ARMS TRADE, Gideon Burrows, Verso, 141 pgs, $10. SCRATCH SIDES: POETRY, DOCUMENTATION and IMAGE-TEXT PROJECTS, Kristin Prevallet, Skanky Possom, 73 pgs, $10. PLATFORM, Rodrigo Toscano, Atelos, 231 pgs, $12.95. ENOUGH, ed Rick London & Leslie Scalapino, O Books, 158 pgs, $16. UNDER THE SUN, Rachel Levitsky, Futurepoem, 81 pgs, $12. LAVISH ABSENCE: RECALLING AND REREADING EDMOND JABES, Rosmarie Waldrop, Wesleyan, 203 pgs, $17.95. THE ESSENTIAL ACKER, selected writings, Kathy Acker, Grove, 335 pgs, $15. NEW GOOSE, Lorine Niedecker, Rumor Books, 98 pgs, $10. COLLECTED WORKS, Lorine Niedecker, ed Jenny Penberthy, U Cal, 471 pgs, cloth, $45.00. TELLING IT SLANT: AVANT-GARDE POETICS OF THE NINETIES, ed. Mark Wallace and Steven Marks, U Alabama, 446 pgs, $29.95. SLOWLY, Lyn Hejinian, Tuumba, 43 pgs, $10. THE CRAVE, Kit Robinson, Atelos, 120 pgs, $12.95. CHINESE WHISPERS, John Ashbery, FSG, $12. NEW COLLECTED POEMS, George Oppen, ed Michael Davidson, Preface by Eliot Weinberger, New Directions, cloth 433 pgs, $37.95. C.C., Tyrone Williams, Krupskaya, 95 pgs, $11. WINTER SEX, Katy Lederer, Verse Press, 59 pgs, $12. READINGS IN RUSSIAN POETICS: FORMALIST & STRUCTURALIST VIEWS, ed Ladislav Matejka and Krystyna Pomorska, intro Gerald L. Bruns, Dalkey Archive, $17.95. BK OF (H)RS, Pattie McCarthy, Apogee Press, 59 pgs, $12.95. THE DISPARITIES, Rodrigo Toscano, Green Integer, 100 pgs, $9.95. DOVECOTE, Heather Fuller, Edge, 90 pgs, $10.

ORDERING INFORMATION: List members receive free shipping on orders of more than $20. Free shipping + 10% discount on orders of more than $30. There are two ways to order: 1. E-mail your order to  with your address & we will bill you with the books. or 2. via credit card—you may call us at  or e-mail  w/ yr add, order, card #, & expiration date & we will send a receipt with the books. Pease remember to include expiration date. We must charge shipping for orders out of the US.

**673. — Ravi Shankar** *12 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Derrida….*

I just had an interesting discussion with an admittedly caustic friend who asserted his opinion that - in so far as you can project states of mind onto people you don't personally know and of course you can't - Derrida must have died unhappily, while Bourdieu died happily, because the former's ideas were grounded in a need for political and social change that was ultimately left unfulfilled, while the latter did in fact enact some measure of transformation when it came to free-market orthodoxy and the pressures of global capitalism, ceding certain lasting concrete effects that will prove to have more heft than the most clearly articulated theoretical positions. Any validity to this stance? My only thought is that when Bourdieu writes, "The most successful ideological effects are those which have no need for words, and ask no more than complicitous silence," Derrida did not succeed, though ultimately I celebrate both thinkers as genuinely profound and revolutionary.

There's actually a tribute to Derrida on NFL.com (be warned - it involves a fair bit of scrolling), which is either an amazing aberration or another sign that the world's ending:

<http://www.nfl.com/nflnetwork/story/7786742

-RS

********** Ravi Shankar Poet-in-Residence Assistant Professor CCSU - English Dept.

**674. — Jerrold Shiroma** *12 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

nice to know i'm not the only one on this list that looks at nfl.com

Ravi Shankar Poet-in-Residence Assistant Professor CCSU - English Dept.

**675. — Joe Amato** *17 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

*and just when you thought it was safe to go outside...*

http://www.nytimes.com/2004/10/17/weekinreview/17eaki.html

The Theory of Everything, R.I.P.

*"By EMILY EAKIN*

*Published: October 17, 2004*

*WITH the death on Oct. 8 of the French philosopher Jacques Derrida, the era of big theory came quietly to a close.*

*He had been among the last of a generation of thinkers, mostly male and invariably French, whose sweeping claims about the nature of language, existence and reality transfixed scholars on both sides of the Atlantic and, for several decades, beginning in the 1960's, turned humanities departments into hotbeds of productivity and debate.*

*Mr. Derrida outlived fellow theorists Louis Althusser, Roland Barthes, Pierre Bourdieu, Michel Foucault, Jacques Lacan and Gilles Deleuze, but signs of theory's waning influence had been accumulating around him for years. Since the early 1990's, the grand intellectual paradigms with which these men were prominently associated - Marxism, psychoanalysis, structuralism - had steadily lost adherents and prestige.*

*The world had changed but not necessarily in the ways some of big theory's fervent champions had hoped. Ideas once greeted as potential catalysts for revolution began to seem banal, irrelevant or simply inadequate to the task of achieving social change.*

*Deconstruction, Mr. Derrida's primary legacy, was no exception. Originally a method of rigorous textual analysis intended to show that no piece of writing is exactly what it seems, but rather laden with ambiguities and contradictions, deconstruction found ready acolytes across the humanities and beyond - including many determined to deconstruct not just text but the political system and society at large.*

*Today, the term has become a more or less meaningless artifact of popular culture, more likely to turn up in a description of an untailored suit in the pages of Vogue than in a graduate seminar on James Joyce.*

*But even as theory, or at least its distinctive vocabulary, was seeping into everyday life, some scholars were renouncing it, as Frank Lentricchia, an English professor at Duke University, did in a 1996 essay in Lingua Franca magazine. Theory, he argued, had all but supplanted literature in English departments, reducing the literary canon to a litany of political and social wrongs, "a cesspool," as he put it, "of racism, poverty, sexism, homophobia and imperialism." Other scholars quietly abandoned big theory - writing at its most general and abstract - for more personal projects, producing memoirs and even novels.*

*A 2003 symposium on the future of theory hosted by the editors of Critical Inquiry, an academic journal, captured the bleak mood. When a student in the audience asked the panelists, more than two dozen distinguished scholars, what theory was good for, the answer came back amid much hand-wringing over the Bush administration and the war in Iraq: very little.*

*That same year, the British professor Terry Eagleton, who made his name as a Marxist literary critic, published "After Theory," in which he declared: "We are living now in the aftermath of what one might call high theory, in an age which, having grown rich on the insights of thinkers like Althusser, Barthes and Derrida, has also in some ways moved beyond them."*

*Why did big theories flourish, and why are they now in retreat? The most likely explanation involves politics. In this view, the rise and fall of theory paralleled the changing fortunes of the left. "The fate of major theories was very much bound up with a political moment," Mr. Eagleton said in a telephone interview. "The heroic period for that theory was the 1960's to the 1980's, a period in which the left was*

*on the up." More than simply tools for analyzing literary or philosophical texts, theory was seen as a political weapon with which to challenge the status quo. As the English professor Stanley Fish put it in a telephone interview: "There was a general desire for there to be a political payoff for theoretical formulations. The hope was to revolutionize the world."*

*In the case of deconstruction, the idea that hidden power hierarchies and agendas could be exposed through careful close readings had tremendous political appeal. Analyzing Mr. Derrida's rise to stardom in a 1987 article, "How to Become a Dominant French Philosopher: The Case of Jacques Derrida," Michèle Lamont, a sociologist at Harvard, argued that among other things he "provided just the theoretical position that met and matched the political climate."*

*Then the political climate changed, and big theory's fate was sealed. The Berlin Wall came down, and the Soviet Union collapsed. Advances in neuroscience upended Freudian assumptions about the brain, and psychoactive drugs replaced psychoanalysis. And for the most part the social revolutions that big theory had seemed to portend did not take place.*

*Today, humanities departments are quieter places than they were when Mr. Derrida's ideas first caught on. The insights - especially the powerful idea that language is not a transparent medium for representing reality but rather a cultural system that shapes our values and beliefs - are here to stay. But these days, few scholars are producing discipline-transcending, paradigm-breaking new work.*

*The emphasis has shifted to what Ms. Lamont in a telephone interview called "finely grained, empirical research." She added, "There are not many huge theorists to be hired out there."*

*But that may not be such a bad thing after all. In retrospect, Mr. Fish said, it was a mistake to believe that theory could change the world. "Once theoretical questions cease to be questions in the realm of philosophy and become questions about how to live our lives, that places a great burden on theory," he said. "No theory can make good on that promise. It's the difference between the claims one can legitimately make and the claims that one probably should not make for theory. On the one hand you can say, as a theorist, 'Follow me, and I will show you an answer to an important, vexing and longstanding question.' Or you can say, 'Follow me, and I will lead you to the promised land.' ''The first is, of course, the appropriate claim and necessary claim made by scholars and theorists. The second is the language of prophets or even of gods. And theorists, thankfully, are neither prophets nor gods."*”

**676. — J. Kuszai** *29 Aug 2006* ↑ **Register**
*for the SLA, by women of WUO*

my friends at anarchist paper fifth estate hated this poem, since hey have funny ideas about poetry, have little patience for the WUO (in some cases having been around for the street fights, etc.) — but mostly because they have never gone to professional poet or professional critic school. while there is a lot to dislike about this poem, i think it's interesting and worth thinking about as an artifact of that time. there are a bunch of people on this list who taught me how to read without getting mixed up with making aesthetic judgments. i think the reading of poetry — as a nuanced act informed by certain literary and cultural theories, yes, say bourdieu of raymond williams — has something to teach leftwing activist culture. (this is something i've learned, anyhow). i'm not sure that this was always the case

anyhow, this pretty much uses up my two posts.

HELP! please order factory school books. since bill and i both moved to the city, we're now facing extreme cash crunch and our ability to do these projects is seriously impeded without further sales. i know of two courses in queens that are using this WUO book in class, and if anyone wants to use them in a class, it really helps to sell a bunch of books at once.

For the SLA

They call it terror
if you are few and have no B-52s
if you are not a head of state
with an army and police
if you have neither napalm
nor tanks nor electronic battlefields
terror is if you are dispossessed
and have only your own two hands
each other
and your rage

It is not terror
if you are New York's Finest
and you shoot a ten-year old Black child in the back
because you think Black people
all look like
they've just committed a robbery
It is not terror if you are ITT
and buy the men
who line Chilean doctors up in their hospital corridors
and shoot them for supporting the late
democratic government of their country
It is not terror but heroism
if you were captured by the Vietnamese
for dropping fragmentation bombs
on their schools and hospitals
Only those who have nothing
can be terrorists

Brothers and sisters, let us choose
our weapons carefully and humanely
let us use no torture
or napalm
or genocide
but do not be fooled
there is no weapon they will allow
nothing that works will be called legitimate
unless we fight for it
unless we educate ourselves and others
unless we separate resistance from oppression
The same editorials that scream terrorism
screamed mob rule
at the civil-rights marches of the early sixties
at the anti-war demonstrations
thousands of busted heads later
they say, of course
we always upheld the right to peaceful protest

The attitudes they offer up in print
with little tabs, cut them out and wear them
written by men who have not seen
a jail cell from the inside
or hunger
or the face of a duly constituted officer
of the law as he says
make one move and you'll be dead
they say we cannot condone violence
but watch out
for whether they say it about murdering prisoners
at Attica
or about kidnapping Patricia Hearst
about the disinherited
or about the inheritors

As we find our way slowly
to use the means available to us
as wisely as we can
there will be mistakes
but do not let the enemy
define the mistakes

because he is experienced
and has ten thousand printing presses at his back
behind which he hides the tanks and guns
he will say, the people don't support you
and saying it can make it so
if we agree
he will say, you only turn off
those you say you are fighting for
he is helpful
no anti-war march
no sit-in
no teach-in
but had its helpful editor to say
how much more we could accomplish by doing less
or preferably nothing
while the people of Vietnam
patiently explained their cause to the world
but did not stop shooting down the bombers
for fear of alienating someone

Watch out
for what they turn into news
and what they quietly forget
What if all the headlines
and stories about Solzhenitsyn
had said instead
Millions of Humans
Held in Semi-Slavery
Deprived of Every Human and Legal Right
Families Forcibly Torn Apart
Strikes Broken by Mass Murder
Hundreds of Thousands Imprisoned Without Trial
in Southern Africa?
(Is it because of their impartial humanity
that they hear
the cry of one czarist intellectual
drowning out the screams of
20 million Black Africans?)
Or 25,000 U.S. Troops Remain in Thailand
the war in Southeast Asia
isn't over but continues
directed as before by U.S. officials
and U.S. money
U.S. advisors who changed their uniforms
into civilian clothes and call it by another name
or worse, do not call it anything at all
but hope the world will forget
and let them carry on their dirty business undisturbed
while solemn conferences are held on what to do
about the "international terrorism" of the Palestinians
who disrupt the peaceful prosperity of tourism
with annoying reminders
that their land has been stolen from them
and they have been left with nothing
but their courage and the justness of their cause
with which to win it back
poor enough weapons

we can help supply some others
by shouting and whispering on every corner
the story of their struggle
a people utterly deprived of its homeland

Sisters and brothers, think hard before you jump
onto the bandwagon
of condemning terrorism
remember who is making the definitions
remember not to strengthen the hand
that will turn in an instant
against every means of resistance to oppression
That bandwagon rolls straight toward fascism
do not forget the real terrorists
that lurk behind the masks of heads of state
do not be afraid to hold strong together
with all who dare to struggle.

Spring 1974=

**677. — Ann Bogle** *3 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Re: the cultivation of mindstates fundamental to writing*

Enjoyable through many entries. Shall work on being more like the elephant. AMB

http://gabrielgudding.blogspot.com

Thirteen Mental Qualities Associated with a Wholesome Mind

Why Pierre Bourdieu Cannot Save Poetry

Petulant Refutation of the Contention that Poetry is Agonistic

Finding a Friend to Associate With

Illusory Human Stuff and Other Issues Regarding Nudity

Pictures from an Omnibus Reading in Chicago: Aaron Belz, Daniel Borzutsky, Gabriel Gudding, AD Jameson, Joyelle McSweeney

What it Looks Like to Take Books to a Prison

**678. — Barry Schwabsky** *26 Jan 2008* ↑ **Register**
*Re: oulipo info & sites; forthcoming primer & cellphone novels correct address*

You don't need to be part of the elite to be elitist. Anyway, I always quote Jasper Johns (and I think I've done so on this listserv before): Artists are the elite of the servant class. Although that's actually the inverse of what Pierre Bourdieu says, which is something to the effect that (sorry I can't be exact about this, I'm away from home so can't look it up) that artists come from the dominated part of the dominating group.

*"-I'm guessing, and this may be a bit of a non-sequitur, but of the groups that made cave paintings, the guys who did the paintings on the walls probably weren't the low men on the totem pole in the various tribes that neolithic cultures were organized in. The only group I can think of who were engaged in creative pursuits that were not an elite were the craftsmen of the various feudal governments which allocated power by heredity and where tradesmen were more or less on a par with the peasant farmers as far as social standing goes.*

*On Fri, 25 Jan 2008, Ryan Daley wrote:*

*So, let me get this straight: early man and woman, marking on cave walls, were elitist?*

*I cannot agree that half of the population, having access, could ever be truly called elitist. The only thing "necessarily" elite about art —as in, nothing one *needs* to do could be considered "elite," inasmuch as food and shelter aren't "elite" wants— is that not everyone can pull it off. But hell, not everyone can pull off quiche. -Ryan*

*On Jan 25, 2008 7:35 AM, Marcus Bales wrote:*

*On 24 Jan 2008 at 21:16, Jim Andrews wrote: the internet, as a whole, is "elite"? i don't think so.*

*Of course it's "elite" — half the world's population, some three billion people, have never even made a phone call, much less logged on to the internet.*

*Quite apart from that, though, art is itself necessarily an "elite" occupation — even if it's merely an avocation. You have to have the education, the time, and the energy to pursue art after you've achieved your subsistence needs. The pyramid flattens out dramatically at the top: the number of people who can afford the time and energy to pursue art after having invested in an education that gave them an appreciation of other peoples' art, and the inclination to pursue their own, is very very small — it's an elite. The numbers are inescapable.*

*Marcus*"

**679. — steve dalachinsky** *26 Jan 2008* ↑ **Register**

i'm an ignorant elitist with fairly good taste could never be part of the elite they wouldn't accept me unless of course i got really "famous" even winning a pen oakland award hasn't helped my status with the elite of which many on this lisst are tho they'll refute that until they "die"

**680. — Ryan Daley** *26 Jan 2008* ↑ **Register**

Barry,

You don't need to be part of the elite to be elitist.

Well, that's somewhat convenient to the discussion. Sure...I'll bite. But why not?

If you're not using your elitism as an elite would, and you're certainly not using your elitism to show to others less elite than you that you're elitist, are you elite? Not likely, because you fail to use your elitism on grounds that both define the term and differentiate those "accused" of it.

I also think that Johns might have it closer than Bourdieu, that the artist is closer to proletarian than worker.

On a more personal level, I think what bothers me most about calling artists elitists is boorish and cliche. Other than that, I think sometimes the term is warranted, sometimes not, like most labels.

-Ryan

On Jan 26, 2008 1:12 AM, Barry Schwabsky wrote:

**681. — Nick LoLordo** *4 Feb 2008* ↑ **Register**

*Re: masculinity and playing the "transgressor"*

Let's see, you're working with Bourdieu's concept of the "field" (specifically, that of cultural production, itself located within the field of power)

but you're also working with a political "spectrum" (left-right), apparently implying that relations in the field of power can simply be translated into the literary field without refraction (which would not be Bourdieu's position)

and then you also use language like "the interconnectedness of all being and emotion"—if your Bourdieuvian account aims at being descriptive, this last phrase sounds pretty damn prescriptive....

....this unstable (albeit heady!) mixture of sociology and polemic suggests, to me, the perspective of someone who wishes to make an impact _within_ the field...does your work, elsewhere, aim at reflexivity?

regards
Nick

ps—are you arguing that invocations of "the new" are necessarily, transhistorically masculinist? What about the figure of the "New Woman"? Were there no transgressive modernist women? Surely, to say such women necessarily contended "in a masculine way" is to simply assume the adequacy of the very gender norms such women were critiquing....

> *"Purpose: To display oneself as the sacred heretic is basically to tout oneself the next winner in the dialectic of orthodoxy by enacting ritual sacrilege (Weber). The basic purpose is threefold: to display one's disinterestedness in profit in order to display one's purity of intent and pure devotion to the art; to display one's high mind via one's principled disgust at the sycophancy and interdependent nature of the field; to make a show of one's supposed autonomy in an energetic fantasy of defiance toward the literary community.*
>
> *There is further a homologous denial of the interconnectedness of all being and emotion which speaks to the masculine privilege of "anger" or "being a jerk" as a mode of appropriating needs and dealing with perceived non-affiliates. The so-called transgressor masks this collective history and suppresses his connection to the field of production by emotional spectacles (sometimes masked as intellectual spectacles [flares of argumentation]) intended to draw attention away from that masking, making it easier to be touted as "the" origin rather than one result of the entire work done by the host of beings in that field from readers to reviewers to truck drivers.*
>
> *Poetic bioregion (where found): The tactic of the "sacred heretic" is used by groups on both the left and right; this is because the tactic as a meme is homologous with masculinity in general and not with any one flavor of political aesthetics in particular. Used as a basis for anthologies at both ends of the spectrum: Alan Kaufman's The Outlaw Bible of American Poetry is decidedly leftist, whereas more moderate and even reactionary aesthetics are covered by the anthologies Legitimate Dangers (Dumanis and Marvin) and Rebel Angels: 25 Poets of the New Formalism (Jarman and Mason)."*

**682. — Gabriel Gudding** *5 Feb 2008* ↑ **Register**
*Re: masculinity and the fetish of newness*

Murat,

I basically agree with you that these issues involve issues of power beyond just gender. But what I'm focusing on here is gender. Its relations to power dynamics in the literary community need to be underscored. So, that's the scope of my few posts thus far on my blog.

Pierre Bourdieu's /The Field of Cultural Production/ provides precisely the kind of analysis you suggest. And he does it brilliantly. But he does not — and I think this is the glaring error in PB's brilliant book — focus one little tiny bit on gender relations in the field of cultural production — and these to me are almost *total.* We need more work about how gender inflects, refracts and reshapes power in literary culture. Gender and power in literary culture is probably the most basic issue, hands down, to any responsible understand of consecration dynamics. Hands down.

Gabe

Then Murat said:

The alienation you are referring to goes far beyond specific sexual distinctions and has its roots in the relationships of power in general. It may have to do with class, with international real politics, as well as sexual dynamics. In each case, one side imposes its values, its epistemology, its standards of excellence and achievement on others, making the other side more or less invisible or quartered, in other words, alienated from itself. To focus only on a sexual dynamic, making it THE cause, alienates the others whose alienation derives from other factors. For instance, a father in Iraq who can not get a job or loses a child (boy or girl) to a bomb is as alienated as the mother who lost the child. Alienation is caused by a lack of access to means of communication (an enforced silence), as much as a lack of access to the means of production.

I agree with you, for instance, that Picasso's art will be seen from a very different angle if its misogyny -turning a number of his "great" paintings into sadistic erections- were not underplayed under the rubric of art. On the other hand, the distinctions between The School of Quietitude and Avant and further between Avant and Post Avant began to shape the discussions of poetry basically through Ron Silliman's Blog. I think Ron would intensely resent, and I assume rightly so, to be called misogynous. Having come to The United States more than forty years ago, I have always been intensely conscious of the cultural, stylistic, philosophical differences alienating me from the place I had entered. It was assumed all I had to do was "to educate" myself into it. (Had I not come to Amherst to get an education?) I

refused to do so. The rest of my life has been to use American English to heal this alienation. But is this not what all poets, particularly in The United States, do? To see this essential process only as a struggle between masculinity and femininity forces is I think to deny visibility to many other energies shaping the poetic process.

Ciao,

Murat

*"David, Yes, you did misread me. My post is in part precisely about the so-called masculine dynamics around the fetish of the /new/, a set of dynamics which work to "disappear" women from a variety of literary scenes. As it happens few women do peek through from the earlier era you mention 80-90 years ago: Djuna Barnes, Natalie Barney, Gertrude Stein, Jane Heap, Margaret Anderson, H. D., and, as you mention, Mina Loy. Others more knowledgeable than I have argued that even to be legible as women, these writers had to contend in a masculinized way. Given the relatively few number of women there are *to* mention in a vast field of men, even (and some might argue) especially in the AG fields, I think it might not be very untoward to suggest that the "new" is an instrument that functions in part to police the feminine. I think principally here of the more recent writings of Diane di Prima and Rachel Blau DuPlessis re these issues. And as both of them read this list from time to time, I'll not go to speaking for them. I would only repeat again that within the AG fields (fields that especially fetishize the new) there seems to be a *worse* track record regarding women. Both Ed Brunner and Michael Davidson have cast a pretty cold eye on masculinity in cold war poetics — Brunner on more bourgeois writers, Davidson more AG. I like what Davidson says to sum up how the field functions: "Citing masculinity...is to cite zones of power. A corollary proposition might be that citing female masculinity cites fissures in zones of power." (Guys Like Us, 195). You mention Solanas. Her SCUM Manifesto is precisely about masculinity. Its purpose is less to create a rupture in masculinity than to frame an already bankrupt and ruptured mode. Either way, Davidson seems to be right. My point is that you don't get a lot of guys talking about the /new/ while also talking about how it's inflected by masculinity. And if one tries to yoke the fetish of the /new/ as something operating with peculiarly strong masculine dynamics, well, watch out. Closest one gets in v recent days to a /new/-affiliated manifesto that tries to make legible its own gendered nature is the *New Sincerity* movement and manifesto from a few yrs ago — which was promptly derided precisely in hyper-masculinized terms as not being "rigorous" and intellectual enough. I am aware that flaff has an R in it. Finally, I would add that the fetish of the "new" is homologous with masculinity in general and no political aesthetics in particular: it's something given to both right and left poles of the field of cultural production — and it almost always appears with the mythos of the "badboy genius shaman" lurking not too far away. My point is that it seems finally necessary perhaps to cease thinking via the nominally supplied terms that a whole tradition encourages — that of, in this case, the idea of the "first or fresh beginning," a myth associated with some, usually male, "creator shaman badboy" types. All of which is so very very high school. High school and harmful. It's shocking to me how faithful poets (both male and female) remain to such a thoroughly unexamined and weirdly heinous series of myths about production. My sense is that it is only through ceasing to reinvest in these gendered ideas and tactics that poets will actually wake up from what amounts to a pretty thorough alienation from their own work and lives — alienation both from the material realities inherent in the field of production, not to mention the world around them. Best, Gabriel — http://gabrielgudding.blogspot.com/ http://rhodeislandnotebook.blogspot.com/ David Harrison Horton wrote: Gabriel, Anyway, below is the response to your post I sent to the Buffalo list tonight. Please read it as a real request for clarification on your position when it posts. David Harrison Horton From: [log in to unmask]: [log in to unmask]: RE: masculine "new"???Date: Sun, 3 Feb 2008 18:56:07 -0800 Gabriel, How are you differentiating the "masculine" drive to self-declare avant with the obvious parallel activities of women such as Mina Loy (Feminist Manifesto, 1914) and Valerie Solanas (Scum Manifesto, 1968)? Are their declarations different? Perhaps more valid? What about women who self-declare avant or L=A=N=G or whatever? Or is this an assumption/assertion that avant status necessarily equals male privilege? I don't mean to be quippy here, but I would like you to expand your discussion on the subject.In your list of examples of "masculine" avants: New FormalismLangpo PostmodernPost Avant / AVAnd More Recent and Ephemeral VariantsFlaff (flarf?)New Brutalism It seems that you are conveniently ignoring scores of women who are not only affiliated with said poetic stances/social relationships, but who are also key figures in said. Did I read you completely wrong? PS. Yes, Flarf has an R. No, I am not affiliated. Best,David Harrison Horton unionherald.blogspot.com Date: Sun, 3 Feb 2008 12:47:55 -0600> From: [log in to unmask]"*

Subject:

> *"on declaring oneself "new"> To: [log in to unmask]> > http://gabrielgudding.blogspot.com/ _____ Need to know the score, the latest news, or you need your Hotmail(R)-get your "fix". http://www.msnmobilefix.com/Default.aspx"*

**683. — Nick LoLordo** *7 Feb 2008* ↑ **Register**
*Re: masculinity and playing the "transgressor"*

I'm resending this, as it did not get through the first time...the last part shares Mark Weiss's skepticism re. your global claims about "the new"

**684. — Kristin Dykstra** *10 Apr 2008* ↑ **Register**
*4/11 reading: Sánchezand Corey*

Reminder: Tomorrow, 7pm

For photos of the poets with plants see http://www.ilstu.edu/~kadykst/html/sancor.htm

**

The Pierre Bourdieu Memorial Readings Series presents

Juan Manuel Sánchez and Josh Corey

Friday, April 11, 2008 Illinois State University 7:00 pm at the University Galleries (http://www.cfa.ilstu.edu/galleries/)

Juan Manuel Sánchez was born and raised on the US side of the San Diego/Tijuana border. His work is forthcoming in Pembroke, Mandorla: New Writing from the Americas and in the anthology Junta: Avant-Garde Latino/a Writing. Sánchez received an MA in Literature from UC San Diego and is completing the MFA at the University of Illinois. He has worked as an assistant editor for Ninth Letter, has lectured at various universities, and is now Lecturer of Spanish at the University of Chicago.

Joshua Corey's full-length books of poetry are Selah (Barrow Street Press, 2003) and Fourier Series (Spineless Books, 2005). He is also the author of two chapbooks: Composition Marble (Pavement Saw Press, 2006) and Hope & Anchor (Noemi Press, 2007). He is assistant professor of English at Lake Forest College and lives with his wife and newborn daughter in Evanston, Illinois.

*

The "Pierre Bourdieu Memorial Readings Series" is sponsored by Mandorla: New Writing from the Americas / Nueva escritura de las Américas.

*

The "Pierre Bourdieu Memorial Readings Series" is so-named to commemorate the contributions of this important sociologist to a critical understanding of a range of phenomena specific to the field of cultural production against which, in which, and through which social actors such as writers, readers, students and professors create, consecrate, fetishize, and disparage. Bourdieu's theories and methodologies provide unusually perspicuous tools with which to correct subtle and pervasive injustices in the field and to envision the possibility of a community of friendly makers less beholden to the illusions of aestheticism, the fetish of the author, and the preciosity of writing — for a closer, sparer, clearer relation of use, wonder, kindness, being, love, world.

# Fielding Dawson

1930–2002

*12 messages · 7 hands*

*American short-story writer, novelist, and collagist trained at Black Mountain College under Charles Olson and Franz Kline;* An Emotional Memoir of Franz Kline *(1967). Died unexpected death in New York City, aged 71. One forwarded announcement on the thread, about nothing, is omitted.*

**685. — Tom Beckett** *30 Jan 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Fielding Dawson, 1930-2002*

I've just learned via Ken Warren's magazine _House Organ_ that Fielding Dawson died on January 5,2002.

Fielding was a terrific writer and a good friend. He had a remarkable ability to cut through to the emotional heart of a situation.

The first time I read at the Ear Inn in NYC he generously came to hear me. He'd walked through a wintry drizzle from his place on East 19th Street. He was beaming as he told me— "I do my best thinking in the rain."

I love his writing. I loved the man. He will be missed.

Tom Beckett

**686. — Schlesinger** *31 Jan 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Fielding Dawson (1930-2002)*

BlankFielding Dawson 24 January 2002

Guy Fielding Lewis Dawson, writer, artist and teacher: born New York 2 August 1930; died New York 5 January 2002.

In 1984 Fielding Dawson, in Buffalo for three days as writer-in-residence, was asked to teach a workshop at Attica Maximum Security Prison. The experience, he said, politicised him and changed his life, and for the next 17 years he taught in prisons, in women's shelters, in alternative high schools, until his last class at Sing Sing in December.

"Fee" Dawson was born in New York City in 1930 and moved to Kirkwood, Missouri, when he was eight. At 15, his mother, saying that the world needed a new Saroyan, gave him a portable typewriter and some paper. His memoir of growing up there, Tiger Lilies: an American childhood (1984) was noted as "a book of singular beauty and literary distinction" by the critic Edmund Fuller.

After studying portrait drawing with Tanasko Milovich and taking a few classes at Washington University Art School in St Louis, Dawson moved to rural North Carolina in 1949 to attend Black Mountain College, where his teachers and fellow-students included Charles Olson, Franz Kline, Stefan Wolpe, John Cage, Robert Rauschenberg, Robert Creeley, Jonathan Williams, Cy Twombly, Paul Goodman, John Chamberlain and Edward Dorn.

Dawson wrote, "Black Mountain worked: we made a potent little mandala in an archaic valley in the Blue Ridge Mountains to be felt long into the future", and his The Black Mountain Book (1970) is the only work about the college written by someone who was there. In 1953 he was drafted, with non-combatant status, and served as an army cook at a Military Hospital near Heidelberg. He returned to New York City in 1956.

Continuing his friendship with painters met at Black Mountain, Dawson drank with them at the famous Cedar Bar. An Emotional Memoir of Franz Kline (1967), a remarkable book, conveys in an intimate way an intense feeling of that time, while showing the daily lives of

Kline, Pollock, the De Koonings, Guston and others in an affectionate but clear light. From his high-school days in Missouri Dawson had kept an enthusiasm for baseball, bringing his pitching skills to the city where he was a regular in the Sunday afternoon artists' softball games along with the writers Joel Oppenheimer, Amiri Baraka, Paul Blackburn and Gil Sorrentino: later he pitched for the Max's Kansas City team.

In the early 1960s Dawson's prose was widely published in magazines both in the United States and abroad. His first book in the UK was Thread (with a collage cover by the author) from Andrew Crozier's Ferry Press in 1964. The pieces were generally short, often less than a page in length; but the flickers of mood and tone, the fragments of dialogue, their confidence in the reader's capacity to assume and infer, illuminated worlds much larger. Robert Creeley wrote: "I have never seen a writer capable of such fast shifts, so instantly, nervously exact." By the early 1970s their influence could be detected in the work of younger writers such as Stephen Emerson and Dale Herd.

In 1990 Larry McMurtry, then Pen (USA) President, appointed Dawson chair of the Pen Prison Writing Committee and his enthusiastic promotion of this almost moribund group gave it renewed energy and brought in many new members. For six years, from 1994, he hosted a weekly radio programme, Breaking Down the Walls, on WBAI New York, broadcasting prisoners' writings and dealing with issues of incarceration. His most recent book of stories, The Land of Milk & Honey (2001), reflects these experiences in both style and content.

Fielding Dawson wrote more than 20 volumes of short stories, novels, memoirs and poems. In 1969 Krazy Kat / The Unveiling and Other Stories 1951-1968 was the first of many books of his to be published by Black Sparrow Press during the next 30 years. He produced essays, art and literary criticism, catalogues for exhibitions, gave readings, and frequently taught at colleges and universities. Continuing his graphic work, he created logos and covers for many important small press editions from the 1950s onwards, usually illustrated his own books, and was exhibited in galleries throughout the US. His last show, new works combining word and image, was at the Jack Tilton Gallery in New York last September.

"He was different in that he came across as happy a lot of the time, notwithstanding all kinds of things. I think of a guy with a big smile saying THAT'S TERRIFIC with stress on both words, and doing that twitchy thing with his eyes," Steve Emerson wrote to me last week.

Tom Raworth

**687. — Tom Beckett** *31 Jan 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Fielding Dawson*

I'm sitting here in our hundred year old house that is empty but for me and the dog. My wife's working late. My youngest daughter's working her part time gig. My oldest daughter is married now and in graduate school in Boston. Left over stir fry is growing limp on the stove. I'm feeling lonely and drinking wine and thinking intently about Dawson's _An Emotional Memoir of Franz Kline_. It's a book I've read several times, though the last time was several years ago. My copy's a first edition with a tattered and much abused dust jacket . I've been lugging it from address to address for more than 30 years. It is, in many respects, my favorite of his books. That may be partly due to the fact that it was the first or one of the first of his books that I read.

Sometime in the early seventies when I was an undergraduate at Kent State, Robert Berthoff (sp?, sorry) instigated a creative arts festival that included, among other things, (many other things/people-a Michael McClure play (_Spider Rabbit_), Harvey Bialy, etc—and this at a time when Ed Dorn was poet in residence!), a reading by Creeley and Dawson in University Auditorium. I went to see Creeley—and, shit, I dug him (he read from the Daybook, I think) but Dawson had me enthralled. He read a couple short stories, even sang Danny Boy at one point. I went back to the dorm and pounded out a short story that night. God, the man made me want to write.

When I spoke with Creeley a few months ago after his reading at Kent State I told him that this was only the 2nd time I'd heard him read in person, that the 1st time had been back in the seventies with Fielding at Univ. Aud. Creeley said that during the festival they'd both been really drunk at one point and that he'd awakened to that fact that Fielding was peeing on his shoes. Life is strange and wonderful.

Tom Beckett

**688. — Aaron Belz** *31 Jan 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Fielding Dawson (1930-2002)*

Hey! I grew up in Kirkwood, too, and my parents still live there. I'll have to read this.

Thanks
Aaron

**689. — George Bowering** *1 Feb 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Fielding Dawson*

What a lovely man Fielding Dawson was. And generous. When I started a magazine in the mid sixties I wrote and asked him for something and he sent me something so mysterious and good that I was astounded and very grateful. When he came and lived here in Vancouver for a while a couple decades ago, I was hoping he would stay, but then there was new York, that place.

**690. — Tom Beckett** *2 Feb 2002* ↑ **Register**
*The Presence of Absence*

The Presence of Absence

in memory of Fielding Dawson

Listen, this is real life

(a continuum of voices, genders).

Where's the figure? Where's the ground?

2/2/02

Tom Beckett

**691. — The Poetry Project** *14 Feb 2002* ↑ **Register**
*POETRY PROJECT EVENTS*

FEBRUARY 15, FRIDAY LOVE AS THE WAY: Singer/song writers QUEEN ESTHER and THEO EASTWIND

FEBRUARY 18, MONDAY THE POETRY PROJECT'S PRESIDENT'S DAY 24-HOUR PLAY FESTIVAL

FEBRUARY 20, WEDNESDAY KIMIKO HAHN and SEKOU SUNDIATA

FEBRUARY 22, FRIDAY NICK ZEDD + REV. JEN: ART STARS ON DISPLAY PERFORM AND SCREEN VIDEO LORD OF THE COCK RINGS

MARCH 3, SUNDAY A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO FIELDING DAWSON (1930-2002)

DETAILS BELOW AND WWW.POETRYPROJECT.COM:

FEBRUARY 15, FRIDAY LOVE AS THE WAY: Singer/song writers QUEEN ESTHER and THEO EASTWIND QUEEN ESTHER, musician and solo performer, has written four one-person shows. Her semi-autobiographical Queen Esther: Unemployed Superstar had a five-week sold-out run at Joe's Pub last year. Her debut CD, Black Hillbilly Deluxe, will be available this spring.

THEO EASTWIND, the contemporary folk rocker, returns to the Poetry Project to share his poetic prowess and striking tenor with an eager and growing audience. His guitar and vocals will be accompanied by upright bass and djembe. He'll share his songs from his CDs Oh La La Li and One. [10:30 pm]

FEBRUARY 18, MONDAY THE POETRY PROJECT'S PRESIDENT'S DAY 24-HOUR PLAY FESTIVAL Since its inception in 1995, The 24-Hour Plays have produced well over 200 new short plays. This is the first time the event has taken place at the Poetry Project. With writers: JEFFERY MCDANIEL, RACHEL LEVITSKY, BRIAN KIM STEPHANS, SHARON MESMER, JORDAN DAVIS [8:00 pm] [Admission: $9 general, $6 students & seniors, $5 members]

FEBRUARY 20, WEDNESDAY KIMIKO HAHN and SEKOU SUNDIATA KIMIKO HAHN is the author of six collections of poetry including Mosquito and Ant, Volatile, The Unbearable (American Book Award), and Earshot (The Theodore Roethke Memorial Poetry Prize and an Association of Asian American Studies Literature Award). She has received fellowships from the NEA, the NYFA, and the Lila Wallace-Reader's Digest Fund. A professor in the English Department at Queens College/CUNY, Hahn is currently working on a collection of poetry and prose, largely utilizing the classical Japanese forms, tanka and zuihitsu.

SEKOU SUNDIATA is a poet who writes for both print and performance. He has recorded and performed with a wide variety of artists including Craig Harris, David Murray, Nona Hendryx and Vernon Reid. He has co-produced a series of concerts at the American Center in Paris and has written and performed in the highly acclaimed performance theater work The Circle Unbroken Is a Hard Bop, as well as his own music-theater work The Mystery of Love, which was presented by New Voices/New Visions at Aaron Davis Hall and later produced by the American Music Theater Festival. [8:00 p.m.]

FEBRUARY 22, FRIDAY NICK ZEDD + REV. JEN: ART STARS ON DISPLAY PERFORM AND SCREEN VIDEO LORD OF THE COCK RINGS The duo will read recent work attacking consensus reality as well as earlier crowd pleasers from their respective oeuvres that threaten the status quo. They will also screen their new movie Lord of the Cockrings (appx. 27 min).

NICK ZEDD, insurrectionary mastermind of the Cinema of Transgression and director of War Is Mentrual Envy, Why Do You Exist, Ecstasy And Entropy, Police State and They Eat Scum. His books include Totem of the Depraved (2.13.61 Publications) and Bleed (Hanuman Books.) Mr. Zedd recently acted in the off-Broadway play The Intruder by Maurice Maeterlinck, and has starred in such movies as What About Me, Bubblegum, and The Manhattan Love Suicides.

SAINT REV. JEN, poet, preacher, prophet and Patron Saint of the Uncool is the author of several plays, including Rats, Urban Elf, Magical Elf Panties, and Lord of the Cock Rings in which she stars. She is the author of Sex Symbol for the Insane. A painter, and a curator for the world famous Lower East Side Troll Museum, and comedienne, she has appeared at Caroline's Comedy Club, Luna Lounge and the Collective Unconscious. [10:30 pm]

MARCH 3, SUNDAY A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO FIELDING DAWSON (1930-2002) On the afternoon of Sunday, March 3rd, the Poetry Project will hold a Memorial Tribute to the writer, teacher and poet, Fielding Dawson, who passed away on January 5th, 2002, will take place at The Poetry Project from 3 to 7 pm.

Fielding Dawson is the author of over 20 books, including a recent collection of short stories, The Land of Milk and Honey. A student at Black Mountain College from 1949-53, he wrote extensively and wonderfully on that experience in The Black Mountain Book. He served as director and dedicated teacher of the PEN Prison Writing Workshop Program. On Thurdsay mornings he was on WAKE UP CALL, hosted by Bernard White on radio station WBAI (99.5 FM in New York), with Breaking Down the Walls. Every spring he was Writer-in-Residence at Hartwick, NY where he worked with at-risk youth in Upward Bound. In 1999 he received the Thomas Mott Osborne Service Award from The Osborne Association Family Works. Often gracing The Poetry Project with his presence, both as a reader of his work and as a listener passionately committed to writing, he generated excitement and insight wherever he was. We find it hard to imagine we will not see him again, at a reading, standing, rapt with attention and his love for words. He will be deeply missed.

—Unless otherwise noted, admission to all events is $7, $4 for students and seniors, and $3 for Poetry Project members. Schedule is subject to change.

The Poetry Project is located in St. Mark's Church in-the-Bowery at 131 E. 10th Street, the corner of 2nd Avenue and 10th Street in Manhattan. Trains F, 6, N, R.

The Poetry Project is wheelchair accessible with assistance and advance notice. Please call for more information, or visit our Web site at http://www.poetryproject.com.

If you are currently on our email list and would like to be on our regular mailing list (so you can receive a sample issue of The Poetry Project Newsletter for FREE), just reply to this email with your full name and address. Hope to hear from you soon!!!

**692. — The Poetry Project** *22 Feb 2002* ↑ **Register**

POETRY PROJECT EVENTS

FEBRUARY 22, FRIDAY [10:30 PM] NICK ZEDD + REV. JEN: ART STARS ON DISPLAY PERFORM AND SCREEN VIDEO LORD OF THE COCK RINGS

FEBRUARY 25, MONDAY [8 PM] QURAYSH ALI LANSANA and CATHY PARK HONG

FEBRUARY 27, WEDNESDAY [8 PM] JANE DELYNN and ANN ROWER

MARCH 1, FRIDAY [10:30 PM] LOUDMOUTH COLLECTIVE PRESENTS AN ANTI-READING

FEBRUARY 25, MONDAY QURAYSH ALI LANSANA and CATHY PARK HONG QURAYSH ALI LANSANA is the author of the poetry collection Southside Rain (Third World Press, 2000) and a children's book, The Big World (Addison-Wesley, 1999). He is the editor of Glencoe/McGraw-Hill 's African American Literature Anthology and is a co-editor of Role Call: A Generational Anthology of Social and Political Black Literature. He is the recipient of the 2000 Poet of the Year Award, presented by Chicago's Black Book Fair and the 1999 Henry Blakely Award, presented by Gwendolyn Brooks.

CATHY PARK HONG's first book is called Translating Mo'um (Hanging Loose Press, 2002) She grew up in Los Angeles and has been living in New York for some time. A 1999 recipient of the Van Lier Fellowship, she is currently at the Iowa Writer's Workshop where she is a teaching writer's fellow. She has received the 2000 Pushcart Prize. [8:00 p.m.]

FEBRUARY 27, WEDNESDAY JANE DELYNN and ANN ROWER JANE DELYNN is the author of the novels Don Juan in the Village, Real Estate, In Thrall, and Some Do. Her most recent book is a collection of fiction and essays, Bad Sex Is Good (Painted Leaf Press, 1998).

ANN ROWER's second novel, Lee & Elaine, is being published by Serpent's Tail in March. She is also the author of a collection of stories, If You're a Girl and a novel, Armed Response. She has collaborated with the Wooster Group and other performers. [8:00 p.m.]

MARCH 1, FRIDAY LOUDMOUTH COLLECTIVE PRESENTS AN ANTI-READING Loudmouth Collective is a young, Brooklyn-based press dedicated to portable fiction and poetry, artists' books and sound art. This March marks the first anniversary of the Loudmouth Collective Anti-Readings series.

For those that associate boredom with literary functions, Loudmouth Collective presents an anti-reading of new work by Matvei Yankelevich, Joel Schlemowitz, Ryan Haley, James Hoff, Ellie Ga, Marisol Martinez, Julien Poirier, Filip Marinovic and many others. Expect live typewriter art, concrete poetry, language installations, paperless books, poetry film and loads of free books. [10:30 pm]

MARCH 3, SUNDAY A TRIBUTE TO FIELDING DAWSON (1930-2002) On Sunday afternoon, March 3rd, a Tribute to the writer and poet, Fielding Dawson, who passed away on January 5th, 2002, will be held at The Poetry Project from 3 to 7 pm. He will be deeply missed.

**693. — The Poetry Project** *28 Feb 2002* ↑ **Register**

POETRY PROJECT EVENTS

MARCH 1, FRIDAY LOUDMOUTH COLLECTIVE PRESENTS AN ANTI-READING [10:30 pm]

MARCH 3, SUNDAY A TRIBUTE TO FIELDING DAWSON (1930-2002) [3-7 pm]

MARCH 4, MONDAY OPEN READING [8:00 pm]

MARCH 6, WEDNESDAY TED GREENWALD AND TOM RAWORTH [8:00 pm]

MARCH 8, FRIDAY P.O.W. POETS OF WAR [10:30 pm]

MARCH 6, WEDNESDAY TED GREENWALD AND TOM RAWORTH TED GREENWALD is the author of a number of books including Jumping the Line, Something, She's Dead, Word of Mouth, Exit the Face, Common Sense, Licorice Chronicles, and You Bet. His 16-minute videotape, Poker Blues, created in collaboration with Les Levine has become a Vegas standard.

TOM RAWORTH has published more than 40 books and pamphlets of poetry, prose, translations, and a screenplay, A Plague on Both Your Houses. His graphic work has been exhibited in France, Italy, and the United States, and he has collaborated and performed with musicians (Steve Lacy, Joëlle Léandre, Steve Nelson-Raney), painters (Giovanni D'Agostino, Micaëla Henich), and other poets (Franco Beltrametti, Corrado Costa, Dario Villa). [8:00 p.m.]

MARCH 8, FRIDAY P.O.W. POETS OF WAR POW's: Poets of War, a performance collective conceived by Galinsky and Christopher Stackhouse, is a group of poet performers who stand against the state of seige in the USA and bring the feelings of anxiety and anger associated with the current oppression, to the stage of St. Mark's Poetry Project. Performances include: A Ying vs. Yang Fencing Duel with Streiffschuss Films, A Hostage Situation with Galinsky, Performance poetry by Lisa Jessie Peterson, Dennis Jordan, Spyro, Taylor Mead, Zero Boy, Girlbomb, Arie Love, Latasha Natasha Diggs, video by Peter Shapiro and more + surprise musical guests. More info at galinskyplace.com [10:30 pm]

**694. — The Poetry Project** *28 Feb 2002* ↑ **Register**
*SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS*

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

NEW ISSUE OF POETS & POEMS FEATURING WORK BY JOHN KEENE, JANICE LOWE, CHRISTOPHER STACKHOUSE WWW.POETRYPROJECT.COM/POETS.HTML

MARCH 3, SUNDAY [3 - 7 PM] A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO FIELDING DAWSON (1930-2002)

MARCH 10, SUNDAY [3:30 PM] A CELEBRATION FOR POET ZOE ANGLESEY: EIGHT POETS FOR ZOE

THE LAUNCH OF WWW.ALLENGINSBERG.ORG

WWW.POETRYPROJECT.COM/ANNOUNCEMENTS.HTML

FEB/MAR ISSUE OF POETS & POEMS: www.poetryproject.com/poets.html Featuring poems by John Keene and Janice Lowe, and line drawings by Christopher Stackhouse. Forthcoming issues to feature Jena Osman, Renee Gladman, Joan Retallack, Sawako Nakayasu and more.

Alex Albright, Vyt Bakaitis, Mark Begley, Carol Berge, Josie Clare, Andy Heugel, William Honey, Harvey Isaac, Hettie Jones, Jerry Kelly, Basil King, Martha King, D.H. Melhem, Maureen Owen, Jimmy Owens, Anthony Papa, Donal Phelps, Eric Waters, Bernard White

MARCH 10, SUNDAY [3:30 PM] A CELEBRATION FOR POET ZOE ANGLESEY: EIGHT POETS FOR ZOE On Sunday, March 10th at 3:30 PM, The Poetry Project at 131 E. 10th St. @ 2nd Ave. will host A Celebration for Poet Zoe Anglesey featuring:

CORNELIUS EADY BOB HOLMAN KAREN SWENSON SUHEIR HAMMAD JENNIFER CLEMENT LINDA GREGG FORREST GANDER YUSEF KOMUNYAKAA

Refreshments provided by La Palapa Restaurant.

$10 Contribution. Funds raised will contribute to medical expnses incurred by Zoe Anglesey who is fighting lung cancer.

THE LAUNCH OF WWW.ALLENGINSBERG.ORG The Allen Ginsberg Trust of New York, with the development firm dataWonk, Inc. of San Francisco, announce the launch of www.allenginsberg.org. "One of Ginsberg's highest callings was to teach and the Web as a medium offers unprecedented ability to disseminate and impart," says Trust director Bob Rosenthal.

At the heart of the site are two exciting features: The Lifeline, a choronology of important events about Ginsberg and the Beats, and the Library, a repository intended for research that includes manuscripts, text, audio and video clips, photographs and art works. The Library is intended to grow substantially over time to include thousands of items, "so that those wishing to research Ginsberg's life and work would experience as little misinterpretation as possible."

**695. — Andrew Maxwell** *5 Mar 2002* **↑ Register**
*Germ/PRB March Reading Events at Dawsons*

The Germ & the Poetic Research Bureau (Western Office): MARCH READING EVENTS

Mar 10: Sarah Anne Cox, Ange Mlinko Mar 15: Stephen Rodefer, Jacques Roubaud Mar 29: Michael Davidson, Peter Gizzi

Always at Dawson's Book Shop in Hancock Park.

Dawsons is located at 535 N. Larchmont Blvd between Beverly Blvd and Melrose Blvd.

Readings are open to all. $3 donation requested for poets/venue.

Call Andrew at  for more info.

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March 10, Sunday 6pm

Sarah Anne Cox is the author of Home of Grammar (Double Lucy, 1997) and definite articles (a+bend, 1999). Her poetry and critical work has appeared in numerous journals, including Arshile, Five Fingers Review, How2, Scout, Syllogism, and Tripwire, and she is an associate editor of Outlet. Additional pursuits include extreme windsurfing and fronting several rock outfits in the SF Bay Area. Ange Mlinko's poetry has been published in Agni, Grand Street, Jacket, Lingo, New American Writing, and lift.

Her book Matinees (1999) was published by Zoland Books.

Ange Mlinko lives in New York City where she edits the Poetry Project Newletter. Some poems of hers can be found at: <http://www.jacket.zip.com.au/jacket15/mlinko.html> & <http://www.poetryproject.com/mlinko.html> *** March 15, Friday 7:30pm Jacques Roubaud is a French poet and mathematician born in 1932. After teaching Mathematics at the University of Paris X Nanterre beginning in 1970, Roubaud started publishing numerous books of poetry and prose. He has published in all genres: prose, theater and poetry. He is one of the most accomplished members of Oulipo, the workshop for experimental literature. He is also the president of the Association Georges Perec. He has translated Lewis Caroll's Hunting of the Snark and contemporary American poetry into French. Most of his translated works are published by Dalkey Archive, including The Plurality of Worlds of Lewis, Hortense in Exile, Hortense is Abducted, Some Thing Black and The Great Fire of London. Stephen Rodefer is the author of several collections of poetry, including Mon Canard (2000), Left Under a Cloud (1999), Answer to Doctor Agathon (1995), Erasers (1994), Leaving (1992), Emergency Measures (1987), and Four Lectures (1977). Rodefer recently returned to the United States following three years teaching in Paris and two at Cambridge. He continues to split time between Brooklyn and Paris. A former student of Charles Olson, he is perhaps the most musical of those writers associated with the Language School Poets. He has taught at San Francisco State University, University of New Mexico-Albuquerque, and others. *** March 29 Friday 7:30

Peter Gizzi was awarded the Lavan Younger Poets Award from the Academy of American Poets in 1994. His publications include Periplum (1992), Music for Films (1994), Hours of the

Book (1994), Ledger Domain (1995), New Picnic Time (1995), Artificial Heart (1998) and Add This to the House (200o). He has also edited o-blek: a journal of language arts (1987-93), the Exact Change Yearbook (1995) and The House That Jack Built: The Collected Lectures of Jack Spicer (1998). He currently teaches creative writing and American literature at UMass in Amherst.

Michael Davidson is the author of seven books of poetry, including The Landing of Rochambeau (1985), Post Hoc (1990) and The Arcades (2001). He teaches literature at the University of California in San Diego and is the author of The San Francisco Renaissance: Poetics and Community at

**696. — Steve Dickison** *7 Mar 2002* ↑ **Register**
*** NOTICE ***

IN MEMORIAM JOHN WIENERS, 1934-2002 http://tomraworth.com/wieners.html

IN MEMORIAM FIELDING DAWSON, 1930-2002 http://tomraworth.com/fee.html

Bring all the art and
science of the world, and
baffle and humble it with
one spear of grass.

~Walt Whitman's notebook

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# Dave Van Ronk

1936–2002

*7 messages · 6 hands*

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*American folk-blues singer and guitarist, the 'Mayor of MacDougal Street' who mentored Bob Dylan in Greenwich Village;* Inside Dave Van Ronk *(1964). Died cardiopulmonary failure during postoperative treatment for colon cancer.*

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**697. — laurie macrae** *12 Feb 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Dave Van Ronk dead at 65*

A great soul left us this last Sunday. Dave Van Ronk, who taught Bob Dylan and many others, who played the music of and restored careers to long lost country blues masters like Misssissipi John Hurt,who played Brecht and Yates, and who gave shelter and support to a generation of young folkies in the Village in the late 50's and 60's is dead. "He was a friend of mine" and everyone who ever heard him play. Laurie Macrae

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**698. — Pam Brown** *13 Feb 2002* ↑ **Register**
That's really sad news to me. When I was a teenage folkie in Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, Dave Van Ronk was one of my very favourite singers - I loved "Come Back Baby" and his version of "Cocaine" (even though I was yet to try the drug) I have a CD with those great songs and still play it occasionally when I'm in a late-60s mood. Vale Dave Van Ronk. Pam Brown --- laurie macrae wrote: > A great soul left us this last Sunday. Dave Van

**699. — Joe Brennan** *13 Feb 2002* ↑ **Register**
Although I do remember that Dylan did credit Dave Van Ronk with his version of "He was a Friend of Mine" — it was John Fahey who was responsible for the return of Mississippi John Hurt, who rediscovered him in Avalon, Mississippi, after listening to a John Hurt song

"Avalon is My Home Town." This is not to diminish Van Ronk, who had a rich and varied career.

Joe Brennan

**700. — Damian Judge Rollison** *14 Feb 2002* ↑ **Register**

I too was saddened to hear this. After listening to his music on record for years, I finally had the chance to see him perform when he came through town just a few months ago. So I can report that, to the end, he was funny, warm, and still a dazzling singer and guitarist. He had a kind of Elmer Fudd lisp that was very endearing — impressed me as the kind of person who doesn't give a damn for celebrity.

Some of you may know that he learned one of his signature tunes, "Green Green Rocky Road," from Bob Kaufman, the S.F. Beat legend. I believe it was a children's song Kaufman remembered from his early years in New Orleans.

Damian

**701. — Alan Sondheim** *14 Feb 2002* ↑ **Register**

And Fahey's gone - one of the really great musicians/thinkers - you could always recognize his guitar a mile away - it was fantastic - the forms he

**702. — Laura Fargas** *19 Feb 2002* ↑ **Register**

And Fahey's gone - one of the really great musicians/thinkers - you could always recognize his guitar a mile away - it was fantastic - the forms he used challenge anything going on now - alan

Is this the John Fahey who used to live in Venice, Calif? I saw him onstage several times — once so drunk he sort of aimed for a chair and hit the floor — he always played like an angel, in any condition. When I found out where he lived, I used to just go sit outside his place and listen to him play. I was in my young teens, way too afraid to knock on the door.

FWIW, wrote this about Mississipi John Hurt years ago:

John Hurt

"I'm satisfied, tickled too, old
enough to marry you...." I fell as far as
there was for me to go into his fathomless eyes,
mouth like a harp raising tunes
out of Mississippi delta mud that rattled
my nine year old Los Angeles bones.
I wanted to deserve him.

Laura Fargas

**703. — Joe Brennan** *20 Feb 2002* ↑ **Register**

Here's a little story about Fahey. Many years ago I was at a party at Helen Schneyer's house - she was a kind of den mother to our little band of folkies — and one of our group, Ed Morris, a good blues guitar player — was doing an old tune — it may have been a Robert Johnson piece. A fellow that none of us knew remarked very kindly that he had never heard that piece in an open D tuning. Ed glared at him and said that it was the tuning that Robert Johnson had used, but the stranger insisted that Johnson had played it in an open E tuning. Ed became very agitated and snottily replied that the stranger didn't know what the hell he was talking about, and that the only person in the world who could tell him (Ed) that he was wrong was John Fahey. Whereupon the stranger said, "I am John Fahey", and poor Ed's eyes bulged wide and his face turned the color of fresh blood, and he thrust his guitar to Fahey, exclaiming "you're John Fahey? What the hell am I doing playing guitar when you're here!"

jb...

# John Wieners

1934–2002

*26 messages · 20 hands*

*American Beat lyric poet whose Hotel Wentley Poems fused jazz-inflected lines with sexual and drug experience;* The Hotel Wentley Poems *(1958). Died in Boston. Three forwarded announcements on the thread, about nothing, are omitted.*

**704. — Pierre Joris** *2 Mar 2002* ↑ **Register**

*John Wieners*

Sad news: John Wieners died yesterday, 1 March 2002 in Boston. He was hospitalized about a week ago when he was found unconscious some time after leaving a party. The cause of death was a brain aneurysm. Wieners was one of the great lyric voices — with all the psychic cracks & sufferings such a stance entails — of the second half of the past century.

Here is his bio note from the "Selected Poems 1958-1984" volume (Black Sparrow Press, 1986):

JOHN WIENERS was born in Milton, Mass, in 1934 and received his A.B. from Boston College in 1954. He studied at Black Mountain College under Charles Olson and Robert Duncan from 1955 to 1956. He returned to Boston where he brought out three issues of a literary magazine, Measure, over the next several years. From 1958 to 1960 he lived in San Francisco, and was an active participant in the San Francisco Poetry Renaissance movement. He returned to Boston in 1960, and divided his time between there and New York City, over the next five years. In 1965 he enrolled in the Graduate Program of the State University of New York at Buffalo, and worked as a teaching fellow. He has worked as an actor and stage manager at the Poet's Theatre, Cambridge, and has had three of his plays performed at the Judson Poet's Theater, N.Y. Since 1970 he has lived and worked in Boston, where he has been active in publishing and education cooperatives, political action committees, and the gay liberation movement.

And here is a poem from his 1964 book _Ace of Pentacles_:

An Anniversary of Death

He too must with me wash his body, though
at far distant time and over endless space
take the cloth unto his loins and on his face
engage in the self same rising as I do now.

A cigarette lit upon his lips; would they were mine
and by this present moon swear his allegiance.
If he ever looks up, see the clouds and breeches
in the sky, and by the stars, lend his eyes shine.

What do I care for miles? or rows of friends lined
up in groups? blue songs, the light's bright glare.
Once he was there, now he is not; I search the empty air
the candle feeds upon, and my eyes, my heart's gone blind

to love and all he was capable of, the sweet patience
when he put his lips to places I cannot name
because they are not now the same
sun shines and larks break forth from winter branches.

**705. — Jim Behrle** *2 Mar 2002* ↑ Register
*John Wieners (1934-2002)*

A Poem for Trapped Things

This morning with a blue flame burning
this thing wings its way in.
Wind shakes the edges of its yellow being.
Gasping for breath.
Living for the instant.
Climbing up the black border of the window.
Why do you want out.
I sit in pain.
A red robe amid debris.
You bend and climb, extending antennae.

I know the butterfly is my soul
grown weak from battle.

A Giant fan on the back of
a beetle.
A caterpillar chrysalis that seeks
a new home apart from this room.

And will disappear from sight
at the pulling of invisible strings.
Yet so tenuous, so fine
this thing is, I am
sitting on the hard bed, we could
vanish from sight like the puff
off an invisible cigarette.
Furred chest, ragged silk under
wings beating against the glass

no one will open.

The blue diamonds on your back
are too beautiful to do
away with.
I watch you
all morning
long.
With my hand over my mouth.

**706. — Charles Bernstein** *2 Mar 2002* ↑ Register
There is an audio file of John Wieners reading "A poem for Painters" from The Hotel Wentley Poems (1958) at Joel Kuszai's Factory School site. The sound starts out pretty shaky, but the reading of "A poem for Painters" brings out all that is great in Wieners ... all that is already acutely missed, even in these few hours since his death.

http://www.factoryschool.org/content/poetry/wieners/wieners.ram

from "A poem for Painters"

[6]
...
This nation is so large, like
our hands, our love it lives

with no lover, looking only
for the beloved, back home
into the heart, New York,
New England, Vermont green
mountains, and Massachusetts
my city, Boston and the sea.
Again to smell what this calm
ocean cannot tell us. The seasons.
Only the heart remembers
and records them in the words
of works
we lay down for those men
who come to them.

7.

At last. I come to the last defense.

Note
My poems contain no
wilde beast, no
lady of the lake no music
of the spheres, or organ chants,

yet I know by these lines
I betray what  little given me.

One needs no defense.
Only the record of a man's
struggle to stay with
what is his own, what
lies within him to do.

Without which is nothing,
And I come to this,
knowing the waste, leaving

the rest up to love
and its twisted faces
my hands claw out at
only to draw back from the
blood already running there.

Oh come back, whatever heart
you are left. It is my life
you save.

[text based on Wiener's performance on this recording]

**707. — Rachel Loden** *3 Mar 2002* ↑ **Register**

The beauty of men never disappears
But drives a blue car through the
stars.

--John Wieners

Will miss him terribly. And I never met him. But he was with me through decades and what he was entered and informed me in ways I will never be fully able to account for or repay. "He's gone and taken / my morphine with him / _Oh Johnny._ Women in / the night moan yr. name"

from "A Series" (in _Ace of Pentacles_):

5.3

Rain today and rain in the self. Reign. Return to the place of imprisonment. Reign of life, how many years left to bury the old heart and give birth to the new? Reign of years, with each day

a marking place of what happens in the universe, what comes into ken, of the stars and their turning. What one does not know. Will never know. The desire to pierce space and be up on the moon. Doomed as fellow men to walk this place with sweat on our forehead. That we are not given enough, must find the means to fulfill our existence. That we are given enough, too much as a distraction to pene-trate the essential core of our being. And what is that but a hollow place? No radiant outpouring as stars of light. We have eaten away our basic substance, fed it to the drugs, of days when there was nothing to do. Too many on the calendar. And yet this is substance, this despair. To walk with it as a beloved companion, or friend. See that as the broken leg we try to mend. Cripples with no crutch, looking for the broken tree to fashion into a stump. And yet this is not the true condition. There are comedies and comedians. Flowers in blossom. The same old dirge. Age-old. The curse of "Adam" that each man is heir to, and equipped for—interrupted by the doctor coming down the hall—that each man is heir, and for which each is equipped.

**708. — Poetics List Administrator** *3 Mar 2002* ↑ **Register**
*In Memoriam John Weiners*

forward from Tom Raworth —
******

Bob Creeley just asked me to send you the URL to a quick In Memoriam John Wieners page I put up this morning...

http://tomraworth.com/wieners.html

It simply has the dates, a picture, and the note extracted from an e-mail from Bob early this morning:

*"There had been a party last Sunday on Beacon Hill somewhere, small number, and John had enjoyed it — then decided to walk back to his place, had some sort of seizure on the way, got as far as a parking garage, and they called and got him to Mass General where he was for some days sans identification. But something on his person got them his address, and so they finally connected with Jim Dunn (who called) and Charlie Shiveley, both of whom got to hospital in time to see John got last rites. I think that all happened yesterday. Jim said fact of John's being the few days in hospital sans anyone's knowing were hard to think of — but they did get there, and he died with friends there — and god willing had little consciousness beyond fact of walking home after pleasant evening."*

yours, Tom Raworth

**709. — Marjorie Perloff** *3 Mar 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: John Wieners*

The audio file Charles cites is indeed terrific! I hope the Poetry Division of MLA or someone going to MSA next year will consider organizing a memorial session on Wieners and his incredible poetry!

Marjorie Perloff

**710. — Geoffrey Gatza** *3 Mar 2002* ↑ **Register**

This is very sad news. Last Thursday a friend and I were reading over his poetry, she being new to his work and he an old favorite. His work was celebrated as some of the over cheap red wine. I never met him but know he moved through Buffalo's streets - I am very sad but wish him well on his journey.

Best, Geoffrey

Geoffrey Gatza
editor BlazeVOX2k2
http://vorplesword.com/

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**711. — Maria Damon** *3 Mar 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: John Wieners (1934-2002)*

i feel the same way rachel —impossible to say what i've lost, impossible to repay —fell i mean feel close to him, though i only met him a coupla times...managed to get my picture taken w/ him at orono... the loneliness of his poetry has inspired my most recent "thinking" about lyric... fellow bostonian, fellow singular, fellow hanging-on-by-a-threadster...

**712. — michael** *3 Mar 2002* ↑ **Register**
*John Wieners tribute Jack Magazine*

Jack Magazine , www.jackmagazine.com, is looking for materials for a tribute to John Wieners for the upcoming issue. Please send submissions to.

Also, for recent online work by John Wieners go to Big Bridge:

**713. — Thomas Bell** *3 Mar 2002* ↑ **Register**
*John Wieners*

Once again a poet has passed without my knowing him or his work. I don't want to see his work relegated to a nicheor subject but the most i can do is ponder the words of his I can locate:

half-a-decade of rest, the skin on my legs has changed it holds
together
now as a rich person by itself, I have vowed I shall never be
again and know
I shall never be lonely again, because of the love that dwells
within poetry's mouth
('New Beaches')

tom bell

**714. — schwartzgk** *4 Mar 2002* ↑ **Register**
*for John Wieners*

For John Wieners

exit into the DAY blue on green on blue with each hour watching intently for signs

embroidery in embroideries scenes calmatives gyring hawks through sky vineyards locusts leaves spreading

for the day as we do get there exiting into night's day

Gerald Schwartz

**715. — The Poetry Project** *7 Mar 2002* ↑ **Register**
*SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS*

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

IN MEMORIAM JOHN WIENERS JANUARY 6TH 1934 ‹ MARCH 1ST 2002 http://tomraworth.com/wieners.html

MARCH 10, SUNDAY [3:30 PM] A CELEBRATION FOR POET ZOE ANGLESEY: EIGHT POETS FOR ZOE

THE LAUNCH OF WWW.ALLENGINSBERG.ORG

NEW ISSUE OF POETS & POEMS FEATURING WORK BY JOHN KEENE, JANICE LOWE, CHRISTOPHER STACKHOUSE WWW.POETRYPROJECT.COM/POETS.HTML

FOR MORE INFO VISIT WWW.POETRYPROJECT.COM/ANNOUNCEMENTS.HTML.

IN MEMORIAM JOHN WIENERS January 6th 1934 ‹ March 1st 2002 The wonderful poet John Wieners whose books include Selected Poems 1958-1984 (Black Sparrow Press, 1986) passed away on March 1st in Boston. Please visit the dedicated link at http://tomraworth.com/wieners.html for more information.

Even tho all the pencils break and all the typewriters hang in The Pawnshop Window, words go on. And their instruments with them. Today I am one of them and I dress in a red robe. - John Joseph Wieners, Journal, 1958/59

MARCH 3, SUNDAY [3 - 7 PM] A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE TO FIELDING DAWSON (1930-2002) On the afternoon of Sunday, March 3rd, the Poetry Project will hold a Memorial Tribute to the writer, teacher and poet, Fielding Dawson, who passed away on January 5th, 2002, will take place at The Poetry Project from 3 to 7 pm.

Readers include:

Alex Albright, Vyt Bakaitis, Mark Begley, Carol Berge, Josie Clare, Andy Heugel, William Honey, Harvey Isaac, Hettie Jones, Jerry Kelly, Basil King, Martha King, D.H. Melhem, Maureen Owen, Jimmy Owens, Anthony Papa, Donal Phelps, Eric Waters, Bernard White

MARCH 10, SUNDAY [3:30 PM] A CELEBRATION FOR POET ZOE ANGLESEY: EIGHT POETS FOR ZOE On Sunday, March 10th at 3:30 PM, The Poetry Project at 131 E. 10th St. @ 2nd Ave. will host A Celebration for Poet Zoe Anglesey featuring:

CORNELIUS EADY BOB HOLMAN KAREN SWENSON SUHEIR HAMMAD JENNIFER CLEMENT LINDA GREGG FORREST GANDER YUSEF KOMUNYAKAA

Refreshments provided by La Palapa Restaurant.

$10 Contribution. Funds raised will contribute to medical expnses incurred by Zoe Anglesey who is fighting lung cancer.

THE LAUNCH OF WWW.ALLENGINSBERG.ORG The Allen Ginsberg Trust of New York, with the development firm dataWonk, Inc. of San Francisco, announce the launch of www.allenginsberg.org. "One of Ginsberg's highest callings was to teach and the Web as a medium offers unprecedented ability to disseminate and impart," says Trust director Bob Rosenthal.

At the heart of the site are two exciting features: The Lifeline, a choronology of important events about Ginsberg and the Beats, and the Library, a repository intended for research that includes manuscripts, text, audio and video clips, photographs and art works. The Library is intended to grow substantially over time to include thousands of items, "so that those wishing to research Ginsberg's life and work would experience as little misinterpretation as possible."

FEB/MAR ISSUE OF POETS & POEMS: www.poetryproject.com/poets.html Featuring poems by John Keene and Janice Lowe, and line drawings by Christopher Stackhouse. Forthcoming issues to feature Jena Osman, Renee Gladman, Joan Retallack, Sawako Nakayasu and more.

**716. — Steve Dickison** *7 Mar 2002* **↑ Register**
*** NOTICE ***

IN MEMORIAM JOHN WIENERS, 1934-2002 http://tomraworth.com/wieners.html

IN MEMORIAM FIELDING DAWSON, 1930-2002 http://tomraworth.com/fee.html

> Bring all the art and
> science of the world, and
> baffle and humble it with
> one spear of grass.
>
> ~Walt Whitman's notebook

**717. — Aaron Levy** *29 Mar 2002* **↑ Register**
*[slought] Vancouver 1963: Poetry Recordings Online*

Slought Networks presents a digitized version of Fred Wah^"s recordings of the 1963 Vancouver Poetry Conference, as well as select readings and lectures (1961-67) from Wah's collection.

"http://slought.net/toc/Vancouver1963/"

Online recordings available by the following poets:

Margaret Avison, Basil Bunting, Robert Creeley, Fielding Dawson, Ed Dorn, Robert Duncan, Gerry Gilbert, Allen Ginsberg, Denise Levertov, Charles Olson, George Oppen, Gael Turnbull, John Wieners, Philip Whalen

"http://slought.net/toc/Vancouver1963/"

"The July-August 1963 Poetry Conference in Vancouver spanned three weeks and involved about sixty people who had registered for a program of discussions, workshops, lectures, and readings designed by Warren Tallman and Robert Creeley as a summer course at the University of B.C. Warren asked me to tape the morning discussions and the evening lectures and readings. The workshops were not recorded, except by individual journals (see _Olson; The Journal of the Charles Olson Archives_, Number 4, Fall 1975). I recorded 4-track, 3 3/4 ips, on a Wollensak, using one microphone. I made copies of the tapes twice, once for SUNY-Buffalo and once for Simon Fraser University. Some of the tapes have been transcribed (see Olson, as above).

With the help of Aaron Levy, I am archiving some parts of my tape collection. Though the primary reason for this is to preserve rather old reel-to-reel taped events, I would also like to make this material available to educators, researchers, and poets."

— Fred Wah

A Poetry Archive by Aaron Levy. With Louis Cabri. Digitized in Calgary, Canada from March 7-16, 2002. A Slought Networks initiative, with Fred Wah.

**718. — Tom Beckett** *3 May 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: John Weiners memorial*

Arielle's moving report on the Weiner memorial followed quick by Tom Bell's psychobabble complaint in re: spammers moved me. Hey! It was such a discordant juxtaposition. I can't let it go without comment.

Why _would_ the fabled four wish to come back to this? It is a mystery wrapped in a tortilla disguised as dialectical argument that looks like a burrito. Eat it, please.

I want a big pepper. I want another glass of wine. I want to read words that don't seem entirely ego-derived. I wanted to be kissed by a poem here. Where's the love?

**719. — Stephen Ellis** *10 May 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Why poets should ignore academic criticism.*

<< thus allowing you to by the GOOD German bolgna instead of the cheap Oscar Meyer

Since I'm still on with the vehicular from my last post, I have to say that Oscar Meyer's lousy wieners were at least delivered in an extremely interesting truck that was in fact shaped like a wiener, a la Creeley cum Olson's dictum about form following content. Size is "interesting", if not all that important. Especially if it's on wheels. The seizeable prize of Mrs. Big liking your poetry is only the "cream" skimmed off the top of the "pail" in which proprietary incitements manifest the usual money-laundering that results of referencing German bologna as "good" (qualitative) rather than "made from the bodies of Palestinians martyred out of Jenin." Not to say that purchase, as such, "might be" political, also. As in anti-academic stance one has simply that much more masque. Only increase - in everything - can take one over the top; judgement otherwise is cheap. The 21st century needs the largest trucks p ossible to deliver its cargo nowhere at once and in all places on time.

Jim Pancake

From: Michael Magee

Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group

To:

Subject: Re: Why poets should ignore academic criticism.
Date: Fri, 10 May 2002 10:26:23 -0400
1. Howdy all following this thread about poetry and academic boogeymen! I myself have followed it as one follows the horizon line which fades forever and forever when I move. Though we are not now that GREAT POETRY which rolled off tongues before ACADEMICS with pocket protectors dissected us like so many 4th grade frogs, it may be we shall still touch happy bookshelves! Though much is taken (by THE ACADEMY), much abides.
2. (new voice) Poetry is equipment for living, as real as marriage (for better or worse) and as observable as e-business.
3. (another) What the hell are we talking about here? Does anyone really believe that academic criticism or "theory" is ruining poetry?? Did German Idealism ruin Wordsworth? Did Sidney ruin himself? Did Emerson ruin Whitman? Who shot J.R.? Are the shoes of the fisherman's wife some jive-ass slippers? Did John Dewey ruin Williams and William James ruin Stein? Did Helene Cixous ruin me for any other man? Art thou a worm? Is this a worm? Go write your poems! Or I'll send you to bed without your E True Hollywood Story. If you don't need the Academy bully for you! I like VH1 Behind the Music too. Besides, only Susan Howe and Nathaniel Mackey, of the American poet-academics are better than the VH1 behind the music espisodes on Journey and Styx. Why would Marjorie Perloff liking your poems mean any more or less than your very bestest poet-buddy liking them? Because she'll get you a job in THE ACADEMY? Because she'll get you a $10,000 prize thus allowing you to by the GOOD German bolgna instead of the cheap Oscar Meyer? Even if such were true? Marjorie loves poetry and poetry loves her, so be it. I love poetry, so be it. By the associative principle I love Marjorie, so be it. Poems are like a good BLANK: they're always getting stuck in your BLANK. I believe this is a very positive step for the poetry world.
-m.
Get your FREE download of

**720. — The Poetry Project** *28 Jun 2002* ↑ **Register**
*POETRY PROJECT ANNOUNCEMENTS*

THE POETRY PROJECT OFFICE OFFICIALLY CLOSES JUNE 28 AND WILL RE-OPEN IN MID-AUGUST.

If you would like more information about the Poetry Project or to be added to our mailing list, please note that we will reply to your email in August.

Have a wonderful summer and we'll see you in the fall!

***

UPCOMING EVENTS FALL 2002

September 18: The 80th Birthday Celebration for Jackson Mac Low

October 9: A Tribute for the late John Wieners

Readings by Merrill Gilfillen, Anne Waldman, Will Alexander, Ron Padgett, Serge Fauchereau, Nina Zivancevic, Josie Foo, Sesshu Foster and Thurston Moore

***

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***

JULY/AUGUST ISSUE OF POETS & POEMS
http://www.poetryproject.com/poets.html

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Holly Bittner & Laura Bardwell
Eileen Munzo & Jill Darling
Jon Skuldt & Tom Laskow
Michelle Naka Pierce & Veronica Corpuz

***

JOHN ASHBERY AND JOE BRAINARD'S THE VERMONT NOTEBOOK BROADSIDE The Poetry Project is offering a signed, limited-edition broadside. Measuring 19 x 15 and printed in a letterpress edition, the broadside sells $100. Sales from the edition will benefit the Poetry Project. To purchase a broadside, please send check or money order to: The Poetry Project, 131 E. 10th St., New York, NY 10003.

**721. — Mark DuCharme** *2 Aug 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Poem*

Jim, this is touching. And not in a cheap way.

I never met Wieners or heard him read, but am moved by tributes to him on the EPC & here on the list, as I am by his work.

One objection: the common misspelling of tonight in the penultimate line.

Best line: "you should have vanished/ off the end of a cigarette."

Oh, and an aside to Chris Stroffolino: you started the ball rolling. Now where is one of ~your~ poems.

Cheers,

Mark DuCharme

*"A poem for pallbearers*
*that you were heavy,*
*heavier than we thought*
*glinting metal, lips closed*
*for swallow, holy wafer*
*for the opened earth.*
*we only lifted you once.*
*what's left? whisper*
*you should have vanished*

*off the end of a cigarette,*
*up, incense into the steeple.*
*to wish I could have been*
*your friend. were voices,*
*twilights in passing.*
*we 6 should get to lift you*
*from Cambridge St. and bear*
*you back home to Joy. there you*
*are, heavy to every stranger:*
*you were made for all worlds,*
*we'll not finish carrying tonite*
*"in the glamour of this hour"*
*"alive"*
*for J.W.*
*--Jim Behrle"*

**722. — Jim Behrle** *16 Aug 2002* ↑ **Register**
*A Boston Winter Poetry Festival*

Please backchannel ideas or proposals for A Boston Winter Poetry Festival, to be held at Wordsworth Books in Harvard Square 12/6/02-12/8/02. Panels to include discussions and readings of the works of Stephen Jonas, John Wieners and Gerrit Lansing, and conversations centering around Boston magazines through the years: (MEASURE, SET, BOSTON EAGLE, FIRE EXIT, COMPOUND EYE, MASS AVE, PRESSED WAFER, etc) and a discussion about the lasting effects of reading series WORD OF MOUTH.

—Jim Behrle

**723. — Stephen Ellis** *20 Aug 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Stephen Jonas*

Steve Jonas' psychosexual connections to money and magic, mostly via Pound in the former term, and both Spicer and Wieners in the latter would seem to cut a figure at some remove from the more grandly "street" likes of Amiri Baraka. Jonas isn't thought "black" because he didn't approach "black topics" in any but the most oblique ways. Being gay, also, sets up categorical distinctions within "black arts" that become increasingly complex. His pansexual concern for equity in all senses of commerce place him at the very beginnings of lawful creation, rather than in a generalized social mileu. His work is as particular in aspect as Hammurabi's code - and as essential. To categorize him by the patina of his skin suggests parity with an Egyptian sophistication out of Beirut in the 30s, or better, Muslim Spain of the 12th century, where Qabbalistic study equally was as rife as the red of a tomato. But in terms of Boston, doesn't Jonas really belong w/ Wieners, Gerrit Lansing, Spicer, Blaser, Harold Dull and possibly even someone like George Stanley? I mean, why even bother continuing the racial division? - it seems an empty categorical lump despite historical association.

From: Jim Behrle

Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group

To:

Subject: Re: Stephen Jonas

Date: Mon, 19 Aug 2002 17:02:50 -0400

Tisa Bryant writes:

*"I was referring only to Jonas: His ethnicity was an issue for him. From his writings and self-spun mythologies, he was anything but Black. Seemed many tried to get him to admit that he was. He could have been anything, everything. Omni-American. (props to Albert Murray, and Elizabeth Alexander's line "omni omni Albert Murray.) I find Jonas' resistances fascinating because of how all this rhythmic tension spills out all over his work, Eargasms, etc. My intention was not to make S.J. turn in his grave. Would you argue that he doesn't belong on a list of African-American poets? I'm very curious, beginning the planning of a conference in which S.J. will be a central figure. —Jim Behrle"*

**724. — The Poetry Project** *4 Sep 2002* ↑ **Register**
*POETRY PROJECT ANNOUNCEMENTS*

THE POETRY PROJECT OFFICE IS NOW OFFICIALLY RE-OPEN.

WE HOPE YOU HAD A WONDERFUL SUMMER AND WE LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING YOU ALL SOON!

***

UPCOMING EVENTS FALL 2002

September 18: An 80th Birthday Celebration for Jackson Mac Low

October 2: A Tribute to Kenneth Koch

October 9: John Wieners Memorial

October 15: The World 58 Book Party (at The Bowery Poetry Club)

October 23: Archives Benefit Reading for The Poetry Project and Naropa University

Plus readings by Will Alexander, Dodie Bellamy, Serge Fauchereau, Josey Foo, Sesshu Foster, Merrill Gilfillan, Jessica Hagedorn, Kevin Killian, Ed Lin, Anna Moschovakis, Charles North, Ron Padgett, Simon Pettet, Tom Savage, Standard Schaefer, John Tranter, Quincy Troupe, Nina Zivancevic and more.

***

BUY THE WORLD 58 TODAY!

The Poetry Project proudly announces the highly-anticipated release of its longest-running literary journal, THE WORLD. Contributors to the current issue include Anselm Berrigan, Victor Hernández Cruz, John Godfrey, Carla Harryman, Denizé Lauture, Ron Padgett, Edwin Torres, Jo Ann Wasserman and Ouyang Xiu.

THE WORLD 58 (ISSN 0043-8154) costs $10 and is now on sale at St. Mark's Bookshop and through Small Press Distribution. It can also be bought directly from our office and at events, and can be ordered by sending a check or money order (payable to The Poetry Project) to The Poetry Project, St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th Street, New York, NY 10003.

###

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER ISSUE OF POETS & POEMS
http://www.poetryproject.com/poets.html

Featuring work by Silvia Eugenia Castillero (tr. Jen Hofer) Paul …luard (tr. Lisa Lubasch) Henri Michaux (tr. Laura Wright) Elena Shvartz (tr. Genya Turovsky) Aleksandr Skidan, Alexei Parshchikov & Ilya Kutik (tr. Eugene Ostashevsky) Catullus (tr. Rick Snyder)

***

JOHN ASHBERY AND JOE BRAINARD'S THE VERMONT NOTEBOOK BROADSIDE

**725. — kari edwards** *7 Oct 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: A new journal*

I have been asked to forward this.
kari

_____

An Ear for Poetry

A new journal—which has its eye (or ear) on what poet Rod Smith calls “Submodernism”—has emerged this Autumn on the international zine scene. Van Gogh's Ear—a non-profit biannual publication based in Paris, is a project founded by Ian Ayres, publisher and editor of the journal—combines the range and vitality of established poets with an innovative new generation. The special first (double) edition features 200 pages of work from 81 poets representing the evolution of Beat poetry into a cutting edge future: Joyce Carol Oates, John Updike, Alice Notley, Tom Clark, Anne Waldman, Allen Ginsberg, Eileen Myles, Ian Ayres, Diane di Prima, Robert Creeley, Amiri Baraka, Leslie Scalapino, kari edwards, Susan Howe,

John Wieners, Jean Valentine, Ted Berrigan, Mary Burger, Peter Orlovsky, Michael McClure, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Andrei Codrescu, Frank O'Hara & more....

Poet Alice Notley, regarding the journal's title, says: "I like Van Gogh's Ear --- it seems to be listening in 'detachment', I mean the ear."

“I've received a contributor's copy of Van Gogh's Ear, a delightful and intriguing production and well worth the wait. Your blend of newer & older writers makes for an interesting mix indeed; in its amplitude the issue resembles a very fine anthology, and a very handsome one at that.” —Tom Clark

The format of the publication is 15x21cm, 200 pages, perfect-bound, with a 4-color matte cover. Published by French Connection Press (Paris).

SPECIAL LAUNCH PRICE! $13.00 per copy (includes handling & postage) —regular price: $15.00 + $3.50 handling & postage

Make checks (in U.S. dollars) out to: COP-Van Gogh’s Ear Send to: Committee on Poetry

For inquiries only, contact Eric Elléna, in Paris, at French Connection Press: (or )

SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

If you find our journal interesting enough for you to entrust your work to it, we encourage you to subscribe. Our continued existence, and continued ability to read your work, depends mainly on subscriptions. We prefer contemporary, experimental, daring poetry of unusual forms, language genius, and provocation. Submissions should be accompanied by a return address, e-mail address or fax number, and a short biography. Name and address of poet should appear on all pages. Copyright automatically reverts back to the author after publication. Submit up to 5 poems at a time. Previously published poems and simultaneous submissions OK. Cover letter preferred; include SAE with IRCs. Time between acceptance and publication is 6 months. Seldom comments on rejections. Poems are circulated to an editorial board. Published writers receive one free copy of the issue in which their work appears. Spring submission deadline: January 1; Fall deadline is July 1. Submissions should be addressed to: French Connection Press, 12 rue Lamartine, 75009 Paris, France.

PLEASE SUBSCRIBE

You can susbscribe to Van Gogh’s Ear and become a part of a growing network of poets and readers around the world. We’ll eliminate shipping and handling charges and send you a 2 issue subscription for $30.00 (U.S.)/30 € or a 4 issue subscription for only $60.00 (U.S.)/60 €. Please make United States checks out to: COP-Van Gogh’s Ear, then send to: Committee on Poetry-Van Gogh’s Ear, P. O. Box 582, Stuyvesant Station, New York, New York 10009, U.S.A. Checks in €uros should be made out to French Connection Press, then sent to French Connection Press, 12 rue Lamartine, 75009 Paris, France.

The continued existence of Van Gogh’s Ear is dependent on subscriptions and contributions. Please donate and/or subscribe!

**726. — Harry Nudel** *10 Oct 2002* ↑ **Register**

*John Weners Memorial..St. Mark's.."in the glamour of this hour"*

No food..so the usual sick crew was busy was busy slicing cold meat off the cadaver & serving it on toast....Vincent Katz had the best clothes...Good Jesuit Education...when A.G. kept interrupting his reading in a class..Jn sd..."why don't you call the embassy and tell them you're Allen Ginsberg and they'll provide you with a translation"...shop&stop...crystal & donuts..a sad old man living off the state...Weiners was 5x the poet of Koch so he drew 1/5 the audience...poetic justice...i saw him in Buffalo in all night diners...a stange man? pony tailed..twirling coffee...i was too scared to speak to my shadow let alone him...speak up young man....a star to who can tell us the title of Poem for Cocksuckers in the original 1958 Hotel Wentley Poems.."Up the st. under the wheels/ of a strange car is his stash- The ritual./ We make it. And have made it....beat end in is the end..DRn...

**727.** **— Ron Silliman** *10 Oct 2002* **↑ Register**

The title of the Wieners poem was

"A poem for suckers"

Send me the star...

But if you live in SF, you can go look at the Polk-Sutter Apartments at that very corner, as that is the old Hotel Wentley

**728.** **— Rachel Loden** *11 Oct 2002* **↑ Register**

*Re: women in The New American Poetry*

*“ And I also*
*assume that poetic polarizations made someone like Plath*
*unfeasible (so*
*that, while someone might argue that she *should* have been*
*there, no one*
*could really argue that she *could* have under the*
*circumstances, besides*
*which its a little early for her too). Okay, speak.”*

Thanks, Kasey—provocative post, as always. Now I finally get to ask about something that's been bothering me for decades. Almost the last thing in Wieners's 1964 _Ace of Pentacles_ is the poem "The Suicide." In that book, it's a two-part poem, and it ends very strangely, with a comma:

> Clay cannot create her features
> nor mirror reveal her mouth
>
> Photograph not show her form
> full with self, so put away
>
> her picture from the shelf
> And turn instead to living
>
> woman on the couch, decked with flowers
> as if it were she laid out,
>
> and not Sylvia, in the woods,

But who is Sylvia? Did Wieners cross (Boston) paths with Plath, who of course died in 1963, the year before the book is published? He seems to throw some light on this in the poem's first section: "Yes, earth owns the wind / As I her life / Whom I have never seen / Nor been with / Still within our hearts there lies / this communion / of all that dies / we held in common / because without it // we become more common than the dust."

By the time _Ace of Pentacles_ is reprinted in the Black Sparrow _Selected_ (1986), the odd but haunting comma has been replaced by a period. Was it just a typo? And what had been the next to last poem in _Ace of Pentacles_, "Address to the Woman," becomes the third part of "The Suicide, " which now ends:

> Tell her that may not speak again
> Her words are warnings in the wood.

Those lines read pretty resonantly as the sixties wore on.

So, does anyone know?

Rachel Loden

http://www.thepomegranate.com/loden/

**729.** **— Rachel Loden** *11 Oct 2002* **↑ Register**

*“But Plath? She was the darling of the academic poets and the young women who had conventional dreams. we knew that she represented the other side, where Robert Lowell and Ted Hughs had set up camp.”*

> Some darling she turned out to be, eh? George, did you follow her work as the "conventional dreams" went rather spectacularly awry?
>
> If you did, perhaps you found it wanting. . . .
>
> The Ostrobothnians (in the wild west of Finland) have a saying: "I am from us, and the rest are from elsewhere." Maybe that's the problem with camps—they're a brilliant marketing device, and a whole hell of a lot of tribal-bonding other-bashing territory-marking fun. But they also have an unfortunate side-effect, if and when they keep us from reading our enemies.
>
> Which is why I think it's crazy-wonderful that Berrigan read Wilbur, or Wieners quoted Auden (as he did).
>
> What about Eliot. Whose darling was he? And yet we read him, don't we?
>
> A proud magpie, and descended from magpies, Rachel

---

# John Thomas

1930–2002

*2 messages · 1 hand*

*American poet (John Thomas Idlet), a fixture of the Venice Beach Beat underground poetry scene in Los Angeles;* Epopoeia and the Decay of Satire *(1976). Died congestive heart failure while serving a jail sentence, aged 71.*

**730. — Christine Palma** *2 Apr 2002* ↑ **Register**

*Sad News - John Thomas and Marta Mitrovich*

FWD -

"This past Easter weekend, Southern California poetry lost two vital and beloved members of the community. Marta Mitrovich was a seminal figure in Orange County poetry, hosting the long-running Laguna Poets series from its inception in the 1970s through its first 20 years. John Thomas was one of the original Venice Beats, who could claim friendship with both Ezra Pound and Charles Bukowski while carving his own significant niche in the Los Angeles poetry scene over the last 30 years. We will be dedicating The Big Picture, with love, to their memory."

There is a nice recent photo of John Thomas at

http://www.beyondbaroque.org/bigpicture/gallery/thomas_long.html

**731. — Christine Palma** *6 Apr 2002* ↑ **Register**

*April is Calif Poetry Month, also The Big Picture on KXLU 88.9 FM - tonight at 8 PM*

> Hello! It's Christine again -
>
> I just wanted to announce a few more things related to The Big Picture on Sunday. This is in Venice, California.
>
> If you are in Los Angeles or the SF Valley -
>
> TUNE IN TONIGHT - Steering Committee Chair and main organizer Amelie Frank, and also mark Savage Photographer will be on KXLU Los Angeles - 88.9 FM tonight from 8 to 9 PM. This Saturday April 6th!
>
> They will discuss the significance and richness of the SoCal poetry landscape, perhaps from a historical standpoint, but definitely in it's current state :-)

Also this evening's show will be a tribute to John Thomas and Marta Mitrovich, both of whom passed away last week.

!! At The Big Picture this Sunday, Gov. Davis is sending a rep. from the California Arts Council to proclaim that April is California Poetry month and laud the contributions both to the community and to the human spirit of the act of writing and participating in poetry....

Once again, the website for this event is at: http://www.beyondbaroque.org/bigpicture and it has a printable PDF file with info you need to participate if you are a poet. If you are not a poet and want to volunteer, please show up around 1 PM and ask for Amelie Frank and tell her you want to volunteer.

Please scroll down to read about John and Marta and also to read the Proclamation :-)

Cheers!
Christine Palma

_____

The links on the homepage of the Big Picture site has more about Marta and John.

IN MEMORY:

This past Easter weekend, Southern California poetry lost two vital and beloved members of the community.

GOVERNOR DAVIS DECLARES APRIL 2002 -"CALIFORNIA POETRY MONTH"

SACRAMENTO -Governor Davis today declared April 2002, "California Poetry Month," to encourage members of the community to participate in California's cultural life and contribute to the State's literary heritage.

"Poetry allows language to free our imaginations and expand our creative horizons," Governor Davis said. "It offers opportunities for those seeking self-knowledge, but it especially encourages children to discover the wealth of language and expression in their own lives."

Sunday, April 7, more than 300 poets from all over Southern California will be gathering at the Beyond Baroque Literary Arts Center for a historic celebration of poetry. Steven Fogel, immediate past chair of the California Arts Council, will deliver comments and this proclamation.

These artists will be photographed at the event as a display of Southern California published poets to celebrate National Poetry Month.

Throughout the month of April, poetry will be read, performed and discussed by thousands of individuals and organizations within the State. "California Poetry Month" celebrates literature and, specifically, raises the importance of poetry.

_____

P R O C L A M A T I O N by the Governor of the State of California

WHEREAS, poetry allows language to free our imaginations and expand our creative horizons and intellects; and

WHEREAS, by encouraging members of our diverse communities to participate in the California's cultural life and contribute to our state's literary heritage, poetry enriches the lives of every Californian; and

WHEREAS, the process of writing poetry opens up the heart and mind as it provides each person an avenue of self-expression; and

WHEREAS, poetry offers opportunities for those seeking self-knowledge; and

WHEREAS, the art of spoken poetry encourages schoolchildren to discover the wealth of language and expression in their own lives; and

> WHEREAS, throughout the month of April, poetry will be read, performed, discussed, and brought to life by thousands of individuals and organizations in a broad spectrum of communities and venues throughout the state; and
>
> WHEREAS, California Poetry Month celebrates these rich literary offerings and raises awareness of the importance of poetry to the Golden State
>
> NOW, THEREFORE, I, GRAY DAVIS, Governor of the State of California, do hereby proclaim April, 2002 as "California Poetry Month."
>
> IN WITNESS WHEREOF I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the State of California to be affixed this 4th day of April 2002.
>
> Governor of California
>
> ATTEST:
>
> Secretary of State

---

## Mildred Wirt Benson

1905–2002

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American journalist who, writing as Carolyn Keene, authored 23 of the first 30 Nancy Drew mysteries;* The Secret of the Old Clock *(1930). Died in Toledo, Ohio, aged 96.*

**732. — cheryl doppler burket** *29 May 2002* ↑ **Register**

*Nancy Drew author passes*

i'm sure she was an inspiration to at least some of us females on this list, i know she was to me growing up

from CNN

Original Nancy Drew author dead at 96

May 29, 2002 Posted: 10:51 AM EDT (1451 GMT)

TOLEDO, Ohio (CNN) — Millie Benson, the author who captivated generations of young girls with her Nancy Drew mystery books, died Tuesday night. She was 96.

Benson, a newspaper reporter for decades, was at The Toledo Blade writing her weekly column when she became ill and went home.

Late in the afternoon, she was taken by rescue squad to Toledo Hospital, where she died about 8:20 p.m., hospital spokeswoman Colleen Grubb said.

Under the pen name Carolyn Keene, she wrote 23 of the first 30 'Nancy Drew' novels in the 1930s, '40s and '50s, launching a series that is still in print and has sold more than 200 million books in 17 languages.

The character Nancy Drew was an adventurous, outspoken and curious sleuth.

"At that time ... girls weren't like that. Girls were dependent," Benson told CNN earlier this year. She admitted she was very much like the character she created.

"I didn't follow the pattern that normally girls followed. I just was myself always, and what I wanted to be or do or think, I did and nobody opposed me on it," she said

When the Nancy Drew series was launched, Benson was required to sign a contract, giving her a flat fee of $125 per book, with no royalties. She also signed away use of the name Carolyn Keene. Before writing each book, she was given a brief outline of each story, along with some of the main characters.

Benson was born and raised in Ladora, Iowa, and began writing as a child. She graduated from high school in three years, and received a master's degree in journalism from the University of Iowa.

Late in life, she earned her pilot's license, and flew alone in the United States and Central America. She was still golfing in her 90s.

Benson worked at The Blade and the former Toledo Times for 58 years. She continued to work despite failing eyesight, hearing and an earlier bout with cancer.

Benson "reported to work every day, and retained a zest for life and her profession long after most of her contemporaries had passed on," said John Robinson Block, publisher and editor-in-chief of The Blade.

"She was gutsy and daring, a living embodiment of her Nancy Drew heroine. She influenced generations of Blade reporters. I will never forget her," Block said.

---

## Paul Bennett

1921–2002

*1 message · 1 hand*

> *American poet and novelist who taught English at Denison University four decades, founding an early undergraduate writing program;* Appalachian Mettle *(1997). Identified in the notice as “teacher” and died in Granville, Ohio.*

**733. — Jeffrey Brent Hamilton** *31 May 2002* ↑ **Register**

*poet-teacher Paul Bennett (1921-2002)*

The poet-teacher Paul Bennett died Tuesday in Granville, Ohio at the age of 81, from an advanced stage of prostrate cancer.  He was my teacher at Denison University, where he taught for over 40 years, and the author of several books — three works of fiction (one forthcoming), a lovely young adult's novel,  (1987), and three volumes of poems, most recently,  (Savage Press 1997).

Perhaps some of you met him at Denison over the years?  He was a fine man and an interesting writer; as a teacher of poetry he was perhaps something more than that — he certainly was to me — someone with the gift of understanding the place of his own work within what used to be called the literary system, who understood, in other words, the significance of the relationships developed between his students, their writing, and his cultivation of it, of them, a set of promises, and sacrifices, carried out in the name of poetry, of literature, of citizenship, of the human, after all, for Paul was a humanist, if not in practice (for he was no scholar), then in faith.

In practice Paul was a poet-teacher.

I have an idea of what this means, though I got it from Paul, and it seems to me we're still living in the time of the poet-teacher — it's a new post: settled by men like Paul. As an artisan, Paul was a vernacular modernist — at his very best, a Blakean modernist, in the American tradition of The Kindergarten Chats, of Frank Lloyd Wright and Charles and Ray Eames (like them Paul designed and built his own house in the late 40s on one of the most beautiful hillsides in Central Ohio),of Buster Keaton and Whitman and Laura Riding (like Riding, who ran her own press, Bennett published three of his own books),Jess Collins and Orson Welles and I'm sure many others.

A late modernist who came of age — the last of the seven children of an Irish-born Gnadenhutten, Ohio farmer — in the death-throes of Internationalism and the late-Thirties reaction against Eliot, Paul went directly from Ohio University (where he'd gone on an academic scholarship) into the Naval Reserves, and — on the G.I. Bill — (postwar) took a Masters at Harvard, taught for a year at the University of Maine-Orono, before joining the Denison faculty in 1947. A time of the New Criticism at Harvard (from his classroom I think I recall Paul's speaking of Reuben Brower; I'm sure I recall the mention of F.O. Matthiessen), though a kind of cultural radicalism develops at this time, as well, with Irving Babbitt's student Norman Foerster quitting the East Coast to begin the Iowa Writers Program not too long before Paul began one of the first undergraduate writing concentrations at Denison in 1953.

It occurs to me, though the literary history of this time in academia has yet to be written (Gerald Graff's book is certainly a start), that between the War and the Mid-fifties (R..P. Blackmur at Princeton in the late Thirties is one of the first), the poet-teacher-post gets sucked out of the ear of the University by a postwar education boom, the G.I. Bill, and the Cold War apostacy of American progressives against social reconstruction — an ideological clash, one result of which seems to have been the impatient precipitant wish to have an American Literature (so we could have then an American Studies), and the University's need to have writers to write the literature they wanted to study.

Whether, in the building of Denison's program, he didn't have time to write much of his own work in the Fifties, or what, I've not read Paul's work produced during this period — is anyone out there aware of it? But the roster of Paul's students who date from the Fifties is impressive: the novelists Paul Shellford and Clark Blaise, the poet Dennis Trudell, and scholar and naturalist (not the poet) Frederick Turner. Perhaps it's not all that unusual for a teacher of 40 years to have successful students, but Senator Richard Lugar (R-Ind) and Disney CEO Michael Eisner also date from this period of Paul's mentoring them. In the Sixties it appears that he began to publish his work a good bit more; here is a poem that The Nation published in the late Sixties:

The Power to Make War

Built to swing like arbors in the wind Multi-colored, iridescent as summer wings The feeding cones hang, but no birds come. Here and elsewhere death stalks the hills, Birds and men move furtively, without sound; Sharp eyes probe each leaf and twig's turning, For movement, antithesis of death, brings death.

Growing up in a village soaked in blood By the wanton murder of ninety-six Men, women, and children, I early learned not to dig the mound On which we lay to play our games; A friend, turning soil with his bare hands, Unearthed bone fragments scalloped by worms.

Here and elsewhere the power to make war Unsettles minds; as if gun, napalm and bomb Could restore the necessary dream. Even as nature recoils From the nightmare of their acts, Mesmerized men, counseled of their kind, Automate death, and shattered bodies bleed.

# # # #

I see no considerable problem with this poem (from one of the books Paul self-published, the 1975 ) — I reckon it a plausible act of witness, the solace of hope right up front, where it needs to be, but understood for what it is: a premise, merely, doubled, perhaps, by those scalloping worms that seem to have failed to recoil as has the speaker and the rest of nature. Like those worms, Paul was himself an avid gardener (his house and property really should become an Ohio landmark), and, in the days before the Internet, an avid correspondent (writing Paul, you could on faith rely upon an envelope in your mailbox 4-5 days later), whose cultivation of student-writers went on long after said students graduated; and perhaps some of these folks ought to be mentioned: they include (please let me know who I've missed) Kathy Mangan, Deborah Pope, Dianne Goodman, Molly O'Neill, Pam Houston, Amy Pence, Ann Townsend, Rick Boyer, Deb Allbery, and Angela Peckinpaugh.

In the classroom, Paul liked to read the work of students who had gone on and done distinctive work, and whether or not it was actually Paul who had taught them at Denison, his classroom was used as a space to build the institution of the Denison Writing Program —so that if Paul asked one of the students in the room to read their own poem, or story, it was a measure of some company to have performed one's aspirations in the presence of those who had succeeded (however modestly) in them before. In the early Sixties he happened upon (as he told it) a patron for the writing program and established the Beck Lectureship, a short term residency which during my undergraduate period brought Eudora Welty and Stephen Dunn to campus; I've seen the list of all the Beck Lecturers, and interestingly enough, a fairly wide spectrum of American writing from the period came to Denison (one name that sticks in my head, for example, is (someone else I revere) Robert Duncan).

Those who met him during these years may not be surprised to learn (I wasn't) that when Paul was diagnosed with cancer in 1994, he was given six weeks to live, but responded well to the chemo treatment, and like many patients had a kind of reprieve from that dour sentence. When I heard in early March that he had been told that he could take no more treatment for the problem, other than some inadequate pain relievers, I called him up thinking he would be on his deathbed. He was more or less housebound (a kind of helpmate, and frequently his son, were there, since he had lost his wife Jeanne in 1995), but he delighted to tell me that he was still getting around the house, and that his doctor (whom he actually seemed to admire a lot) had given him a few days yet to live. The spirit of this was that he was finding some comfort in the ac-

celerating accuracy of the doctor's prognosis. He lived for almost three more months. I don't wish for this story to suggest some sort of ridiculous inconquerability-scenario — only to suggest a bit Paul's capacity to amuse himself, his sense of irony, which, for those who might have had the chance to meet him on the poetry circuit, will remain in my memory, at least.

Jeff Hamilton

---

# June Jordan

1936–2002

*10 messages · 7 hands*

*American poet, essayist, and activist who founded Poetry for the People at Berkeley and championed Black English, author of more than two dozen books including* Civil Wars *and* Soldier*. Dead of cancer this past Friday or. One forwarded announcement on the thread, about nothing, is omitted.*

**734. — anastasios.kozaitis** *17 Jun 2002* ↑ **Register**

*sad news*

June Jordan died of cancer this past Friday or Saturday. Has anyone seen a obit?

**735. — Aldon L Nielsen** *17 Jun 2002* ↑ **Register**

It was Friday — L.A. Times had an obit. on Saturday — I know there was one in the Washington Post on Sunday — There had to be one in San Francisco — I've seen a NY Times obit on line, but it hasn't shown up in the national edition that I get on the west coast — did it apper in the NY editions?

> *"June Jordan died of cancer this past Friday or Saturday. Has anyone seen a obit? —Anasetics discussion group X-PH: V4.1@f05n11 June Jordan died of cancer this past Friday or Saturday. Has anyone seen a obit?"*
>
> <<<

1999. In a statement issued when that memoir was published, Nobel laureate Toni Morrison praised Jordan's "40 years of activism fueled by flawless art." Jordan also wrote the libretto to the opera, "I Was Looking at the Ceiling and Then I Saw the Sky," directed by Peter Sellars with music by John Adams. She also had several poems set to music. Jordan was a professor of African American Studies at Berkeley, where she began teaching in 1989. She previously taught at Yale University, Sarah Lawrence College and the State University of New York, Stony Brook. She received a Rockefeller Grant for Creative Writing and special congressional recognition for her writing and work in the progressive and civil rights movements.

*"Copyright 2002 AP"*

**738. — Tisa Bryant** *17 Jun 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: sad news*

I sent an obituary to the list on Sunday afternoon, which appeared in Saturday, 6/15 San Francisco Chronicle, and it hasn't been posted to the list yet.

Tisa

**739. — Aldon L Nielsen** *18 Jun 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: June Jordan*

Today's issue of the NY TIMES national edition carries the June Jordan obit.

I don't care much for most of the poems being quoted — wish they'd looked farther to poems such as:

BUS WINDOW

bus window
show himself a
wholesale florist rose somebody
help the wholesale
dollar blossom spill to soil
low pile
on wanton windowsills
whole
saleflorists seedy
decorations startle small

**740. — Tisa Bryant** *18 Jun 2002* ↑ **Register**
*More on June Jordan: Poetry for the People In Jeopardy*

More on the significance of June Jordan's passing to our poetry community....

Also, if you are in San Francisco, I've placed an altar in the window of Modern Times Bookstore. Feel free to stop by...

tisa

Breast Cancer Claims Life of 'Mother Poet' June Jordan Jordan Started Poetry for the People at UC Berkeley

*"By VIRGINIA GRIFFEY and PAUL THORNTON Contributing Writers Tuesday, June 18, 2002 "At least she was riding beside somebody going somewhere fast about love," award-winning poet June Jordan wrote about the death of Princess Diana in 1997.*

*Those whose lives were touched by Jordan, who died Friday of breast cancer, could say, "At least she died a 'fighter,' a 'mother poet' and someone who was 'always laughing.'"*

*She was the poet, activist and UC Berkeley professor who started the celebrated Poetry for the People program at UC Berkeley in 1990. She died at age 65.*

*In a column for The Progressive magazine last September, she described her background: "I am the daughter of peasants who begged and borrowed their way to these United States. They wanted an escape from no-shoes-no-drinkable-water poverty."*

*Marcos Ramírez, a UC Berkeley alumnus who first took the course in 1994, said Jordan's class was the most beautiful experience he has had. "She's like a mother poet to a lot of students," Ramírez said. "I'll never, never forget that." He remembers Jordan as a teacher who spawned a deep interestin poetry in students who took her course. "Without her I never would have become a poet," Ramírez said. "(Former students) come back to class and say, 'I started out here a stupid, blind fool, and now I have a book of my own.'"*

*Those she touched were not limited to those she taught. "It's just such a huge loss because she was, on one level, a fighter," said Matthew Rothschild, editor of The Progressive. "She had such a fierce resistance to injustice. On the other hand, she had a real great sense of humor and a tenderness about her that was unique to her."*

*Jordan attended Barnard College and the University of Chicago but never earned a degree. She started writing poetry as a child, and her numerous honors and awards include a Rockefeller grant for creative writing and the Achievement Award for International Reporting from the National Association of Black Journalists. "We were honored to have her write for (The Progressive), and many of the essays that she wrote for us in the last 12 years are gems," Rothschild said. "She opened my eyes to a whole range of issues and art. She turned me on to political poetry."*

*Poetry for the People is now in jeopardy. The class is not listed in the fall 2002 online schedule of classes, and because of a possible lack of funding from the Undergraduate Division of the College of Letters and Science, it may not be offered in the fall.*

*Jordan taught the course for its first 11 years and passed it on last semester to lecturer Junichi Semitsu. Jordan was on medical leave last semester.*

*With 110 students enrolled last semester, the course provided students with a forum to display their poetry and invited ethnic poets to discuss their experiences. Charles Henry, professor and chair of the Department of African American Studies, was unavailable to comment on the course's future. .*

*The course also provided poetry workshops at Berkeley High School, San Francisco's Glide Memorial Church and Dublin Women's Prison, which Ramírez said was part of Jordan's focus on building a "beloved community." "I loved June," Ramírez said. "She was there for everybody. We went to New York with her on a book tour—the whole class. That's the kind of person she was."*

*A campus memorial service is planned tentatively for September, and there will be no formal funeral service, Henry said in a statement. Jordan is survived by her son. "I can't imagine UC Berkeley without Poetry for the People and June Jordan," Ramírez said. "We have to carry the light for her."*

*(c) 2002 Berkeley, California*

*Berkeley poet, professor, activist June Jordan dies Poet, activist and University of California, Berkeley professor June Jordan died Friday morning here. She was 65 and had struggled against breast cancer for several years. The full article will be available on the Web for a limited time: http://www.bayarea.com/mld/bayarea/3472741.htm*

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**741. — Charlotte Mandel** *19 Jun 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: June Jordan*

Thank you, Aldon, for June Jordan's delicate "Bus Window" - but I did appreciate that the NYTimes obit quoted one of the poems she read last November (so vivid it seems just a month or so ago) at the celebration of the Barnard Women's Center 30th anniversary. She was all charm, energy and feisty humor, and sparkled with unwavering sense of living political history. Charlotte

**742. — The Poetry Project** *28 Jun 2002* ↑ **Register**
*JUNE JORDAN PRAISE DAY*

in memoriam

poet and activist

JUNE JORDAN (1936-2002)

***

JUNE JORDAN PRAISE DAY Monday, July 8, 2002 7:30 PM - 11:30 PM

The Bowery Poetry Club 308 Bowery, New York, NY 10012 (Foot of First Street between Houston & Bleecker across the street from CBGBs)

F train to Second Ave 6 train to Bleecker

For more information, please call .

**743.** **— richard.tylr** *8 Jul 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Kenneth Koch, 1925 - 2002*

Bill. Hiya me old mate! Remember I told you about my visit to NY in 1993 took part in a reading of As the Sun Tries to Go Down organised I think by Jordan Davis and I ('ve not been able to get that book I must get it, stupid I could have got it easily then in NY) the Reading was good and Koch's language rich and energetic and moving along with people taking turns appropriately until dark and I imbibed a " six pack" and met some interesting people there in a park on the Lower East side.... Interesting experience. Sad that Koch has died. Richard

*"-This is sad news indeed. I have been an admirer of Koch's serendipity since high school. His more considered meditations are some of the most sparklingly fluid performances in the language. The planet will miss his presence, terribly. Best, Bill WilliamJamesAustin.com KojaPress.com Amazon.com BarnesandNoble.com"*

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## Philip Whalen

1923–2002

*21 messages · 14 hands*

*American Beat and San Francisco Renaissance poet who became a Zen Buddhist priest leading the Hartford Street Zen Center;* On Bear's Head *(1969). Died after a period of ill health. Three forwarded announcements on the thread, about nothing, are omitted.*

**744.** **— Leslie Scalapino** *26 Jun 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Philip Whalen*

Philip Whalen passed away June 26 around 5:30 AM. He'd passed into a coma the morning of the 25th. Quite a few of his friends were able to see him during the evening and night of the 25th. He will be at the Zen Hospice, 273 Page Street, for three days — where he can be seen.

**745.** **— Geoffrey Gatza** *26 Jun 2002* ↑ **Register**

Have a safe journey Philip. We will miss you.

**746.** **— Michael Rothenberg** *26 Jun 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Philip Whalen October 23,1923- June 26, 2002*

Philip Whalen passed away today.

Michael Rothenberg

**747.** **— Charles Bernstein** *26 Jun 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Philip Whalen (1923-2002)*

i.m. Philip Whalen

October 20, 1923, in Portland, Oregon — Jun 26, 2002, San Francisco, California

* * *

HYMNUS AD PATREM SINENSIS

I praise those ancient Chinamen
Who left me a few words,
Usually a pointless joke or a silly question
A line of poetry drunkenly scrawled on the margin of a quick

splashed picture - bug, leaf,
caricature of Teacher
on paper held together now by little more than ink
& their own strength brushed momentarily over it

Their world & several others since
Gone to hell in a handbasket, they knew it -
Cheered as it whizzed by -
& conked out among the busted spring rain cherryblossom winejars
Happy to have saved us all.

—from Memoirs of an Interglacial Age, 1960, The Auerhahn Press, San Francisco

* * *

Several recordings of Philip Whalen reading his work, from 1955 to 1988, are documented in The Poetry Center's American Poetry Archives, including outtakes from the NET series USA: Poetry, produced November 10, 1965 in San Francisco by KQED television's Richard O. Moore.

His books include....

POETRY

Three Satires, privately printed, 1951.

Self Portrait from Another Direction, Auerhahn Press, 1959.

Memoirs of an Interglacial Age, Auerhahn Press, 1960.

Like I Say, Totem Press, 1960.

Hymnus ad Patrem Sinensis (broadside), Four Seasons Foundation, 1963.

Three Mornings (broadside), Four Seasons Foundation, 1964.

Monday in the Evening, Pezzoli [Milan], 1964.

Goddess (broadside), Auerhahn Press, 1964.

Every Day, Coyote's Journal, 1965.

Highgrade: Doodles, Poems, Coyote Books, 1966.

T/o, privately printed, 1967.

The Invention of the Letter: A Beastly Morality Being an Illuminated Moral History for the Edification of Younger Readers, Carp & Whitefish Press, 1967.

Intransit: The Philip Whalen Issue, Toad Press, 1967.

On Bear's Head, Harcourt and Coyote Books, 1969.

Severance Pay, Four Seasons Foundation, 1970.

Scenes of Life at the Capital, Grey Fox, 1971.

The Kindness of Strangers: Poems 1969-1974, Four Seasons Foundation, 1976.

Prolegomena to a Study of the Universe, Poltroon Press, 1976.

Decompressions: Selected Poems, edited by Donald M. Allen, Grey Fox, 1978.

Enough Said: Poems 1974-1979, Grey Fox, 1981.

Heavy Breathing: Poems 1967-1980, Four Seasons Foundation, 1983.

Canoeing Up Cabarga Creek: Buddhist Poems, 1955-1986, Winson (Berkeley, CA), 1996.

Overtime: Selected Poems, (Edited by Michael Rothenberg) Penguin Books (New York, NY), 1999.

PROSE

You Didn't Even Try (novel; also see below), Coyote Books, 1967.

Imaginary Speeches for a Brazen Head (novel; also see below), Black Sparrow Press, 1971.

Off the Wall: Interviews with Philip Whalen, edited by Donald Allen, Four Seasons Foundation, 1978.

The Diamond Noodle, Poltroon Press, 1980.

"You Didn't Even Try" and "Imaginary Speeches for a Brazen Head" (reprint in one volume of Whalen's two novels), Zephyr Press, 1985.

Two Novels, Zephyr Press (Somerville, MA), 1985.

> Bring all the art and
> science of the world, and
> baffle and humble it with
> one spear of grass.
>
> ~Walt Whitman's notebook

**748. — Pierre Joris** *26 Jun 2002* **↑ Register**
*Re: Philip Whalen*

So sat around all night here in Albany with Don Byrd & Ken Irby & talked up Philip Whalen & many stories were told & poems read & it seems to me the poem that made everyone happy & sigh ah! this is Whalen indeed is:

F U R T H E R  N O T I C E

I can't live in this world And I refuse to kill myself Or let you kill me

The dill plant lives, the airplane
My alarm clock, this ink
I won't go away

I shall be myself --
Free, a genius, an embarrassment
Like the Indian, the buffalo

Like Yellowstone National Park.

**749. — Michael Rothenberg** *27 Jun 2002* **↑ Register**
*sorry for typo*

Philip Whalen's birthdate was October 20, 1923

**750. — Douglas Messerli** *27 Jun 2002* **↑ Register**
*(no subject)*

First of all, I was saddened to hear of Philip Whalen's death. Perhaps I will attempt to write a poem as a tribute to him.

I want to thank everyone who sent me "assignments," and those who still plan to. There have been some excellent suggestions, and I will attempt most of them.

It has dawned on me that since I have been so public about this project, perhaps I should share the results. I'll try to do at least one assignment a week, although I've already done one this morning. Obviously, I don't want to impose my poetry upon anyone, and if you're disinterested in reading the results, just quickly delete and forgive my imposition.

But it could be fun, since you'll also be reading any failures I produce as well as a possible success. Perhaps you can laugh along with my awkward attempts to accomplish some of the challenges many of you have put before me.

I thought I'd begin with Paul Vangelisti's request. This will appear in the new issue of RIBOT that is coming up later this summer. You can order a copy from me here at (It costs $11.95) or wait and get it in your local bookstore, if they carry it.

Paul Vangelisti: Write a poem exploring the problematic of leisure or idleness as orginally suggested in Paul Lafargue's notorious 1883 essay from St. Pelagie prison.

LAZY

Lazy? There was that day I wanted to stay in bed
after six! (Posterior possibilities of the past.)
The book fell to sleep in my lap! I wanted to send you a postcard
instead of a letter: Dear freedom, here's the design
I envision for you--Get up, eat eggs, egg on
the ones you love, love less than your desire
to devour, eat more meat.
Indeed I always wanted to be
conscious in my sleep, which I stole from Alice (Notley).

Everyone stops for tea, and I not even for the dead.
The carriage comes and takes me away to an old
upright upon which I type: There is a terrible
yawning in the face of the future. The past
is always preferred by those who lived
through it. It's not fun to be on the verge
of anything you can't see the bottom of
Humpty-Dumpty
perhaps should not have sat in the first place

on the wall with his little legs dangling over the edge and with a good case of vertigo too I should imagine having rolled out his days with that uncertain wobbling effect. But why didn't they call a surgeon instead of all those horses and horsemen trampling him to death? It's easier to let the government come to the rescue I suspect. The cows are all asleep and can't give milk until morning or mourning what's been spilled is over and wiped up.

Toast and eggs, burnt bread and buns shining in the sun that's why I stood and dressed. Not enterprise but modesty, embarrassment. I've got a fat ass from doing everything I've done. I amost didn't write this poem as a matter of fact as I get fatter I find it more and more difficult to accomplish any act that doesn't rest on what's behind. The mother of my goose is merely the pact I made with the publisher Paul who wasn't so sure that I wouldn't fall in arrear by writing about something I've never appeared.

24 June 2002

**751. — Ron Silliman** *27 Jun 2002* ↑ **Register**
*a bed of frozen raspberries*

Philip Whalen — co-founder of Beat poetry

Heidi Benson, Chronicle Staff Writer Thursday, June 27, 2002 C2002 San Francisco Chronicle.

URL: http://www.sfgate.com/cgi-bin/article.cgi?f=/chronicle/archive/2002/06/27/BA219137.DTL

Philip Whalen, a seminal member of the Beat poets who began a San Francisco poetry renaissance in the 1950s, died Wednesday morning in San Francisco after a long illness.

Mr. Whalen, who was ordained as a Zen Buddhist priest in 1973 and served as abbot of the Hartford Street Zen Center in San Francisco, was 78.

"He was a poet's poet," said Gary Snyder, on hearing of his friend's death. "His intelligence and skill is very subtle and very deep. There are many poets who feel in his debt."

In 1955, Mr. Whalen joined Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, Michael McClure, Philip Lamantia and Snyder for the historic Six Gallery reading. Organized by poet Kenneth Rexroth, who was later dubbed the "godfather" of the Beats, the reading took place in a former auto repair shop at Fillmore and Union for an audience of 150.

The poets — most of whom hadn't met before that night — became instant celebrities. Whalen's poetry was soon published in the influential Evergreen Review and appeared in the 1959 Grove Press anthology, "New American Poetry."

Born in Portland, Ore., on Oct. 20, 1923, Mr. Whalen grew up in The Dalles on the Columbia River. He attended Reed College on the GI bill after serving in the Army Air Forces during World War II. Snyder was a classmate, and recalled that Mr. Whalen was already immersed in Asian philosophy and poetry at that time.

They exchanged letters for many years, Snyder said, "about politics, philosophy, literature, poetics, Buddhist practice and Buddhist thought — all on a kind of fun level."

"He reminded me of Dr. Samuel Johnson. His humor was dry, witty, ironic and learned," said Snyder. "It was always very instructive."

Mr. Whalen's many books include the 1967 poetry collection "On Bear's Head"

"Canoeing up Cabarga Creek: Buddhist Poems 1955-1986"; "Enough Said: 1974- 1979"; "Heavy Breathing: Poems, 1967-1980"; "The Kindness of Strangers"; "Severance Pay"; and "Two Novels."

In recent days, while discussing his death with friends whom he thought were treating the subject too morbidly, Mr. Whalen said: "I'd like to be laid on a bed of frozen raspberries."

He is survived by a sister, Velna Whalen, of San Diego. Plans for a memorial service are pending.

C2002 San Francisco Chronicle. Page A - 19

**752. — Laura Fargas** *27 Jun 2002* ↑ **Register**

a friend tells me:

Katagiri-roshi, a Japanese zen master who ended up leading a community in Minnesota, was laid out on a bed of frozen peas. So there's a tradition here already. In his case, it was an emergency measure—one sits with the body for three days, it was the middle of winter when he died, and there were no ice-supplies in the stores.

Thank you Ron Silliman for sending the Hymnus. A perfect gesture as Whalen joins the Patrem.

Laura

**753. — Joel Weishaus** *28 Jun 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Philip Whalen*

In a dream last night, Joanne Kyger appeared. I told her of how when I heard of Phil's death it hit me harder than expected. Even as I said this, there were tears in my eyes.

-Joel

Joel Weishaus Center for Excellence in Writing Portland State University Portland, Oregon http://web.pdx.edu/~pdx00282

**754. — Tracy Ruggles** *28 Jun 2002* ↑ **Register**

Philip Whalen from "Jimmy & Lucy's House of 'K' No. 9" (January, 1989, Friedlander & Schelling):

— ABOUT WRITING AND MEDITATION —

I thought that I'd write books and make money enough from them to travel abroad and to have a private life of reading and study and music. I developed a habit of writing and I've written a great deal but I've got very little money for it.

With meditation I supposed that one could acquire magical powers. Then I learned that it would produce enlightenment. Much later, I found out that Dogen is somewhere on the right track when he tells us that the practice of zazen is the practice of enlightenment. Certainly there's no money in it. Now I have a meditation habit.

Jack Kerouac said that writing is a habit like taking dope. It's a pleasure to write. I usually write everything in longhand. I like the feel of the pen working on the paper. (I'm typing this because I'm not going to correct it, I'm just talking.)

In my experience these two habits are at once mutually destructive and yet very similar in kind. I write for the excitement of doing it. I don't think of an audience; I think of the words that I'm using, trying to select the right ones. In zazen I sit to satisfy my sitting habit. It does no more than that. But while sitting, I don't grab on to ideas or memories of verbal phrases. I simply "watch" them all go by. They don't get written; they don't (or anyway, very seldom) trip the relay on my writing machinery. Considering that I've spent more days in the past fifteen years sitting zazen than I have spent in writing, it's little wonder that I've produced few books during that time.

16:I:87

— FRIDAY EVENING, 10 APRIL 1987 —

I become a poet by accident. I never intended to be a poet. I still don't know what it's all about. If I wrote poetry at all it's because I could finish it at the end of the page. Maybe it would run halfway down the next page but it would come to a stop. What I wanted to do with writing was to write novels and make money like anybody else. And now I find myself in this ridiculous industry of writing these incomprehensible doodles, and why anybody's reading them I can't understand.

As far as meditation is concerned I'm a professional. I've been a professional since 1973. And that's my job. I find it very difficult to sell. And that's interesting, that's another job I have, to sell you on this idea that it's a good idea to sit. That's where the poetry maybe comes into all this, that it has to be an articulation of my practice and an encouragement to you to enter into Buddhist practice. To get yourselves trapped into it — I hope. And then try to figure out how to get out of it. It's harder to get out of Buddhist practice than it is to get out of writing poetry.

I hardly write anything at all, except sometimes I write in a journal and I say the sun is shining or something like that, or recently Michael McClure was in town and we had a nice time, or the flowers are blooming. And so I don't have much to say because I talk all the time. I have to give lectures, I participate in seminars, and I have not much chance to wander up and down a hillside picking flowers and picking my nose and scratching my balls and whatnot. ANd thinking of *hearing*, having a chance to *hear* what's going on around me, or hearing people in restaurants or on a bus. There are no restaurants in Santa Fe worth sitting in, there are no buses at all. So I don't hear anymore, hardly at all, unless I travel. Like I was recently in New York and around, and now I'm here, and it's very interesting to *hear* what's going on outside. While Gail or somebody was talking there was a robin outside raising hell. BUt that doesn't mean anything. I mean I'm not about to write a poem about how so-and-so was talking, then a robin outside was raising hell. It's strange, it's just naturally that way.

And so I'm here under false pretences on about four levels. You're going to have to deal with that however you can. I'm quite willing to talk to people and explain things to people if they have a question or a problem. Or site doltishly looking out the window. So you're going to have to, if you want something from me, try to get it. Because I'm not about to offer anything. I don't *have* anything to offer. I'm sorry. That's the emptiness part.

There's a great misunderstanding about what emptiness is, the idea that emptiness is something that happens under a bell-jar when you exhaust all the air out of it. THat's not quite where it's at as far as I understand it. The emptiness is the thing we're full of, and everything that you're seeing here is empty. Literally the word is *shunya*, something that's swollen up — is *not*, as often translated, void. It's packed, it's full of everything. Just as the idea in Shingon Buddhism, the idea that everything we see and experience and so forth *is* Mahavairochana Buddha, the great and unmanifest, unborn Buddha, is what we're actually living and seeing *in*. Wallace Stevens said, "We live in an old chaos of the sun." Well we're living in a live chaos of Mahavairochana Buddha. So leave it or not. What are you gonna do with it? How are you gonna handle that?

Okay that's enough, thank you.

— SATURDAY MORNING, 11 APRIL 1987 —

I am Philip Whalen, how do you do? My Buddhist name is Zenshin Ryufu which is very impressive. The reason that you have a name like that is you keep forgetting it and it makes you wonder about why you got it and why it's for you, because it's a very exalted idea. Zenshin means "meditation mind" and it's also a Japanese pun. It means something like "complete Mind." There's also a Zenshin essay by Dogen. Ryufu is two Chinese characters that literally mean "Dragon Wind" but in Chinese literature I found out it means "imperial influence" or "universal influence." It's pretty complicated, and you wonder, well what does that have to do with me? Four words — Zen Mind Dragon Wind. What in the world, what connection does that have with this individual who has received this name and is ordained as a monk? So that is a problem that becomes more or less clear as you continue being a monk — what your name is. And of course names and poetry all come together. Gertrude Stein s ays poetry is calling the name of something. That's what we do all the time actually, is call ourselves. There's the story of the Zen master who every day would call his own name. He'd say, "Zuigan!" And he'd say, "Yes!" "Zuigan! Don't be misled by other people!" Well of course the other people were Zuigan too.

I like the idea somebody mentioned of erratic practice. It immediately reminded me of the kind of rocks that show up on the glaciers, that have been left around when the glaciers recede. These big rocks lying around on the countryside — and you know, being a boulder, or like they say, a burnt out stump, for ten years or something, is a good thing. People don't notice, do they? A lot of time you want zazen to be an erratic boulder. You can always do that. But a lot of time sitting out in a field there are no other rocks. It's a very strange ap- pearance. You can't account for it — how the rock got there — unless you remember the glacier that carried the rock there and then went away.

I have a number of fancy titles at the Dharma-sangha in Santa Fe. But when push comes to shove it means that I'm the person who goes down and does the opening ceremony in the zendo every morning and sits two periods. And then I go down again at 5:30 in the evening and sit again with whoever shows up. And the rest of the time study. We have two seminars a week with Baker Roshi on the koans in the *Shoyoruku* as translated by Thomas Cleary. I've also been studying with Baker Roshi closely for the last three years with the intention at last of trying to become a Buddhist teacher, to help get this show on the road, which is still very precarious in this country. The chances as I see it of Buddhism simply becoming something that people do on Sunday just like Methodism or Baptism or Catholicism are very strong. But I hope that there will continue to be centers in the country like Tassajara, or Shasta Abbey, or Mt. Baldy. There will be these hidden spots around the country w here people can hide out and do more serious, concentrated practice, to keep the door open for everybody to get the chance to try it out, find out what it's like to not do anything except follow a particular schedule and do a lot fo sitting and a lot of physical work. This is something that I think is necessary in order for human beings to go on being human beings. So far all we've been able to invent in the United States is the business of building small cabins in the woods and going there to hide out, then come back and write a book about it. This has happened a number of times, including one which is completely unobtainable, on of the best. It's a little book by Ebbe Borregard called *Lean-To*.

Anyhow, that practice, that sort of individual, hermit, erratic practice, is something that's really important. The danger of outfits like Zen Center or monasteries or city centers and all that, is that people will take them seriously as being real. People should invent their own. People should maybe start out in an official place, but they should find out somehow that we don't need the official business, the organizations, the license, or authorization. You've got to invent it. It's exactly like Lew Welch says in his poem about the rock out there, the Wobbly Rock. He says, "Somebody showed it to me and I had to find it myself." The quote isn't exact. Be sure and look it up, it's in Lew's book *Ring of Bone*. "Somebody showed it to me and I found it myself." Something like that. Lew was an erratic practitioner — who was a great poet.

The real tension, I think, is between official poetry, you know, such as we're taught in school and we put in libraries and so on, and which we really believe in — and then there's what we do, and what our friends do, and the same thing holds for meditation. What we discover for ourselves and learn. At some point you can forget it and go off and make a pot of spaghetti, like we used to do when we'd go down here to Muir Beach years ago and gather muscles off the rocks and build a bonfire and put seaweed on the bonfire and steam the mussels and eat them and jump up and down in the waves and have fun. That was... enough. Probably enough. Or too much. Oh I guess Blake said it — "Enough, or too much."

That's all.

**755. — David** *28 Jun 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Whalen*

Can't help remembering one morning before dawn when I went to the Zen Center to be simply present when Whalen presided at the informal morning meeting on the lawn outside, maybe 10 of us standing in a circle, simply discussing the business of the day, Philip a little gruff with the broken gate latch and people having to be directed to fix things, but a deeper caring coming thru (to me) that lasts to this day, clearly.....

—David Benedetti

**756. — Michael Rothenberg** *1 Jul 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Memorial Service for Zenshin Philip Whalen Sept 1*

A Zen Buddhist memorial service will be held for Zenshin Philip Whalen

at Green Gulch Farms and Zen Center on Sunday September 1 at 2:30 pm

Richard Baker Roshi officiating, there will be a chance for appreciations

Green Gulch is located at 1601 Shoreline Hwy (Highway 1) just south of Muir Beach

**757. — Hilton Obenzinger** *22 Jul 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: language*

I agree with Maxine Chernoff and Millie Niss — and it's very hard to speak about any of this without a deep recognition of the pain involved. If only the delusions were fun and not torment, then perhaps we could all deliberately go mad. LSD was an attempt — very flawed. There are, I'm sure, biochemical connections between creativity and certain mental illnesses — but I'll leave that to the scientists to figure out. I've written about some aspects of this, in, I hope, a non-romantic way — being witness to schizophrenic and other mental anguish — in "Satan's Asshole." A chapter is appearing in August's release of Jacket, if you're interested. Perhaps some analysis of mental illness (and poverty, etc.) and glamor in relation to a universe of commodities and manipulation could be useful.

On another matter: I have been very moved by the deaths of Philip Whalen and Kenneth Koch but haven't added anything to the comments. Both of them did the remarkable thing of creating an entire world view. When you read their poems you enter an entire mode of thinking/speaking (and both are very oral, both invoking witty play). I was invited to join a memorial for Kenneth in SF, but unfortunately I am going to be away, so I wrote a little statement I'll share with you:

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Kenneth Koch conjured up a whole world view, a witty comic lyricism that was also profound. Reviewers liked to call his work "zany," but, really, his poems and plays exalt pleasure and playfulness and laughter and language — not just an effect — and in that way his writing created a new mode for embracing the world by rearranging it. He was the best teacher I ever had, not just for poetry but for anything. This was not just because of his ingenuous techniques and infectious joy, but because he seduced me into an entire outlook of comic insight and delight. I am sure that right now he is sitting around a table with other dead

people — the dead people's writing workshop — and he is getting them excited about writing about the pleasures of death.

Hilton Obenzinger

Hilton Obenzinger, PhD. Associate Director of Undergraduate Research Programs for Honors Writing

**758. — Pierre Joris** *10 Aug 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: granite pail vs. collected works*

*"-----Original Message-----From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:]On Behalf Of Aaron Belz I ordered Niedecker's _Collected Works_, then found a selection of her poetry titled _The Granite Pail_ for $2.50 at a local bookstore. I am thinking of returning the very expensive _Collected_, despite its beauty and heft; I am a new reader of this poet, so I might not appreciate the comprehensive edition anyway. Can someone advise?"*

keep & read both,

Pierre _____ Pierre Joris 6 Madison Place Albany NY 12202 A day. I can spend all kinds of time Considering which word to set beside this one. The life of art - Philip Whalen

Url: <http://www.albany.edu/~joris

**759. — Michael Rothenberg** *12 Aug 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: FOOD & POETRY*

Jim Harrison has written about food for a long time. There's a book out called John Keats' Porridge which offered recipes by poets. Try these, one from Philip Whalen and the other from David Meltzer:

GOURMETS

The moth wishes for a two-pants suit.

His wife wants a fur coat:

"Don't bother to wrap it;

I'll eat it here

--Philip Whalen

from Mongol Mutt

Mongol stir-fried bamboo

shoots pods

hot-sour soup

adam's apple awake

white pepper

chili oil

tree ears

braised tofu

ginger

scallions

all of it

with Fetzer

Premium

White

bulk

magnum

chablis.
Who is he?
this maître d'
nonchalant
Waltly
sauntering
from wok to
wok
Arrowhead
peanut oil
bubbles spit
needles of
soysauce garlic
ginger and
roger it's almost
over before
scorching flamenco
fingertips.
Kicked back
oil hiss
snowpeas
sliced prawns
minced coriander
black mushrooms
splatter air
indelible pain
left thumb
rubbed down
with sesame oil.
Understand?
This is how D. Mutt
poet
hashes out
food history.
Bon
appétit.
-- David Meltzer
----- Original Message ----

*“-sun & moon has an excellent food anthology, includes a Barbara Guest recipe for orange julius; Martha Ronk just wrote a fabu Green Interger book re: food  Be well, Catherine Daly”*

**760. — Michael Rothenberg** *13 Aug 2002* **↑ Register**
*POETS ON THE PEAK*

I think this is a very important event, the celebration, it highlights the living relationship of poets and nature, historical and present. I hope it is okay that I have pasted the article about the event as well as the review of the book that brought all this together. A great fellowship of poetry, society and scholarship. Michael

*"By JOEL CONNELLY SEATTLE POST-INTELLIGENCER COLUMNIST*

*NEWHALEM — Lofty mountains long have served as inspiration to poetry and song, and as setting for solitary contemplation. On Saturday, the North Cascades provided a scene for verse, but on this occasion, the warmth of long-separated friends coming together.*

*A half-century after he hung Buddhist prayer flags from the 8,129-foot-high Crater Mountain lookout, Pulitzer Prize-winning poet Gary Snyder made his first visit back to the peaks and people of a river valley often nicknamed the "magic Skagit."*

*A mountaintop experience "changes peoples' lives" and shapes later thinking, Snyder reflected. He would persuade two other literary figures, Jack Kerouac and Philip Whalen, to come here in the '50s for summers devoted to Zen and the art of forest-fire detection.*

*The two months spent on Desolation Peak in 1956 marked the last period of sobriety in Jack Kerouac's life. "I felt he needed to be alone for a while. ... There had been too much socializing and two much sweet wine," Snyder said of his friend who wrote "On the Road."*

*Difficult to reach, requiring a boat ride up Ross Lake and a 4,400-vertical-foot climb, Desolation meant isolation in the 1950s. With no humans about, Kerouac found compelling company in the nearby twin black towers of 8,080-foot Hozomeen Mountain. "Hozomeen is the Void — at least Hozomeen means the void in my eyes," Kerouac wrote. He would stare at it upside-down while doing yoga headstands, which made the mountain appear as "a mess of double-pointed rock/Hanging pouring into space."*

*The lookout has come by a certain popularity in recent years as fans of Kerouac's "Desolation Angels" make pilgrimages to where the noted 1950s non-conformist rolled his cigarettes and wrote his verse.*

*More visitors are likely. The weekend reunion — staged by North Cascades National Park — helped celebrate publication of a new book "Poets on the Peaks," a sensitive and beautifully crafted account of those times by Boston-based writer John Suiter.*

*Snyder dedicated his reading to Whalen, who later became a Zen Buddhist priest and abbot. Whalen died June 26 in San Francisco.*

*Snyder did not want for company. From Crater Mountain he could see just two signs of humans' presence on earth — distant lights from cabins on Sourdough Mountain and Desolation. He was flanked Saturday by the men who lighted those lanterns long ago.*

*They were a "community of lookouts," in the words of Jack Francis, a B-17 gunner who came home from World War II to become a teacher in Bremerton. Francis was atop Desolation in '52, and recalled Saturday how he was moved to have mercy on mice living in the cabin.*

*On Sourdough was a 19-year-old Native American from Neah Bay, named Schubert Hunter. Now a retired U.S. Forest Service timber worker, Hunter cradled a great-grandchild, and shyly produced his first poem to mark the 50-year reunion with Snyder.*

*Snyder took the poem, "Hawkeye," from his fellow lookout and read it aloud: "Bald eagle high and nearly out of sight "Can you see the sunrise, clouds colored bright? "Hear the whispers of the wind? "Can you see the river in the valley? "In a world that never ends, can you see the colors of the sunset? "In a world that bids us all goodnight."*

*Looking up, Snyder responded: "That's darned good, Schubert."*

*Later, Snyder read from the ending of his "Myths and Texts," inspired by a fire far up the Thunder Creek valley that he spotted while manning the Sourdough lookout in 1953. "The black snag glistens in the rain "& the last wisp of smoke floats up "Into the absolute cold "Into the spiral whorls of fire "The storms of the Milky Way."*

*Snyder was slated to go back to Sourdough in '54, but it was not to be. He was Red-baited off the lookout.*

*As a college student, Snyder had joined the radical Marine Cooks and Stewards Union to get summer work on a Grace Line passenger ship. The association put him on a blacklist, which extended to all federal employees by the second year of the Eisenhower administration. "It just indicated the hysteria of the McCarthy era and how nutty it was," Snyder recalled. The Marine Cooks, he added, was an enlightened outfit with three rules: "No race-baiting, no Red-baiting, no queer-baiting."*

*FBI agents actually appeared in Marblemount to quiz Snyder's fellow employees, an episode recounted in a wickedly funny letter he received from Whalen.*

*Snyder now lives in the foothills of California's Sierra Nevada range. He marveled at how little the upper Skagit country has changed from the mountaintop days when studied Chinese, read Chaucer and watched the Sourdough lookout cabin turn green with St. Elmo's Fire during a lightning storm.*

*Amid the sprawl of Interstate 5 and spread of megastores, the North Cascades stand out as "something that won't be touched."*

*Of course, the unexpected happens even to mountain places.*

*In August 1945, a teenage Snyder climbed the symmetrical 9,677-foot cone of Mount St. Helens.*

*He came down to learn of the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima, and predictions that the Japanese city would be a lifeless place for 50 years. "I was outraged and shocked," he recalled. "I swore by the purity and eternity of Mount St. Helens that I would fight this scourge forever. Well, Hiroshima is doing just fine ... but Mount St. Helens is far different."*

*High praise for an inspirational chronicle of fire lookout poets*

*Friday, August 2, 02*

*By ANDREW ENGELSON SPECIAL TO THE POST-INTELLIGENCER*

*Among the craggy peaks of Washington's North Cascades, there are four mountains that attract a curious sort of pilgrim. None of the four peaks is unusually high, or technically difficult to ascend (although some are quite remote). Yet each summer, the summits of Sauk Mountain, Crater Mountain, Sourdough Mountain and Desolation Peak attract a few hardy and bookish hikers.*

*They come to pay homage to three poets who lived and worked as fire lookouts on the mountains in the mid-1950s.*

*What attracts these pilgrims to the mountaintop (myself included — I've huffed up both Sourdough and Desolation) is a definitive chapter in the history of both American literature and environmentalism. A magnificent new book, "Poets on the Peaks," tells the story of these three forest lookout poets — Gary Snyder, Philip Whalen and Jack Kerouac — in a compelling narrative and luminous photos.*

*A seven-year project of writer and photographer John Suiter, "Poets on the Peaks" documents how the three very different writers were affected by their work as solitary fire spotters for the U.S. Forest Service.*

*Of the three writers profiled in Suiter's book, Kerouac is certainly the most famous. Hard-living, enthusiastic, obsessed with Buddhism, and constantly high on pharmaceuticals and cheap wine, Kerouac served as a lookout on Desolation Peak in 1956. The author of "On the Road" hoped to use his time as a fire spotter to write a novel and attain spiritual insight. He was able to do this to some extent, but also found that 63 days alone on a remote mountain in the North Cascades nearly unhinged him. Even today, it's a two-hour boat ride up Ross Lake just to reach the trailhead.*

*Kerouac's experiences were what first sparked Suiter's interest in fire lookouts. Suiter, a Boston-based photographer and writer, had previously shot photo essays on Kerouac's haunts in Lowell, Mass., and Mexico City. For Suiter, Desolation Peak was at first just another site in the Kerouac story. In 1995, while working on a magazine assignment, Suiter spent two weeks camped at the summit of Desolation. He'd rarely hiked before, and the experience changed him. "It's a magical place," Suiter said. "To be on a mountaintop at dawn — and everything below is covered in clouds and ground fog — and you're in sunlight. It's a celestial experience."*

*Suiter shared the finished magazine article with poet Snyder, who now lives on a rural homestead in Northern California. Snyder gave the piece his approval but badgered Suiter: "Why didn't you go up my mountain?" he asked. The question stuck with the photographer, and Suiter soon realized that the story of the fire-watching poets contained enough material to merit a full-length book. "Gary really challenged me to go back to the Cascades," Suiter said. "His input was crucial."*

*Snyder, now in his early 70s, is the preeminent poet of Western North America's mountains. He grew up on the outskirts of Seattle, climbed most of the volcanic peaks of the Cascades in his teens, studied Native American mythology in graduate school and apprenticed as a Zen Buddhist in Japan. A quiet presence in the often noisy "Beat" movement of the late 1950s, Snyder is a Pulitzer Prize-winning poet whose work contains equal measures of spontaneity, Asian poetic forms and a keen awareness of ecology. He eagerly signed up to work as a lookout on Crater Mountain in 1952 and on Sourdough Mountain in 1953.*

*Unlike Kerouac (whom Snyder talked into serving as a lookout), Snyder thrived in his role as a solitary fire spotter. While Kerouac practically ran off the mountain when his season was up, Snyder left reluctantly. Many of Snyder's published journals and poems (including the recent collection "Mountains and Rivers Without End") refer back to his meditative experience on the peaks.*

*This July, Snyder returned to the Upper Skagit River for the first time in 50 years. During an event in the town of Nehalem, largely organized by Suiter, Snyder and five other former lookouts discussed their years on the peaks. Underneath a large maple fanned by mountain breezes, Snyder read from his lookout poems and paid tribute to Suiter's book, which he said "took us all by surprise." "Poets on the Peaks" was a labor of love for Suiter, who's a meticulous researcher. In addition to camping on all the lookout peaks, Suiter conducted extensive first-person interviews with former fire spotters, including Snyder and Whalen.*

*Whalen, the third poet in Suiter's account, was a lesser-known but accomplished poet in his own right. Whalen wasn't much of an outdoorsman, and took a lookout job to pay off a debt to Snyder, a close friend. Whalen quickly found the lookout life to be an ideal existence. He worked three summers on Sauk and Sourdough mountains and had ample time for reading, writing, meditating, and nature-gazing. Whalen, who later became an ordained Zen monk, died this June. When Suiter presented Whalen with a copy of "Poets on the Peaks," the bed-ridden poet, nearly blind, exclaimed, "Ah — it's wonderfully heavy!"*

*Much of the originality of Suiter's book is the result of efforts to unearth unpublished letters and journals. Particularly rewarding was being allowed to read parts of a legendary journal that Snyder has kept nearly all his life. Snyder hasn't allowed many writers access to his papers and all would-be biographers have been turned away. "We were down at his place in California and drinking fairly late," Suiter said. "And Gary came over and had in his hand a stack of old leather-bound journals. He said, 'I think you might want to take a look at these.' It was my last night there and I realized that I was going to be up all night reading them. It was fascinating stuff."*

*So, too, is "Poets on the Peaks," which proves there's more to the history of Washington's mountains than a few crusty miners, loggers and fur trappers.*

*Michael Rothenberg*

*Big Bridge www.bigbridge.org"*

**761. — Joseph Safdie** *4 Sep 2002* ↑ **Register**
*One more on names in poems*

Olson wrote, in "Place; & Names"

the crucialness being that these places or names be as parts of the body, common, & capable therefore of having cells which can decant total experience—no selection other than one which is capable of this commonness (permanently duplicating) will work

He read it aloud on stage with Creeley, Duncan, Ginsberg and Whalen at the Univesity of British Columbia Poetry Conference, 29 July 1963, upon which Allen said "I don't understand what you're saying."

I realize there are a few folks on this list for whom Olson isn't important, but I note the enthusiasm — I was only ten in 1963, but before that decade was over Carlos Castenada and LSD had shown me a little of that world of "total experience" — what he calls earlier in the poem the "Isness of Cosmos" — that feeling may only be transmissable, in poetry, through such "factors of naming" — a literal concrete, an actual earth of value . . .

We're a few miles down the road from the abstract French lyric, here.

Joe Safdie

**762. — Michael Rothenberg** *13 Oct 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Philip Whalen Memorial Reading*

Memorial poetry reading for Philip Whalen

at The Rubin Museum of Art, 115, 5th Avenue, 7th Floor,

**763. — George Bowering** *13 Oct 2002* ↑ **Register**

*"Memorial poetry reading for Philip Whalen at The Rubin Museum of Art, 115, 5th Avenue, 7th Floor, 6:00 p.m. on October 15 NYC?"*

SF?

**764. — Michael Rothenberg** *14 Oct 2002* ↑ **Register**

New York City

# Jack Buck

1924–2002

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*American sportscaster, longtime voice of the St. Louis Cardinals, who read his 9/11 poem 'For America' at Busch Stadium;* "For America" *(2001). Died of complications of lung cancer and Parkinson's disease.*

**765. — Aaron Belz** *28 Jun 2002* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Evaluative Criticism Is The Highest...*

This past week in St. Louis has seen the death of the author and critic in shocking sequence: first the critic, then the author.

Jack Buck, hall of fame radio announcer and commentator for the St. Louis Cardinals, died last week of complications related to lung disease; he was 77. Later in the week Darryl Kile, an ace pitcher for the Cardinals, died suddenly in his sleep at 33. The city has been in a daze. The stadium is surrounded with hand-drawn signs, bouquets, heaps of stuffed animals, and other strange tithes brought by fans to memorialize their fallen heroes.

This may seem a facetious response to Maria's question, "what does the death of the author, which has been a critical commonplace since 1968, mean to poets, poetry and poetics?" but I don't intend it to be. I often think of myself as a batter standing at the plate when I write— a poem is like an at-bat. I take a few cuts, and if I strike out, I know I'll bat again later. If I hit the ball, I'm trying to drive it into a gap and hopefully get extra bases. When I'm down two strikes I change my approach and just hope to make contact. Sometimes I hit a home run. But my performance does not entirely depend on any given at-bat; it's calculated statistically over a season, a succession of seasons, a career. And nothing depends entirely on my career performance, either; there are other players, other teams, even other sports.

Thinking of author/critic as player/announcer helps me remember that no matter what people say about the decline of our nation's pastime, the game goes on. We had McGwire, we have Pujols. We had June Jordan, we have Rachel Loden. We should celebrate the living as much as we memorialize the dead.

Look, I know the "death of the author" idea isn't about physical death, but it's possible to give too much attention to Barthes and others; my strategy is to keep my head down and focus on my own game. "Keep writing, kid," I tell myself. And then of course, I have a life outside of writing, too. Authors and critics are part of a larger & more glorious system, as are the texts they create. I think they only seem dead when they imagine they're the only game in town.

-Aaron

> **766. — schwartzgk** *28 Jun 2002* ↑ **Register**
>
> Thank you, Aaron, for bringing up Jack Buck. Buck's work was a masterpiece of rhetoric, especially if you ever heard it in the backwaters of America on a cheap AM radio (going in and out) late at night, spelling out some late-inning play. You could see the field, the players, the game.
>
> When I think of someone like Buck (and the others) doing what they did (do), I KNOW poetry's authenticated by posterity and the unfettered all of us (...and all the others in us). Dickens was spot on: "The people have set literature free." To which I'd add: The people make it live.
>
> And this suggest a mission: an endless speech — the speech we had, the speech we have, and the speech we'll have. Many things can put us in the ditch — language is one of them (you know the others...). But we climb out of the ditch when the adventurous outsider (Ronald Johnson, William Bronk, etc.) reward us with their blooming vagrancy into the unexpected. If you don't see it where you are, look elsewhere — or better still ( speaking of "location") — make it elsewhere.
>
> Anyway, thank you Aaron.
>
> *"only game in town.*
> *-Aaron"*

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# Earle Brown

1926–2002

*1 message · 1 hand*

> *American New York School composer who invented open form and the pioneering graphic score* December 1952*. Died cancer.*

**767. — mIEKAL aND** *5 Jul 2002* ↑ **Register**

*Earle Brown 1926-2002*

I think in colors. I think in masses and colors and planes. I don't start to write a piece of music with a twelve tone row or something like that, or even coming up with a melody and then trying to figure out what to do next. I start with a total concept. And then I try to fulfill what my imagination has already given me inside. Mozart said that he visualized a piece of music almost instantly. I do that and it takes me a long time to get it down on paper. I change it and change it and sometimes I can't even get it on paper. I've experienced that over and over. But once I start thinking about a new piece, I get a pretty clear picture of what I'm going to do. And then I go into the details.

—Earle Brown in conversation

First graphic notation (1952)
First proportional notation (1952)
Open Form concept (late 50s)
Spontaneous direction of orchestra performance (1961)

Earle Brown died this morning.

I thought you might want to know.

Petr Kotik, July 2, 2002

http://www.independent.co.uk/story.jsp?story=312113

# Kenneth Koch

1925–2002

*36 messages · 27 hands*

*American poet and playwright, the third of the New York School with O'Hara and Ashbery and the one who took poetry outward — he began teaching children to write at P.S. 61 in 1968 and nursing-home residents from 1977, and taught at Columbia for forty-three years;* Wishes, Lies, and Dreams *(1970),* One Train *(1994). He was seventy-seven and died of leukaemia. The New York Times obituary arrived here before any member's own words did — the pattern that would hold for most of the famous dead from this point on.*

**768. — Ron Silliman** *7 Jul 2002* ↑ **Register**

*Kenneth Koch, 1925 - 2002*

July 7, 2002

Kenneth Koch, 77, Poet of New York School, Dies

> *"By ALAN FEUER*
>
> *New York Times*
>
> *Kenneth Koch, a poet of the New York School whose work combined the sardonic wit of a borscht-belt comic, the erotic whimsy of a Surrealist painter and the gritty wisdom of a scared young soldier, died yesterday after a long battle with leukemia at his home in Manhattan. He was 77.*
>
> *Mr. Koch's literary career spanned more than 50 years and resulted in the publication of at least 30 volumes of poetry and plays whose linguistic exuberance and experimental zest were bested only by their omnivorous subject matter. He wrote elegies, parodies, Dadaist dramas and fragmented shards of loosely structured verse on a palette of topics that ranged from his father's furniture business in southern Ohio to Japanese baseball stars to the pleasures of eating lunch.*
>
> *Mr. Koch (pronounced coke) was considered a founding member of the New York School, an avant-garde poetic movement that was forged in the Manhattan of the 1950's when the beer at the Cedar Tavern flowed as smoothly as the passionate talk about Abstract Expressionist art. He and his contemporaries — the poets, John Ashbery and Frank O'Hara, and the painters, Jane Freilicher and Larry Rivers — took up the brash, anti-establishment mantle of their beatnik predecessors, but with a more classically European touch and with less machismo and facial hair.*
>
> *Later in life, Mr. Koch became well known as a professor of poetry, mainly at Columbia University, where he lectured on literature and inspired budding writers for nearly 40 years. He was a spontaneous, high-octane teacher who was not above leaping on to desks to prove a point and who, for many years, taught writing to grade-school children, claiming that poetry was as thrilling as stickball.*
>
> *Kenneth Jay Koch was born Feb. 27, 1925 in Cincinnati, Ohio, the son of Stuart Koch, who owned a furniture store, and Lillian Koch, who wrote amateur literary reviews. After graduating high school, he served in the Philippines during World War II, a harrowing experience that he did not translate into verse until the very end of his life.*

*When the war ended, Mr. Koch enrolled at Harvard. He studied writing with the poet Delmore Schwartz and embarked on a lifelong friendship with Mr. Ashbery. By his own account, he was hungry for the poet's life but naïve about the art of making poems. "I was so dumb I thought Yeats was pronounced Yeets," he said in an interview in 1977. "I think we may have been more conscious than many poets of the surface of the poem, and what was going on while we were writing and how we were using words," he said of the New York School in the same interview. "I don't think we saw any reason to resist humor in our poems."*

*Indeed, Mr. Koch's poetry is at once lyrical and humorous, aching with emotion and achingly funny. He managed to write verse that is breathy and expansive in tone, yet still rooted in the American predilections for pop culture references and proper nouns.*

*This is an excerpt from Mr. Koch's poem, "Thank You":*

*The only thing I could publicize well would be my tooth,*

*Which I could say came with my mouth and in a most engaging manner*

*With my whole self, my body and including my mind,*

*Spirits, emotions, spiritual essences, emotional substances, poetry, dreams, and lords*

*Of my life, everything, all embraceleted with my tooth*

*In a way that makes one wish to open the windows and scream "Hi!" to the heavens,*

*And "Oh, come and take me away before I die in a minute!" "His great ability as a poet was to combine modernism and lyricism and to write poems that gave you a feeling as joyous as Whitman," said Ron Padgett, a former student of Mr. Koch's and a poet himself.*

*Speaking of Mr. Koch's long poem, "The Duplications," one reviewer said it read like a collaboration between Lord Byron, Walt Disney, Frank Buck and Andre Breton.*

*Collaboration was, in fact, a crucial part of Mr. Koch's art. He and Mr. Rivers, for instance, worked together on a series of painting-poems called "New York, 1950-1960" and "Post Cards." He also wrote the librettos to operas set to music by, among others, the composer Ned Rorem.*

*Mr. Koch once told an interviewer that, as a child, he kept a little orange book named the "Scribble-in Book," which he filled with his sketches and musings. In high school, he set out to write what he called "obscene and angry" poems, which he showed to his junior-year English teacher, Katherine Lappa. Although he thought the verses would horrify Ms. Lappa, she told Mr. Koch — at least, as he recalled it — "That's exactly the way you should be feeling when you're 17 years old."*

*This fall, two of his books will be issued posthumously — one contains many of his previously unpublished poems from the early 1950's, and the other is a gathering of new works. His most recent book was "New Addresses," a collection of apostrophes to abstract ideas like World War II and Judaism.*

*He was a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters and won several prizes over the course of his career, including the Bollingen Prize in 1995 and the Rebekah Johnson Bobbitt National Prize for Poetry in 1996. He was awarded three Fulbright scholarships and a National Endowment for the Arts grant.*

*He is survived by his wife, Karen Koch; his daughter, Katherine Koch; and a grandson, Jesse Statman.*”

**769. — William James Austin** *7 Jul 2002* ↑ **Register**

This is sad news indeed. I have been an admirer of Koch's serendipity since high school. His more considered meditations are some of the most sparklingly fluid performances in the language. The planet will miss his presence, terribly. Best, Bill

WilliamJamesAustin.com
KojaPress.com
Amazon.com
BarnesandNoble.com

**770. — Geoffrey Gatza** *7 Jul 2002* ↑ **Register**

This is sad news on such a beautiful; July morning. Kenneth Koch was sources of inspiration for me - I will his presences. Happy Journey.

Best, Geoffrey

Geoffrey Gatza
editor BlazeVOX2k1
http://vorplesword.com/

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Geoffrey Gatza Automation Corp
http://gatza.da.ru

**771. — John Tranter** *8 Jul 2002* ↑ **Register**

*Kenneth Koch died on July 6 after a battle with leukaemia.*

Kenneth Koch died on July 6 after a battle with leukaemia.

A few months ago he sent me a postcard telling me how honored and overwhelmed he was by the tributes in Jacket 15. They're still there: friends and admirers might like to browse through them again:

Jacket # 15 http://jacketmagazine.com/15/

* Bill Berkson, ‘Spring 1959’
* Tom Clark, ‘Another Sleepless Night’
* Robert Creeley, ‘For Kenneth’
* Barbara Guest, ‘To Kenneth’ (a note)
* Paul Hoover, ‘But Kenneth’
* Vincent Katz, ‘The Dogs of São Paulo’
* Jack Kimball and Kent Johnson — from: ‘Postcards from the Vichy’
* John Kinsella, ‘Amnesia’
* Kenneth Koch and Allen Ginsberg , ‘Popeye and William Blake Fight to the Death’ — an audio recording of a public rhyming contest at St Mark's Poetry Project, NYC, 9 May 1979
* David Lehman, ‘March 4’
* David Lehman reviews When the Sun Tries to Go On (1969)
* Harry Mathews, ‘Lateral Disregard’
* Nicole Mauro, ‘Ode’ (To Kenneth Koch)
* Charles North, ‘To K.K.’
* Hilton Obenzinger: ‘Did You Write Any Poems’?
* Ron Padgett, ‘Goethe’
* Tom Raworth, Three images for Kenneth Koch
* Hazel Smith, Talking with Kenneth
* Tony Towle, ‘Vacations’, for Kenneth Koch
* David Shapiro, A Conversation with Kenneth Koch (1969)
* John Tranter, ‘Three Poems About Kenneth Koch’
* John Tranter, ‘Dan Dactyl’ (cartoon)
* John Tranter, Interview with Kenneth Koch, New York City, 1989, in Jacket 5. You can hear an 18-minute edited RealAudio recording of this interview. If you'd like to obtain the free RealAudio plug-in for your browser, go to http://www.real.com/ and download the basic model.
* Anne Waldman, Interview with Kenneth Koch, New York City, 1980

best,

**772. — Todd Baron** *7 Jul 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Koch awaits*

think of K Koch today as poem says "literal/local" voice always though the day/the days/ the sound of the streets/etc

don't always call for good poems.

K Koch is missed a key/ a beat

Todd Baron

There are 13 messages totalling 1325 lines in this issue.

Topics of the day:

1. Poetics
2.
3. Some Preliminary Conclusions
4. Close reading close readings
5. A Minifesto for Vernon Frazer (3)
6. POETICS Digest - 4 Jul 2002 to 5 Jul 2002 (#2002-144)
7. Puns (also re: recognition) (4)
8. (from J. Moxley) splendid splinter waved home....

Michael Heller wrote of 'becoming minor' and Murat calls for 'a continuum of beginnings' which would be more 'Asian, more ecclectic, more open to visual arts -poetry not as "expansion" or "development" of an avant-garde tradition, but a deeper re-orientation, a new beginning, that is, create a new template."

This set me thinking of a review I read about a month back by Sven Birkerts in the NYTimes BR of the more 'mainstream' Jorie Graham's latest which was appreciate but critical of what he felt was her 'tentativeness' and leads him to 'question the viability of poetry as an instrument of philosophy...the disappearance of the perceived thing or the felt experience into the inconclusive enactments of process points to a dead end.' Whatever you think of Graham's work it does seem to me that this 'criticism' is perhaps missing the point here in that the poetic focus on process is in fact the type of poetics (impelled by poets) that is needed.

tom bell

I TELL TRUTH no under not i'm god o' nation no under not i'm flag no under not i'm i god under country no got i god over religion no got i mandate war-time it love i'll care health gimme anywhere it love don't here it love don't been never afghanistan know don't i transportation education gimme forever fries the loved everyone pakistan islam into fries poured they kabul to god no code secret the about you told i code secret in this writing i'm up god no valleys in god no mountains in god no mounds shell in anywhere anywhere country no inside god no outside god no there down god no there you but I AM STILL STUPID BAD WRITER

_

I love this! Have you read Liz Waldner? She writes a little bit like this, at least in "A Point is That Which has No Part"

*"From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:]On Behalf Of Sheila Massoni Sackcrete ne plus ultra de concrete or sack Crete sacre Coeur du jour du jour mais non nevermore por favor encore father forgive me for I have sunned too much aujourdhui merci mercy et TV Bush says baseball is another branch of the armed services to be forearmed is to be forewarned in NJ we say fo ward wonder does swimming in chlorinated water whiten one's teeth addle one's eggs? sm."*

Jeffrey Jullich wrote:

> *"...(the real outcome of Barthes' "Death of the Author" criticism, despite the earlier misinterpretations and objectionable gay-bashing that passed, like the attack on drag, unchallenged here ["Barthes, a frustrated gay writer, had to force himself into the critic-closet & his revenge was . . .", "while Foucault went to SF for the actual jouissance of MS, with unhappily lethal results] No gay-bashing or attack on drag in my description of the French scene of the 50ies & 60ies. Maybe that's why it went "unchallenged here"? i.e. no one, except you, took it as such. To the contrary: the point being that the late sixties sexpol movements started to let gays (including B & F), among other oppressed groups, come out & breathe & live more freely, while opening a range of theoretical & practical areas of investigation. (BTW. there is a fascinating little "roman à clef" on that period called "Le Bordel Andalou" by Georges Lapassade, published in the early 1970ies by Ediitons de l'Herne, but as far as I know not translated into English.) Pierre"*

Pierre Joris 6 Madison Place Albany NY 12202 A day. I can spend all kinds of time Considering which word to set beside this one. The life of art - Philip Whalen

Url: <http://www.albany.edu/~joris

Writing that makes me want to write is writing that I want to read.

Writing that inspires others to write is writing that I want to write.

Think twice, let's all write.

Tom Beckett

sounds good to me but maybe we can write and then think and then think again?

the first think is poetics? the twice think is criticism?

this is a poem.

tom bell

> *" Writing that makes me want to write is writing that I want to read. Writing that inspires others to write is writing that I want to write. Think twice, let's all write. Tom Beckett"*

Roberto bedoya's current address anyone?

yrs

Todd Baron

---

There are 16 messages totalling 695 lines in this issue.

Topics of the day:

1. xStream #2 online
2. Close Reading: Wolsak, _Pen Chants_
3. Earle Brown 1926-2002
4. Poetics (2)
5. Lissa Wolsak's _Pen Chants_ (7)
6. Great Auk Poem
7. Some Preliminary Conclusions (2)
8. Close reading close readings

xStream -- Issue #2

xStream Issue #2 is online. It consists three different magazines:

1. Regular: Works from 5 poets

2. Autoissue: Poems generated by computer from Issue #2 texts.

3. Collaborative: Joel Chace (poems) and Jukka-Pekka Kervinen (computer-processed variations).

Submissions for Issue #3 are welcome.

Submissions to.

Sincerely,

Jukka-Pekka Kervinen
Editor
xStream
WWW: http://www.geocities.com/xstreamezine
Mirror: http://xstream.alturl.com

Andrew Rathmann wrote:

*"Yet we are left unsure about the poet's own relation to these bits and pieces (an uncertainty we never feel in Howe's work, Oh really? Signed, (i guess) they...."*

I think in colors. I think in masses and colors and planes. I don't star> t to write a piece of music with a twelve tone row or something like that, > or even coming up with a melody and then trying to figure out what to do nex> t. I start with a total concept. And then I try to fulfill what my imaginat> ion has already given me inside. Mozart said that he visualized a piece of m> usic almost instantly. I do that and it takes me a long time to get it down o> n paper. I change it and change it and sometimes I can't even get it on pa> per. I've experienced that over and over. But once I start thinking about a n> ew piece, I get a pretty clear picture of what I'm going to do. And then I > go into the details.

—Earle Brown in conversation

First graphic notation (1952)
First proportional notation (1952)
Open Form concept (late 50s)
Spontaneous direction of orchestra performance (1961)

Earle Brown died this morning.

I thought you might want to know.

Petr Kotik, July 2, 2002

http://www.independent.co.uk/story.jsp?story=312113

Dear Murat,

Didn't mean to put any thoughts in your mouth, but was responding to the fact that a number of your posts seemed to have as their agon, Language Poetry, as in today's listing:

"I believe Language school poetics is a hindrance to the younger generati> ons of poets writing today -even to those who like, appreciate or admire this poetry. My ideas relate to, speak to that struggle, though in years I am older than they are. I believe poetry today must find a completely new se> ts of references (less French/European, less word/literature bound), more As> ian, more ecclectic, more open to visual arts -poetry not as "expansion" or "development" of an avant-garde tradition, but a deeper re-orientation, a> new beginning, that is, create a new template."

By the way, I don't necessarily disagree with this—if it is indeed the case for some poets—but I wouldn't want to universalize the/any medicine. In my critique, some years back in Sagetrieb ("Avant-garde Propellants in the Machine Made of Words") where I discussed some of the problems with the underpinnings and practices of the movement/moment (amo> ng other things), I proposed the idea of a poetics—also rooted in Benjamin'> s thought—of counter-continuities. "Aspects of Poetics," a much newer piece, was written after reflecting on a number of more recent things, t> he quarrels on this list some years ago, partly emanating from the Apex of t> he M and generational disputes, the anxieties (maybe not of influence) expressed at the NYU conference of young poets (in the late 90s—one of t> he organizers was Rob Fitterman), poetry and poetics scuttlebutt. The secon> d half of that essay isn't up yet, but its basic idea is to suggest seeing poetics from an "as if" or "phantomological" perspective—less heavy-handed, less investment-oriented. My own perspective on poetics, which I acknowledge as solely my own blundering via negativa and not mean> t to be prescriptive, derives from my Western-Jewish interests and my Easte> rn

proto-buddhist inclinations. I suppose, if it has an external rubric, i> t comes out of Deleuze and Guattari's remark in "Toward a Minor Literature> ": "How may styles or genres or literary movement, even very small ones, hav> e only one single dream: to assume a major function in language, to offer themselves as a sort of state language, an official language....Create th> e opposite dream: know how to create a becoming-minor (Is there hope for philosophy, which for a long time has been an official referential genre? Let us profit from this moment in which antiphilosphy is trying t> o be a language of power.) (p27) Where appropriate, substitute the word "poetics" for the word "philosophy" to get my drift.

Lawrence Upton writes in, agreeing with Tom Beckett's post:

<"...it is the source, in short, of a harmonious and productive discord...Attack and haven, collision; a fragment of the beat disappears, and of this disappearance, rhythm is born." Substitute Wolsak's name for Clement's. _Pen Chants_ is _syncopated_ poetry of great verve and elegance

I reply:

I've been happy following this thread along with the other threads this week, as they seem to be leading toward the same basic question(-ing) of "evaluative" criticism. It's good to have a specific text that these issues can play off of.

What troubles me, however, is how there doesn't seem to be a very specific counter argument to Andrew Rathmann's initial, negative, reading. (Since that is what he was being called to task for.)

And here, I only have a question (not intended to be a loaded question): If a poet's work can be very well described by taking the description of another and switching names, then what is original, and of value, about this poet? I still remain interested in finding that out.

Best,
JGallaher

In a message dated 7/5/02 1:54:56 PM Eastern Daylight Time, writes:

*"And here, I only have a question (not intended to be a loaded question): If a poet's work can be very well described by taking the description of another and switching names, then what is original, and of value, about this poet? I still remain interested in finding that out> . If there was a lack of originality in switching names, that lack was mine> . I, Tom Beckett, did that in a shorthand way of trying to show something o> f what I see in Wolsak's work. My limitations are notorious but you seem t> o be confusing an approach to the work with the work being discussed. _Pen Chants_ is quite original and innovative but not paraphrasable. The Clif> f Notes have yet to be written. Read _Pen Chants_. Or consult any of the various links noted in previous posts to get a glimmer. It's worth the l> ook. It's worth saying out loud."*

Tom Beckett writes:

*"the work being discussed. _Pen Chants_ is quite original and innovative but not paraphrasable.> I reply: True, a good reply. It brings to my mind the "always already" aspect of individual poems . . . how poets desire to get out from underneath the totalizing aspects of any poetics (even ones they've written), while critics (reviewers, etc) desire to define them into such a structure. There probably is no way out of this? As we need to talk of poetry . . . otherwise we'd have to pass by in silence. And we're not a very silent bunch. Best, JGallaher J Gallaher Metaphors Be With You . . ."*

Great Auk Poem

awk: front:2: ) i— 1; >= i NF; = i ( for awk: front:2: ^ syntax error awk: front:2: ) i— 1; >= i NF; = i ( for awk: front:2: ^ syntax error awk: front:2: ) i— 1; >= i NF; = i ( for awk: front:2: ^ syntax error front > back back -f awk k7% zz > back front -f awk k8% for ( i = NF; i >= 1; i— ) front:2: awk: error syntax ^ front:2: awk: for ( i = NF; i >= 1; i— ) front:2: awk: error syntax ^ front:2: awk: for ( i = NF; i >= 1; i— ) front:2: awk: error syntax ^ front:2: awk:

_

In a message dated 7/5/02 2:22:31 PM Eastern Daylight Time, writes:

*"how poets desire to get out from underneath the totalizing aspects of any poetics (even ones they've written), while critics (reviewers, etc) desire to define them into such a structure Let's be clear, I have no interest in trying to define Wolsak's work int> o a structure. I imported a vocabulary from an acknowledged source by way of substitution. This wasn't Wolsak's methodology, it was mine. It kind of worries me how you generalize about poets and critic. Poets de> sire any number of things in re: poetics. Worries about totalization strike me> as being after the fact of the poem. Damn, at least I hope so. Too much text> ual anxiety leads to performance problems, yes?"*

Yes. I've always found working from theory can wilt a cursor. In theory, > the work should inspire a new theory to explain it.

Vernon

In a message dated 7/5/02 2:22:31 PM Eastern Daylight Time, writes:

*". Worries about totalization strike me as being after the fact of the poem. Damn, at least I hope so. Too much textual > anxiety leads to performance problems, yes?"*

Recent poetry is often said to exhibit formal diversity, and observation bears this out. Nevertheless, from the generalizing perspective of poeti> cs we see that at any given time a limited number of conventions will domina> te practice. In my readings I've been trying to focus on poets who show promise of resisting that domination and pushing beyond the approved mode> s, even if, at the same time, they also exemplify them. At the risk of bein> g classified by my classifications (and judged by my judgments), I've trie> d to spell out some of these modes:

1. The mode that satirizes capitalist society by ridiculing its idioms, slogans, jingles, jargons, sound bites, etc. The pun is a weapon in this war, since it undercuts the jargon with pointedly irrelevant meanings. Also in the arsenal are the line break, the creative misspelling, and various other typographical hijinks, since they do simulated violence to officially sanctioned language. Cabri is the best satirist within this mode, which, despite its ethos of guerrilla critique, is (like all satire> ) fundamentally conservative. But Cabri's wit often lures him to write pas> t and beyond his sense of righteousness, thus transcending mere satire.

2. The mode of Stein. Its attraction for younger poets is that it reliev> es the burden of having to load each line with maximum ore. It frees the po> et from flashy writing and makes available the quieter resources of variatio> n and revision. Stein's way of writing was so vacuous, so deadly, that it could mean only one thing: this was written by Stein. Yet in Spahr's wor> k the mode affords a constructive way to assemble large meanings out of sma> ll bare statements grounded in a communally agreed-upon reality. Lu's prose is also tangentially connected to the Steinian manner in its plainness an> d avoidance of affect, but Lu seems too interested in ideas, individuals, a> nd experiences to be a true resident of the great Steinian void.

3. The performative mode. Here the dominant strain is New York School on> ly more prickly. E.g, Minnis saying she wants to wear hot pants and rest a boot on the back of a man's neck. Also Wolff's "arch dolefulness" and gothicism (though these two poets are actually quite dissimilar.) This mode is superficially related to the speech-based lyricism of the workshops. It differs in its refusal of easy poignancy and in its flamboyant sense of humor. Its practitioners want to give immediate pleasure, not make demands on the reader's sympathies. O'Leary is somewhere in this part of the forest, too, for though his work contains a good deal of Poundian scholarship, it also dramatizes a sensibility and wants to create excitement for the reader.

4. Neo-romantic fragmentary lyricism. Its diction invokes traditional notions of lyric intensity, but it avoids linking those notions into coherent statements, presumably so as not to commit the infraction of appearing to be a "subject." Syntax is shunned. The poet conceals herse> lf behind a screen of beautiful fragments. Wolsak, with her keen ear for extravagant language.

Each of these writers is doing something new and good. Now back to concrete examples...

I didn't write that; Tom Beckett did.

A counter argument had not occurred to me. A well-argued negative case wo> uld be something else; but, until the case against the book is made properly, there is nothing with which to differ.

This is where I came in to the poetry "world" in UK where appreciation of poetry was deemed to be pursued by demolition jobs spoken in such a way t> hat I and everyone else was deemed to agree - "we see that...", with protest ignored - often based on incomplete or spurious arguments and assumptions> .

In saying "What he said" of Tom Beckett's post, I was acknowledging and furthering the appropriateness and wit of his post and my inadequacy. I could easily have written " _Pen Chants_ is _syncopated_ poetry of great verve and elegance", but I didn't think to; as soon as I saw it in Tom Beckett's post, I found something I already knew to have been expressed a> nd I wanted to support it.

I did not intend to suggest that Wolsak's book is adequately dealt with thereby.

What is original in a poet may well be other than much of what is of valu> e; and I don't think that we should conflate the two though they surely overlap.

It is an assumption that originality is THE thing. We must be careful of such assumptions.

What appears original now may not appear so in the future. Nor is originality necessarily to be desired. The perception of originality can easily be the flipside of that rather suspect temporal-hierarchical appro> ach which the reviewer in question appears to favour

I pointed to the assumptions in _a style that is accretive and tonally mixed, rather than finished and coherent._ and in _Imagine trying to use > the words "love" or "forever" in a speech-based lyric poem. Impossible."

Both these assumptions seem to be repeated in the latest _The poet concea> ls herself behind a screen of beautiful fragments. Wolsak, with her keen ear for extravagant language._, which is why I mention then again.

I have no reason to doubt that Andrew Rathman is an excellent fellow...

I trust you all in usa feel thoroughly julyfourthed - here it seems to ha> ve been raining for most of my life

L

> *| Lawrence Upton writes in, agreeing with Tom Beckett's post: | | <"...it is the source, in short, of a harmonious and productive | discord...Attack and haven, collision; a fragment of the beat | disappears, and of this disappearance, rhythm is born." Substitute | Wolsak's name for Clement's. _Pen Chants_ is _syncopated_ poetry | of great verve and elegance*

Sackcrete ne plus ultra de concrete or sack Crete sacre Coeur du jour du jour mais non nevermore por favor encore father forgive me for I have sun> ned too much aujourdhui merci mercy et TV Bush says baseball is another branc> h of the armed services to be forearmed is to be forewarned in NJ we say fo wa> rd wonder does swimming in chlorinated water whiten one's teeth addle one's eggs? sm.

sorry about that rain apres the fourth the corn is as high as an elephant> s eye especially sm.

It's nice that Andrew is serializing these close readings (I like the project and its recurrence): it provides a recurrent, intermittent feature to the List, one of a different type than the vaguer but necessary opinionation and merchandise/reading promotion, --- sort of like television commericals or public service announcements interrupting regular programming. Brian Kim Stefans used to post "micro-reviews" of books on-List, similarly. One risk is that it can seem like "practice" for grown-up review-writing elsewhere, as Stefans indeed "graduated" to stop posting such here and publishing reviews in the likes of The Boston Review. Consistent with Andrews' stated endorsement of on-line poetry, he helpfully is

relying on URL-trailable examples. But it's good, too, that Lawrence Upton takes Andrew to task for the somewhat gratuitous, casual assertions. (Then some Punch and Judy head-bopping!) Especially as one of the main features of these close readings, proceeding out of their over-all departure from the general rule of dialogue/symposium that governs the List, is to ignore any subsequent dialogue they spur (most of the close readings have been trailed by responses that Andrew does not answer ["when the girls came out to play Georgie Porgie ran away"-ism]), some of which replies, like the one about drag and blackface, are more "potent," memorable and volatile than the close readings themselves.

But given the ambivalence toward criticism that keeps variously expressing itself on the List, criticism itself should not be allowed to escape with its own transparencies and subterfuges, better in turn that it too should be subjected to close reading, to determine how its stylistic prerogatives succeed in maintaining a power position over the text in question (the real outcome of Barthes' "Death of the Author" criticism, despite the earlier misinterpretations and objectionable gay-bashing that passed, like the attack on drag, unchallenged here ["Barthes, a frustrated gay writer, had to force himself into the critic-closet & his revenge was . . .", "while Foucault went to SF for the actual jouissance of MS, with unhappily lethal results]: the post-authorial critic is revealed and self-confessed to be a repertoire of rhetorical tropes, too. The "good" critic, like Barthes, should deconstruct himself, simultaneously).

Tomorrow, I'll go on a diet and eat only macrobiotic snacks, make parfaits using Rice Dream recipes.

It interests me, as someone who has published a handful of criticism/reviews that I vainfully pride myself upon, how the close readings (narrowly?) imitate a particular stripe of review-writing, readings that may be "close" but that are unadventurous in their style, reproducing a mode of extant criticism rather than wrenching after an innovative approach to the very role of critic itself. Reviews are a genre and the genre characteristics assert themselves with unconscious force, I'm all too aware: thus, glib cleverness like "have her persimmons and eat them too". ["Eat"? Did someone say "eat"?] Some others (like Lisa Samuels' "deformative criticism" or Benjamin Friedlander's tracings over previous criticism in ~Qui Parle,~ or the sort of neo-criticism that ~Telling It Slants~ advertises itself on, etc. . . . or even Tom Beckett's fleeting use of Tracing Paper criticism) take the interesting gauntlet of criticism to be that the critic now needs to depart from pre-designated and adopted modes as much as the poets under study. In a book like ~A Wild Salience,~ essays about Rae Armantrout, it even seems that "poets' criticism" equals the poems under discussion themselves in obscurity.

My chest is covered with a Hansel and Gretel trail of snack food, such as Cracker Jacks and Wheat Thins, handfuls of General Mills cereals, that I stuff my mouth with, gluttonously chomping, chomping as I type with my "free" hand, rolling along the floor to the scale to weigh myself again: yep, over 600 lb.

This familiar shadow of established critical tactics in the close readings, or sense of deja-vu (deja-lire), is there but somewhat difficult to pinpoint in the close readings --- a tendency toward, as Lawrence objected, unsubstantiated generalization; a structure that begins with an ~in media res~ assertion of either a question ("Why has the pun become so ubiquitous a device . . . ?"; "Who said the lyric speaker was dead?"), the proverbs of a canonical hero ("Heidegger says something to the effect . . ."), an imaginary controversy ("Language writing's censorship of the individual voice", "The works of a number of younger poets, especially post-MFA poets, reflect a desire to get out of the workshop mode") that concerns itself with surveying, in fact, ~not~ the close reading of a single poem but continually treating poets as a sort of flock, multitude, concerned with what ~many~ poets are doing and then deducing down from that bird's-eye view, ---or such, which introduction becomes the pretext for a loosely drawn "issue" or ersatz critical thought which the close reading is then played off of (so that the tension of the close reading is displaced onto how the text

addresses that straw dog issue, defusing the protagonist-antagonist relation between poet and critic, . . . a checkmate that still, as in provoking Lawrence's objection, filters through [pyoo?]).

But the general ~flavor~ that is left, and that is so familiar from prior criticism, is the disappearance act of the close reader into a semi-objectivized stance, an impersonalization, ironically, at the same time as taking exception with the de-personalized poetic mode. Compare, instead, other critical (earlier) modes, such as Melville's ~Hawthorne and His Mosses~ [title??], for example, where the critical posture was effusive, rapturous, even eroticized enthusiasm and self-depiction (Melville portraying himself as chancing upon the book and reading it lying down in hay in a barn or open field), or Pound's schizo-critical correspondences, which critiqued by frothing at the mouth. The movement toward feminist "personal criticism" called that impersonal façade "Archimidean" (in the sense of: give me a point outside the world and I will be able to move the world with a lever), and regarded it as untrustworthy because it erases its basis in gender, class, and such.

Later, I can eat a Beef Jerky  Yum. Salty meat snacks.

Curiously, the close readings are able to keep the pressure of re-personalization stifled for only so long, and they habitually end with striking frequency (unconscious self-imitation) on a valedictory sentence where the strain it takes to keep "I" out of the picture falters and the first person (singular or plural) re-enters only to depart, much like the similar, well-known habit of pronouns at the closing line of a John Ashbery poem ["I promise the sun was a switch, or tickler", "if we should ever get to know them", "We may live more patently . . .", "I think / the theme created itself . . .", etc., etc., etc., from ~Can You Hear, Little Birdie~ or elsewhere].

Rathmann close reading closing sentences, after an otherwise "I"-hygenicized critical screen: "I myself think her refusals of solemnity pay off in many cases", "At least we can see . . .", "I think poetry is better served by Option #2", "I wonder if Wolff will become more song-like".

**773.** **— richard.tylr** *8 Jul 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Kenneth Koch, 1925 - 2002*

Bill. Hiya me old mate! Remember I told you about my visit to NY in 1993 took part in a reading of As the Sun Tries to Go Down organised I think by Jordan Davis and I ('ve not been able to get that book I must get it, stupid I could have got it easily then in NY) the Reading was good and Koch's language rich and energetic and moving along with people taking turns appropriately until dark and I imbibed a " six pack" and met some interesting people there in a park on the Lower East side.... Interesting experience. Sad that Koch has died. Richard

**774.** **— John DeCarolis** *8 Jul 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Frazer/Beckett/Bell*

a minifest-
ival, did you say Vern-
on writing that makes me want to write
is
writing that
I want
to read
twice, maybe even
thrice?
thanks Toms respective-
ly, but it's getting dif-ficult to sort
you guys out.

Yeah, you guys are Out

there on a limb

with Will and Kit Mar-lowe too!

Whoa!

now yr're gonna get yourselves into all kinds of con

spiracy theories of lit

and shit.

this is not a poem but it sounds ok.

Kenneth Koch is dead today and New American Poetry is again dim

inished.

So soon on the heels
of Wieners & Whalen

it

hurts....

Best,
Jack

**775. — Floodeditions** *8 Jul 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Paul Hoover in APR*

Dear All:

The current issue of American Poetry Review (July/August 2002) features a special section of work by Paul Hoover. It includes an excellent essay called "Fables of Representation: Poetry of the New York School," with sections on "Volubility," "The Personal Lyric," "The Abstract Lyric," and "The Comic Sublime." Hoover provides sharp and useful characterizations of the poets under these rubrics. The essay concludes with the following comments on Kenneth Koch: "What is all the more remarkable about Koch's poetry is that what begins in the ridiculous ('I have a bird in my head and a pig in my stomach / And a flower in my genitals and a tiger in my genitals' in 'Alive for an Instant') readily asserts itself as the sublime ('summer in my brainwater'). Undoubtedly this bridging of the comical and the sublime is Koch's major gift to the New York School" (APR 30). Also included in the issue are three poems from WINTER (MIRROR), published by Flood Editions last month.

(also available through Small Press Distribution)

**776. — Catherine Daly** *9 Jul 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: New York School: The Third Generation*

there are at least two generations of visual NYS artists, too

my stab in the dark on this:

1.0 ashbery
2.0
2.5 schultz
3.0

1.0 koch
2.0 padgett
3.0 davis

0.0 hd
1.0 guest
2.0 lauterbach
3.0

1.0 schuyler
2.0 schuldahl

2.5 myles
3.0

1.0 o'hara
2.0 berrigan
3.0 mlinko

1.0 merrill*
2.0
3.0

edk

1.5 elmslie
2.0: Larry Fagin, Dick Gallup, Anne Waldman, Lewis Warsh, brainard, matthews, denby, Mayer, Maureen Owen, Notley, Berkson, Towle, Michael Brownstein, Tim Dlugos, Jean Garrigue, blackburn
2.5 wheeler
3.0 Gregory Masters, Michael Scholnick, Gary Lenhart, Hilton Obenzinger, jarnot

**777.** **— Aaron Belz** *9 Jul 2002* ↑ **Register**

*"there are at least two generations of visual NYS artists, too*
*my stab in the dark on this:*
*1.0 ashbery*
*2.0*
*2.5 schultz*
*3.0"*

If I had any credentials, I would love to be slotted in here under "Ashbery 3.0."

Actually it sounds like software. I wish the Ashbery company would send installer CDs in the mail: TRY 30 DAYS FREE.

I am John Ashbery. My whole work as a poet is an attempt to escape his influence without losing my soul.

-Aaron

P.S. I wish all those in the Koch lineage well— may he rest in peace.

**778.** **— Anthony Robinson** *9 Jul 2002* ↑ **Register**

Aaron,

I think I'm in the Koch lineage somewhere. Not sure what number. Somewhere before Davis.

What do you think?

Tony

**779.** **— komninos zervos** *10 Jul 2002* ↑ **Register**

liking this strand.

but, if it is not too much trouble, could you please identify the major differences in style and content that differentiates the nys poetry from langpo?

komninos

**780.** **— Isat** *10 Jul 2002* ↑ **Register**

*Re: If it walks like a duck (with or without theory)...*

*"All of the language poets read all of the NY School poets. Some of the NY School poets read some of the language poets.*

*Ron"*

Oh, I think it goes further than that. Ashbery and Koch wrote Lango before LangPo was defined. Most of East Coast Langpoets are the offshoot of NY School tree. There are obvious

reasons for each generation to recast itself as the first-generation Something, as opposite to the third-generation Anything. So if it's hard for somebody to tell the difference, i would say they got it right :-)

Igor S.

p.s. and that's why we have now Elliptical Poets instead of the 3rd generation LanPo or 5th (?) generation NY School.

**781. — Hilton Obenzinger** *22 Jul 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: language*

I agree with Maxine Chernoff and Millie Niss — and it's very hard to speak about any of this without a deep recognition of the pain involved. If only the delusions were fun and not torment, then perhaps we could all deliberately go mad. LSD was an attempt — very flawed. There are, I'm sure, biochemical connections between creativity and certain mental illnesses — but I'll leave that to the scientists to figure out. I've written about some aspects of this, in, I hope, a non-romantic way — being witness to schizophrenic and other mental anguish — in "Satan's Asshole." A chapter is appearing in August's release of Jacket, if you're interested. Perhaps some analysis of mental illness (and poverty, etc.) and glamor in relation to a universe of commodities and manipulation could be useful.

On another matter: I have been very moved by the deaths of Philip Whalen and Kenneth Koch but haven't added anything to the comments. Both of them did the remarkable thing of creating an entire world view. When you read their poems you enter an entire mode of thinking/speaking (and both are very oral, both invoking witty play). I was invited to join a memorial for Kenneth in SF, but unfortunately I am going to be away, so I wrote a little statement I'll share with you:

---

Kenneth Koch conjured up a whole world view, a witty comic lyricism that was also profound. Reviewers liked to call his work "zany," but, really, his poems and plays exalt pleasure and playfulness and laughter and language — not just an effect — and in that way his writing created a new mode for embracing the world by rearranging it. He was the best teacher I ever had, not just for poetry but for anything. This was not just because of his ingenuous techniques and infectious joy, but because he seduced me into an entire outlook of comic insight and delight. I am sure that right now he is sitting around a table with other dead people — the dead people's writing workshop — and he is getting them excited about writing about the pleasures of death.

Hilton Obenzinger

Hilton Obenzinger, PhD. Associate Director of Undergraduate Research Programs for Honors Writing

**782. — William James Austin** *27 Aug 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Koch's final interview*

A snippet:

"When I wrote "Fresh Air," I certainly resented the fact that the poets of my age I thought were writing the best poetry were not being published as much as they should have been. But now that I'm a mature person—or postmature person—I see that in the poetry business, the people who make reputations and give awards and so on, they seem to be the same strong people and weak people and limited people and nice people and young people that there are everyplace else. I mean look at the government. It's even a little surprising that what's good is ever recognized at all—I mean given the general mush of things. Valery said, perhaps a little self-satisfiedly, "It's not true that people don't like poetry. A lot of people like poetry, but it's only for a very few people that poetry's a necessity."

Best, Bill

WilliamJamesAustin.com KojaPress.com Amazon.com BarnesandNoble.com

**783. — The Poetry Project** *4 Sep 2002* ↑ **Register**
*POETRY PROJECT ANNOUNCEMENTS*

THE POETRY PROJECT OFFICE IS NOW OFFICIALLY RE-OPEN.

WE HOPE YOU HAD A WONDERFUL SUMMER AND WE LOOK FORWARD TO SEEING YOU ALL SOON!

***

UPCOMING EVENTS FALL 2002

September 18: An 80th Birthday Celebration for Jackson Mac Low

October 2: A Tribute to Kenneth Koch

October 9: John Wieners Memorial

October 15: The World 58 Book Party (at The Bowery Poetry Club)

October 23: Archives Benefit Reading for The Poetry Project and Naropa University

Plus readings by Will Alexander, Dodie Bellamy, Serge Fauchereau, Josey Foo, Sesshu Foster, Merrill Gilfillan, Jessica Hagedorn, Kevin Killian, Ed Lin, Anna Moschovakis, Charles North, Ron Padgett, Simon Pettet, Tom Savage, Standard Schaefer, John Tranter, Quincy Troupe, Nina Zivancevic and more.

***

BUY THE WORLD 58 TODAY!

The Poetry Project proudly announces the highly-anticipated release of its longest-running literary journal, THE WORLD. Contributors to the current issue include Anselm Berrigan, Victor Hernández Cruz, John Godfrey, Carla Harryman, Denizé Lauture, Ron Padgett, Edwin Torres, Jo Ann Wasserman and Ouyang Xiu.

THE WORLD 58 (ISSN 0043-8154) costs $10 and is now on sale at St. Mark's Bookshop and through Small Press Distribution. It can also be bought directly from our office and at events, and can be ordered by sending a check or money order (payable to The Poetry Project) to The Poetry Project, St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th Street, New York, NY 10003.

###

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER ISSUE OF POETS & POEMS
http://www.poetryproject.com/poets.html

Featuring work by Silvia Eugenia Castillero (tr. Jen Hofer) Paul …luard (tr. Lisa Lubasch) Henri Michaux (tr. Laura Wright) Elena Shvartz (tr. Genya Turovsky) Aleksandr Skidan, Alexei Parshchikov & Ilya Kutik (tr. Eugene Ostashevsky) Catullus (tr. Rick Snyder)

***

JOHN ASHBERY AND JOE BRAINARD'S THE VERMONT NOTEBOOK BROADSIDE

**784. — Steven Shoemaker** *5 Sep 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Koch's final interview :To W. Austin*

I didn't see the original William Austin post, but the Koch interview, which is marvelous, can be found in the lastest issue of Poets & Writers. Koch also says this, which I found quite interesting: "There are lots of poets who have the courage to look into the abyss, but there are very few who have the courage to look happiness in the face and write about it, which is what I wanted to be able to do."

**785. — Pam Brown** *6 Sep 2002* ↑ **Register**

Thanks Steven,
I've located it online.
All the best,
Pam
--- Steven Shoemaker wrote:

**786.** **— William James Austin** *5 Sep 2002* ↑ **Register**

Just to set the record straight, I did answer Pam Brown's inquiry re: the source of the Koch interview way back on Aug. 27. I do not ignore people, usually. She must have deleted me without opening my reply, then wondered why I never replied. Ha Ha! Best, Bill

WilliamJamesAustin.com
KojaPress.com
Amazon.com
BarnesandNoble.com

**787.** **— Pam Brown** *6 Sep 2002* ↑ **Register**

Sorry Bill, You're probably right. Anyway, thanks for the information. I have the interview now. Cheerio from Pam

--- wrote: > Just to set the record straight, I did answer Pam

**788.** **— Catherine Daly** *6 Sep 2002* ↑ **Register**

*Re: BEST AMERICAN POETRY 2002 - Iowa Poets*

I have always thought of "stereotypical Iowa poets" (should we say "AWP poets" now instead? but the AWP IS the MLA) as the poets Kenneth Koch derided in some lecture I read somewhere: the narrator is driving down a road lined with corn fields thinking about his troubled marriage when he hits a deer. Reasons to love Ceravolo's work? More troubling to me is the relatively recent embrace in my local local community of the Koch -Lehman etc. "Columbia boys" lineage of NYS School poetry as light verse a la "Stand Up Poetry" (also a local thing). It's a logical conclusion from "last avant garde" but all of a sudden I say New York School and I mean every cheap and easy assignment poem that's ever come down the road lined with corn. As you know, Mr. Collins (UC Riverside with Ron Koertge) blurbed Towle's Collected. Yeah, verily, I have heard BH Fairchild, Collins, and New York School mentioned in the same sentence, "I do this, and I do that" on open-mike night, shouted over the cappuccino machine, etc. I am even more distressed by exercises in workshops, and the way in which they seem to be uniting all that's bad about "creative writing instruction" and conceptual poetry.

I guess because there isn't an edge to much of this humor? It is comforting?

Am I just resisting an end to the poetry wars which I think might have ended, as a very 20th Century thing given us by modernism, except for a few die-hard second-rate Wintersian polemicists who took a losing position by claiming not to be able to understand a word Barrett Watten, Iowa grad, puts to page?

Or is they key to point out how funny some language poems are (after
all, the reason I was able to read TEMBLOR while standing in a bookstore
on 115th street) -- "students, don't think, you're romantic artists,
here is a funny poem by Kit Robinson, who went to IOWA."

Let me know,
Catherine Daly

**789.** **— Bill Berkson** *20 Sep 2002* ↑ **Register**

*Kenneth Koch Tribute*

Kenneth Koch Tribute Reading Saturday, September 21st 8:00 p.m.

Bill Berkson Micah Ballard Margherita Caron Chris Cobb Albert DeSilver Amanda Eicher Dick Gallup Brian Gigy Hilton Obenzinger Kit Robinson & more . . . .

Adobe Book Shop 3166 16th Street San Francisco, CA

**790.** **— Damian Judge Rollison** *25 Sep 2002* ↑ **Register**

*Re: political poetry: and the "failure" of The Langpos?*

“*moral force: if that is lacking in a poet he is no poet he is not a person*”

I don't know if I'd go that far — plenty of people don't have the courage of their convictions — but this was more or less my point.

Very few poets (are there any?) have the kind of public voice that would make 'moral force' also a force for change — so it seems to me the moral responsibility of the poet differs only slightly, if at all, from that of anybody else. You build a cabinet or a house or knit a sweater or write a computer program, and insofar as these activities have a moral dimension it's a matter of mindful intention: let this house stand firm and be a shelter and a place of joy, etc. Of course the analogy of poet to carpenter is flawed, since you could always swing your poem around and aim it at a despot or whatever — language is not neutral like planks and nails — but then what Kenneth Koch called "poetry language" is not the same as political language, or language with a propositional intent, at all. If Merwin was saying — I can't quite suss this out, and maybe he was being deliberately ambiguous — if he was saying that the moral prerogative of the poet in times of crisis is to speak out, not in poems, but in some kind of public way, and that the poet should do this because he can be more rhetorically effective than others, well fine. But I think I'd approach it the other way round: you're a human being, you have a moral impulse, how do you express it? Speak out if it's given to you to do that — think of Mario Savio, no poet but a born orator. March in a parade; do a sit-in; get arrested — the first impulse of people with a sense of life-as-theater. Turn Poetics into a political forum — that ain't nothing, in fact it's remarkable that this list can sustain political discussion to the extent it does. Or who knows, write poems with the mindful intention of doing good work in both senses of the word. I don't think that's the same as fiddling while Rome burns.

Damian

On Tue, 24 Sep 2002 21:28:14 +1200 "richard.tylr" wrote:

*"Yes.*

*But what Patrick is talking about (or Merwin is) is the question really of being, of moral force: if that is lacking in a poet he is no poet he is not a person. It isnt of course the sole perogative of "The Poet", but poetry is a kind of language that searches for truth and I dont think you (one) can look into or at or with the truth of art without being faithfull to something primal in us all: the social truth...While we are private beings we are always social beings...I cant of course prove these things but I see that a poet "dices with death" (or life) if he/she evades external and other political questions. In this line I feel that Nick Piombino's reversion to something vague about "bullying" is not good enough: I can understand his wariness of becoming a "trumpet". As to others:*

*I think that some of the prominent literary people including some of the Langpos on this site who supported the attack against Afghanistan and oter political events for dubious reasons have shown that they do not understand this wisdom of W S Merwin and maybe of Emerson and others (Bertrand Russell) and are "hiding their heads" in obscurities of language - often of gobbldy gook - while people die: while democracy suffers everywhere, where suffering increases, barbarism grows inside the houses of the rich.*

*Richard Taylor. ----- Original Message -----one could replace "poet" with "person"*

*On Mon, 23 Sep 2002 19:43:18 -0400 Patrick Herron wrote:*

*Merwin on Political Poetry*

*It is possible for a poet to assume his gift of articulation as a responsibility not only to the fates but to his neighbors, and to feel himself obligated to try to speak for those who are in circumstances resembling his own, but who are less capable of bearing witness to them. There are many kinds of dangers involved in any such view of what he owes himself and his voice. There is, for instance, the danger that his gift itself, necessarily one of the genuinely private and integral things he lives for, may be deformed into a mere loudspeaker, losing the singularity which made it irreplaceable, the candor which made it unreachable and unpredictable. Most poets whom I have in mind would have considered this the prime danger. But the other risks have all claimed their victims. Where injustice prevails (and where does it not?) a poet endowed with the form of conscience I am speaking about has no choice but to name the wrong as truthfully as he can, and to try to indicate the claims of justice in terms of the victims he lives among. The better he does these things the more he may have to pay for doing them. He may lose his financial security, if he has any. Or his health, his comfort, the presence of those he loves, his liberty. Or his life, of course. Worst, he may lose, in the process, the faith which led him to the decision, and then have to suffer for the decision just the same.*

*Put at its simplest, and with its implications laid out all plain and neat, the decision to speak as clearly and truthfully and fully as possible for the other human beings a poet finds himself among is a challenge to obscurantism, silence, and extinction. And the author of such a decision, I imagine, accepts the inevitability of failure as he accepts the inevitability of death. He finds a sufficient triumph in the decision itself, in its deliberate defiance, in the effort which it makes possible, the risks it impels him to run, and in any clarity which it helps him to create out of the murk and chaos of experience. In the long run his testimony will be partial at best. But its limits will have been those of his condition itself, rooted, as that is, in death; he will have recognized the enemy. He will not have been another priest of ornaments. He will have been contending against that which restricted his use and his virtue. from: "The Name the Wrong." Excerpted from Nation, Feb. 24, 1962. in Regions of Memory: Uncollected Prose, 1949-1982. Ed. Cary Nelson and Ed Folsome. Copyright © 1987 by W.S. Merwin.*"

**791. — Harry Nudel** *3 Oct 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Kenneth Koch Memorial at St. Mark's...*

...as in Coke (the new diet with lemon)...not the ex-mayor Koch (sorta rhymes with potlach)...

...i was watching the Yankee Play-off game..so by the time i arrived...it was half over...hot and humid...packed inside with a bad mike..some 600 white folk & David Henderson...i sat outside staring at the Abe Lebewohl memorial...

...some typical exit lines..."i don;t like poetry that's only funny"...& "mediocrity always rises to the top...there's so much of it"...

...a babes alot crowd...dressed for the weather...olives for the poet-locust-hordes...ice for that Diet Coke sans lemon...Alex Katz model thin & Ada...tho the hook nose won't stand him well..Tom Savage introdouces Frank Lima (the only poet/chef) to...i sit staring... eating the home made chocolate chip cookies...some babe cared...

....i remember Bob telling me he first met Koch at Harvard where he (K.K) had rooms...all very very BridesHead revisited to a Boy from the SouthBronx...At U.B...in the early 70's i remember another packed houses roaring to Ken's stand up...& David Shapiro walking by...in the summer telling me that Kenneth was dying...i was just minding my own business...

....timing is everything in comedy...he read Measure for Measure the day before he...another Jewish comedian...'no' that isn't 'funny'

....locus solus...i have a copy of WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN..'dour rebus/conch/hip'...when i put it in front of Larry Rivers...nee somethin' like Yitchuk Goldstein in the Bronx/no/Thonx...he inscibed it "Did you really read this..well any way Good Luck."

.....Mazel Tov...& Mazel Tov...i got home in time to catch the 9th & Troy Percival mopping up....DRn...

**792. — Jeffrey Jullich** *3 Oct 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Kenneth Koch deferred to in Richard Howard's inauguration poem for new Columbia president*

The programme for today's inauguration ceremony of Columbia University's new president includes

an occasional poem for the event by Richard Howard (who teaches in the MFA Program).

At the second-to-last of its fourteen stanzas, Howard pays homage to Kenneth Koch:

"A worthier
candidate to undertake my office
might have been the lamented Kenneth Koch,
who more than anyone on earth would spare
us the delusion

that poetry is
merely marble chipped from the classics. But
Kenneth's not on earth; I will have to do."

New DSL Internet Access from SBC & Yahoo!

**793.** **— Jim Behrle** *8 Oct 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Nudel 2*

This is about Baraka's success and fame and Nudel's lack of success and fame? I guess that's what your recent snide Kenneth Koch and Jackson Mac Low murmurs were about, too? They're famous and you have to sell your books on the street? You had disappeared from this list for a while, I can't say I missed you, Nudel. You spread little joy here, just misdirected bile. Baraka has been clear and apologetic about his anti-semitism. Yours is a tired and punchless tune. Keep your day job.

—Jim Behrle

**794.** **— Jordan Davis** *10 Oct 2002* ↑ **Register**
*poetics not published by academic presses*

Making Your Own Days, Kenneth Koch, Simon & Schuster 1999

How to Read a Poem, Ed Hirsch, Harvest Books, 2000 (hain't read it, but is it or is it not poetics? is it or is it not significant.)

The Sounds of Poetry, Robert Pinsky, FSG 1999 (again, no read-o, but...)

In the Palm of Your Hand, Steve Kowit, Tilbury House 1995 (see aboves)

...

But what's the point, again? that the powers that be be backing away from anything advising against conformity to a received style with stock characters in coded situations reiterating formulaic speeches with prefab insights? Sounds like a prefab text for a formulaic post to a choir-preach e-mail audience from any of many defenders of the faith of advising against conformity.

Poetics... I have a strong feeling none of the books I've listed satisfy the unarticulated definition of *poetics.* What's poetics?

Jordan

**795.** **— Aaron Belz** *10 Oct 2002* ↑ **Register**

*"every silly how to write or how to write poetry book there is — fussel, hollander, ciardi, poemcrazy, writing down the bones, bird by bird, the writing life, the artists way — my students seem to insist on it. I try to treat it like having to scan yucky not-about-business books like how to negotiate anything or dale carnegie or toastmasters, but, in fact, it just makes me mean."*

Catherine,

I hope you're not including Kenneth Koch's _Making Your Own Days_ in this mini-rant. I used it in a class this spring, and it was in no wise a "how-to" book; it's part anthology, part Kochian wisdom, all very great. I agree that most "You too can write poems" books make "real" poets grumpy, but Koch's is not among those. Take a look at it. Use it in your workshop.

Aaron

p.s. Why am I still receiving emails from this list? I tried to unsubscribe yesterday; does anyone know how to unsubscribe? Please backchannel, and thanks, you're a dear.

p.p.s. If anyone who was too shy to call me on my telephone wants to hear my voice (it's very sexy), you can hear me read a poem on NPR's "Here and Now" tomorrow at noon EST. Well, the show begins at noon, but the poetry segment (feature "roving poet" Jim Behrle) is near the end of the show. (Correct me if I'm wrong, Jim.) If your NPR doesn't get this show, you can do like i do and tune in at http://www.wbur.org

[Now get me offa here, gods of unsubscription!]

**796.** **— Damian Judge Rollison** *10 Oct 2002* ↑ **Register**

Ditto on the Koch book, o Aaron of the sexy voice — it's on the same shelf in Barnes & Noble as Oliver, Pinsky (not that terrible, actually), Hirsch (yech), and all those other books about

how poetry is a spirit dance for your inner iron john or johanna, but it's just exactly the opposite thing: a non-condescending, down-to-earth introduction/invitation, on par with his great books about teaching poetry to children.

Damian

**797. — Thomas Bell** *10 Oct 2002* ↑ **Register**

I haven't completely absorbed this http://www.ndsu.nodak.edu/instruct/cinichol/NotesToward/NotesTowardMaterialT ext.htm yet but it looks like it might join Loss' book as 'process' poetics as opposed to the typivsl enumeration

**798. — Maria Damon** *11 Oct 2002* ↑ **Register**

okay, time for me to be the unbearable philistine again...i actually got a lot out of the artist's way, and i've bought a bunch of those other books —i haven't read them, but, to put it in non-philistine terms, the "sociology of poetry" interests me —i *like* it that people are trying to turn other people on to poetry. some could say that the book i co-authored, The Secret Life of Words,is a dumbing down of poetic experimentalism (i wrote it w/ someone who specializes in educational publishing and it was pitched to the mainstream).

**799. — (unsigned)** *14 Oct 2002* ↑ **Register**

*Fence 10 and Fence Books Contests*

This gorgeous issue features:

Poetry by, among others Marjorie Welish, Kenneth Koch, Garrett Kalleberg, Jordan Davis, Amina Calil, Norma Cole, Elizabeth Fodaski, Steve Healey , Christopher Janke, Monica Ferrell, Tracy Philpot, Andrew Zawacki, James Galvin, Jeffrey Croteau, Devin Johnston, Peter Gizzi, Leonard Brink, Alice Notley, Ander Monson, Tomaz Salamun, and Anne Carson

And fiction by Sam Lipsyte, Paul Maliszewski, Paul LaFarge, Joe Wenderoth, and Julia Holmes

A piece by David Antin

And "Beautiful on the Inside," a special painting feature by Adam Hurwitz

Plus:

Visit the Fence Books site at http://www.fencebooks.com for complete guidelines and required entry forms to our two book contests, the Alberta Prize (postmark deadline November 1-30, 2002) and the Fence Modern Poets Series (postmark deadline February 1-30, 2003). You can download them from the site or send an SASE as directed in the guidelines.

Thanks, and remember to crush President Bush's tiny head between your fingers every time you see him. And to let me know if you'd like to "unsubscribe" by replying with a message with that subject heading.

**800. — Jeffrey Jullich** *28 Oct 2002* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Advice sought*

When I was first planning my wish list of contributors/poems for the new e-journal LOGOPOEIA

(http://www.logopoeialogopoeia.da.ru/ ,

in case people were already off to the Hamptons for the summer in June when it was premiered,--- with significant "coups" such as the first published poetry of Greta Garbo-vanished PCOET poet David Melnick seen in 20 years [introduction by Ron Silliman], revisionist poems surpressed from the Sun & Moon final book version of Standard Schaefer's ~Nova,~ etc.)

Jim Jarmusch's poems were at the top of the list. In specific, two poems by him printed in a mid-'70s Columbia Review. Jarmusch was at that time a student at Columbia College in New York City.

People attending the Kenneth Koch memorial at the St. Mark's Poetry Project at the beginning of this month, for those who didn't know, may have been surprised to see Jarmusch as one of those invited to offer recollections. He was a student of Kenneth's, and has maintained good contact with his other former teacher, David Shapiro: I've seen Jarmusch show up for a reading of David's in The Village. I'm told that he always invited Kenneth to his premieres.

Jarmusch is a couple of years older than me ---I think he was a senior when I was a freshman or sophomore---although I don't recall our ever speaking. He was, though, close pals with another (then) Columbia poet (gone on to later literary notoriety, shall remain unnamed) of a very precocious ~Tel Quel~-savvy variety,--- so there was a sort of erudition-by-association about him. (I'm not sure how talkative he is, actually [You know those Walking Eyeball cinematographers]: from a distance, he seems softspoken-verging-on-shy; at the Koch memorial, since there were no front row seats remaining, he was positioned off to the front left, almost parallel to the stage, in a somewhat embarassingly conspicuous and well-lit spot, and he sat there waiting for things to begin as though he were patiently in a laundromat, content, expressionless, almost immobile, no twitching, until someone would come up to him raving and interrupt his tranquility. Throughout the entire, lengthy ---almost two hour?--- memorial, he sat in profile like that, reacting to very little. But media celebrity does instill a certain self-possession in many.

In the late '70s, he was still around the neighborhood, and I used to see him sitting at the counter in a West 90s diner, in the Golden Age of New York 24-hour breakfast specials, the overall ~noir~-ness of that period, and other ~auteur~-ish New York-isms of the time, such as the now bygone transsexual population in the West 90s and upper 80s. He was already impressive for his mane of prematurely white hair, and perhaps that in-profile fixity that I still find in him was showing.

Anyway,--- the Columbia Review poems, entitled ~Nature Mort~ and ~Five Bagatelles,~ are definite worth reading and re-publishing. Certainly out of anyone's curiosity about that --- lost?--- side of a famous film director, but also because the poems were good and, not only good, record a particular, forgotten phase of literary history. As David Shapiro lamented in his recent ~Rain Taxi~ interview (subsequently rebutted in Ron Silliman's blog), the subsequent dominance of Language Poetry has "disappeared" a great deal of what went on in the New York School, that in fact prefigured, outright staked out in advance with proprietary rights, or ---outdid? People don't seem to realize how freely and for how long "this stuff" has been in circulation, nor, in a sense, how ~easily acquired~ it was. Surely the hand-picked students in Kenneth's Imaginative Writing workshop represented an unusually "gifted"/privileged Knights of the Round Table back then, so that Jarmusch or his contemporaries could not be considered "just anyone" who had somehow bought The Lamp of Inspiration cheaply,--- but a review of such student work from that period (and locale) would show a much higher level of sophistication and progressiveness than is generally assumed. Plus ca change.

Jarmusch's poems may demonstrate some of those tendencies, too, by way of a sort of Darwinian adaptational fluke of poetry, whereby a great deal that later seemed "Language" but that came between that and New York School in fact got that way simply via being able to read French and those generations' for example, Picabia's Dada poetry; "Nature Mort", for the way it defuses various sentimental paraphernalia and, perhaps, too vivid a reading of Stevens, is interesting too for the way it contains a walk-on cameo character who enters stage direction/film script-like ("entered the room") to speak in quotation marks --- a sort of harbinger of his later script-writing propensities?

At any rate, Jarmusch's assistant, tracked down via California via New York, declined permission. ---So I still don't feel at liberty to quote or re-type the two poems here on-List. (You never know "who's watching.") It's a pity. He underestimated the value of both his early writing and the significance it would have for his admirers and for readers of poetry.

---I might add: regardless of where it might have fit into a phantasmatic literary history that I've badly sketched, poems like his at the time, and to a good extent still, seemed utterly inscrutable. It's difficult to convey the ~bafflement~ that was engendered by progressive poetry back then, even among the well-read. Since then, we've become numb or habituated to most of it, or have developed new sensory organs that can handle these microwaved frequencies. At the time, it was extremely uncommon and in short supply and nothing prepared a reader for being left totally in the dark by perfectly familiar words.

travis ortiz wrote:

> *"hey kevin,*
> *yes, atelos used a still from jim jarmusch's film dead man for jean*
> *day's book, _the literal world_. if i remember correctly, we contacted*
> *jim jarmusch's office and told them what we wanted to do with the still*
> *-- i.e. we wanted to put it on the cover of the book. they were really*
> *great about it and actually sent us one of their (big) laser discs for*
> *us to pull the still from. first, though, we had to contact johnny depp*
> *and ask his permission too. we were put in contact with johnny's*
> *personal assistant, bruce. he was very nice too. everyone agreed that we*
> *could use the image of the back of johnny depp's head for the sole*
> *purpose of printing it on the cover. we had to agree not to use any*
> *other images from the film or of johnny depp. our "payment" to both*
> *johnny depp and jim jarmusch was two copies of the book to each of them.*
> *that was their request.*
> *we get permission for all the images we use on our covers actually.*
> *generally it's pretty easy, and most people are very agreeable. i think*
> *the only time we actually had to pay someone to use an image was when we*
> *used the great rodchenko photograph that is on the cover of leslie*
> *scalapino's book _r-hu_. some museum in germany owns the photo that we*
> *used and charged us about $100 -- i think.*
> *so, i'd suggest getting in touch with 20th century fox and seeing who*
> *handles permissions over there. i imagine it will work out rather nicely*
> *for you.*
> *good luck,*
> *travis"*

**801. — William James Austin** *1 Nov 2002* ↑ **Register**
*for Koch addicts*

Two posthumous delights. A Possible World gathers in the most recent work. Sun Out collects mostly unpublished very early work, 1952-54. It also offers again, finally, "When the Sun Tries to Go On." I own the original, the first edition of this screwball long poem (which I hunted down), but it is still wonderful to see it back in print. John Ashbery's latest, Chinese Whispers, is also worth a mention. It homages Kenneth's style all over the place. Ashbery, of course, is allowed. Best, Bill

WilliamJamesAustin.com
KojaPress.com
Amazon.com
BarnesandNoble.com

**802. — richard.tylr** *4 Nov 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Witter Bynner - What do People Think? How Things Affect Me*

What do those who know of him or know his works do people think of Witter Bynner? (His work or writings I mean.)
I know almost nothing of Witter Bynner - except that he was involved in a "scandal" (I think bigger - or similar to - than the Ern Malley affair in Australia) but I used some of his - or fragments of his 1960 collection in a poem sequence called "Chains" in which I had 50 and one poems short or long which were "statement and response " poems suggested by Scott Hamilton. He got the concept from writers such as the NZ writer Roger Horrocks (from A Brief History of the Whole World (now Brief) and poets such as O'Hara and kenneth koch and others in their shorter poems: I mean he was inspired to the concept, the idea isnt new as such. So I began by choosing "hastate" from the Shorter Oxford (which at the time I didnt recognise was a word I learnt years ago or it is from "hasta, hastae (L) = spear. )But then I wrote (quite quickly) the following:

1. Hastate

we probe you, your pale significance

then:

2. Ashen

round how the white mind and under and over
the linear agon man that time unburied out
of the in and out those violent violets sewing
umbrella cuts into the why of bone bits black:
how long indeed

Which is (I think) a fairly obvious reference to a certain poet and his poetry... but each "section" was begun by a noun or statement of some kind and I responded in some ways eg

14 Immorigorous

congratulations on purchasing this high grade egg boiler
AGAINST an age insatiable of amorous hours
fervent as fire and delicate as flowers:
but frogs had skin and nothing more

15 Swimming

seven feet toward the moon, but viscous are fish

16 Navel

through which a gull might fly, but - it must be said
of Fred, whom we did greatly loved and did observe
daily, tackle in one hand, THE JOYS OF PROCTOLOGY
in the other, proceeding flossward, as was his wont
with eager ein his trip: contemplative yes, but curious in

every dimension -
greatly was he with fish and many faced

The "stanzas" are either completely "invented" by myself or amalgams from writings of either other poets (and or my own writing) or as above from the packet of (a curious thing) an egg boiler that when my mother was alive we purchased and one could hard or soft boil 4 eggs in it in a microwave oven. But I have also "quoted" from Witter Bynner and Swinburne and others (sometimes I have cut the "quotes" so that I forget where they are from) but number 15 for example is basically from Witter Bynner's poems (which Scott Hamilton dislikes and I find strange and quite fascinating) but the quality or not of a quoted writer is not why I use that "text" or text fragment...THE JOYS OF PROCTOLOGY is from a book about a yearly competition for books having the worst titles!! Each "poem" or stanza is linked somehow so that the next stanza following "many faced" is called

17 Enneaheadral

facing, FACING nine, fortitude of air:
but Cookie monstor was first

_this library of towers

Enneahedral means many faced. (It just ocurrs to me another connection that the buildings I could see have many faces ...)....I wrote that sitting in the Auck Uni library and looking out at some large buildings: hence I reversed the "scene" and it became not a library from which I could see towers but _this library of towers

later I used a clause/phrase from Bynner: (in fact I think Navel is also from Bynner...)

".....by which the fly
was glued into flight..."

In another section I wrote:

*"31*

*The Merchant's Tale*

*(and then I read the entire Merchant's Tale and a commentary and listened to it in Middle English on a tape and also read it in "modern" English) and my "response" was:*

*I am appalled that the report fails to mention that he _thronged and swyved her in the pyrie tree_*

*I thought I would share this project with people: parts of it have been published and some are being published in BRIEF a New Zealand innovative magazine (although the editor is publishig it "backwards" ! (That is from number 51A back to 1)*

*Another editor (Scott Hamilton himself) published (some of) it and used different fonts for the sections. The whole thing has never appeared as one work as I want it to be so I am working (if working is the word) on other things.*

*All this because I recovered my Witter Bynner book today from Scott Hamilton and also I got a strange novel by ( a "discovery" of Scott's ) a certain Michael Henderson who wrote an apparently strangely beautiful/contorted innovative novel/poem written in the 70s: and a book of poetry by the Australian poet Ken Bolton. We were also looking at Steve McCaffery's book (collected works) which I want to borrow later.*

*By the way the question whether this is "good writing" is...well its not quite the right question: the key to me with literature is how interesting or "idea generating" it might be...or how it affects me.*

*Richard Taylor."*

**803. — Millie Niss** *9 Nov 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: poetry on the radio??*

There is a lot of stuff on WNYC, New York's public radio stations. They haave a web broadcast which sounds quite good even on a 56k modem (usues the windows maedi player and not real audio, incidentally), so yoou can hear the prpgrams in question. Plus they have archives you can hear.

> WNYC has a show called The Next Big Thing, http://wnyc.org/shows/tnbt, which often has poetry. It did an entire show of Kenneth Koch's minature poetic plays, for instance. It is a variety show though and has other stuff too. You'lll see from their web page a little bit what they have, but they don't shirk from poetry and drama which is modern and plotless and experimental—in fact most of their pieces are pretty experimental.
>
> Another show, Studio 360 http://www.wnyc.org/studio360/ has reviews and essays about art and musoc and sometimes poetry. Their co-hosts are often writers, for example Michael Cunningham who wrote The Hiours (a novel based on Woolf's Mrs. Dalloway which is pretty cool and not derivative like most of that kind of thing).
>
> For ordinary conversations with writers, you can't do better than the Leonard Lopate show http://wnyc.org/shows/lopate , which is a call-in *(the callers ar usually pretty erudite too, not usual am radio types). The only thing is that it is all genres, noit just writers.
>
> Then there is th Joe Frank show, http://wnyc.org/shows/frank, also airing on WNYC at 11pm on am 820 (you can listenn on the web) which is radio drama/poetry/experimetal fiction snd narraive. It's not WNYC's show but the web site they point to at KCRW no longer exists so I don't know what staion powns this show. It can get really weird...
>
> I found some other sites from their links:
>
> This site, Hearing Voices http://www.hearingvoices.com/ has some intereting audio work though I didn't find poetry. It is good odd stuff though, not ordinary reportage.
>
> Millie
>
> *"-Hello all, I'm in the process of beginning to go through a dj training program at a local college station, hoping to start a poetry program: readings, author interviews, discussions etc. The station broadcasts via the web and I'm wondering if anyone knows of other programs like this? does any one do a show focused on poetry??? web cast??? any info will help... thanks, noah*
>
> *Broadband? Dial-up? Get reliable MSN Internet Access. http://resourcecenter.msn.com/access/plans/default.asp"*

---

## Ece Ayhan

1931–2002

*1 message · 1 hand*

---

*Turkish poet of the Second New (İkinci Yeni) movement known for hermetic 'civilian poetry' and homoerotic themes;* A Blind Cat Black *(1965). Identified in the notice as "death of the poet".*

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### 804. — Murat Nemet-Nejat *13 Jul 2002* ↑ Register

*death of the poet Ece Ayhan*

Ece Ayhan, one of the giants of Turkish poetry, died last Friday. A collection of his work was published by Sun and Moon Press as "A Blind Cat Black and Orthodoxies" in 1997. Here is two of his poems:

Miss Kinar's Waters

She cried the smile of pebble stones with the raki from the carafe
from Miss Kinar now who became water to steep wells
with her straight hair what can she do in the theatre houses of
Shehzadehbashi
she could not have enough hats

This bald Hassan, this baldie swept the darkness
his rebellious cigarette lit backwards to avoid any laughter
and a police enters fairy tales which go on ever since
parting the human eyelashes of children

And gathered inside her the sadness of the hands of an oud
playing woman, appeared suddenly into wells in the evenings crying
from Miss Kinar's waters.

trans. by Murat Nemet-Nejat

To Trace from Hebrew

My legs are long
they are long wherever I go
wherever I go they find me
my sister in a blind alley

To trace a dove for this town
to trace the eyes of the dove
one dove
in the middle ages one dove with chalk

Along the whole wall trees cool
I am tracing a sound
I want everybody everybody to have a sound
in the dove a sound in the middle ages in my sister a sound

Wherever I go they are long
they find me from my legs always
as I trace a different voice
and a holiday full of flags in a city
in Hebrew

trans. by Murat Nemet-Nejat

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## Alan Lomax

1915–2002

*11 messages · 5 hands*

*American ethnomusicologist whose thousands of field recordings preserved folk and blues traditions and fueled the postwar folk revival;* The Land Where the Blues Began *(1993). Died in Florida, aged 87.*

**805. — Gary Sullivan** *19 Jul 2002* ↑ **Register**

*Alan Lomax 1915 - 2002*

Alan Lomax died this morning. There's a brief note on the Alan Lomax website: <www.alan-lomax.com>.

Here's a brief bit about him, also from the site:

In the early 1930s, Alan Lomax and his father, pioneering folklorist John A. Lomax, first developed the Library of Congress? Archive of American Folksong as a major national resource. ... He also assembled the first recorded overview of world folksong for Columbia Records.

As an anthropologist of the performing arts (for Columbia University and Hunter College), he produced a multimedia interactive database called The Global Jukebox, which surveys the relationship between dance, song, and human history. The author/producer of many books, scientific articles, films, and record releases, Lomax has been a passionate advocate of "cultural equity", a principle which proposes to reverse the centralization of communication and give equal media time to the whole range of human cultures.

Send and receive

**806. — Aldon L Nielsen** *20 Jul 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Alan Lomax*

Reading the obituaries for Alan Lomax in the LA Times & NY Times & recalling two episodes — first the image of Lomax wrestling in the dust of the Newport Folk Festival with Albert Grossman, manager of the Paul Butterfield Blues Band & Bob Dylan, following a particularly back-handed intro. Lomax had made for Butterfield's performance — compounded by Lomax's uncomprehending response to Dylan's performance later in the festival — then fast-forward three decades — Dylan spots Lomax in the audience at a concert outside DC and introduces him to the crowd with rare words of praise

**807. — anastasios.kozaitis** *21 Jul 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Alan Lomax: Great White Hunter or Thief, Plagiarist and Bigot?*

Mr. Big Stuff Alan Lomax: Great White Hunter or Thief, Plagiarist and Bigot?

*"by Dave Marsh from www.counterpunch.org Seeing Alan Lomax's obituary on the front page of the New York Times irked the hell out of me. Harry Smith syndrome all over again----the Great White "Discoverer" as the axis of cultural genesis. Lomax, wrote Jon Pareles, "advocated what he called 'cultural equity: the right of every culture to have equal time on the air and equal time in the classroom.'" He did? In 1993, when Lomax published The Land Where the Blues Began, his memoir of blues research in the deep South, Peter Bochan invited him to do a WBAI interview. Bochan ventured to Lomax that Elvis Presley stood as a great product of the Southern folk cultures.*

*Lomax firmly denied this, and said that Bochan couldn't even know that Presley had listened as a boy to Sister Rosetta Tharpe's gospel radio show because "You weren't there." He said this so persistently and adamantly — with all the stupid "folklorist" purism that ruined the folk music revival—that Bochan went home and intercut Lomax's prissy voice and dumb assertions with excerpts from Beavis and Butthead. It aired that way. Even sticking to the blues, Lomax cut a dubious figure. As a veteran blues observer wrote me, "Don't get too caught up in grieving for Alan Lomax. For every fine musical contribution that he made, there was an evil venal manipulation of copyright, publishing and ownership of the collected material."*

*The most notorious concerns "Goodnight Irene." Lomax and his father recorded Huddie "Leadbelly" Ledbetter's song first, so when the song needed to be formally copyrighted because the Weavers were about to have a huge hit with it, representatives of the Ledbetter family approached him. Lomax agreed that this copyright should be established. He adamantly refused to take his name off the song, or to surrender income from it, even though Leadbelly's family was impoverished in the wake of his death two years earlier. Lomax believed folk culture needed guidance from superior beings like himself. Lomax told Bochan what he believed: nothing in poor people's culture truly happened unless someone like him documented it.*

*He hated rock'n'roll—down to instigating the assault against Bob Dylan's sound system at Newport in '65--because it had no need of mediation by experts like himself. The nature of the expert mattered, too. Lomax's obit made the front page mainly because he "discovered" Son House and Muddy Waters. But in Can't Be Satisfied, his new Muddy Waters biography, Robert Gordon shows that Lomax's discoveries weren't the serendipitous events the great white hunter portrayed. Lomax was led to House and then*

*Waters by the great Negro scholar, John Work III of Fisk University. Gordon even shows Lomax plagiarizing Work, and not on a minor point.*

*(See page 51) In his book, Lomax offers precisely one sentence about Work. He eliminated Work from his second Mississippi trip. He also burned Muddy Waters for the $20 he promised for making the records. Maybe the fact that Lomax served as a folk music "missionary" (to use Bob Dylan's term) offsets all this. Provided that it doesn't turn out that Lomax used and discarded ethnic workers worldwide the way he used Work, I guess there's a case to be made. But I do hope that people understand that when Pareles says that "Mr. Lomax wasn't interested in simply discovering stars," part of the meaning is that he didn't want them to get in the way of his self—importance.*

*Sometime soon, we need to figure out why it is that, when it comes to cultures like those of Mississippi black people, we celebrate the milkman more than the milk. Meanwhile, every sentence that will be uttered about Lomax this week—including these—would be better used to describe the great musicians he recorded in the U.S., the Bahamas, and elsewhere. Reading Gordon's book serves as a good corrective."*

**808. — Gary Sullivan** *22 Jul 2002* **↑ Register**

*Dave Marsh: Auto-Irrelevant Former Hipster or Just Plain Mean Stupid Burnout?*

Anastasios,

Dave Marsh has spent his time on earth writing:

Born to Run: The Bruce Springsteen Story
Trapped: Michael Jackson and the Crossover Dream
Before I Get Old: The Story of the Who
Elvis
The Book of Rock Lists
Sun City: The Making of the Record
Glory Days: Bruce Springsteen in the 1980s
Louie Louie
Merry Christmas Baby: Holiday Music from Bing to Sting
The New Book of Rock Lists
The Great Rock'n'Roll Joke Book

Alan Lomax made thousands of recordings of people from all over the world playing music never intended for the market. I've got a bunch of them. You can borrow some if you actually believe from Marsh's axe-job that they're ever going to sell more than a couple hundred or so copies of most of them. Lomax would have made more money writing about Bruce Springsteen, The Who, and Michael Jackson. Hell, he would have made more money writing about King Crimson or Bread. Marsh's notion that Lomax stuck to recording folk music from around the world because those people didn't become stars and that way he could remain all-powerful is the most cynical thing I've read in a long time. The only thing I can think when I read that is Wow: Marsh really *does* assume his audience is actually that objectionably stupid. (He's probably right.) He's also obviously jealous. I'm sure he imagined as a youth he'd one day be as outrageously cool as Elvis was in his day, and here he is, a 48-year-old man writing about Sting's holiday music.

The notion that Lomax fed off the people he recorded all over the globe is simplistic. He was recording this stuff before it was lost by the culture itself, which is often what happens as a culture begins to "absorb" Western influences. Don't get me wrong: It's cool Asmahan could sing colluratura when she wanted to. And I do think the notion of "pure" folk is equally simplistic. There's no such thing as "pure" in music, even folk music — all over the world it's all got elements (including instruments) borrowed from other cultures. But there is a definite distinction (immediately gettable on first hearing) between what Lomax was recording and where the musics of various cultures were heading. A lot of that stuff is listenable now because Lomax spent his life traveling around making these recordings. The cultures themselves mostly weren't doing it. That music simply would have been forgotten.

Marsh's piece on Alan Lomax is 100% hearsay (music biz gossip) by a man who has, himself, made a living writing forgettable crap about mostly overrated white millionaires, usually

well after they ceased being relevant enough for anyone to really care from whom they stole what they sold.

**809. — Sheila Massoni** *22 Jul 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Alan Lomax: Great White Hunter or Thief, Plagiarist and Bigot?*

So he was the kurtz of country music? Sheila

**810. — Stephen Ellis** *22 Jul 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Dave Marsh: Auto-Irrelevant Former Hipster or Just Plain Mean Stupid Burnout?*

And then, of course, there's Harry Smith, who at times almost makes Alan Lomax look like Dave Marsh.

From: Gary Sullivan

Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group

To:

Subject: Dave Marsh: Auto-Irrelevant Former Hipster or Just Plain Mean Stupid Burnout?

Date: Mon, 22 Jul 2002 01:52:28 -0400

Anastasios,

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Trapped: Michael Jackson and the Crossover Dream

Before I Get Old: The Story of the Who

Elvis

The Book of Rock Lists

Sun City: The Making of the Record

Glory Days: Bruce Springsteen in the 1980s

Louie Louie

Merry Christmas Baby: Holiday Music from Bing to Sting

The New Book of Rock Lists

The Great Rock'n'Roll Joke Book

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> first hearing) between what Lomax was recording and where the musics of
> various cultures were heading. A lot of that stuff is listenable now because
> Lomax spent his life traveling around making these recordings. The cultures
> themselves mostly weren't doing it. That music simply would have been
> forgotten.
> Marsh's piece on Alan Lomax is 100% hearsay (music biz gossip) by a man who
> has, himself, made a living writing forgettable crap about mostly overrated
> white millionaires, usually well after they ceased being relevant enough for

anyone to really care from whom they stole what they sold.

**811. — Gary Sullivan** *23 Jul 2002* ↑ **Register**
*FWD: Deep River of Song, Shallow Marsh of Venom*

Brendan Lorber asked me to forward this to the list for him — it was being bounced back when he tried ... —Gary

One easy, gratuitous, reductionist way to mark the passing of Alan Lomax is to rip him to shreds. He was attacked in the 50's for his leftist politics & in the 60's for his work on cantometrics — so this isn't the first time someone's attempted to make him the victim of their own self-aggrandizing agenda.

Another, perhaps more valuable response would be to actually listen to the music & interviews that he recorded over the course of decades of work & consider how lucky we are that only 90% of the world's music is now dictated by Sony. Whether you believe "we celebrate the milkman more than the milk", the world remains pretty lactose intolerant. Lomax went to great lengths in his effort to combat the racist, classist monoculture.

An even better reaction to his death might be to slip some money to the musicians themselves. Despite Marsh's outrageous claims to the contrary, making sure musicians got the money & the credit due them was & is, central to Lomax's mission.

Or am I mistaken?

The site for the Association for Cultural Equity says:

The family suggests that contributions be made to: The Blues Music Foundation for the Willie Moore Fund c/o Experience Music Project 2901 3rd Ave Seattle, WA 98121

Once you've done that, put on one of the albums that you'd never have heard of were it not for the work Lomax did, file away Marsh's screed as just an addendum to his seminal opus "The Great Rock'n'Roll Joke Book" & then, if you want, hit www.alan-lomax.com to contextualize it all.

Brendan Lorber http://users.rcn.com/lungfull

**812. — anastasios.kozaitis** *23 Jul 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: FWD: Deep River of Song, Shallow Marsh of Venom*

I have plenty of Alan Lomax collections, Gary.

Balance to the hagiography. Just a little balance. Fine, so you don't like Marsh.

**813. — Gary Sullivan** *23 Jul 2002* ↑ **Register**
*(no subject)*

Hi Anastasios,

I'm all for balance, especially w/respect to the venerated. So, okay.

This will take some time, but let's see what Marsh actually has to offer:

Forgetting for a moment slanted phrases like "stupid 'folklorist' purism" "prissy voice" and "dumb assertions" (this is "balanced" journalism?) —what is Marsh's source for this?

He doesn't say. We assume then, it's that recording, with the Beavis and Butthead excerpts. Either that, or Bochan himself.

In other words, Marsh's only evidence for this "fact" about Lomax is a sound recording made by an interviewer who has grotesquely manipulated it and then broadcast it with the sole intention of making a man he's just had an argument with look bad.

This is evidence only that Bochan is an unethical broadcaster. Even if Marsh got the story from Bochan himself, who would trust a guy who'd do that? My sense, reading the above anecdote, is that the two clashed, as people sometimes do, and that Bochan used what power he had as a radio person to make Lomax look bad. It doesn't say much for Bochan's character.

"A veteran blues observer." What does that mean? No name is mentioned. Worse, note that there is not a single factual event even mentioned in said "veteran's" condemnation. Yet Marsh feels justified trotting this out as evidence.

The next paragraph is where Marsh supposedly delivers the goods:

There's a serious problem with the above paragraph.

Alan Lomax's name is *not* on the copyright.

It's Alan's father, John Lomax.

Here's another version of the story: In "The Life and Legend of Leadbelly", authors Charles Wolfe and Kip Lornell claim that Leadbelly didn't really write a song that got him a pardon from prison as was legend, and that "Goodnight Irene" is based on a Gussie Davis song from 1892. When John Lomax toured Leadbelly (Alan was simply working for his father), a NY promoter worried about Leadbelly's time in prison ... and decided instead of hiding it to make the most of it — he got Leadbelly and John Lomax to agree to have Leadbelly dress in prison clothes, to help puff up the myth.

John Lomax. Not Alan Lomax.

So, what Marsh here has done is (a) substitute Alan's father for Alan and (b) tell only a fraction of the story — if, indeed, the fraction he's telling has any legitimacy whatsoever. He cites it as "notorious." I'm assuming that means it's been documented somewhere, as Marsh has described it? What I've quoted above may not be accurate either. But at least I'm documenting a published account. It's more than Marsh has done here.

Marsh again: "Lomax believed folk culture needed guidance from superior beings like himself."

No documentation whatsoever to support this.

Lomax said this? Where? On that tape? The one Bochan manipulated with Beavis and Butthead excerpts? I don't believe Lomax ever made such a statement.

Aldon reported something similar — I guess this is on film, and I'm not going to dispute it, although I've never personally seen it. One point for Marsh. Hardly evidence of Lomax as "fraud," "thief" or "plagiarist" — the primary charges Marsh makes — the reason, supposedly, we're reading his essay.

A guy who "discovers" two singers isn't going to make the cover of the Times, otherwise there'd be a guy or gal like that on the cover every couple months or so. Lomax is there because he did many interesting things with his life — some of which had profound repercussions in this and other cultures. I'd say he's there because of a general paradigm shift — people in the U.S. becoming (at least somewhat) more aware of multiculturalist takes on culture. (And I think that's partially what "irks" (read: frightens) Marsh, actually — but, that's just a belief on my part.)

Lomax portrayed these discoveries as serendipitous events ... where? Marsh doesn't say. Again, no evidence is offered. Neither is any evidence offered for Gordon's having "showed us" this. It's just stated.

There's no evidence in either of those two sentences above to support the claims made. John Work III was an academic enthomusicologist and a composer. He may very well have led Lomax to both blues men. I'm assuming that people led Lomax to everyone Lomax recorded, and that he didn't just parachute down randomly with a 500-pound recording device. How else would he find all of these people?

The second assertion, about plagiarizing Work, "not on a minor point," is unsubstantiated. There's a page number to look up. (If someone finds this, please post it.) We can't evaluate it in the article itself — it's (conveniently?) missing.

Work is the guy everyone was expected to go through to meet all of the blues singers in the south? This is just weird. Lomax is expected to publish in his book long descriptions of all of

the hundreds, possibly thousands, of people who lead him to people playing folk and indigenous music? That's like asking Marsh to publish long descriptions of all of the djs and radio stations where he first heard the 1000 rock and soul songs he wrote his book about. It doesn't make sense.

Marsh: "He also burned Muddy Waters for the $20 he promised for making the records."

What's the source for this? Again, like most of the above, it's just stated without evidence.

And that's it. Those are all of the purported "facts" in Marsh's essay I was able to dig out.

The rest of it is just slanted words and phrases like "thief," "bigot," "hunter," "Harry Smith syndrome" (!!), "prissy," "stupid," and on and on, a stream of vitriol, none of it substantiated in any way whatsoever.

I don't hate Marsh. But this isn't my idea of an honest attempt to "balance" the hagiography. That would require someone with some factual information sharing it. Preferably without a bunch of name-calling in every paragraph.

As of this writing, the counterpunch.org site's link to Marsh's essay says: "Mr. Big Stuff: Alan Lomax, Great White Fraud."

I've tried writing this without letting anger get the best of me. Let me know, Anastasios, if I'm being unfair in pointing out that Marsh's piece is not only vicious, but in all likelihood untrue.

**814. — Aldon L Nielsen** *24 Jul 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Lomax Redux*

My initial ref. was not so much to the Dylan sound system episode, about which there is much dispute, as to the Lomax/Grossman wrestling match, which has been well documented from all sides — I also ref'd Lomax's uncomprehening response to Dylan's performance at Newport, stands whether or not you choose to believe that Lomax went nuts at the performance itself.

CAN'T BE SATISFIED, by Robert Gordon, narrates the Lomax/Work/Waters encounters in chapter 3, and includes a photo of one of the four letters Waters dictated and mailed to Lmax seeking the promised payment and "contributor's copy" (sound familiar, poets?) - - I think the record makes it clear that Gordon is correct when he argues that "Lomax virtually erased the scholarship of John Work" (51) — People familiar with the histories of African American music and of AFrican AMerican scholars have known these stories for decades

We need neither hagiographies nor trashings — we do need to recognize that the same Lomax who ripped people off also opened doors and brought wider attention to deserving musicians — I think it was that bittersweet sort of realization that motivated Dylan's stage acknowledgement of Lomax that one day in Virginia

Lomax did much good & much wrong — we need to understand all of it together

**815. — Gary Sullivan** *25 Jul 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Muddy Waters speaks*

Jim O'Neal: What did [Alan Lomax] tell you he was going to do with the records?

Muddy Waters: Well, just what he say he was gonna do with 'em, he did it. 'It's for the Library of Congress.' First time I ever heard of the Library of Congress. 'Who the hell is that?' [ Laughs.] And he say, "I'm gonna make up two records, and I'm gonna send you two records and I'm gonna get 10 dollars a side, and I'm gonna send you 20 dollars.' That's what he sent me, you know. He didn't try to use 'em on no label or nothing; he did exactly what he said he was gonna do with 'em.

Jim O'Neal: How long was it exactly before the Library of Congress actually put those on record?

Muddy Waters: Oh, I guess six months passed. [Laughs.] And they sent me two records with a 20-dollar check in it. I was a big recording star. [Chuckles.]

> Jim O'Neal: But those records never got sold around
>
> Muddy Waters: They didn't sell 'em, no. They just sent them to me for my own use.
>
> —The Voice of the Blues, Routledge Press, 2002, pp. 167-168 (from an interview originally published in the magazine Living Blues)
>
> So much for Lomax as some horrible evil rip-off artist. Muddy also says (on page 167) that when Lomax first approached him, asking if he was Muddy Waters, Waters said "Yassuh" — to which a horrified Lomax, according to Muddy Waters, said: "Hey, hey ... say yes and no. I been looking for you!"
>
> I think it's time we stopped pissing on this poor guy's grave and let him rest in peace.

---

## Aleksandr Ginzburg

1936–2002

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Russian Soviet dissident, journalist and human-rights activist who compiled the samizdat White Book on the Sinyavsky-Daniel trial;* the samizdat journal Sintaksis *(1959).*

**816. — Patrick Herron** *22 Jul 2002* ↑ **Register**

*Aleksandr I. Ginzburg, 65, Poet Who Challenged Soviet System, Is Dead*

Aleksandr I. Ginzburg, 65, Poet Who Challenged Soviet System, Is Dead

July 20, 2002

> *"By PAUL LEWIS*
> *Aleksandr I. Ginzburg, a poet and advocate of nonviolent change in the Soviet Union, published one of the first self-published journals of the post-Stalin period."*

---

## James Kopta

1972–2002

*5 messages · 3 hands*

*American upstate New York punk musician, writer and sculptural welder with bands Conniption and Exploding Corpse Action.*

**817. — schwartzgk** *13 Aug 2002* ↑ **Register**

*Fw: James Kopta 1972 - 2002*

We loved him and his work.

> *"-James Kopta, 1972-2002*
>
> *Local arts community mourns the loss of James Kopta: Musician, author, and sculptor born and raised in the capital district.*
>
> *James' body was found Saturday afternoon in the Mohawk River in Half-moon near the Crescent bridge. Cause of death is currently under investigation. Police are trying to put together a timeline of where Jim was between 6:30pm Friday night and early Saturday. If*

*anyone spoke to him by phone or saw him in person between this time or even within the last week of his life, call the New York State Police in Clifton Park at .*

*James' work included: - Instrumentalist and songwriter for local bands including Brown Cuts Neighbors, Exploding Corpse Action, Hail Mary, Frank Budgen. An accomplished guitarist, pianist and composer, he released several records, CDs and cassettes and performed all over the country. - James was a prime moving force behind the art and music collective Department of Experimental Services. - Co-producer of videos shown in festivals and galleries, locally and internationally. - Sculptural welder who created his own figurative works as well as working with artists George Rickie and Larry Kagan. - Author of numerous short stories, collected in the books "All of it's a Turkey Shoot" and "The Pipe Fitter's Companion". - He was an active researcher into areas as diverse as biochemistry and the decoding of James Joyce's Finnegan's Wake.*

*Those wishing to share thoughts about James may do so on a message board at: http://wowcool.com/james S or email us privately at: In the coming weeks, more information will posted on the site including mp3's of his music, short stories and other works he produced. To see and hear examples of his work go to the main DeptEx page at: http://wowcool.com/deptex. Anyone with photos, music, drawings, etc, by James: please send a copy if possible to... DeptEx, 51 3rd st., Troy NY, 12180. We'll return all items ASAP.*

*Anyone familiar with his work can testify that he had a rare, distinctive talent and style. Local bands cover his songs, friends trade CDRs of his music, and his video work with the group Brown Cuts Neighbors has been excerpted and remixed by a number of video artists in the Capital Region. He was a quiet, unassuming presence in the Arts community who affected a great number of people with the intense sincerity and passion he put into his creative work.*

*A wake will occur between this Wednesday night and Thursday night. As soon as a time and place is decided, it will be posted on the DeptEx site and another announcement will go out. A performance/jam session/party in his memory will occur on a forthcoming date.*

*Jason Martin & Marc Arsenault*

*Viewing: Wednesday August 14 Emerick Funeral Home 1550 Rte. 9 Clifton Park, NY 371-5454*

*Wednesday 2-4pm closed casket - non-public Wednesday 7-9pm open casket - public*

*Ceremony: Thursday 11am Starts at Emerick Burial at Jonesville Cemetary Directions to cemetary: exit 10 on Northway, take left over Northway, stop sign, quick left, and left.*

*Sorry if you received duplicates of this message, or if this was the first place you got the news. J & M*”

**818. — David Baratier** *16 Aug 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: James Kopta 1972-2002*

Gerry

I thank you for the post, I would not have known otherwise.

For others unfamiliar with Jim Kopta, he was a fine metalurgist, musician and thinker who had profound influence on many, across borders of genre, tho best known as a noise musician with radical practices. Perhaps the only bands that came close to the work he did under the moniker Brown Cuts Neighbors (& plenty of others) was Friends Forever, who toured the US in a van, the inside of which was their stage, with a lighting manager & when they were excited staged dived back into the van thru the front side window. One of the best practicioners of the Alfred Jarry school of Ubism or patapsychology, their first widely distributed single "Broken Down like a Bean" on Wow-cool records brought them in contact with Jad Fair, who was accused of copying BCN by many ever since. Half-Japanese, Fair's band, met up with Penn Juliet (of Penn & Teller fame) who worked as a super-promoter for

their efforts, using funding from a guest appearance on Miami Vice to create 1,000,000,000,000,000 (etc.) Watts Records (I think their real name was 100 Gigawatts records, do you know Gerry? Chris Stroff?? somebody?) who became best known for releasing Moe Tucker's (from the Velvet Und.) first solo record. Anyway reading this over now it all seems like a bizarre train of circumstance fitting of patapsychology, that Jim was found face down, relegated to the realm of "local artist," floating in the water of a town he loathed.

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

http://pavementsaw.org

**819. — Arielle Greenberg** *16 Aug 2002* ↑ **Register**

I'm sorry, but can someone repost the original obituary, or backchannel it to me? I think I missed it, and only after reading David Baratier's posting do I realize that I think I might have known Jim—I think I went to high school with him, or at least with his friends.

The band he was in, the Brown Cuts Neighbors, were formed one day in gym class when a bunch of us were sitting around trying to avoid running the track at Niskayuna High School in Schenectady, NY (this was the late 80s). Jason Martin and some other guys (Rob Goodale, I think?) were talking about starting a band, even though they didn't really play any instruments. We thought it was a joke. Then they came out with a little tape—"Broken Down Like a Bean"—and gave out copies with handmade covers around school...I think I still have mine. The songs were totally insane and wonderful: one of my favorites was called "Running Naked on Peyote" and it still gets stuck in my head to this day.

I moved away from the Capital District of upstate NY after high school, and so it was always amazing to me to go back to Albany and see BCN written up as a serious avant-noise collective in the local papers. To me they were always just a bunch of the craziest guys in my high school. I went to a show they did once on Niska-Day, the annual town pride festival, in which they played alongside other, far more conventional bands. BCN were nuts, of course, playing conceptual hardcore until some school administrator pulled the plug. It was a great event.

I'm sorry to hear about Jim.

Arielle

**820. — David Baratier** *20 Aug 2002* ↑ **Register**

*Re: James Kopta (1972-2002)*

Arielle—

The original post is on the list serve, it was sent by Gerry Schwartz, the original no longer exists on the website.

There is a photo of Jim at: http://wowcool.com/deptex/ which leads to other info.

I'm not sure if you knew, but some of this reputation might stem from the backdrop, a real active group of poets & artists at that moment, which is how I got into this whole gig. A poet in niskayuna with multiple books on Black Sparrow Press, a guy named Hank who used to be in a famous hardcore band & went on to create his own press to publish himself (tho he did contribute a book by the former co-editor, with my friend Rich Blevins, of Zelot/Tansy, Bill Shields. Human Shrapnel, was a book which needed to be done to combat the crappy Vietnam Academic (in all senses of the word) poets such as Bruce Weigl) who was around regularly to see a relative (uncle) who owned a bookstore in Schenectady. There was also an extremely important magazine called Fact Sheet five, who fed us updates on all the newest work & (after a while begged people to take) free issues once he was done with them

We are both speaking of the same person which means I graduated a few years previous from the same school.This is curious, I had no idea!

here is a post I did on their message board

Jim let me know things could be done; that is what I thank him for. All I needed was a 32 ounce of coffee, maybe two or three. I remember making these real small tape loops for a reel to reel & playing drums for BCN on a machine in the back room of the half-moon at a show where we all were allowed to play. Jason, Otto, Ed, Jim, Joe Carandi, I forget who else, the acoustics were enormously disturbing & led to a full on call to the police for noise. I remember a guy from that event took what he learned & went & formed the Fun Factory (not the current pop band, but noise folks) in Buffalo.

As a friend of Ed's, I looped in & out of contact with Jim when I lived in Albany. My memories are vague, nearly absent in periods of the late 80's & early 90's but I thot he was working with Sam McPheeters / Born Against one time I ran into him but never found out if anything came of that. The occasional talks we had, usually late & long, if they happened, were best. We were planning to rehash an idea Jim executed years ago with Pavement Saw Press which I started in Albany (it has turned into the second largest independent literary publisher in Ohio). Jim's version was a "action figure," a skinhead who I'll keep nameless, inside a meat container with a price on him which was at Dave Erl's for years (& I don't think was ever for sale). The version we have been working on is a meat issue of our journal, wrapped in a container, with a per ounce literary value.

As I moved to Philly & then started to tour with my writing I still ran into Jim a few times. The last time I bought him a coffee at LuLu's & we talked about oversentimentality & the press's newly installed wall of shame (pasted up horrific submissions of pure poetic poop).

After talking with Jim's brother last night, it became apparent that, altho undocumented, there were plenty of folks his ideas were "lent" to.

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

I'm sorry to hear about Jim.

Arielle

**821.** **— schwartzgk** *9 Sep 2002* ↑ **Register**
*James Kopta Memorial Concert Sunday, September 22*

I wanted to pass this along, since there are many on this list who knew him and of him and of his work. Gerald

The Department of Experimental Services Presents:

A benefit concert in memory of James Kopta Sunday, September 22 upstairs at Valentine's Concert Hall Albany, New York.

Show starts promptly at 7pm door charge $7.00

Proceeds from the show will be donated to the Juvenile Diabetes Foundation-Northeastern Chapter and used to release recordings James made before his death.

Performing LIVE that evening will be:

Brown Cuts Neighbors - Final Performance The Phlegmchuckers - 1st show in over 2 years (members of Kitty Little & Kiss-Ups) Small Girl Boils Water (from Syracuse - Steven Cerio ex-Railroad Jerk) Laudanum (Detroit - Dara of BCN and His Name is Alive) Jump Cannon Faking Trains Wayne Rodgers/Seth Cluett/Mike Bullock/Jason Martin nickname: Rebel James Lanni/Tom Burre/Benjamin Chadabe Kamikaze Hearts L. Collier Hyams (50 Man Machine) w/ DJ Flip 1 Damien Catera (Con De Mek) Jack Jastrebski Jason Martin solo Seth Cluett solo Peter Barvoets - spoken word

There will also be:

Video shorts - some of the best Brown Cuts Neighbors shorts and excerpts from James' performances will be shown. There will also be live video mixing of BCN TV by David Lublin during the BCN set.

> program book - A collection of photos, memories, writings, cartoons, by, of and about Jim.
>
> ----------
>
> Capital District-based musician, writer and artist James R. Kopta accidentally drowned in the Mohawk River near the Crescent Bridge on August 9, 2002. Mr. Kopta was an integral part of the local arts and music community for over a decade.
>
> Mr. Kopta was an Instrumentalist and songwriter for many Capital District bands including Brown Cuts Neighbors, Exploding Corpse Action, Hail Mary and Frank Budgen. An accomplished guitarist, pianist and composer, he released several records, CDs and cassettes and performed all over the country. He was a prime moving force behind the art and music collective Department of Experimental Services. Video and film shorts that he co-produced and acted in have been shown locally and internationally in festivals and galleries. He was a sculptural welder who created his own figurative works as well as working with artists George Rickey and Larry Kagan. As a writer he created numerous short stories, collected in the books "All of it's a Turkey Shoot" and "The Pipe Fitter's Companion" and was an active researcher into areas as diverse as biochemistry and the decoding of James Joyce's Finnegan's Wake.
>
> ----------
>
> Contact: Marc Arsenault - Coordinator
>
> Additional contact information:
>
> James R. Kopta memorial website - http://wowcool.com/james
>
> Valentine's Concert Hall, 17 New Scotland Ave., Albany, NY .
>
> DeptEx, 51 3rd st., Troy NY, 12180. http://wowcool.com/deptex

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## Jiří Kolář

1914–2002

*1 message · 1 hand*

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*Czech poet, collage artist and translator, pioneer of visual poetry;* Hommage to Jan Palach *(1968).*

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**822. — Halvard Johnson** *13 Aug 2002* ↑ **Register**

*RIP Jiri Kolar (1914-2002)*

http://www.ubu.com/historical/kolar/kolar1.html

Hal Serving the tri-state area.

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# Louis Owens

1948–2002

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American novelist of Choctaw-Cherokee descent and leading scholar of Native American fiction, winner of an American Book Award;* Nightland *(1996). Identified in the notice as "inspired, original literary artist, a masterful storier, and he was an exc" and died in Albuquerque.*

**823. — naanabozho** *14 Aug 2002* ↑ **Register**

*Fwd: Native American Critic and Novelist Louis Owens Dies*

FYI.

Native American Critic and Novelist Louis Owens Dies July 30, 2002

Louis Owens, an internationally acclaimed novelist and a scholar of Steinbeck and Native American literature, died Thursday in Albuquerque at the age of 54.

Considered the country's leading critical interpreter of Native American literature, Owens received several top book awards for his fiction and scholarly work, had his novels translated into other languages and most recently participated in a lengthy interview on national television about his Steinbeck scholarship during the centennial celebration of the Salinas Valley writer.

Owens was the author of five novels — one of which, "Nightland," won the American Book Award in 1997, four books of literary criticism and a new collection of essays, "I Hear the Train." His academic career spanned two decades and five universities. Most recently, he was a professor of English and Native American studies at the University of California, Davis, and headed the campus's Creative Writing Program.

His colleagues described him as the rare literary polymath with expertise as the leading critic of Native American literature, a major scholar in mainstream American literature through his work on Steinbeck, and as an award-winning novelist and non-fiction writer about Native Americans.

Gerald Vizenor, professor of American Studies at University of California, Berkeley, and a national figure in Native American literature, said Owens was the "most original scholar in critical theory" for Native American literature.

"Louis Owens was an inspired, original literary artist, a masterful storier, and he was an exceptional teacher," he said.

"His writing is really important in American literature, overall," said Luci Tapahonso, a Native American poet and professor of American Indian studies and English at the University of Arizona, Tucson. "He challenged people to rethink their approaches and touched on topics that hadn't been considered before."

"Often academic departments do not hire their own; his coming back was extraordinary, by any standard," said Hicks, pointing to Owens' many accomplishments and accolades, including an invitation from Harvard University to spend a year there in 2004 as a scholar-in-residence. Just this spring, Owens' own work was the subject of a

book, "Grave Concerns, Trickster Turns: The Novels of Louis Owens," by Chris LaLonde.

Born in Lompoc, Calif., to migrant laborers, Owens spent his childhood moving between Mississippi and the Central Valley, picking beans and living in poverty. Owens has written of that period in an essay called "Finding Gene":

"My first memories are of Gene and jungle-like woods that grew thick between our cabin and the deep-edged brown water of the Yazzoo River. Three, 4, 5, and 6 years old, I followed him everywhere, swinging on muskedine vines and eating the acid-sweet purple fruit, climbing pecan trees that we called pee-cans, fishing in the endless, muddy current of the river, jumping in the wire-sided cotton trucks filled with white boles. The washtub where I had to bathe in gray water after him, leaning toward the wood cook-stove on cold Mississippi mornings. The log shed we'd check each morning to see what skins our father had nailed up during the night."

Of the nine brothers and sisters in the Owens family, Louis and brother Gene were the only two who completed high school and Louis was the only sibling to go to college.

His mentor and major professor for his doctorate, UC Davis Professor Emeritus James Woodress, said Owens was first drawn to the work of John Steinbeck because he knew intimately the life and history of the Salinas Valley. "Because Louis came from very poor parents who were farm laborers, novels like 'The Grapes of Wrath' moved him a great deal," Woodress said.

Owens' first book, "John Steinbeck's Re-Vision of America," was published in 1985, followed by "The Grapes of Wrath: Trouble in the Promised Land" in 1989. In May he was the subject of a lengthy interview on C-Span regarding John Steinbeck and his literary legacy.

Owens earned his bachelor's and master's degrees in English from UC Santa Barbara before coming in 1978 to UC Davis for his doctorate. During graduate school, Owens and his wife spent a year in Pisa while Owens taught at the University of Pisa as a Fulbright Lecturer.

Throughout his career, Owens was known for being extraordinarily prolific. Due to the number and quality of his publications, the time between his receiving his doctorate and being promoted to full professor at UC Santa Cruz was the shortest in the history of the University of California. Even in graduate school, while not working on his Steinbeck dissertation, Owens wrote his first novel, "Wolfsong," about copper strip-mining in Washington State's Glacier Peak Wilderness, where he had worked as a ranger and firefighter for the Forest Service.

It was through this first novel, published in 1991, that Owens explored his Choctaw and Cherokee roots, said Hicks, a young assistant English professor at UC Davis while Owens was attending graduate school.

"He told me he had a novel and asked if would I read it, and it was then that I found he was Native American. Quite clearly, to write a whole novel about one's heritage indicates it is alive in your life and your imagination," Hicks said. "By the end of the first book, being Native American was something that was alive for him."

Owens, who considered himself a mixed-blood American, explored the dilemmas of being from multiple heritages through much of his writing — both in fiction and non-fiction. He won a Wordcraft Circle Writer of the Year Award in 1998 for "Mixedblood Messages: Literature, Film, Family, Place."

Owens' academic reputation in Native American fiction started in 1985 with an article, "A Map of the Mind: Darcy McNickle and the American Indian Novel," published in Western American Literature. He wrote many articles on Native American fiction before publishing his 1992 book, "Other Destinies: Understanding the American Indian Novel," which by now has become required reading in many college literature classes. In 1993 he won the PEN-Josephine Miles Awards for "Other Destinies" and his novel, "The Sharpest Sight" (1992). He also was awarded with the Julian J. Rothbaum Prize for his 1992 novel "Bone Game" in 1994.

In his novels, Owens said he wrote to two audiences: mainstream readers and his Choctaw and Cherokee relatives. He wove in layers of Native American metaphor and myth through his complex mystery plots, so that two stories were being told at the same time.

One of the awards he displayed proudly in his office was the 1995 Roman Noir Prize, a French award for the outstanding mystery novel published in French given to "The Sharpest Sight." His novels were translated into French, German and Japanese, and he appeared on French television more than once.

Extraordinarily generous with his time and attention to students, Owens was a dedicated teacher who mentored and encouraged his students and other writers.

"He gave an incredible amount of time to his students, time spent on reading and critiquing their work, time spent in meeting with them and working out the myriad problems that are associated with the scholastic life, and time offered in the spirit of camaraderie and friendship," said Spring Warren, a 2002 graduate of the UC Davis Creative Writing Program.

Among the many recognitions for teaching that he received were the University of New Mexico Alumni Award for Teaching Excellence, the University of California Santa Cruz Alumni Association Distinguished Teaching Award, the UCSC Student Alumni Council Favorite Professor Award, and the Outstanding Teacher of the Year Award from the International Steinbeck Society. He was a Presidential Lecturer at the University of New Mexico for two years.

From 1992 to 2000, Owens served on the faculty of UC Davis' Art of the Wild, a summer writing workshop on nature and the environment that drew nationally acclaimed writers. Owens was featured on a PBS one-hour special about the workshop.

Owens is survived by his wife of 27 years, Polly; and his daughters, Elizabeth, 19, and Alexandra, 16, all of Tijeras, N.M.; his father Hoey; his brothers Gene, Troy and Richard; and his sisters Judy, Linda, Juanita, and Brenda.

A campus memorial service is being planned for fall quarter.

Media contact(s):Susanne Rockwell

# Larry Rivers

1923–2002

*9 messages · 7 hands*

*American painter and jazz saxophonist often called the godfather of Pop art for works mixing narrative and abstraction;* Washington Crossing the Delaware *(1953). Died at his home in Southampton.*

**824. — Jim Behrle** *15 Aug 2002* ↑ **Register**

*Larry Rivers (1924-2002)*

http://www.nytimes.com/2002/08/15/obituaries/15CND-RIVE.html

August 15, 2002 Larry Rivers, Who Shook Up American Art, Is Dead at 78

> *"By MICHAEL KIMMELMAN arry Rivers, the irreverent, proto-Pop painter and sculptor, jazz saxophonist, writer, poet, teacher, sometime actor and filmmaker, whose self-styled, partly self-mocking bad boy persona encapsulated the spirit of a restless era that shook up American art, died on Wednesday at his home in Southampton, on Long Island. He was 78.*
>
> *The cause was cancer of the liver, which was diagnosed this spring.*
>
> *Insecure, an avid reader and lover of poetry, a publicity hound, Mr. Rivers was given in his glory days to cowboy boots, tight pants, inside-out shirts, far-out ties, sometimes two at a time, a black Cadillac and motorcycle.*
>
> *He helped change the course of American art in the 1950's and '60's, but his virtues as an artist always seemed inextricably bound up with his vices, producing work that could be by turns exhilarating and appalling. Naturally, it provoked extreme reactions. Jackson Pollock, Mr. Rivers recalled with a certain bitter glee, "once tried to run down one of my sculptures that was standing in a friend's driveway in East Hampton."*
>
> *He had an omnivorous curiosity about life, sex, drugs, politics, history and culture. "He would stab out at different things, like Picasso, except that more of Picasso's things worked out," said David C. Levy, the Corcoran Gallery of Art's director and a longtime friend, who played with Mr. Rivers in the East 13th Street Band. "Larry had a realistic sense of who he was, so he didn't get caught up in his ego when things failed. At the same time he was probing. He was a very serious man, an intellectual, always reading."*
>
> *He had a sometimes self-destructive penchant for gossip, scandal and outlandishness. "If I have inherited bad taste," he once said, "it is at least compounded with an obnoxious sense of who I am." For a while he was everywhere. He frequented the Cedar bar with de Kooning. He designed sets for Frank O'Hara's "Try! Try!" and for "The Slave and the Toilet" by Amiri Baraka. His sets and costumes for a New York Philharmonic performance of Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex" conducted by Lukas Foss outraged music critics.*
>
> *He appeared with Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg in Robert Frank and Alfred Leslie's offbeat film "Pull My Daisy," and played Lyndon Johnson on stage in Kenneth Koch's "Election." With Pierre-Dominique Gaisseau, he spent six months making a television travelogue about Africa before being arrested as a suspected white mercenary in Lagos, Nigeria, and nearly being executed. Broadcast in 1968 on NBC's "Experiments in Television," the show was summed up by Barbara Delatiner in Newsday as "something like a Rivers canvas: complex, brilliantly colorful and maybe too tongue-in-cheek for serious consideration."*

*In 1958, he even won $32,000 on "The $64,000 Challenge" quiz show as an art expert. He subsequently said he was slipped an envelope beforehand with the questions in it but proudly declined to look.*

*In his last decades, commercially successful and churning out huge, multimedia works, bloated pastiches of himself and other artists, he fell hard from grace. But at the height of his fame, in the mid-1960's, John Canaday, the New York Times chief art critic, called him "the cleverest, even the foxiest, painter at work in the country," an artist who "can do anything he wants with a brush."*

*That was amazing since Mr. Rivers had come to art almost by accident. As a young saxophonist in a band playing the resort circuit in Maine in 1945, he was shown a book about modern art one day by the band's pianist, Jack Freilicher. "I wanted to say, `What's cubism?" ' Mr. Rivers recalled in his autobiography, "What Did I Do?" "But suddenly I knew what cubism was. Cubism told a young man from the Bronx he didn't know very much. Cubism didn't know about him or his nights walking all over Greenwich Village with his big horn slung over his shoulder looking for a joint where he could sit and blow with a lot of other desperados. Cubism certainly didn't smoke pot or get high, cubism was history in which he played no part. Where could I catch up?"*

*Freilicher's wife was Jane Freilicher, a painter. She handed Mr. Rivers a brush. He turned out to have a natural gift. "After a week or two I began thinking that art was an activity on a `higher level' than jazz," he said.*

*Through Jane Freilicher, he met Nell Blaine, who was working in a semiabstract style. She suggested he enroll in Hans Hofmann's class, which Mr. Rivers did on the G.I. Bill. He played the saxophone at night and drew eight hours a day, absorbing Hofmann's theories about color and form but rebelling against his stress on pure abstraction, which was becoming the dominant mode of American art at a time when Pollock and Rothko were emerging as major figures on the scene.*

*Drawing female nudes in Hofmann's studio in 1947, Mr. Rivers recalled, he ended up with three peculiar rectangles. "You were not supposed to make notice of the fact that you were staring at a vagina," he said. "The art mood of the times dictated that we not recognize a personal sexual reaction as important." By the end of the year he "became frantic to draw the figure."*

*A Bonnard show at the Museum of Modern Art in 1948 pointed a way forward. Mr. Rivers saw that painting figures was not a dead occupation. He began exhibiting the next year. Clement Greenberg, the powerful critic, called him "an amazing beginner," a "better composer of pictures than was Bonnard himself in many instances." (Greenberg later changed his mind and decided Mr. Rivers "stinks.")*

*Mr. Rivers then went to Europe, living in Paris for a few months, where he studied Old Masters, Courbet and Manet. After he returned, he painted "Washington Crossing the Delaware" (1953), a deadpan parody of the salon classic by Emanuel Leutze. He said he was stimulated by Tolstoy's retelling of a national epic in "War and Peace." "I wanted to take something corny and bring it back to life," he said.*

*It reintroduced to American painting a comic tone that the Abstract Expressionists conspicuously lacked. They were not amused. But the work, audacious and clever, the pigments dilute, the space diaphanous and indeterminate, in an ambiguous style that subtly honored past art and modernism while poking fun at both of them, was bought by the Modern and helped pave the way for Pop artists, and their irony, at the end of the 1950's.*

*Mr. Rivers was never strictly a Pop painter himself, however. His unconventionality was particularly idiosyncratic, with elements of underground camp, a touch of nostalgia and a sub-current of tragedy. He was a superb draftsman in the tradition of Degas or Manet, but*

*with an odd tendency toward bravado and self-parody. After "Washington Crossing the Delaware" he painted a lifesize homoerotic portrait of O'Hara nude with boots on. O'Hara was his friend, supporter, occasional lover and collaborator. (Mr. Rivers collaborated with various poets over the years.)*

*A favorite subject was his mother-in-law, Berdie Burger, nude, her flesh sagging, a Rubensian figure. Mr. Rivers said he felt competitive with the Old Masters. He wanted to prove he could paint figures as well as Gericault. His work spoke to old-fashioned ambitions thrust up against a modern world that seemed to have lost faith in them.*

*But it could be so extreme that it was not clear — not even to him, perhaps — whether the result was meant to be, as one critic put it, "therapeutic or traumatic." De Kooning in his obscure but precise way once said that looking at Mr. Rivers's art was "like pressing your face in wet grass," which summed up the mixture of sensations it could provoke.*

*In the 80's, when Mr. Rivers went into the hospital briefly after his heart started fibrillating, he imagined his obituary in The New York Times. "Will it begin at the bottom of the front page, `Genius of the Vulgar Dies at 63' " he asked, "continued inside with one of The Times's awful photos of me and the usual reference to the name my parents gave me?"*

*He was born Yitzroch Loiza Grossberg on Aug. 17, 1923, (although he also claimed to be born in 1925), to Jewish immigrants from the Ukraine. His father was a plumber who became the owner of a small trucking firm. Mr. Rivers recalled working for his father, pushing handcarts through the garment district. He studied piano and fell in love with jazz. A year before his bar mitzvah, he was playing the saxophone on the Borscht Belt circuit in the Catskills. Later, when a comic introduced him and his band as Larry Rivers and the Mudcats, he changed his name.*

*In 1942, over his family's objections, he enlisted in the United States Army Air Corps, and was inducted into the Army band, then honorably discharged because of a tremor in his left hand. He enrolled at Juilliard and studied composition in a class with Miles Davis. They would prepare for exams "by going outside to smoke some marijuana," he said. "We were convinced it would improve our hearing." Through Davis, who was living with Charlie Parker, he met other jazz musicians. He began to tour with various groups.*

*After the war, he married Augusta Burger, the mother of a toddler son, Joseph, whom he later adopted. They had another son, Steven, then divorced. Mr. Rivers raised the boys. O'Hara called the home he set up a "bohemian household" of "staggering complexity." It included Joseph, Steven and Augusta's mother, Berdie, his favorite model until she died in 1957. "She was very easy to live with," Mr. Rivers said. "Nothing threw her. I mean here she was from a very ordinary Jewish background, born in Harlem when Harlem was still Jews, and there were gay guys in my life, and black people and dope addicts, and she would say, `Oh, isn't he nice . . . he's nice . . . Tennessee Williams is nice.' "She was slightly mad."*

*He would return home to the Bronx, his sister Geri recalled (he quoted her in "What Did I Do?"), "in this long overcoat with his strange haircut, saying a lot of things no one understood, telling weird jokes without a punch line and using a lot of `hey man, you dig, man, go, man.' Mamma was beginning to learn how to read and write English in the Communist Party night school when Larry comes around talking black talk."*

*He needed odd jobs to support himself. Once, he became Jack Harris, Famous Artist, to demonstrate ballpoint pens at Hearns Department Store on 14th Street, and also worked as a messenger for Philip Rosenthal, an art-supply house on Broadway, making cashless transactions on the sly to keep his own studio well-stocked.*

*By the 60's, his reputation and notoriety at a peak, he was experimenting widely. The work could be vulgar or lofty. He made sculptures out of plaster casts and welded metal. His "Lampman Loves It" was a sculpture of a couple engaged in intercourse. He collaborated*

*with Jean Tinguely and Yves Klein in Europe. His paintings touched on racial issues, as in works like "The Last Civil War Veteran," "Lynching" and "Black Olympia." He once reconstructed a Harlem tenement front stoop with trash cans from which emanated taped screams and shouts of a family killing a rat.*

*He incorporated more and more everyday things, found objects and popular images into his art, famously using the Dutch Masters cigar box label, based on Rembrandt's "Syndics," in a 1960's series, but also complicating his work with stencils and other lettering devices.*

*His "History of the Russian Revolution" (1965) was a 33-foot, 76-panel project, which his sons helped him build, based on his reading of a biography of Trotsky, made up of boxes, paintings, drawings, a poem, an honor roll, lead pipes, wooden rifles and a machine gun. Mr. Rivers called it "the greatest painting-sculpture-mixed media of the 20th century, or the stupidest."*

*He went on to make images about the Holocaust, and homages to Hollywood. In the 1980's, he undertook a series after Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Staircase," did nine Op-Ed illustrations for The Times, including one of "Reagan Crossing the Caribbean" at the time of the war in Grenada, and, when commissioned to paint the story of the Jews from Moses to Theodore Herzl, produced the three-part "History of Matzo." "In Jewish history," he said, "there's a humorous way of looking at things."*

*Splitting his time between art and music, he played the saxophone with several bands in later years, touring successfully until he died. His daughter Gwynne sometimes sang with him. His East 13th Street Band made commercial recordings in the 80's and early 90's. His last group was called the Climax Band.*

*He is survived by Clarice, a Welsh-born teacher he married in 1961; they were separated but remained married and on friendly terms. He is also survived by their daughters, Gwynne Rivers and Emma Rivers, both of New York City, his sons, Joseph Rivers, of Pleasant Valley, N.Y., Steven Rivers, of Nyack, N.Y., and Sam Deshuk Rivers, his son with Daria Deshuk, a painter he lived with for 10 years. Both of them live in New York City. There are eight grandchildren.*

*His two sisters, Geri Block and Joan Gordon, both of Southampton, also survive him. For the last five years, he lived with Jeni Olin, a poet.*

*A critic once claimed that "the innovations of Rauschenberg and to a lesser degree Johns and the Pop artists are incomprehensible without Rivers." Maybe. It is at least true that Mr. Rivers helped bridge the gulf between Abstract Expressionism and the mass imagery of Pop. At a time when sly figure painting is now back in fashion, his early work seems remarkably fresh and prescient. His willingness to take chances was in the end perhaps his finest quality.*

*About his later unevenness, he said: "I keep shifting my interests. I can have a few months when I have visions of the Holocaust, and then, the next few months I'm suddenly doing something that might be considered trite. Like fashion. Though I really can't make much sense of it, except for the continuation of the absurd in art. "I go from this to that, and why be ashamed of it? It seems to me this is the human experience."*”

Send and receive

**825. — Jim Behrle** *15 Aug 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Larry Rivers (1923-2002)*

http://www.fi.muni.cz/~toms/PopArt/Biographies/rivers.html

Born in 1923 in the Bronx, New York, as Larry Grossberg. In 1940 he began a musical career as a jazz saxophonist and changed his name to Larry Rivers. In 1943 he was declared medically unfit for military service. Until 1945 he worked as a saxophonist in various jazz

bands in the New York area. In 1944-45 he studied theory of music and composition at the Juilliard School of Music, New York. His first encounter with fine art was through a musical motif based on a painting by Georges Braque. He began painting in 1945. In 1947-48 he studied at the Hans Hofmann School.

In 1948 he studied under William Baziotes at New York University and met Willem de Kooning. In 1949 he had his first one-man exhibition at the Jane Street Gallery, New York. In 1951 he graduated in art from New York University and met Jackson Pollock. His works were subsequently shown by John Myers until 1963. In 1952 he designed the stage set for Frank O'Hara's play "Try! Try!". In 1953 he completed Washington Crossing the Delaware. In 1954 he had his first exhibition of sculptures at the Stable Gallery, New York. In 1956 he began a series of large-format paintings and was included with ten other American artists in the IV.

Bienal Do Museu de Arte Moderna de São Paulo, Brazil. In 1958 he spent a month in Paris and played in various jazz bands. He also collaborated with the poet Kenneth Koch on the collection of picture-poems New York 1959-1960. In 1961 he married Clarice Price, an art and music teacher of Welsh extraction. In 1965 he had his first comprehensive retrospective in five important American museums. His final work for the exhibition was The History of the Russian Revolution. Until 1967 he was in London collaborating with Howard Kanovitz. In 1967 he became separated from his wife Clarice. He travelled in Central Africa and made the TV-documentary Africa and I with Pierre Gaisseau.

In 1969 he began to use spray cans, in 1970 the air brush, and later, video tapes. In 1972 he taught at the University of California in Santa Barbara. In 1973 he had exhibitions in Brussels and New York. In 1974 he finished his japan series. He was represented at the documenta "6", Kassel, in 1977. In 1978 he began his Golden Oldies Series, revising his own works of the fifties and sixties. In 1980-81 he was given his first European retrospective at Hanover, Munich and Berlin.

http://www.artcyclopedia.com/artists/rivers_larry.html

http://spaightwoodgalleries.com/Pages/Rivers.html

http://www.tibordenagy.com/artists/rivers.html

_____ Send and receive

**826. — Chris Stroffolino** *15 Aug 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Larry Rivers (1924-2002)*

One of Rivers' best (and to me most moving) performances was his intense heartfelt oration at O'Hara's funeral.... I only hope someone will do him similarly well....

c

**827. — Tenney Nathanson** *15 Aug 2002* ↑ **Register**

Chris

how do you know about this? I mean, where is it?

best,

**828. — William James Austin** *16 Aug 2002* ↑ **Register**

Sad news. Rivers was outrageous and I loved him for it. His Washington Crossing the Delaware remains one of my favorite pieces. Surrounded by abstractionists, Rivers, always the misanthrope, went the other way. A true innovator, he proved that referential painting could be reinvented. His hybrid, abstract/figurative, works placed him both inside and outside the pack. And a talented pack it was. For my money his work evinces the rarest of all aesthetic qualities—originality. Travel clean, Larry. Best, Bill

**829. — Michael Magee** *16 Aug 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Larry Rivers (1923-2002)*

I have Sam Hunter's giant and wonderful LARRY RIVERS book in front of me (picked it up thru Hamilton on remainder last year for 14 bucks!) Whatever problems art critics may have with him, Rivers always blows me away with his skill and, especially, his audacity. Even, for instance, in the period that produced such pieces as "Heroes of Chushingura" (which don't really do it for me) I'm knocked out by his willingness to try, it seems, *anything* - treating whatever happens in the course of art-making/thinking as revelation, to paraphrase Duncan. The proto-pop pieces of the 60s are, to my mind, more interesting than most pop art, since they treat popular materials the way a jazz musician might, integrating them with many other visual languages. It's this sort of polyvisual impulse which I keep returning to. Unofficial autobiography indeed! Another sad, but triumphant, departure. -m.

**830. — Alan Sondheim** *24 Aug 2002* ↑ **Register**
*212/1000 character essay*

-

212/1000 character essay

heaven earth black yellow :: is black, the cosmos are vast a desolate wasteland sun fills moon sets in west it's dusk from 7 to 9 morning constellations line up measure word, they spread out cold comes heat goes autumn harvesting winter hiding, concealing intercalary timing leftover residue becomes one tenth measurement of years so lu bamboo pitches shift position open clouds ascend, galloping, sending rain dew forms becoming frost gold gives birth beautiful water jade emanates Kun mountain summit double-edged dagger furiously named huge gate-tower pearl called light darkness treasure fruit plum apple many vegetables mustard ginger sea salted rivers fresh fishscales hidden depths feathers circling above fire dragon emperor teaching phoenix royal official men beginning making writing characters then uniforms, wearing robes clothing skirts expel throne yield country yao tang has predicted console people strike down guilty hold boundary talk and test with scalding trying case at court query way bequeath bow doubting sections love raise hosts leaders minister prostrate army barbarians near far reality ration guest returning cries white colt grazes there change covers grass weeds (vegetation) trust attain myriad (10,000) directions (square) [...] four great five name stands cause evil breathing public rectification fit dwell leisure ch'in 4-stringed instrument good wonderful question or problem gate as well

===

**831. — Ken Rumble** *30 Aug 2002* ↑ **Register**
*My Great....*

"My Great, Great, Great Grandfather, Josiah, Fights the Poney Gang"

"His toughest job was to lead the posse to clean up the Poney Gang, a group of white trash hoodlums who robbed, raped, and murdered the other white citizens. With peace established, Josiah became a successful farmer." - From an unpublished history of the Josiah Cowan York Sr. family by John York Rumble

Eye on the blood pooling
Trying not to see the dead man’s dark cavities through his slack mouth
(like a tunnelmouth where the road dives below rivers, bays, or cities
(never liked dead faces photos either
Blood between his forefinger and thumb rubbing it like a coin
(how? when?
Bowed floorboards popped up in places, dusty porch sloping towards the
southern exposure, dirt yard, dirt in the shack, dirt in their hair and
fingertips, now blood
(like in Gone with the Wind
Woman too, and abused, neither armed

(was the man kneeling? "execution style" the papers say these days
(he got them, of course, but how?

He: smoked a pipe
(probably, a common practice for gentility and he was — representative of the law,
blood of a revolutionary soldier, land/slaveowner
The Gang: poor, white, couldn't spell pony right
(bad combination

I look for him at the reunion, in dark windows
(how? no pictures, like repels like
I see some of me
but can't put my fingers on him
(as if touching makes the fiction real
The fingers of smoke in my lungs grew here,
geography he walked
(erosion took his footprints — I walk on turned earth two feet off
(on account of continental shift
("here" and "there" and "now" interchangeable

He got them, of course
(posse, guns, oily torches letting loose gusts of flame
(strange lynching white folk
(but how?
This story's easy
(with the dreamy edges of sitcom flashbacks
and weird because of the silly name
No Indian blood on the boots, no slave quarters out back
(he did both: made sure the Cherokee took the trail,
raised a whip more than likely, somewhere out there darker cousins
This face there too though

--Ken Rumble

**832. — Alan Sondheim** *13 Sep 2002* ↑ **Register**
*ongoing*

ongoing

heaven - earth - black - yellow :: is black, the cosmos - are vast - a desolate wasteland - sun fills - moon sets in west it's dusk - from 7 to 9 morning constellations - line up - measure word, they spread out cold -comes - heat - goes - autumn - harvesting - winter - hiding, concealing - intercalary timing - leftover residue - becomes one tenth - measurement of years - so lu - bamboo pitches - shift position - open - clouds - ascend, galloping, - sending - rain - dew - forms - becoming - frost - gold -gives birth - beautiful - water - jade - emanates Kun mountain - summit -double-edged dagger - furiously named - huge - gate-tower - pearl - called - light - darkness - treasure - fruit - plum - apple - many - vegetables -mustard - ginger - sea - salted - rivers - fresh - fishscales - hidden depths - feathers - circling above - fire - dragon - emperor - teaching -phoenix - royal - official - men - beginning - making - writing -characters - then - uniforms, wearing - robes < clothing - skirts expel -throne - yield - country - yao - tang - has - predicted - console - people - strike down - guilty - hold - boundary - talk - and test with scalding -trying case - at court - query - way - bequeath - bow - doubting -sections - love - raise hosts - minister - prostrate - army - barbarians -near - far - reality - ration - guest - returning cries - white - colt -grazes - there - change - covers - grass weeds - (vegetation) - trust -attain - myriad (10,000) - directions (square) - covering - person -issues - (giving to) - four - great - five - (is) normal - respect -(connector / alone) - rearing - children - flattering - destroys - injures - women - adore - chastity - unyielding - imitate - pleasing - genius -know - what passes - certainty - attainment - ability - never - neglect -deception - other - brief - disintegration - reliance - on self (self-reliance) - long - faith - cause should - be covered (protect your faith)

> tool (utensil) - desire - trouble - (quantity) measure-word - ink - (of) sorrow, sadness - (on silk) - printed (sadness stains poetry -praise small (lamb) - sheep (sheep) - view, scenery - lines - tied or lined-up - wisdom - restraint, conquering - study - makes (creates) - sage - benevolence - ... - name stands [...] - evil - breathing public -rectification - fit - dwell - leisure - ch'in - 4-stringed instrument -good - wonderful - question problem - gate - as well - ===
>
> ===

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# Peter Kowald

1944–2002

*2 messages · 2 hands*

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*German free-jazz double bassist, a founder of European free improvisation who played on Brötzmann's Machine Gun;* Machine Gun (Peter Brötzmann Octet) *(1968). Died heart attack in New York City.*

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**833. — cartograffiti** *25 Sep 2002* ↑ **Register**

*Peter Kowald obituary in NY Times*

I don't know how many other Kowald listeners there are on the list, but his music meant a lot to me and others here in the Bay Area, where his many visits were always generative — and generous — occasions.

> **834. — oranget** *26 Sep 2002* ↑ **Register**
>
> taylor,
>
> thanks for posting this. i was actually in downtown music gallery on e. 5th st in the village this past saturday afternoon, and one of the employees had been at the concert kowald was playing at in williamsburg the previous night. apparently kowa ld had either just moved to NYC or was seriously thinking about moving there permanently. anyway, they all went back to william parker and patricia nicholson's place, kowald was complaining of not feeling very well, had a heart attack and died.
>
> there's o f course many recordings on which one can appreciate kowald's wonderful playing, and i'm far from having or hearing them all. of course the 1968 landmark "machine gun" with the peter brotzmann octet. we can thank john corbett's unheard music series for b ringing back some of the most important schlippenbach recordings. one of the more recent ones that has really caught my attention is a trio recording with rashied ali and assif tsahar: kowald's bass is thick, full, and upfront, cutting through ali's shimm er-skitter trap drum set and tsahar's tenor and bass clarinet torsions. the final number has kowald's throat-singing as a chilling and powerful undercurrent.
>
> cheers,
> tom orange

---

# Charles Henri Ford

1908–2002

*5 messages · 4 hands*

*American Surrealist poet and editor of View magazine, co-author of the pioneering 1933 gay novel* The Young and Evil.

**835. — Harry Nudel** *27 Sep 2002* ↑ **Register**

*chalres henri ford*

Chales Henri Ford died last nite..master of scenes..stein/surreal/beat/warhol...ad parnassum..DRn...

**836. — Harry Nudel** *30 Sep 2002* ↑ **Register**

*Charles Henri Ford....*

bells flowers yips...incense rice oil...more photographers than mourners...sylvia miles, taylor mead, gerard, steve d., penny a., ira c., & two front rows of nepalese... Indra's bouncing daughter... a few speakers to say that the man 'who knew everyone' was known by know one..

'greenwich village' funeral home 199 Bleeker... where Gregory drew a bigger crowd a year or so ago...court etiquette was strictly enforced...from blues to view...to the end of the end of the avant-garde bizness...DRn..

**837. — Camille Martin** *30 Sep 2002* ↑ **Register**

*Charles Henri Ford - NY Times obituary*

Charles Henri Ford, 94, Prolific Poet, Artist and Editor, Is Dead

September 30, 2002

*"By ROBERTA SMITH*

*Charles Henri Ford, a poet, editor, novelist, artist and legendary cultural catalyst whose career spanned much of 20th-century modernism, died on Friday in Manhattan. He was 94 and lived in Manhattan and had a house in Katmandu.*

*Mr. Ford, who also had homes in Paris and on Crete for many years, was peripatetic, precocious, charismatic, multitalented and very productive. He said he was inspired by the multimedia career of Jean Cocteau and by Cocteau's description of himself as a poet in everything he does.*

*Mr. Ford was considered America's first Surrealist poet and, by some, a precursor of the New York School. His first poem appeared in The New Yorker while he was still a teenager; he eventually published 16 books of poetry. But he was also a co-writer, with his lifelong friend the writer and film critic Parker Tyler, of "The Young and Evil" (Paris, 1933), which many consider to be the first gay novel. The book, based on the author's adventures in Greenwich Village bohemia, was banned in the United States until the 1960's.*

*His most recent book is "Water From a Bucket; A Diary, 1948-1957" (Turtle Point Press, 2001), with an introduction by the writer Lynne Tillman. Mr. Ford also made paintings, drawing, collages and especially photographs, which he starting taking in the 1930's and first exhibited in Paris in 1954, as well as a single film, "Johnny Minotaur," whose premiere was in 1973. His photographs were shown most recently at the Leslie Tonkonow Gallery in Chelsea in 1997. In 1999 the Ubu Gallery in Manhattan organized a revelatory exhibition of his so-called Prose Poems from the mid-1960's - large, colorful word-strewn collages that combined elements of Concrete poetry and Pop Art and presaged image-text artists like Barbara Kruger.*

*But Mr. Ford was perhaps best known as the editor of two influential magazines. One was the little magazine Blues: A Magazine of New Rhythms, which he founded in 1929 while still living in Columbus, Miss., under his parents' roof. Its eight issues published the work of William Carlos Williams, Gertrude Stein, Edward Roditi and, for the first time, Paul Bowles and Erskine Caldwell. The other was View, the premier art and literature magazine of the 1940's, whose Surrealist and figurative focus made it the natural counterweight to the Abstract Expressionists being championed by Clement Greenberg in The Partisan Review and The Nation.*

*The simplest summation of Mr. Ford's life and work may be that he did exactly what he wanted, and seemingly knew everyone. "Out of the Labyrinth," a 1991 collection of his poems, is dedicated to 22*

*mostly familiar names. His friendships reached from Natalie Barney and Man Ray to Robert Mapplethorpe and Patti Smith. They included Djuna Barnes, whose novel, "Nightwood," he typed while they were staying with Bowles in Tangiers in 1932; and Andy Warhol, whom he introduced to underground film. In addition, there was the Russian émigré artist Pavel Tchelitchew, who was Mr. Ford's companion from 1933 until Tchelitchew's death in 1957.*

*Mr. Ford's preferred birth dates varied between 1909 and 1913. In fact, he was born Charles Henry Ford in 1908, in the Hazlehurst Hotel in Hazlehurst, Miss. (He later changed the spelling of his middle name because he disliked being asked if he was related to the automobile magnate.) His family owned hotels in Columbus, Miss., Fulton, Ky., Nacogdoches, Tex., and Memphis, and he spent much of his childhood moving among them with his parents and his younger sister, the actress Ruth Ford, who is his only survivor.*

*A Baptist, he was educated primarily in Catholic boarding schools, claiming to have been expelled from most of them. His editorial activities began in grammar school, where he produced a typewritten broadside called The Brass Monkey.*

*Stanley Braithwaite's anthology of magazine verse and Erza Pound's little magazine The Exile inspired him to start Blues, which led to correspondences with Pound, Stein, William Faulkner and Tyler, whom he joined in New York in 1930. There he met Barnes, whom he followed to Paris in 1931, where he met Tchelitchew in 1932.*

*Returning to the United States in 1939, Mr. Ford and Tchelitchew became part of a circle that included Virgil Thompson, George Balanchine, Paul Cadmus, George Platt Lynes, Monroe Wheeler and Lincoln Kirstein. In 1940, Mr. Ford teamed with Tyler again to start View, which became known for its visual éclat, eclectic mix of writers and emphasis on Surrealism and Neo-Romanticism, especially Tchelitchew's. Taking full advantage of the European Surrealists sitting out World War II in New York, View had stunning covers designed by Max Ernst, André Masson, Man Ray and Yves Tanguy, as well as Georgia O'Keeffe, Isamu Noguchi and Alexander Calder. It published the first English translations of Albert Camus and Jean Genet and the first monograph devoted to Marcel Duchamp.*

*During the final decades of Mr. Ford's life, his companion and chief collaborator was Indra Tamang, an artist whom he met in Katmandu in 1972. During the last decade, he wrote haiku and made collages every day. An exhibition titled "Alive and Kicking: the Collages of Charles Henri Ford" will open late next month at the Scene Gallery on Rivington Street on the Lower East Side; its organizers have no plans to change the title. Among his unpublished works are two early novels, several journals and a memoir of his youth titled "I Will Become What I Am," a phrase that reflects"*

**838. — Halvard Johnson** *30 Sep 2002* ↑ **Register**

*Two poems by Charles Henri Ford*

Somebody's Gone

There may be a basement to the Atlantic but there's no top-storey to my mountain of missing you.

I must say your deportment took a hunk out of my peach of a heart. I ain't insured against torpedoes! My turpentine tears would fill a drugstore.

May I be blindfolded before you come my way again if you've going to leave dry land like an amphibian; I took you for some kind of ambrosial bird with no thought of acoustics.

Maybe it's too late to blindfold me ever: I'm just a blotter crisscrossed with the ink of words that remind me of you.

Bareheaded aircastle, you were as beautiful as a broom made of flesh and hair.

When you first disappeared I couldn't keep up with my breakneck grief, and now I know how grief can run away with the mind, leaving the body desolate as a staircase.

The Overturned Lake

Blue unsolid tongue, if you could talk, the mountain would supply the brain; but mountains are mummies: the autobus and train, manmade worms, disturb their centuries. Tongue of a deafmute, the lake shudders, inarticulate.

You are like the mind of a man, too:
surface reflecting the blue day,
the life about you seemingly organized, revolving about you,
you as a center,

but I am concerned in your overthrow:
I should like to pick you up, as if you were a woman of water,
hold you against the light and see your veins flow
with fishes; reveal the animal-flowers that rise
nightlike beneath your eyes.

Noiseless as memory, blind as fear,
lake, I shall make you into a poem,
for I would have you unpredictable as the human body:
I shall equip you with the strength of a dream,
rout you from your blue unconscious bed,
overturn your unconcern,
as the mind is overturned by memory, the heart by dread.

--Charles Henri Ford

fr. *The Overturned Lake*, Little Man Press, 1941

in *English and American Surrealist Poetry*, ed.
Edward B. Germain, Penguin, 1978

Hal

Halvard Johnson

**839. — solipsis** *2 Nov 2002* ↑ **Register**
*(R)*

(R)*

within the circumference of the initial punctu(r)ation, duration of semantic foldings disembodied _____ turns in upon the ocean of its selves module upon module, fist upon fist, sex upon sex, integer upon integer, assembly upon assembly

multiple choice:

a. love
b. violence
c. sex
d. logic
e. image
f. word
d. other
e. all of thee above
e2. techne'

or fill in your own candidates:

f._____
g._____
h._____
i._____

Night Terrors...

they feed from nippled statuary, green veins throbbing in waxy bulbous cephalothorax from the waist down they are extruded from a furred jade socket, silver nodules whose surface cont(r)acts glow swhite hot to the builder cinema. a series of discrete frames is used to connote intelligence, in the total effect, a mimicry of textile prevails..

slung over its shoulder, the pond, the rough dirt road, the miniscule house where lambs chortle among the haggard boxes, indexes of various ignitions, agni ford, snow clupt. a bag on a stick, the rural whistle, the anonymous rows which fall to the moon mad typ&

Is your silhouette a palette of dried cities? Hosts of the denouement shout towards the tropical landing site..

Keep rowing, Jalswart! Mobion Nickelfurt! Clean its tongue with iodine and lace!

> Statue of a prophet from Henry VII's Chapel. 1503-1512. Stone. Westminster Abbey, London.
>
> Bare in mind the Doughnut is tilted jauntily, and the hanky means its, "his," mind has been blown, substituting silk for grue for silk grew, jes grew and grew, from the bodies of slaves and worms..
>
> the abject holes where life proceeds washrags, camel dung, William I, the Silent tiny golden sentences which writhe among the piles of doorknobs and diving bells.. colloidal mercury in the glass antlers
>
> a hand much too big for its body the tomb of alice the invisible bones of the chess ire ghat
>
> Special Thanks to Bernardo Buontalenti and his workshop and Kara Walker..
>
> "This year our float will symbolize heaven.." but we don't have any lions !yet! to pull it.. (pencil and watercolor) maybe we'll use yeti in grass skirts. or muleskinners with oboes.
>
> *Dedicated to George Boole: Born: 2 Nov 1815 in Lincoln, Lincolnshire, England Died: 8 Dec 1864 in Ballintemple, County Cork, Ireland

---

## Bob Cobbing

1920–2002

*6 messages · 4 hands*

*British sound and concrete poetry pioneer whose Writers Forum press published over a thousand small-press titles;* ABC in Sound *(1964). One forwarded announcement on the thread, about nothing, is omitted.*

**840. — Lawrence Upton** *29 Sep 2002* ↑ **Register**

*Bob Cobbing (1920 - 2002)*

I am sorry to tell you that Bob Cobbing died peacefully and painlessly at 3 a.m. this morning

Jennifer and some of his children were with him.

Jennifer just gave me the news, and it was she who said that it was so calm for him

She agrees that everyone must know; but I think she wants time to herself. She spoke of it being *some *days before she makes the next necessary steps.

She is very tired as you can imagine; and, if I may take it on myself to ask, I think it would be better if she weren't phoned now. Her son is with her.

Write, do write; I'm sure she'd like that

As I know more, I will let you know.

Writers Forum continues. The workshop continues. And arrangements have been made for the care of Bob's work. More on all that in due course. But for now a necessary pause...

all best to all

L

> **841. — lewis lacook** *29 Sep 2002* ↑ **Register**
>
> ===this is indeed a sad event===cobbing was a dynamo in his own work as well as in promoting great poetry===he will be sorely missed==bliss Lewis LaCook

New DSL Internet Access from SBC & Yahoo!

**842. — Lawrence Upton** *1 Oct 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Bob Cobbing*

Apologies for cross-posting

Re the death of Bob Cobbing

The Writers Forum website -now at http://pages.britishlibrary.net/writersforum/ - is being updated; and it is planned to put information there about forthcoming celebrations of Bob and so on, when it is available (Subsequently, it is intended to make it as comprehensive as possible a record of WF publications - it's already well on the way)

Give it an hour or two, maybe a day, the changed files haven't yet been uploaded

There will also be email announcements on some lists, but it is assumed that the great majority on *this list will not be able to do anything with detailed information about events happening in London; and we're anxious not to clutter lists

Anyone who does want to hear full details could let us know by emailing

L

**843. — Lawrence Upton** *7 Oct 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Writers Forum Information*

This is an invitation from Adrian Clarke and Lawrence Upton to join "WFInformation", an emailing list established following the death of Bob Cobbing.

WFInformation will inform you of

(1) New publications, and availability of existing publications, from Writers Forum

(2) Dates and locations of WF Workshops [WF Information replaces the postal notifications which have been sent previously]

(3) Other WF activities and events related to the life and work of Bob Cobbing

Simply send a blank email message to.

Topica will reply to you and you must then reply to them. (This is a device to ensure you cannot be signed up by someone else as a terribly amusing joke.) Sending an "empty" reply will do - full details are sent to you in Topica's initial response

Apologies for duplication by similar or identical versions of this note. Initial mailings will undoubtedly duplicate in some cases during the first day

Adrian Clarke Lawrence Upton

**844. — mIEKAL aND** *9 Oct 2002* ↑ **Register**
*SOME TRIBUTES TO BOB COBBING*

here are some very heart-felt & poetically detailed accounts about a man who spent the last 40+ years arousing community, experimentation, & networking into an invented lifestyle choice...

**845. — Lanny Quarles** *19 Oct 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Magnus Irvin's piece about Bob Cobbing:*

Magnus Irvin's piece about Bob Cobbing: An insert w/ the London Institute of Pataphysics Activity Bulletin

# Norman O. Brown

1913–2002

*3 messages · 3 hands*

*American classicist who read Freud against Freud and produced two books that were passed hand to hand through the 1960s —* Life Against Death *(1959) and* Love's Body *(1966) — arguing for the resurrection of the body against the discipline of history. He taught at Wesleyan, Rochester and Santa Cruz, and was eighty-nine. A press release, forwarded whole. three messages follow, and the thread becomes a seminar on* Love's Body *— the list's habitual way of mourning a thinker.*

**846. — mIEKAL aND** *7 Oct 2002* ↑ **Register**

*Norman O. Brown dies at age 89*

Renowned scholar and author Norman O. Brown dies at age 89 FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

SANTA CRUZ, CA—Norman O. Brown, professor emeritus of humanities at the University of California, Santa Cruz, and author of Life Against Death and Love's Body, died October 2 at his residence in Santa Cruz, California. He was 89.

Brown's influential scholarship and teaching encompassed the classics, theology, history, psychology, sociology, and literature, among other disciplines. "He was a liberating, visionary scholar, the successor in the 20th century to Blake and to Nietzsche," said Jerome Neu, professor of philosophy at UC Santa Cruz and a longtime colleague of Brown.

When Brown's prize-winning book Life Against Death: The Psychoanalytical Meaning of History (1959) was published, Lionel Trilling called it "the best interpretation of Freud that I know." It was internationally acclaimed, ranking on the London Observer's list of best nonfiction books.

"Until I wrote Life Against Death, I was a perfect sleeper," Brown said in a 1970 interview. "But when I learned to interpret my dreams, the power of sleep was taken from me. Freud said he came to disturb the sleep of the world. In my case, he succeeded."

Life Against Death disturbed Brown in another way as well. It attracted a wide following among the 1960s activist generation of American students, creating unwelcome notoriety for a man who considered himself not a radical or a revolutionary, but rather a scholar and teacher. An attempt at a psychoanalysis of history, Life Against Death brought Brown fame in a variety of contexts, including the European intellectual community and the American counterculture. In 1966, Time magazine ranked Life Against Death "as one of the underground books that undergraduates feel they must read to be with it."

It was this kind of celebrity that Brown shied away from, and in describing his next book, Love's Body (1966), Brown said, "I did feel.some kind of obligation to undo what I had done in Life Against Death. I wanted to release any followers I had acquired.I don't want to be a leader."

Known to friends, colleagues, and students as "Nobby," Brown was born in Mexico and educated in Europe; he trained in classics at Oxford University. "I wanted to go straight to the heart of the dynamo," was how Brown explained his decision to do graduate studies in America. After getting a Ph.D. in classics at the University of Wisconsin, he began teaching at Nebraska Wesleyan University.

His academic career was interrupted by World War II, during which Brown worked as a research analyst for the Office of Strategic Services. He returned to teaching after the war, chairing the Classics Department at Wesleyan University in Connecticut and then moving to the University of Rochester, where he was a professor of classics and comparative literature. He also published his first book, Hermes the Thief (1947), a sociological interpretation of mythology, greatly influenced by Marx.

Brown joined the faculty at UCSC in 1968 as a fellow of Cowell College and was appointed a Professor of Humanities, the only UCSC faculty member ever given that title. "I believe Norman O. Brown was the most distinguished faculty member in the history of UCSC. Certainly he was a model of what a teacher, a colleague, and an engaged intellectual should be," said Neu.

Brown taught a variety of courses, mostly through the History of Consciousness Department, until his retirement in 1981. His last two books were Closing Time (1973), and Apocalypse and/or Metamorphosis (1991), a collection of essays he had written over the course of 30 years.

Brown was known for his erudite and imaginative lecture style, which was often poetic. Speaking at a UCSC commencement in 1984, he told the new graduates: "It is not a matter of having a soul, or of saving it, but more actively a matter of soul-making. The soul is creative and must create itself: it is the creative imagination."

Brown is survived by his wife of 64 years, Elizabeth P. Brown; his sons Stephen and Thomas; daughters Rebecca and Susan; grandsons Alex Brown and Jeremy Gussin; and granddaughters Lisa Brown, Meika Scott-Brown, and Sara Gussin.

A celebration of the life of Norman O. Brown will take place on Saturday, October 19, at 3 p.m. in a location to be determined.

> **847. — Joseph Safdie** *7 Oct 2002* ↑ **Register**
>
> Thanks Miekal . . . but this is very sad news indeed.
>
> Nobby was an incredible human being — wise, learned, yet always impish and spritely. I was fortunate enough to be a student of his at UC Santa Cruz, absolutely one of my formative experiences as a poet . . . (if such things happen anymore, or can be categorized as such).
>
> When students signed up for his History of Consciousness class at UC Santa Cruz in the fall of 1973, none of them, I think, were prepared for an intensive reading of Pound's *Cantos* (it was a two-quarter class, the second being readings in Olson and Duncan); the final assignment for the class was to write our own cantos. I still remember, as if it were yesterday, one of his rambling lectures about why there were two myths of Dionysus' birth . . . at one point he stopped talking and walked to the window and looked out, the class completely hushed . . . and he said "Greece is a long way from Monterey Bay" . . .
>
> After I'd graduated, I kept in touch, and at one point wrote him a long rambling (stoned) letter after re-reading everything he'd written, and demanded at the end "Where are your poems?" (The last line of *Love's Body" is "All is a metaphor, there is only poetry"). He was

> unbearably gracious, writing back that "perhaps, one day" he would have some poems to show; it was the most gentle come-uppance I think I've ever received.
>
> His last book, *Apocaclypse and/or Metamorphosis" (mentioned in that obituary) contains some amazing essays about Islam (which he decided to "do" after the Iranian hostage crisis in 1979), as well as reflections about socialist politics and poetry after the fall of the Berlin Wall (heavy on Zukofsky). It's well-worth checking out, as are his previous books . . .
>
> God, it hurts. He was wonderful.

**848.** **— Wystan Curnow** *8 Oct 2002* ↑ **Register**

Thank you, Joe. Before he went to UC Santa Cruz Nobby Brown was teaching at University of Rochester, when I got my first job there. The English Department was OK but the History Department, which is where he taught, as well as Psychology, was exceptional. Hayden White also moved to Santa Cruz from that Department. I never got to know Brown as well as I would have liked—if I had been a student my awe would have had somewhere to go—,but lunched with him a few times, and hung out with the historians. He was an great inspiration to someone like me who wanted to work the disciplinary interstices. Wystan

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## William Packard

1933–2002

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American poet, playwright and teacher who founded and edited the poetry magazine The New York Quarterly;* Collected Poems *(2001). Died in NYC.*

**849.** **— Sylvester Pollet** *23 Nov 2002* ↑ **Register**

*William Packard 1933-2002*

I haven't seen any notice here of Bill Packard's death, so I guess I'll post the announcement. He died at home in his apartment in NYC Nov. 3, 2002. Packard was a poet, playwright, novelist, teacher, perhaps best known as the founder/editor of The New York Quarterly. He started that in 1969, and died just two days after getting out Issue 58. There will be a public memorial service in New York ( Nov. 23, 7:30) at the 92nd St. Y, where he was the host of the famous reading series. His family asks that in lieu of flowers contributions to be made to NYQ. Issue 59 will be dedicated to remembrance of Packard and his work. Sylvester Pollet

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## Mal Waldron

1925–2002

*5 messages · 5 hands*

*American jazz pianist and composer of the standard* Soul Eyes*, Billie Holiday's last regular accompanist. Dead in a hospital in Brussels.*

**850.** **— Ron Silliman** *3 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**

*Mal Waldron*

Today we received this very sad news from Hugo de Craen:

Dear friends

Last night Mal Waldron died in a hospital in Brussels. He was quite sick lately. In September they diagnosed cancer. Mal remained optimistic and made a lot of plans for the future. His death yesterday still came unexpectedly. We will miss him, his music and his jokes. Please inform others which are not on this mailing list.

Hugo de Craen

Now, his quote in his last record seems despairingly lucid: "measured against eternity / our life span is very short"

**851.** **— Pierre Joris** *3 Dec 2002* **↑ Register**

This morning this sad news in via the _Senators_ list (that's the Steve Lacy list, nothing to do with an old baseball team or current DC cowards):

Check out some of his recordings:

http://www.fantasyjazz.com/catalog/waldron_m_cat.html

Pierre

_____
+ Freedom for the people of the Social Forum arrested in Italy /
Libertà per
i compagni del Social Forum arrestati in Italia

**852.** **— Nick Piombino** *5 Dec 2002* **↑ Register**

Today, WKCR is playing Mal Waldron recordings all day in a memorial to that terrific composer and jazz musician who just died. I remembered that he is mentioned in a classic poem by Frank O'Hara and thought it was from -Poem-in which he writes "Lana Turner has collapsed!" But, of course, it is from

THE DAY LADY DIED

It is 12:20 in New York a Friday three days after Bastille day, yes it is 1959 and I go get a shoeshine because I will get off the 4:19 in Easthampton at 7:15 and then go straight to dinner and I don't know the people who will feed me

I walk up the muggy street beginning to sun and have a hamburger and a malted and buy an ugly NEW WORLD WRITING to see what the poets in Ghana are doing these days I go on to the bank and Miss Stillwagon (first name Linda I once heard) doesn't even look up my balance for once in her life and in the GOLDEN GRIFFIN I go get a little Verlaine for Patsy with drawings by Bonnard although I do think of Hesiod, trans. Richard Lattimore or Brendan Behan's new play or Le Balcon or Les Negres of Genet, but I don't, I stick with Verlaine after practically going to sleep with quandariness

and for Mike I just stroll into the PARK LANE Liquor Store and ask for a bottle of Strega and then I go back to where I came from to 6th Avenue and the tobacconist in the Ziegfield Theatre and casually ask for a carton of Gauloises and a carton of Picayunes, and a NEW YORK POST with her face on it

and I am sweating a lot by now and thinking of leaning on the john door in the 5 SPOT while she whispered a song along the keyboard to Mal Waldron and everyone and I stopped breathing

-

I can't believe it is only today that I completely understood the point of O'Hara evoking all these details of the moment he learned Billie Holiday died. Of course it comes from the nearly universal experience of never forgetting, including the permanent retaining of some vivid visual memories, the day we experience a crucial trauma as in, of course, the classic knowing

where you were at the moment of learning of a great public tragedy- such as the unforgettably upsetting day John Lennon was murdered.

Nick

**853. — Michael Magee** *5 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**

Nick, Thanks for this. I played Waldron's fantastic "Fire Waltz" for my students today - O'Hara was, I'm pretty sure, there to hear it at the Five Spot in 1961 (it coincided w/ a benefit that weekend for the Floating Bear.) Incidentally, for anyone who might be interested, my article "Tribes of New York: Frank O'Hara, Amiri Baraka and the Poetics of the Five Spot" (in Contemporary Literature 42.4) includes a reading of "The Day Lady Died" where I argue for Waldron's importance to the poem - that he figures there not just as Holiday's sometime piano man but, truer to his actual role in the GV scene, as an important player in the new jazz avant-garde, accompanying Dolphy, Booker Little, Mingus and Steve Lacy among others during that period when O'Hara was a Five Spot regular.

-m.

**854. — Tenney Nathanson** *5 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**

someone probably mentioned this already, but one terrific Mal Waldron album is "The Quest" (which includes the beautiful "Warm Canto")—Waldron is the leader and Dolphy is one of the side-men. Predictably, the album was later "re-issued" as an Eric Dolphy album (I forget its name). This isn't, of course, meant as a slam of Dolphy . . .

mailto: mailto: http://www.u.arizona.edu/~nathanso/tn

---

## Ivan Illich

1926–2002

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*Austrian priest, philosopher and social critic of modern institutions whose* Deschooling Society *attacked compulsory education. Died at his home in Bremen, Germany.*

**855. — J. Kuszai** *4 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**

*from nytimes.com: Ivan Illich, 76, Philosopher Who Challenged Status Quo, Is Dead*

the flags at factory school are flying upside down.

--- begin forwarded text

Ivan Illich, 76, Philosopher Who Challenged Status Quo, Is Dead

December 4, 2002

> *"By DOUGLAS MARTIN*
>
> *Ivan Illich, a onetime Roman Catholic priest who, through a steady flow of books and articles preached counterintuitive sociology to a disquieted baby-boom generation, died on Monday at his home in Bremen, Germany. He was 76.*
>
> *Celia Samerski, a student of his at the University of Bremen, said the specific cause of death was not known. She said he also had a home in Cuernavaca, Mexico.*
>
> *Mr. Illich was perhaps best known for his 1971 book, "De-Schooling Society," which protested mandatory public education and the institutionalization of learning. Along with works like Paul Goodman's, "Growing Up Absurd: Problems of Youth in the Organized Society," published in 1960, it provided grist for a society's growing ambivalence about educational institutions and much else.*

*Mr. Illich was a priest who thought there were too many priests, a lifelong educator who argued for the end of schools and an intellectual sniper from a perch with a wide view. He argued that hospitals cause more sickness than health, that people would save time if transportation were limited to bicycles and that historians who rely on previously published material perpetuate falsehoods.*

*His intellectual ordnance of anarchist panache, hatred of bureaucracy, Jesuitic argumentation, deep reverence for the past and watered-down Marxism, was applied to many targets, including relations between the sexes. More often than not, his conclusions were startling: he thought life was better for women in pre-modern times.*

*Critics often picked holes in his complex, verbose arguments, but not a few hailed them as illuminating critiques of large problems. Anatole Broyard, writing in The New York Times in 1971, said that his nitpicks were "like criticizing the grammar of someone who has just delivered a speech that gave us goose pimples."*

*But after his 1970's heyday, interest in Mr. Illich's ideas appeared to wane. Speaking invitations declined, and even some that still came dripped with nostalgia: Mayor Jerry Brown of Oakland, who was called Governor Moonbeam when he was governor of California and consorted with out-of-the-box thinkers like R. Buckminster Fuller and Mr. Illich, invited him to a conference in 2000.*

*By 1989, Mr. Broyard wrote in an article about winnowing books from his library that he would "especially" discard Mr. Illich's works.*

*Mr. Illich was born on Sept. 4, 1926, in Vienna. He is survived by two brothers, Micha, of Manhattan. and Sascha, of Nantucket, Mass.*

*His father, a civil engineer, descended from Dalmatian royalty. His mother was a Sephardic Jew, and Ivan was expelled from a school in Vienna in 1941 because of her background. He went on to study in Florence and Rome and in Salzburg, where he wrote his doctoral dissertation on the historian Arnold Toynbee.*

*Mr. Illich came to the Washington Heights neighborhood of Manhattan in 1952 after being ordained as a priest in Rome. He particularly attended to the needs of Puerto Ricans, helping establish an employment agency among other things. In an interview with The New Yorker magazine in 1970, the Rev. John Connolly, one of his colleagues, called him "their Babe Ruth."*

*The article said that early in his career as a priest, Father Illich began to criticize the church for "its smugness, its bureaucracy and its chauvinism." But his energy and intellect propelled him to the position of vice rector of the Catholic University of Ponce in Puerto Rico. He was forced out in 1960 for opposing the local bishop's forbidding of Catholics to vote for a governor who advocated state-sponsored birth control.*

*After being recalled briefly to New York, he was assigned to Cuernavaca, a small city 50 miles west of Mexico City where he established the Intercultural Center for Documentation to teach priests and laymen who wanted to become Latin American volunteers.*

*Mr. Illich's criticisms of church doctrine ranged beyond his advocacy of birth control, and in 1969 he was branded "politically immoral" by the Vatican and left the priesthood.*

*Among other things, he disagreed with the church policy of increasing the number of priests in Latin America. He believed that the church could be revived only by lay people, a populist view that he later applied first to education and then to other institutions. "Illich is not against schools or hospitals as such, but once a certain threshold of institutionalization is reached, schools make people more stupid, while hospitals make them sick," wrote Matthias Finger and Jose Manuel Asu'n in "Adult Education at the Crossroads: Learning Our Way Out" (Zed Books, 2001). "And more generally, beyond a certain threshold of institutionalized*

> *expertise, more experts are counterproductive - they produce the counter effect of what they set out to achieve," they continued.*
>
> *Mr. Illich's sweeping conclusions struck some readers as too sweeping, and others as plain wrong. Peter Sparkman in The New York Times Book Review in 1971 criticized "De-Schooling Society" as not only "a mind-bending litany of abstraction" but as a distraction from schools' all too real problems. He called it "an exceedingly bad book written by an exceedingly good man."*
>
> *But Mr. Illich relished surprise, and his ideas almost always did. "We must have a sarcastic readiness for all surprises," he said in The New Yorker interview, "including the ultimate surprise of death." http://www.nytimes.com/2002/12/04/obituaries/04ILLI.html?ex=&ei=1&enû19d8c0bd5dfd5f*
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**856. — cris cheek** *4 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**

> *"the flags at factory school are flying upside down.*
> *--- begin forwarded text"*

upside down and forwarded
how could anybody ever tell
the appropriateness of such
a gesture
billy
from the correct orientation
and deleted
?

---

# Philip Berrigan

1923–2002

*5 messages · 4 hands*

> *American Catholic priest and peace activist jailed some eleven years for antiwar actions like the Catonsville Nine draft-record burning;* the Catonsville Nine action *(1968). Dead of liver and kidney cancer at Jonah House.*

**857. — Halvard Johnson** *7 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**

*RIP: Philip Berrigan (1923-2002)*

from Reuters—

December 7, 2002 U.S. Anti - War Activist Berrigan Dies at 79

> *"By REUTERS*

*Filed at 10:33 a.m. ET*

*BALTIMORE (Reuters) - Philip Berrigan, a former priest who was at the forefront of the American anti-war movement for the past four decades, died late Friday, the Baltimore Sun reported. He was 79.*

*Berrigan, died of liver and kidney cancer at Jonah House, a communal living facility for war resisters in the Baltimore suburb of Catonsville, the newspaper reported on its Web site on Saturday.*

*The former Roman Catholic priest who was ordained in 1955, gained national prominence when he led a group of Vietnam War protesters who become known as the Catonsville Nine, in staging one of the most dramatic protests of the 1960s.*

*The group, which included his brother Daniel, a Jesuit priest, doused homemade napalm on a small bonfire of draft records in a Catonsville, Maryland, parking lot and ignited a generation of anti-war dissent. More recently he helped found the Plowshares movement, whose members have attacked federal military property in anti-war and anti-nuclear protests and were then often imprisoned.*

*In a final statement released by his family, he said, ``I die with the conviction, held since 1968 and Catonsville, that nuclear weapons are the scourge of the earth; to mine for them, manufacture them, deploy them, use them, is a curse against God, the human family, and the earth itself.''*

*Berrigan persistently and publicly criticized the Vietnam War and U.S. foreign and domestic policy and his defiant protests led him to serve some 11 years in jail and prison.*

*Howard Zinn, professor emeritus at Boston University who maintained a friendship with Berrigan through the years because they had similar views, called him ``one of the great Americans of our time,'' the Baltimore Sun said. ``He went to prison again and again and again for his beliefs,'' said Zinn.*

*Berrigan saw his protests as ``prophetic acts'' based on the Biblical injunction to beat swords into plowshares.*

*In his most recent clash in December 1999, Berrigan and others banged on A-10 Warthog warplanes in an anti-war protest at an Air National Guard base. He was convicted of malicious destruction of property and sentenced to 30 months. He was released on Dec. 14 last year.*

*His first arrest came in the early 1960's during a civil rights protest in Selma, Alabama.*

*Philip Francis Berrigan was born Oct. 5, 1923, in Two Harbors, Minnesota.*

*Hal*

*Halvard Johnson*”

**858. — richard.tylr** *8 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Philip Berrigan (1923-2002) Brave Man*

His brother wrote poetry as well. I read it when I was looking for Ted Berrigan's work. Hi poetry was good: he was also in jail ? I think that's correct. A brave man.

Richard Taylor.

“*-from Reuters dramatic protests of the 1960s.*

*The group, which included his brother Daniel, a Jesuit priest, doused homemade napalm on a small bonfire of draft records in a Catonsville, Maryland, parking lot and ignited a generation of anti-war dissent. More recently he helped found the Plowshares movement, whose members have attacked federal military property in*

*to serve some 11 years in jail and prison.*”

**859.** **— Halvard Johnson** *7 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**

Actually, I believe that both Berrigan brothers (Philip and Daniel) wrote poetry, though Daniel was better known for his. I was looking around for some poems by Philip, but haven't found any as yet.

Both brothers (and others in their families) did jail time. Some years ago, I read that in the Berrigan circle there were family conferences before various demonstrations to decide who was *not* going to jail and would stay home to take care of kids, etc.

The Catonsville 9, the Harrisburg 7, and other such groups included others besides the Berrigan brothers, of course. I have trouble remembering the numbers because I remember so well seeing the two brothers there in the photos.

**860.** **— schwartzgk** *8 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**

And there's another brother, Jerry Berrigan, who also write poetry, was also a priest, and was also involved in some of the activities of the sixties, but moreover has been more active in the Catholic Worker movement, having worked with Dorothy Day in Syracuse and elsewhere.

**861.** **— Bianchi** *8 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**

for those of us who are Catholics, Progressives and Poets the Berrigans were as important as Merton, or Dorothy Day, or many others. In the great and good things that happened after the Second Vatican Council and before the current darkness in Rome crushed them the Berrigans were a light and they along with Father Jose Cardenal, Dom Helder Camarra, Dorothy Day and Thomas Merton gave us all hope.

---

# Joe Strummer

1952–2002

*32 messages · 21 hands*

*British punk musician, co-founder, lyricist and lead vocalist of the Clash, makers of* London Calling*, later leader of the Mescaleros, inducted with the Clash into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame. Died at his home in Somerset.*

**862.** **— Anastasios Kozaitis** *23 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**

*London's Calling*

Joe Strummer died last night. Cause of death unknown. London's Calling, indeed.

Johnny Appleseed

Lord, there goes Johnny Appleseed He might pass by, in the hour of need, There's a lot of souls...ain't drinking from no well, Locked in a factory, Hey look there goes, hey look there goes, If you're after getting the honey, Then you don't go killing all the bees, Lord, there goes, Martin Luther King, Notice how the door closes When the chimes of freedom ring? I hear what you're saying... I hear what he's saying... If you're after getting the honey, Then you don't go killing all the bees, That's what the people are saying, And we know every road...go! go! That's what the people are saying, There ain't no berries on the trees... Let the summertime sun, Fall on the apple, fall on the apple... Lord, there goes a Buick Forty-Nine, Black sheep of the angels riding Riding down the line, We think there is a soul...we don't know, That soul is hard to find, Hey! Down along the road, Down along the road...Hey! If you're after getting the honey... Then you don't

go killing all the bees, Hey! It's what the people are saying There ain't no berries on the trees... You came to skim off the honey, baby, And you had to go killin' all the bees.

--Joe Strummer

> *"LONDON (Reuters) - Joe Strummer, frontman with the Clash whose 1979 track "London Calling" exploded as one of punk's biggest anthems, has died at the age of 50, a spokesman said on Monday.*
>
> *The singer, guitarist and songwriter died at his home in Somerset, western England of unknown causes. "We do not yet know the cause of death, but we believe it was not suspicious and that he passed away peacefully. An autopsy will be forthcoming," the spokesman said.*
>
> *Born John Graham Mellor in Ankara, Turkey, Strummer's talents propelled him from busting on the London Underground to fame with the Clash, who with the Sex Pistols came to define the in-your-face sound and style of 1970s British punk.*
>
> *Until they split in the 1980s, the Clash produced a catalog of punk classics, including "Career Opportunities" and "Should I Stay or Should I Go?," distilling the depression, anger and energy of 1970s Britain.*
>
> *But they transcended the three-chord aggression to deliver messages of anti-racism and social consciousness.*
>
> *Strummer, the son of a British diplomat, wrote many of the band's biggest hits. "He was one of the most important figures in modern British music, a powerful performer and a wordsmith on the same level as Bob Dylan," said Pat Gilbert, editor of British music magazine Mojo "His music had compassion and vision, backed with an agenda to change the world for the better...I was shocked to hear of his death," he told Reuters.*
>
> *Sometimes described as rebels with a cause, the Clash fused a variety of musical styles — reggae, dub, funk and even rap — with a political message that brought punk to the mainstream and also found big success in the U.S. market.*
>
> *In 1976 Strummer met a then 23-year-old guitarist Mick Jones and linked up with bassist Paul Simonon and drummer Terry Chimes. As the Clash, the quartet made an immediate and explosive impact in Britain.*
>
> *Rolling Stone magazine called their 1977 eponymous debut "The definitive punk album."*
>
> *Follow-ups "Give 'Em Enough Rope" (1978), and "London Calling" (1979) also became instant punk classics. After The Clash split, a tireless Strummer stayed center stage with a variety of projects, dabbling in acting and writing music for films.*
>
> *More recently, Strummer toured with a new band, the Mescaleros, and played a benefit concert with Mick Jones in November, reuniting with his partner in punk for the first time in nearly 20 years.*
>
> *At the time of his death, Strummer was collaborating with U2's Bono and Dave Stewart, formerly of the Eurythmics, on an AIDS awareness track. "The Clash are to be inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame next year and there was hope that there would be a reunion and a tour...this must be especially sad for their fans," Gilbert said.*
>
> *His death is a double blow for punk fans still mourning the fatal drug overdose in June of singer Dee Dee Ramone from legendary American band the Ramones.*
>
> *Strummer is survived by his wife, two daughters and one stepdaughter."*

**863.** **— Frank Sherlock** *23 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Joe Strummer*

Joe Strummer, founder & spirit of The Clash- is dead. He was 50 years old.

**864.** **— laura oliver** *23 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**

Joe Strummer, founder & spirit of The Clash- is dead. He was 50 years old. How?

**865.** **— Frank Sherlock** *23 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**

Strummer died in his sleep- presumably a heart attack. A suspicious death has been ruled out.

Frank

**866.** **— Jim Behrle** *23 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Joe Strummer (1952-2002)*

Death or Glory

Every cheap hood strikes a
Bargain with the world
And ends up making payments on a
Sofa or a Girl
Love 'n' hate tattooed across the knuckles of
His hands
The hands that slap his kids around cos they don't
understand...
How death or glory becomes just another story

'N' every gimmick hungry yob digging gold from rock n' roll
Grabs the mike to tell us he'll die before he's sold
But I believe in this--and it's been tested by research
That he who fucks nuns will later join the church

From every dingy basement on every dingy street
I hear every dragging handclap over every dragging feet
That's just the beat of time--The beat that must go on
If you been trying for years--Then we already heard your song

**867.** **— Allen Bramhall** *24 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**
*light enough to be special*

hey check out my attention span, the fine grain of where I come from. and my participation, which is the sound of my thumb, on the book or door, your languor seeing my quotient. listen, I've got to reread my own mess. did I show details just now or was I yawning? there's no difference between the two but I've got to make a point. I know about Joe Strummer, and I know where I am. in my career, that is: I've got quality. I've got a voice and plan to remain votive. in the votive booth, that is. this is my ear. every year, I listen for the manifest. it is trumpet, or screw up, who cares now? I've got a target audience, and you know about squids. in our combined diction, something must fail. let that failure be your career, mine has too much moxie. I am telling you straight. I've been at it and arraigned. I've been attached to a square, basically. I will shower recently, then let all reports fall mute. that's going the long route but believe me, the noise will be peculiar. this is the attachment to the last message, there is something in my ear. still. it is my latest attention span, such as space inheres with. alas, provocative paint spatter in the inkling of morning, can you spell my name correctly? neither can I.

**868.** **— George Bowering** *24 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Joe Strummer*

Did people here actually recognize the name Joe Strummer?

**869. — Stephen Vincent** *24 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**

Let go the strings, whip up the reins, and let the deer launch -absolutely.

> *absolutely*
> *----- Original Message -----*
> *Did people here actually recognize the name Joe Strummer?*

**870. — Alan Sondheim** *24 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**

Of course -

Alan

> *Did people here actually recognize the name Joe Strummer?*

**871. — Robert Corbett** *24 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**

yessirree.

> *Let go the strings, whip up the reins, and let the deer launch -*
> *absolutely.*
> *on 12/24/02 3:26 PM, Duration Press at wrote:*
> *absolutely*
> *----- Original Message -----*
> *Did people here actually recognize the name Joe Strummer?*

**872. — Michael Broder** *25 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**

Are you kidding? The only time I ever stayed out all night on line in front of a box office was to get tickets to see The Clash at Bonds in 1980...something. I actually don't remember the year for sure, but it was the Sandinista tour.

So, yeah, we poets and poeticists certainly know who Joe Strummer was.

Michael

> -
> *UB Poetics discussion group wrote:*
> *On Behalf Of*
> *Did people here actually recognize the name Joe Strummer?*

**873. — George Bowering** *24 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**

Oh yeah? I couldnt keep straight who were the Clash, the Cars or the Police. I could always tell when it was Charles Tyler, though.

**874. — George Bowering** *24 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**

> *"washington bullets"*
> *--*
> *David Golumbia*

Before that they were the Baltimore Bullets. Now they are the washington Wizards.

**875. — Andrew Felsinger** *24 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**

Funny... the zombies of death draw another breath

> *"washington bullets"*

**876. — Mark DuCharme** *25 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**

George B, which Clash album do you need me to copy for you?

Billy Bragg (another leftist British singer/songwriter I admire) wrote a fairly articulate eulogy which appeared yesterday on Yahoo. Did any of you see it? He hit the nail on the head: without Strummer, the Clash wouldn't have been political, & without the Clash in that role punk wouldn't have been political. (It still sorta wasn't, I sez, but it's hard to

overestimate Strummer's role in moving the music toward a sense of social awareness without a lot of Bob Geldoff pat-yourself-on-the-back We Are The World liberal crap).

There was sometimes an honesty about class, & about the stakes of small issues like war, in their songs— which was refreshing then, as now.

Very, very sad to hear the news.

& I still wish I'd gone to see the Clash at the Royal Oak (Michigan) Roller Rink, when I was about 18 years old.

Mark

*"Did people here actually recognize the name Joe Strummer?"*

**877. — richard.tylr** *25 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Joe Strummer Never Heard of John Summer*

When I saw Joe Strummer I thought it was a joke...actually I've never heard of him so here I am throw things at the man with his head in the hole: if he is or was a jazz musician or pop musician I'm absolutely uninterested...and I have never been interested in such even as a teenager. But I'm a very dull person and live a very dull life: today I just played over some chess games, listened to Bach - the only musician to listen to ..nothing sles ies needed... and muttered to myself....and the cat: which deigned not ot reply, even when I asked it, rater hopefully if it knew who Joe Summer was. But if its some sort of in joke I've missed the joke.....jez its hot here today!

So, there you are. Merry Xmas all same. Richard.

**878. — Andrew Felsinger** *24 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Joe Strummer*

I had tickets when I was learning to drive, back in '83, but couldn't figure out how to find the Cow Palace in San Francisco. Should've thought of something. Regretted it ever since.

I think that there is an argument to what B. Bragg says about The Clash's insertion of politics in punk. Though I think the X-Ray Specs had some great songs of social alienation that were thoughtful enough to see that evolution as, perhaps, inevitable.

The punk scene in San Francisco was very politically active, to a point that it alienated and divided the scene. The climax, as I saw it, was the demonstration outside of the Democratic Convention in 1984 with a gig just outside on Mission Street with a line-up that included The Dicks, MDC, and the Dead Kennedy's. Later everyone walked down to the Convention Center and got their heads shit canned in by cops on horse back. The interesting thing was how the whole thing received not one word in the mainstream press, but did merit a nice full layout, with pictures, in The Daily Worker. What fine days. The Clash had much influence on the people I knew then, and continue to know. We were very young and excited by what they where capable of. Joe Strummer's passing is sobering.

I think of Kathy Acker when I think of writing and punk. That kind of wrong vitality that can, with a brush stroke, change and charge the ground under our feet.

So enjoy the sun there Richard, and crank up the Bach. In the words of The Clash: Go Easy, Step Tight, and Stay Free.

Andrew

**879. — Joshua Berlow** *26 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**
*joe strummer the clash and punk*

I always thought that the clash weren't real punk like the sex pistols or patti smith, or some other bands that folks have mentioned.  that they were opportunists who glommed onto the scene. But here it is now 25 years later and they're held up as official punksters.

The idea about punk that I really liked was that anyone can do it, the DIY attitude, and the clash were just too good to be real DIY. Other people thought at the time that punk was just a cynical ploy to sell records.

Favorite line from some forgotten punk song: "All I ever wanted out of life was a Pepsi".

**880. — Duration Press** *26 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**

*"-Favorite line from some forgotten punk song: "All I ever wanted out of life was a Pepsi". thought it was simply "all i wanted was a pepsi"...suicidal tendencies "institutionalized"..."*

**881. — Michael Broder** *26 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**

I'm not sure where this fits into the discussion...but have you noticed that "London Calling" is now being used to sell Jaguars?

Michael

**882. — kari edwards** *26 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**

everything is being used to sell everything. I first noticed the beatle's hey jude as musck in 1982, Ginesburg sold the rights to Howel, and didn't for get the rolling stone, I think Dylan sold the rights to jumpin jack flash 15 year ago.. whats not up for grabs, maybe some poetry...homelessness...no there is a whole business around them for poetical oppression and support, i was going to say L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E ..BUT THERE SEEMS TO BE A COTTAGE INDUSTRY AROUND THAT..

it only counts in the moment it happens as radical...may and not... lets face it even the sex pistols became and still are a huge commodity.. its all up for sale.

**883. — Frank Sherlock** *26 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**

I'm finding it hard to imagine that anyone could say that the Clash "weren't real punks like the Sex Pistols..." They were at ground zero of the Britpunk xplosion. They played together many times in 1976/77. They were THERE- that's all there is to it.

Did they "sell out" to a major label? This could be a neverending debate choc-fulla back & forths, but let's consider this: The Clash (hardly top-tier in CBS sales)fought tooth & nail to have Columbia release a sprawling, experimental 3-record project called Sandinista. This, in the glory days of Reagan/Thatcher red-baiting. Their considerable distribution brought class consciousness to alot of (pre-internet)kids who never would've found their way to a CRASS album.

The Clash brought reggae, soul, funk & rap to kids all over that otherwise might not have given it a chance. Not as "great white fathers", but more like directional pointers- encouraging us to move thru new genres & not let our haircuts define what music we listen to.

On their final tour, their opening act was 14 Karat Soul-an a capella group of five black kids from Jersey. It freaked out alot of mohawks- sore because they didn't get what they expected from a "punk" show. That, my friend, IS punk rock.

**884. — Mark DuCharme** *26 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**

The Sex Pistols, whatever they became, were CREATED by their manager, Malcomb McLaren, exactly as "a cynical ploy to sell records." The Clash formed shortly afterward—their first show was with the Sex Pistols, I think in 1976. They were all muscians on the London scene— Joe Strummer had his own band, which he abandoned when he was asked by Jones & Simonon to be the singer for the band that they were forming. Johnny Rotton, on the other hand, wasn't on the London music scene I don't think, but was "discovered" by McLaren because he embodied the image of punk that McLaren was trying to sell. If you listen to the two bands, it's clear that the Clash weren't imitating anybody, least of all the Pistols. The Pistols became known as "punk" in the USA before anybody here had heard of the Clash, mainly because workers at a factory supposedly refused to press one of the band's

early singles (I think it was "God Save the Queen") because they thought it offensive— and that story made the U.S. papers, no doubt released by McLaren. Of course the single was produced, & the Pistols went on to a U.S. tour. It would be a few years, meanwhile, before the Clash's record company allowed their records to be released in the U.S. But the whims of record companies and the machinations of the Sex Pistols' manager have nothing to do with the Clash's authenticity.

**885. — David Hadbawnik** *26 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: The Clash*

"Because they're still just about the most relevant thing around -"

—give me a break, man. i'm sorry, but no. when i called a friend day before christmas even, and the first thing out of her mouth was "have you heard the bad news" i was prepared for something really awful, & personal, and then she said "joe strummer died" (which I already knew cause i'd been driving around all freakin day doin last minute pre-christmas things) I said "Oh, yeh" relieved that it WASN'T a personal tragedy and somewhat ANGRY that she'd amped up the drama just to tell me that.

while i agree that — and having watched the dylan documentary "don't look back" just last week — there have been far too few politically relevant entertainers in the past 25 years, i cant bring myself to get too worked up about mr. strummer, especially considering that he hasn't been much heard from over the past 10 yrs, not like peter kowald who died at similar age and circumstances but was tremendously active right up to time of death last fall.

i'm far more broken up about the death of my beloved cat, jefe, hit by a car a couple weeks ago. sorry. if you want to start a looonnng thread about that...

— DH

*"-From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:]On Behalf Of Alan Sondheim the problem's when it is nostalgia, and impresent - reminded of Serres' on Lucretius - treating L. as contemporary, not as misrecognition or historicism - or rather creating a deliberate misrecognition of both historicism and historiography in the instance - Alan On Thu, 26 Dec 2002 wrote: Why is it that one of the longest threads here is about nostalgia for a band that was popular in one's adolescence?"*

**886. — dcmb** *26 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Joe Strummer*

Aw c'mon, George. You know The Police they're alw

**887. — Damian Judge Rollison** *27 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: joe strummer the clash and punk*

huh? what? sex pistols not opportunists (fab 4 plus snot)? suicidal tendencies are real punks but not the clash?

like any fertile art movement punk moved in several directions (and locales) at once. punk is elvis costello singing "radio, radio" on saturday night live as much as it's the sex pistols not showing up for the gig.

so i wouldn't dismiss the clash for not being the ramones. i suspect (not to pick on you, josh) that the paint-by-numbers simplification of the genre by later derivative bands like green day and rancid is what might make the clash seem "too good" now.

as a memorable commercial of a few years ago had it (our speaker looking as though he was born about 1980), "Remember in the seventies, when rock got all boring and corporate, and then punk came along and shook things up? Well, that's kind of like the new VW Passat ..."

damian

**888. — Damian Judge Rollison** *27 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**

Kari, I'm not sure I agree that there is a moment where something's radical which thing then gets co-opted and commodified. I mean, obviously, using the Beatles' "Revolution" in a Nike

commercial is commodification on an infinitely more horrible level (thanks Michael Jackson) than that of the song's original release, but it did begin life, socially speaking, as a commodity which was ALSO a radical statement. (If you read the Rolling Stone interviews with Lennon around the time of the Beatles breakup, you see him wondering about his most radical album, Plastic Ono Band, which song should be the first single.)

Seems like one reason punk is interesting is because it pushes the radical commodity oxymoron to an extreme. What's more pop than "Sheena Is a Punk Rocker"? It's got a good beat and you can pogo to it. Or more radical than the Descendants writing songs like the one-word-long "All!"

Makes me think of Levi-Strauss, who was so interested in how the anthropologist looking at the native culture distorts it — even changes it forever — merely by looking. Like, there's the impulse and the manifestation; the manifestation embeds the impulse in a culture; the culture is what it is, i.e. "smash capitalism" in a capitalist context ("Steal This Book") would be at least partially a capitalist statement. Punk (not monolithically, but frequently) played with pop as a ground for productive contradictions ("this is radio clash on pirate satellite / orbiting your living room, cashing in the bill of rights").

Damian

**889. — James W. Cook** *27 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**
*Re: The Clash*

NOSTALGIA? To my mind, few of the comments in the Clash/Strummer thread, which I've just finished reading, are primarily motivated by nostalgia. A few of the early notes quote lyrics, a gesture of inclusion I'd say. (Here, I'm also responding tangentially to an earlier question—asking if listers even knew/cared who Strummer was.) If a lister didn't know Strummer's work, s/he could quickly have gotten a sense of it from the lyrics quoted by Behrle and others. This is an important function of the listserv. Often I've been introduced to a poet, painter, filmmaker, lyricist, etc. on this list. A few times I've found invigorating, inspiring, challenging work this way.

Back to the Clash thread: I detected nostalgia only in the notes about going to or not going to Clash concerts; however, such posts were both few in number and quite short. No harm I'd say. (I'd also argue that these very personal responses to a public figure's passing can be valuable to listers who were not *around at the time* since they give us a sense of the scene, a kind of social history via memoir. I also value the personal, idiosyncratic (sometimes nostalgic) accounts of readings, conference, meetings, performances, etc. that I find on this list.)

Though I was not on this listserv at the time, I'd imagine such *nostalgia* also characterized some of the posts that appeared when Allen Ginsberg died: "I did/did not go hear him read in x year in x place when I was age x ..." However, I'd also imagine that the Ginsberg thread, like this one, was not primarily nostalgic. Most listers, I'm sure, quoted poems; wrote personal notes about his importance to them; argued about his influence, politics, and quality as a poet, etc. I'd also imagine that no one asked "Why is it that one of the longest threads here is about nostalgia for a poet that was popular in one's adolescence?â€ Or maybe someone did.

BEYOND â€œONEâ€™S ADOLESCENCEâ€ Iâ€™d also like to challenge the last part of Georgeâ€™s question. I'd venture to say that for at least a handful of the participants in the thread (and for some interested readers of the thread), the Clash were *not* "a band popular in one's adolescence." In my case the Clash had long since (at least "long" in pop music terms) ceased to exist by the time I reached adolescence. Folks like me discovered the Clash long after the bandâ€™s buzz-days. Strummer and Jones' manner of handling, say, consumerism...with a sometimes volatile, sometimes sentimental (some may argue w/ me on this point) mix of satire and sincerity (the songs â€œKoka Kolaâ€ and â€œLost in the Supermarketâ€ come to mind) are, if anything, more relevant now than they were when written in the late 70s. Then thereâ€™s the catalog of urban imagery that could be compared

to, say, Blakeâ€™s â€œLondonâ€. Then there are the crosscultural musical influences already mentioned in this thread. These and other aspects of the band have influenced &/or inspired the work of many poets & perhaps more importantly can be fruitfully compared (although no line of influence or inspiration may exist) to the work of many others. (Dan Bouchard's poetry comes immediately to mind.) Consumerism and postmodern imperialism cast a long shadow these days & the Clashâ€™s critiques of these phenomena remain relevant because their songs (despite their limitations) delve into & partake of the inherent contradictions & complexities of the issues, and are not limited to sloganeering as are so many examples of â€œsocial realistâ€ pop, punk, and poetry.

Lets have some readings of Clash (and other "punk") songs (both lyrics and music, since I believe the Clash's crosscultural musical influences can be *read* too). I'd also invite others to write about poets whose work can be read in terms of various *punk* musics and/or aesthetics.

(Clash lyrics can be found here http://www.punkbands.com/lyrics/bands/clash/index.htm and elsewhere.)

MUSIC ON THE POETICS LIST The thread is really not all that dissimilar from the Lomax thread earlier this year. Initially reports of his death were sent in, then obituaries & hagiography, then criticism, then...well I don't remember what followed well enough to characterize it, so I'll let it be. Was that also nostalgia for "one's" adolescence or youth?

Lomax, for good or ill, is an important figure for many members of the listserv. The use of, appropriation of, reimagining of *folk* materials is a project in which many of us are engaged. & so Lomax is a relevant figure & it was appropriate for poets to mark his passing w/ discussion of his life's work. What’s wrong then w/ listers commenting on the Clash’s use of, say, Caribbean musical styles, or their complicated relationship to commerce and radical politics, etc. These issues (both found in recent listnotes) are certainly relevant to the poetry many members of the listserv read and write.

I’m also reminded of the way in which Geoff Ward takes Harry Smith's folk anthology seriously as *literature* in his book _The Writing of America_, though I don’t have the time just now to draw parallels between cultural hybridity in Smith's anthology & cultural hybridity in much of the best(?) music that has come after the anthology’s appearance. Nor am I able, just now, to argue—as I think Eliot Weinberger does somewhere in _Written Reaction_—-that hybridity (through, for example, translation) has also been the lifeblood of much of the best(?) post-ww2 poetry, but is lacking in contemporary, workshop-centered and/or poet-prof centered poetic practice. When I think of Strummer/The Clash these are the issues that spring to mind for me and, I think, for other listers as well, though they perhaps, like me, do not have the time to spell all that out & instead are able only to steal a few moments from work to quote lyrics (!!!) or rehash old punk politics that are relevant to this list’s perennial interest in indie commerce, authenticity, and who’s-more-radical-than-whom. This gets me to how I (and many others) use this list: usually what is sd in a thread is far less useful to me than the in-the-flesh conversations that are inspired by what transpires here; list arguments, nay-saying, & the like are also less meaningful, ultimately, than the poems (and music and films, etc.) that various threads have pointed me towards.

slan leat, James Cook

**890.** **— George Bowering** *28 Dec 2002* ↑ **Register**

This has been just about the best answer to my question so far. I am still, of course, an unreconstructed old fart who is puzzled by the idea of poetry influenced by rock and roll instead of jazz. GB

4&SU>

otection_3mf

**891.** **— Joshua Berlow** *28 Dec 2002* **↑ Register**
*suicidal tendencies lyrics*

*"-Favorite line from some forgotten punk song: "All I ever wanted out of life was a Pepsi". thought it was simply "all i wanted was a pepsi"...suicidal tendencies "institutionalized"... Thnaks, but I looked up the song institutionalized by ST and found the following lyrics on the 'net but don't see anything about a pepsi-12. Institutionalized So you're gonna be institutionalized You'll come out brainwashed with bloodshot eyes You won't have any say They'll brainwash you until you see their way They stuck me in an institution Said it was the only solution To give me the needed professional help To protect me from the enemy, myself They give you a white shirt with long sleeves Tied around your back you're treated like thieves Drug you up because they're lazy It's too much work to help a crazy They say they're gonna fix my brain Alleviate my suffering and my pain But by the time they fix my head Mentally I'll be dead"*

**892.** **— Anastasios Kozaitis** *31 Dec 2002* **↑ Register**
*Re: pUnKx aND WrItInG*

Minutemen were super as was Watt's next band, fIREHOSE.

I don't know why, but I get weekly emails from Watt, who still plays.

J, try Watt at http://www.hootpage.com/

—Ak, listening to Strummer and the Mescaleros — for those of you who haven't heard Global A Go-Go, you must (if you are a Strummer fan, of course)

At 04:10 PM 12/31/2002 -0500, you wrote:

*"mIEKAL, glad you mentioned minutemen- does anyone remember a band w/Mike Watt and a woman named Kyra- (Kira? cannot remember what band for her..) called "Dos"?? (as in Espanol for two) had an indie tape back in the late 80's, early 90's, lost it, can't seem to find any evidence of their incredible music.. if anyone knows of a source...? also on SoCal scene- X and Samoans J. ----- Original Message ----- no one has mentioned the amazing minutemen & the ill-fated d boon. they were musician's musicians which in the punk world was rare. oh yea another all time fav was flipper. god knows whatever happened to them. mIEKAL On Tuesday, December 31, 2002, at 12:58 PM, Brian Strang wrote: Though at the time I was more attracted to bands other than the Clash (The Germs, Black Flag, The Dead Kennedys, etc.)"*

**893.** **— lewis lacook** *3 Jan 2003* **↑ Register**
*The description of the proof is the proof itself*

two

but I've got to make a point.

I know about Joe Strummer, and I know two

but I've got to make a leap. I know about the Ramones, and I know Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly? By unions married, do offend thine ear, year, I listen for the manifest. it is trumpet, or screw up, who cares now?

Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?

have found what you looked for. The description of the proof is the proof itself, whereas to find the thing at the edition and have found what you looked for. The description of the proof is the proof itself, whereas to find the thing at the Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly? I listen for the manifold. it is parabola, or screw up, who cares now?

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?

What is it to look for a hidden contradiction, or for the proof that there is no contradiction? "To look for" has two different years, I listen for the manifest. it is parabola, or screw up, who cares now?

what you looked for. The description of the proof is the proof itself, whereas to find the thing at the

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly? for years, I listen for the manifold. it is trumpet, or screw up, who cares now?

> a hand what a solution will be like in mathematics except in the cases where there is a known method Equations, for pleasure thine annoy?
>
> Equations, for edition and have found what you looked for. The description of the proof is the proof itself, whereas to find the thing at the North Pole it is not enough to describe it. You must make the expedition. There is no meaning to saying you can describe years, I listen for the manifest. it is parabola, or screw up, who cares now?
>
> I listen for the manifold. it is trumpet, or screw up, who cares now for Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly? impossible to describe beforehand what is looked for
>
> whereas in mathematics when you describe the solution you have made the pleasure thine annoy?
>
> possible to describe beforehand what is looked for, whereas in mathematics when you describe the solution you have made Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
>
> By unions married, do offend thine eyes, meanings in the phrases "to look for something at the North Pole", "to look for a solution to a problem". One difference !
>
> North Pole it is not enough to describe it. You must make the expedition. There is no meaning to saying you can describe the manifest. it is parabola, or screw up, who cares now?
>
> By unions married, do offend thine ear, possible to describe beforehand what is looked for, whereas in mathematics when you describe the solution you have made the point. I know about Joe Strummer

## 2003

# Rich Gold

1950–2003

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American artist, composer and researcher at Xerox PARC, Sega and Mattel who theorized consumer creativity in* The Plenitude*. Identified in the notice as "digital artist, inventor, cartoonist, composer, lectur". Died in his sleep, at home in Menlo Park.*

### 894. — Ron Silliman *13 Jan 2003* ↑ Register

*Rich Gold 1950-2003*

I first knew Rich as one of the music students at Mills around Robert Ashley, Peter Gordon &, through Peter, Kathy Acker, in the very early 1970s. Later he married the poet Marina LaPalma & went on to become one of the very first artists to take computing seriously.

Ron

Rich Gold 1950-2003

Rich Gold (Richard Goldstein) of Menlo Park died in his sleep on January 9, 2003. Born on June 24, 1950, he received a B.A. from SUNY-Albany, and an M.F.A. from Mills College.

Rich Gold was a digital artist, inventor, cartoonist, composer, lecturer and inter-disciplinary researcher who in the 1970s co-founded the League of Automatic Music Composers, the first network computer band. As an internationally known artist he

invented the field of Algorithmic Symbolism, an example of which, The Party Planner, was featured in Scientific American. In 1979 he married his soul mate, Marina LaPalma.

In the 1980s he was director of the sound and music department of Sega USA's Coin-op Video game division and the inventor of the award winning Little Computer People (Activision), the first fully autonomous, computerized AI person (which turned out to be an inspiration for the development of The Sims). From 1985 to 1990 he headed an electronic and computer toy research group at Mattel Toys and was the manager of the development of several interactive toys, including the Mattel PowerGlove. He also worked on the first interactive broadcast TV show of Captain Power, an early CD based video system and an artificially intelligent talking robots. In 1991, Rich and Marina's personal lives were transformed when the light of their life, their son, Henry Chase was born on May 30th.

After working as a consultant in VirtualReality he joined Xerox PARC in 1991, where he was a scientific researcher in Ubiquitous Computing, the study of invisible, embedded and tacit computation. He was a co-designer of the PARC Tab (the precursor of the Palm Pilot), helped launch the successful LiveBoard and was the co-inventor on eleven patents as well as directing the ubi-comp patenting effort. In 1993 he founded the influential PARC Artist-In-Residence program (PAIR),in which fine artists and scientists collaborated using shared technologies. Later that year, he created the multi-disciplinary Laboratory RED (Research in Experimental Documents) which studied the creation of new document genres by merging art, design, science and engineering and then creating exemplars of those genres. One of RED's most successful projects, called Experiments in the Future of Reading (XFR), included the design and development of several new interactive reading devices. XFR was installed at the San Jose Tech Museum of Innovation in 2000 where it was visited by over a half million people; XFR is currently touring the United States after winning the Gold and Silver awards for interactive design from I.D. Magazine and being featured on ABC Nightly News. The XFR reading experiments were based on the concepts of "Total Writing," an anti-convergent theory where the media itself becomes authorable and has meaning.

Rich Gold was a provocative speaker who lectured throughout the world on the future of the book, the nature of engineering, creativity, innovation and Evocative Knowledge Objects (EKOs). After leaving Xerox PARC in 2001, he became a principal at the product design company Polaris Road. During 2002 he finished a book called The Plenitude (The Present Press).

See www.richgold.org for a list of his writings and talks.

He is survived by his wife, Marina LaPalma, son, Henry Chase Goldstein; his parents, Herbert and Phyllis Goldstein of Buffalo, NY; his sisters, Patti of Oakland, CA, Judy of Buffalo, NY, Anne (Peter) Goergen of Allegany, NY, and his brother Andrew (Patty) of Buffalo, NY, and four nieces and nephews.

A memorial service will be held on at 1:00 pm on Monday, January 13, 2003 at the Insight Meditation Center of the Mid-Peninsula (1205 Hopkins Ave, Redwood City). For more information see: RichGoldMemorial.onomy.com.

The family prefers that donations be made to the Henry Chase Goldstein

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## Leslie Fiedler

1917–2003

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*American literary critic and Buffalo professor known for psychoanalytic readings of American fiction;* Love and Death in the American Novel *(1960). Died at his home in Buffalo.*

### 895. — Charles Bernstein *30 Jan 2003* ↑ Register

*Leslie Fiedler (1917-2003)*

Lelie Fiedler died yesterday afternoon at his home in Buffalo.

"I was born in Newark, New Jersey on March 8, l9l7.... I was educated in the public schools of Newark, was granted a BA from New York University (Heights) in l938, an MA from the University of Wisconsin in l939, and a Ph.D. from the latter institution in l94l. I have done post-doctoral work at Harvard in l946 and l947 and studied at the Japanese Language School (University of Colorado) during l943 and l944.

"I served as a Japanese Interpreter with the United States Navy from l943 through l945. During that time I was in Hawaii, Guam, Iwo Jima, China and Okinawa.

"I was a member of the staff at Montana State University from l94l to l963.... Since l964 I have been Professor of English at the State University of New York at Buffalo, serving as Departmental Chairman from l974 to l977.

"I have lectured widely before audiences at universities and colleges throughout the United States, as well as in Canada, England, Italy, Tunisia, Ireland, France, Germany, Japan, India, Greece, Yugoslavia, Turkey, Brazil, the Netherlands, Denmark, Spain, Israel, Venezuela and Korea."

Fiedler's books include:

An End to Innocence: Essays on Culture and Politics, Beacon Press, l955. The Art of the Essay, Thomas Y. Crowell, l958; revised edition l969. No! In Thunder: Essays on Myth and Literature, Beacon Press, l960. Pull Down Vanity and Other Stories, Lippincott, l962. The Second Stone: A Love Story, Stein and Day, l963. Waiting for the End, Stein and Day, l964. Back to China, Stein and Day, l965. The Continuing Debate, (with Jacob Vinocur) St. Martin's Press, l966. Love and Death in the American Novel(revised) Stein and Day, l966. The Last Jew in America, Stein and Day, l966. The Return of the Vanishing American, Stein and Day, l968. Nude Croquet and Other Stories, Stein and Day, l969. Being Busted, Stein and Day, l970. The Collected Essays of Leslie Fiedler, Stein and Day, l972. The Stranger in Shakespeare, Stein and Day, l972.

> *"Published as five paperback volumes, l973: An End to Innocence No! In Thunder Unfinished Business To the Gentiles Cross the Border, Close the Gap The Messengers Will Come No More, Stein and Day, l974. In Dreams Awake: Anthology of Science Fiction, Dell, l976. A Fiedler Reader, Stein and Day, l977. Freaks: Myths and Images of the Secret Self, Simon and Schuster, l978. The Inadvertent Epic, Canadian Broadcasting Company, l979. Olaf Stapledon, Oxford University Press, l982. What Was Literature?, Simon and Schuster, l982. Fiedler on the Roof: Essays on Literature and Jewish Identity, Godine, l99l. Tyranny of the Normal, David Godine, l996. Love and Death in the American Novel (reprint), Dalkay Archive Press, l998."*

> **896. — schwartzgk** *30 Jan 2003* ↑ **Register**
>
> This is sad news. I feel nostalgic, remembering his Moby Dick lecture (one grabbing hand gesture saying it all), a version given at S.U.C. @ Fredonia in the early seventies.
>
> And I found his poetry as robust as the man himself. I hope his cracklings pass well through the Western Door.

---

## Lou Harrison

1917–2003

*9 messages · 9 hands*

---

*American composer who fused gamelan and just intonation with Western music, building his own instruments with partner William Colvig, whose works include four symphonies and the Esperanto-texted* La Koro Sutro. *Died of an apparent heart attack, travelling to a festival of his music.*

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**897. — mIEKAL aND** *3 Feb 2003* ↑ **Register**

*one of the greats: Composer Lou Harrison (1917 - 2003)*

short bio http://www.otherminds.org/shtml/Harrison.shtml

list of works (including some fonts he designed) http://www.frogpeak.org/fpartists/fpharrison.html

Lou Harrison interviewed by John Adams http://www.newmusicbox.org/archive/firstperson/harrison/

> *"Dear Colleagues, It is with great sadness that I report that composer Lou Harrison died yesterday evening while traveling to a festival of his music at Ohio State University. Official information from Professor Donald Harris who was coordinating the festival is appended below."*

(Begin forwarded message)

Last night, while traveling from Chicago to Columbus, Lou Harrison passed away. We had sent Adam Schweigert and Joe Panzner, two students in Composition and Theory, to Chicago with a University van to greet Lou and his traveling companion, Todd Burlingame, and drive them back to campus for the Festival. Lou does not like to fly and took the train, the California Zephyr, from near San Francisco to Chicago. The train arrived at about 5:15 PM. While en route to Indianapolis, their overnight destination, Adam, Joe, Lou and Todd decided to stop at a Denny's restaurant in

Lafayette, Indiana, for some dinner. Lou stumbled and fell upon getting out of the vehicle and apparently suffered a heart attack. He had great difficulty breathing. Paramedics were called and they arrived within minutes. Lou was transported to the hospital but was unable to be revived. He passed away around 9 or 9:30 PM. We are awaiting the coroner's report for final confirmation of the cause of death.

This is a great tragedy for the entire world of music. Lou was as excited about the Festival as we were. Our sympathies go out to all in the world of music and dance who treasured his great gift. I will always remember the joy in his voice when we spoke over the telephone about the Festival. He was an active participant in planning the concerts. He had also prepared a special seminar for OSU students in composition. He was very much looking forward to the CSO performances of his Third Symphony in a final revision that he had just completed. He told me how honored he felt to have so many of his compositions performed on the Festival. Let everyone know that the Festival will go on as planned as a tribute to this legendary American musician.

Lou Harrison will be cremated today; his remains shipped back to California. He was eighty-five years old.

Donald Harris, Professor of Composition & Theory

**898. — Craig Allen Conrad** *3 Feb 2003* ↑ **Register**

"Ezra Pound ('The Idaho Dude') charged artists 'to debunk by lucidity!' Lou Harrison is not only lucid and clear; he is also luminous, he emits self-generated light." —Jonathan Williams, from dustjacket of Lou Harrison's amazing book of poems

**899. — Mark Weiss** *3 Feb 2003* ↑ **Register**

A great loss. The list of works at the second site is by no means complete. See http://www.o-art.org/history/LongDur/Harrison/HarrisonNA.html for a good discography.

Does anybody know what happened to the editing he'd been doing for many years on Ives' "Universe Symphony?"

Mark

Lou Harrison will be cremated today; his remains shipped back to California. He was eighty-five years old.

------ End of Forwarded Message

**900. — Herb Levy** *3 Feb 2003* ↑ **Register**

I'm very sorry to hear about Lou's death. He was a great guy as well as a composer, with an amazing array of interests that ranged well beyond work that was similar to his own.

There are four editions of Ives' Universe Symphony in progress that I know of, none of which are really complete in any useful way. Besides Harrison's, there's one by Larry Austin (the only one that's been even partially recorded, as far as I know); David Porter (who did the reconstruction of Ives' Emerson Piano Concerto that's been performed a few times) & Johnny Reinhardt (who runs the American Microtonal Music festival in NYC). I don't think Harrison's has been performed, though I know the other three have.

Bests,

Herb

**901. — Gloria Frym** *3 Feb 2003* ↑ **Register**

Try Charles Shere, former art and music critic for the Oakland Tribune, who was working on a book about Harrison. Email me at for his particulars.

**902.** **— solipsis** *3 Feb 2003* **↑ Register**
*Lou Harrison on Epitonic*

Gigue & Musette
Ductia
Rondeau In Honor Of Fragonard
Strofo 7

http://epitonic.com/artists/louharrison.html

**903.** **— Hank Lazer** *3 Feb 2003* **↑ Register**
*Lou Harrison*

Five years ago I met Lou Harrison at a several day festival in honor of his 80th birthday. The events, including the playing of several of his gamelan compositions, were held at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music. Here's one of the poems I read for Lou. (It appears in _Days_, the book recently mentioned by Nick Piombino. In Days, it's #213 - 9/17/95):

ives alive &
lou too from new
england to new
asia aptos
balanced at the mid
point sousa music
to gamelan
upon which the new
millennium rests
then extends

**904.** **— Damian Judge Rollison** *4 Feb 2003* **↑ Register**
*Re: one of the greats: Composer Lou Harrison (1917 - 2003)*

It is sad to hear of Lou Harrison's death. I was lucky enough to meet him once, at a very intimate discussion and performance of Henry Cowell's music that was part of an arts festival in my hometown of Halcyon, CA. He played "pedal boy" to the pianist from Mills College, forget his name, who was performing Cowell's haunting "Banshee" on the strings — just as he had for Cowell, Lou said. He was a wise, funny, and gentle human being as well as a great composer.

**905.** **— Stephen Vincent** *4 Feb 2003* **↑ Register**
*Re: Lou Harrison*

Hi Hank: Nice poem - particularly the last line! I was at one of those lovely 80th Birthday concerts. I met him in his Aptos home once. He was a little bit of an art collector and certainly knowledgeable of American painting. Without explaining the origin of this, Bedford Arts, Publishers - of which I was the director -published a book on the 19th Century painter Frank Duvenek's art and life (Unsuspected Genius). You, as a relative local, may remember Hidden Villa -the Quaker camp near Palo Alto established by his son, Francis and activist daughter-in-law, Josephine, a great woman who, among many works, led public demonstrations against the internment of the Japanese. Anyway, Lou was enamored of the book, and I was enamored of the gamelons in residence and sad that I could not be down there to come play in his weekly gamelon workshop which was held in a special lovely ocean lit room.

## Jerome Robinson

1952–2003

*2 messages · 2 hands*

> *Nothing about this person could be verified outside the archive. The notice says: "Poet/sculptor/painter Jerome Robinson was killed Thursday morning in West Philadelphia."*

**906. — Frank Sherlock** *10 Feb 2003* ↑ **Register**

*Jerome Robinson 1952-2003*

Poet/sculptor/painter Jerome Robinson was killed Thursday morning in West Philadelphia. He spent the better part of the last three decades as a mainstay in the city's artscene. His work could be found regularly at places like the Highwire Gallery in Olde City. Jerome's poems were often heard in Philly poetry landmarks like the Middle East & the Bacchanal, sharing drinks and conversation with the likes of CA Conrad & Linh Dinh. His most recent installation was at the Painted Bride Arts Center, sponsored by the Ellen Powell Tiberrino Museum.

He was generous with his time & his spirit when I was practically a kid. The poems go on, but not without great sadness.

FS

> **907. — Chris Stroffolino** *10 Feb 2003* ↑ **Register**
>
> Frank!
>
> This totally sucks. Tell me more---how did he die? Was he riding his motorcycle? I loved that guy----met him in '86. Was a great presence at all those pre-"slam" open mics. "I Hate Art" was always a fav. On a personal level, he was warm generous bridging the white-black thing as well as various little conflicts. When we ran the warehouse squat "killtime place" in 89, he (and his motorcycle club, The Wheels of Soul), helped us little white "anarchists" organize a "Free James Brown" dance party. A really great guy. I'd heard he actually achieved some money success from his visual art in the 90s, and I heard one of his poems on Berkeley radio station last year. I was hoping I'd get to see him again... Chris

## Alexandra Grilikhes

1932–2003

*2 messages · 1 hand*

> *American poet, novelist and librarian who edited American Writing and wrote about women artists;* Yin Fire *(2001). Died of breast cancer, in Philadelphia.*

**908. — Craig Allen Conrad** *10 Feb 2003* ↑ **Register**

*poet Alexandra Grilikhes R.I.P. 2003*

poet Alexandra Grilikhes died in her Philadelphia home this last Saturday. she was editor of AMERICAN WRITING MAGAZINE, and the author of nine books of poetry, her most recent title SHAMAN BODY: POEMS NEW & SELECTED. her experimental novel YIN FIRE was published by Harrington Park Press. she was also a dance and performance art critic and had started the first U.S. Women's Film Festival in the early

1970s. for many years she hosted a poetry radio program on NPR, and taught classes on The Poet As Shaman at The University of the Arts in Philadelphia. 2 OF HER POEMS:

THE WOUND IN THE MOUTH

This morning I saw your lips both bitten through, bleeding. you were troubled as if you did not know how it happened, still couldn't believe it, surreptitiously licking the wound. It reminded me how most of the time wounds are hidden you don't know their depth, how the would itself makes you burst into tears on the wrong occasion, how dumb with grief you are how you will not speak to me first how you are waiting for me how I refuse how dumb with grief I am how wounds are best healed when you hide in the cave how the ceremony has meaning you will rise in the ruins and move towards the thing you most want you won't know what it is till you choose feel the wound feel the blood.

MANGLED

I write you my tongue mangled on your flowers, flowers that you brought me from the city, mangled too on you, your body a green stone washed ashore at high tide and still glistening. You are all I wish for in the clear light of this early August day. The flowers the brown bottle, wanting to live and I love their short fragile lives, their sweetness, their slight fragrance almost lost here in the high sea winds. Yet their outline sharp against the light, fiercely grips this room, and continually, my looking at them.

> **909. — Craig Allen Conrad** *13 Feb 2003* ↑ **Register**
> *obituary for the AMAZING POET Alexandra Grilikhes*
>
> http://www.philly.com/mld/inquirer/news/obituaries/5168306.htm
>
> this obit focuses on her work as a librarian, which is strange to me, since she never talked about that at all. which means i learned a thing or two about her i hadn't known much about, but she talked about poetry nearly every and any time you'd see her. poetry is what i remember.
>
> i've been rereading her work, of course, and wanted to share my favorite poem she wrote titled EMBLEM, but it's in her book THE BLUE SCAR, which i can't find right now. damn. anyway, let me share a couple more of her remarkable poems:
>
> THE REVERIES
>
> those
> where our mouths
> clasp and we're
> overcome me continually
> in the midst of important
> matters
>
> Off in the Caribbean sky
> I'm taking a breath
> taking dive over the beautiful
> cliff and the
> flower soaks through me I
> fantasize terrific
> longings in color
> spending it all you
> becoming fruit in my
> veins soaking through I

hit water
swimming for life

death came to me drunk
wearing a new white island outfit
she'd bought that day. The men
on the road called us cunts.
"This is my dream place," she breathed,
"I feel so alive here. Fuck me on this
bench." On the half-lit porch,
the watchman taking a midnight nap
around the bend, I did as I was
told for a long time thinking I'd
please death this time at last. Later
she rolled away and in the morning
rose early and left. I bought
death many presents. She bought me rags.

---

## Dan Moonhawk Alford

d. 2003

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Nothing about this person could be verified outside the archive. The notice says: "In memoriam Dan Moonhawk Alford April 4, 1946 - October 24, 2002 I never met Dan, I only knew his writings."*

**910. — David Golumbia** *15 Feb 2003* ↑ **Register**

*14.446, All: Obituary: Dan Moonhawk Alford (fwd)*

This is very sad. Dan was a young man and one of the most knowledgeable Westerners about language. It is worth seeking out his fascinating writings on the structure and function of languages, and in particular native American languages.

> *"LINGUIST List: Vol-14-446. Fri Feb 14 2003. ISSN: 1068-4875. In memoriam Dan Moonhawk Alford April 4, 1946 - October 24, 2002 I never met Dan, I only knew his writings. They have meant much to me. Those who knew him best, his colleagues, his students, and his friends are far better qualified than I to memorialize him here. Here is what some of them have said: A Eulogy for Dan Moonhawk Alford by Matthew C. Bronson http://www.enformy.com/dma-eulogy.htm Delivered on Monday, October 28, 2002 at Machado's Hillside Chapel in Hayward, CA Moonhawk's Community http://www.enformy.com/alford_community.htm Friends, colleagues, students, mentors, and admirers offer their remembrances Cordially, Tom Carey ----------LINGUIST List: Vol-14-446"*

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# Maurice Blanchot

1907–2003

*4 messages · 4 hands*

*French writer and literary theorist of death, silence and language who deeply influenced Derrida and Foucault;* Thomas the Obscure *(1941).*

**911. — Pierre Joris** *24 Feb 2003* ↑ **Register**

*Maurice Blanchot*

Maurice Blanchot died on Thursday, February 20 at 95. He was the discrete, quasi-invisible engine, prod, inspiration — however you want to put it — behind nearly everything of interest in rench writing & thought post-WWII.

Today's Le Monde carries the following obit:

• LE MONDE | 24.02.03 | 13h04

Maurice Blanchot, le solitaire de la littérature

L'écrivain le plus secret de notre époque est mort, jeudi 20 février, à son domicile des Yvelines, à l'âge de 95 ans. Auteur d'essais et de fictions, il fut l'un des plus importants et influents critiques du XXe siècle. Ses analyses permirent de lire autrement Kafka ou Hölderlin, Bataille ou des Forêts.

La place qu'occupe Maurice Blanchot dans les lettres françaises des cinquante dernières années est paradoxale. Considérable, à la mesure de l'influence, et même de la fascination, qu'il exerça sur plusieurs générations d'écrivains et de lecteurs, la présence de Blanchot est en même temps étrangement secrète, comme dérobée, manquante. Cette influence est surtout sensible jusque dans les années 1970. Une querelle, souvent fort mal et méchamment instruite, sur les engagements politiques de l'écrivain dans la France d'avant-guerre vint, au cours de ces dernières années, exacerber le paradoxe.

Ecriture du soupçon ou de l'ambiguïté, mise en question du sujet, travail du neutre, nihilisme, interrogation sur le langage, sur les moyens et les fins de la littérature qui fait "droit à la mort", sur la politique et sur l'histoire pourvoyeuse de désastres... Blanchot n'a ni inventé ni inauguré cela ; il n'est pas l'auteur d'un système, d'une totalisation intellectuelle qui a la littérature pour objet. Il a, en revanche, mis en acte, théoriquement et pratiquement, une pensée de la littérature, mené, avec la littérature - dans une œuvre critique qui compte assurément parmi les plus importantes du siècle -, ce qu'il a lui-même appelé un "entretien infini", poussé enfin cette pensée jusqu'à ses conséquences les plus extrêmes, jusqu'à la folie qu'elle recèle.

"A la vérité, presque rien ne le distinguait des autres. Il était plus effacé, mais non pas modeste, impérieux quand il ne parlait pas ; il fallait alors lui prêter silencieusement des pensées qu'il rejetait doucement ; cela se lisait dans ses yeux qui nous interrogeaient avec surprise, avec détresse : pourquoi ne pensez-vous que cela ? Pourquoi ne pouvez-vous pas m'aider ? Ses yeux étaient clairs, et faisaient songer à des yeux d'enfant. Il y avait, du reste, sur son visage quelque chose d'enfantin, expression qui nous invitait à des égards, mais aussi à un vague sentiment de protection". Extraites de

la première page du Dernier Homme, récit publié en 1957, ces lignes peuvent être lues comme le portrait en creux de Maurice Blanchot. Portrait littéraire qui ne laisse apparaître aucune physionomie, aucun visage réel, conforme cependant non seulement à la volonté de l'écrivain, mais aussi à sa pensée de la littérature, c'est-à-dire à sa vision du monde.

A l'idée, fort répandue, qu'il faut se montrer pour exister, Maurice Blanchot opposa donc un démenti très ferme, une fin de non-recevoir dont il fit, surtout à partir de la fin des année 1960, un usage de plus en plus absolu et définitif. De fait, à l'exception de rares photos de jeunesse, à l'époque des études à Strasbourg avec son ami Emmanuel Levinas, et de celles, récentes et dérisoires, volées par un photographe dans la banlieue parisienne où il résidait, la seule image de Blanchot est bien celle de l'effacement.

L'écrivain scella tout aussi rigoureusement les détails de sa biographie. Aucune notice autorisée ou officielle ne vient confirmer, ou infirmer, les rares éléments que l'on possède. Ses amis, qui dessinaient le cercle invisible d'une "communauté", respectèrent cet impératif. Roger Laporte, qui fut l'un de ses proches à partir des années 1950, parlant de son "sourire mozartien", précisa : "On peut avoir un rapport d'intimité avec Blanchot, mais pas de familiarité grossière" (dossier Blanchot dans Ralentir travaux, no 7, hiver 1997). "Sa vie est entièrement vouée à la littérature et au silence qui lui est propre", a fait inscrire Blanchot en tête de certains de ses livres, pour éloigner les importuns.

C'est donc presque une épure biographique qu'il faut tracer. Naissance à Quain (Saône-et-Loire), le 22 septembre 1907, dans une famille catholique. On lui donne d'ailleurs le prénom du saint du jour. Etudes de philosophie, puis de médecine et spécialisation en psychiatrie, selon son ami Roger Laporte, non sanctionnées par la thèse de doctorat. Strasbourg, milieu des années 1920 : rencontre et amitié avec Emmanuel Levinas -le seul homme qu'il tutoya-, qui l'initie à la pensée de Husserl et de Heidegger. Il a une pratique courante de la langue allemande.

Années 1930 : dans les marges de l'Action française, figure intellectuelle de la Jeune Droite, il mène une intense activité journalistique et politique dans la presse d'extrême droite -Journal des débats (où il tient une chronique de politique étrangère), L'Insurgé, Combat... La violence de ces textes fort nombreux, qui s'inscrivent dans un contexte idéologique propice à ce genre d'excès, est difficile à accepter : l'antiparlementarisme et une vision élitiste et aristocratique de la société frôlent (sans s'y précipiter) ce qui deviendra, aux propres yeux de l'écrivain, le péché majeur : l'antisémitisme ; Léon Blum, à partir de 1936, est ainsi un objet de haine.

Ce militantisme journalistique cessera en 1938. Au début de l'Occupation, il est proche du mouvement Jeune France, puis de la Résistance. En 1941, tandis que paraît son premier livre Thomas l'obscur, il fait la connaissance de Georges Bataille et se lie d'amitié avec Jean Paulhan et Robert Antelme, l'auteur de l'admirable récit sur les camps L'Espèce humaine. A la fin de la guerre, le judaïsme, Auschwitz et la Shoah -"événement absolu de l'histoire, historiquement daté (...), toute-brûlure où toute l'histoire s'est embrasée, où le mouvement du Sens s'est abîmé..."- deviendront pour

Blanchot mieux qu'un thème, plus qu'une obsession : l'indépassable horizon auquel sa pensée ne cessera plus de se heurter.

Comme dans ses années de jeunesse, c'est sur un mode particulièrement virulent que Maurice Blanchot interviendra dans le domaine politique au cours des décennies suivantes. Antigaulliste farouche en 1958 - ce qui le sépara momentanément de Paulhan -, opposé à toute idée d'homme providentiel, il est, en 1960, l'un des principaux rédacteurs et animateurs du Manifeste des 121 contre la guerre d'Algérie et pour le droit à l'insoumission. Même détermination "révolutionnaire" dans le projet de Revue internationale lancé, notamment avec Dionys Mascolo, entre 1960 et 1964, ou encore lors des événements de Mai 68 ("Nous ne sommes plus des manifestants, nous sommes des combattants", proclamera-t-il). L'idée d'un "communisme de pensée" (D. Mascolo), de "l'amitié du non"ne cesseront de l'animer. L'une de ses dernières interventions publiques fut, en 1994, la signature de l'Appel à la vigilance contre les indulgences à l'égard de l'extrême droite.

Quant à l'œuvre elle-même, qu'elle soit de fiction ou de critique, elle relève de la "solitude essentielle" de l'expérience intérieure, d'une radicalité négative qui la menace tout en la fondant : "L'œuvre est solitaire : cela ne signifie pas qu'elle reste incommunicable, que le lecteur lui manque. Mais qui la lit entre dans cette affirmation de la solitude de l'œuvre, comme celui qui l'écrit appartient au risque de cette solitude". Lecteur et auteur se confondent, participent de la même expérience vitale. Expérience existentielle autant qu'historique, mais irréductible à une vision positive de l'histoire, portant un regard critique sur toute ontologie, démarquée de toute pensée métaphysique ou religieuse.

Mallarmé et Kafka seront les sujets principaux de cette expérience, vitale assurément, mais surtout mortelle, hantée, travaillée par la mort. Chez les deux écrivains cités, mais aussi chez Bataille, qui fut son ami privilégié, Nietzsche, Hölderlin, Sade et Lautréamont, Rilke, Artaud, Char, Beckett... il analysera, d'une manière toujours éblouissante, les données singulières d'une interrogation commune, les éléments constitutifs d'un même "espace littéraire". Outre Bataille et Levinas, Blanchot aura, souvent par gloses réciproques, de nombreux interlocuteurs : Louis-René des Forêts, Jacques Derrida, Roger Laporte, Michel Foucault, Pierre Klossowski, Pierre Madaule, André Dalmas...

"Comment la littérature est-elle possible ?" Cette question, qu'il pose dès 1942 à propos de Jean Paulhan, Maurice Blanchot la maintiendra constamment ouverte, suspendue. Il l'illustrera, dans ses essais comme dans ses romans et récits, dans une œuvre de plus en plus soumise à la fragmentation, effaçant toujours davantage les frontières séparant réflexion et fiction. Ce n'est pas le moindre des paradoxes d'un écrivain qui fit de la littérature sa dévorante, exclusive passion. Ce n'est pas le moindre des paradoxes d'une œuvre tout entière, dans ses méandres infinis, dans toute la richesse de ses développements, tournée vers et fascinée par "l'absence d'œuvre".

Patrick Kéchichian

**912. — Andrew Rathmann** *2 Mar 2003* ↑ Register

A translation of the obit for those who don't read French. / AR

———

Maurice Blanchot, He Kept to Himself

The scribbler, most secret of our era, has died, Thurs 20 Feb, in his cave in the Yveline Mountains, aged 95 years. Author of essays and fictions, father of a most impertinent critique of the 20th century, his analyses permanently irritated Kafka and Holderlin, Bataille and des Forots.

Scribbling about soup ladles or Ambiguity, looking into the questions of mind, work, nihilism, hauling in words for interrogation, insisting on literature's "right to die," casting a sidways glance at politics and the world trade in disasters... Blanchot did not invent or christen, authored no systems, no webs to catch the fly of fancy. He looked and acted theoretical, treating literature as a stiff "in critical work of such complete assurance it permitted its own unimportance."

"The truth? Nothing could be further from it than authors are. It's being is self-obliteration, but without modesty, so hopped up on itself I don't even know how to say it; it is wrapped in the deafness of thought that drowns out everything else; it's there in the surprised look of the guy who gets an answer he wasn't expecting, and is stressed out by it: why can't you think for yourself? Why go looking for help? Your eyes may be clear, but it's the clarity of a baby's eyes, and babies don't know anything. They look peaceful when they nap because they believe, wrongly, that they are safe." A quote from the first page of The Ass of Man, published 1957, lines which, like a portrait, show us Blanchot's cruelty.

Flapping his wings above the monster's maw of existence, Blanchot strove with dementia, at the end of the year 1960, to create a life evermore perfect and empty. With the exception of a rare photograph of him as a boy, in the epoque of Strasbourgian homework with his bud Emanuel Levinas, and a late snapshot of the maestro in the vicinity of Paris, our image of him is of a blanched slate.

The scribbler himself was a rigorous expunger of biography. He would neither confirm nor dispute the official version of what he liked to eat for lunch. His amigos, who formed a tight ring of "communidad" around him, respected his weird tics. Roger Laporte, who threw him a famous birthday party in the year 1950 (it was not his birthday), spoke of his "preference for bonbons shaped like Mozart": "A little intimacy with Blanchot went a long way." "Life is nothing but reading books and keeping one's mouth shut," inscribed Blanchot in a copy of his collected works.

Born in Squint (Allspice-Lorraine), 22 Sept 1907, to a catholic family. Named for Saint Maurice. Snoozed through philsophy, medicine, psychiatry, beside Roger Laporte, and never could think of a dissertation topic. In Strasbourg: hit it off with Levinas and initiated his studies of the tongues of Husserl and Heidegger.

The year 1930: on the edge of French Action, a Young Republican, intense Debater, Combatant, Insurgent, Author of bloody Tracts. A great one for giving the boot to foreigners.

He softened up in 1938. With the occupation, joined the Resistance. In 1941 published his first Oeuvres. Won friends. Influenced people. At the end of the war, he wrote: "History ended at Auschwitz. So why are you people still eating cheese and carrying on?" Ending history became his obsession, no, more than that: the _horizon_ (mot perfecte!) of all his subsequent thought.

With the end of his youth, he became virulent. He became a redacteur and revolutionary. "We are more than a pest infestation, we are combat ants." One of his last interventions, in the year 1994, was to deride the Right for its refusal to indulge in fatty foods.

In all his work, he defended the "bitter nut of solitude in the bonbon of experience": "I play a lot of solitaire. I guess you could say my Oeuvre is solitaire. I've even got it on my palm

pilot." Confounder of talking and scribbling, drinker of the elan vitale, transcender of history, a doorway and a wall, mystic, ontologue.

Mallarme and Kafka were the ones who had to entertain him most of the time, let him know he wasn't dead yet (though mortal, mortal and solitary!), haunt his dreams, etc. Also Nietzsche, Sade, Rilke: he analyzed the bunch of them, in a manner always unbloused and singular, a real Penseur who cooked up the notion of "literary vacant space (your ad here)."

How is scribbling still possible? His question, not mine, posed in 1942 when he and his pals were thinking about getting out of the game. He shows us, in essays, novels, gab, in work that is more and more choppy and piecemeal, the advantage of being inscrutable. It's not the obligation of a paradoxical Frenchman to explain himself. Not the least of his paradoxes was that he left a complete work, an infinite work, riches beyond hope, yet denied the existence of same.

**913.** **— MWP** *12 Mar 2003* ↑ **Register**
*MB quotation*

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-mwp

**914. — Nick Piombino** *13 Mar 2003* ↑ **Register**

Terrific piece, MWP. And I'm not even a Blanchot fan. Damn good!

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# Fred Rogers

1928–2003

*4 messages · 4 hands*

*American television host and Presbyterian minister who made* Mister Rogers' Neighborhood *for thirty-three years. Dead of cancer.*

**915. — Jim Behrle** *27 Feb 2003* ↑ **Register**

*Fred Rogers (1929-2003)*

'Mister Rogers' Dies of Cancer at 74

> *"By THE ASSOCIATED PRESS*
>
> *Filed at 12:13 p.m. ET*
>
> *PITTSBURGH (AP) — Fred Rogers, who gently invited millions of children to be his neighbor as host of the public television show ``Mister Rogers' Neighborhood'' for more than 30 years, died of cancer early Thursday. He was 74.*
>
> *Rogers died at his Pittsburgh home, said family spokesman David Newell, who played Mr. McFeely on the show. Rogers had been diagnosed with stomach cancer sometime after the holidays, Newell said.*
>
> *``He was so genuinely, genuinely kind, a wonderful person,'' Newell said. ``His mission was to work with families and children for television. ... That was his passion, his mission, and he did it from day one.''*
>
> *From 1968 to 2000, Rogers, an ordained Presbyterian minister, produced the show at Pittsburgh public television station WQED. The final new episode, which was taped in December 2000, aired in August 2001, though PBS affiliates continued to air back episodes.*
>
> *Rogers composed his own songs for the show and began each episode in a set made to look like a comfortable living room, singing ``It's a beautiful day in the neighborhood,'' as he donned sneakers and a zip-up cardigan.*
>
> *``I have really never considered myself a TV star,'' Rogers said in a 1995 interview. ``I always thought I was a neighbor who just came in for a visit.''*
>
> *His message remained simple: telling his viewers to love themselves and others. On each show, he would take his audience on a magical trolley ride into the Neighborhood of Make-Believe, where his puppet creations would interact with each other and adults.*
>
> *Rogers did much of the puppet work and voices himself. He also studied early childhood development at the University of Pittsburgh and consulted with an expert there over the years.*
>
> *``He was certainly a perfectionist. There was a lot more to Fred than I think many of us saw,'' said Joe Negri, a guitarist who on the show played the royal handyman in the Neighborhood of Make-Believe and owner of ``Negri's Music Shop.''*
>
> *Negri said Rogers refused to accept shoddy ad-libbing by guests who may have thought they could slack off during a kid's show.*

*But Rogers could also enjoy taping as if he were a child himself, Negri recalled. Once, he said, the two of them fell into laughter because of the difficulty they had putting up a tent on the show.*

*Rogers taught children how to share, deal with anger and even why they shouldn't fear the bathtub by assuring them they'll never go down the drain.*

*``He talked directly to children and they listened. He nurtured creativity, self-esteem, curiosity and self-discipline, and his profound contributions will live on, as will the spirit of the man who created them,'' said Pat Mitchell, president of PBS.*

*During the Persian Gulf War, Rogers told youngsters that ``all children shall be well taken care of in this neighborhood and beyond — in times of war and in times of peace,'' and he asked parents to promise their children they would always be safe.*

*``We live in a world in which we need to share responsibility,'' he said in 1994. ``It's easy to say 'It's not my child, not my community, not my world, not my problem.'*

*``Then there are those who see the need and respond. I consider those people my heroes.''*

*Rogers came out of broadcasting retirement last year to record public service announcements for the Public Broadcasting Service telling parents how to help their children deal with the anniversary of the Sept. 11 attacks.*

*``If they see the tragedy replayed on television, they might think it's happening at that moment,'' he said.*

*Rogers' show won four Emmy Awards, plus one for lifetime achievement. He was given a George Foster Peabody Award in 1993, ``in recognition of 25 years of beautiful days in the neighborhood.''*

*At a ceremony marking the show's 25th anniversary that year, Rogers said, ``It's not the honors and not the titles and not the power that is of ultimate importance. It's what resides inside.''*

*The show's ratings peaked in 1985-86 when about 8 percent of all U.S. households with televisions tuned in. By the 1999-2000 season, viewership had dropped to about 2.7 percent, or 3.6 million people.*

*As other children's programming opted for slick action cartoons, Rogers stayed the same and stuck to his soothing message.*

*Off the set, Rogers was much like his television persona. He swam daily, read voraciously and listened to Beethoven. He once volunteered at a state prison in Pittsburgh and helped set up a playroom there for children visiting their parents.*

*One of Rogers' red sweaters hangs in the Smithsonian Institution.*

*Rogers was born in Latrobe, 30 miles southeast of Pittsburgh. Early in his career, Rogers was an unseen puppeteer in ``The Children's Corner,'' a local show he helped launch at WQED in 1954. In seven years of unscripted, live television, he developed many of the puppets used in his later show, including King Friday XIII and Curious X the Owl.*

*He was ordained in 1963 with a charge to continue his work with children and families through television. That same year, Rogers accepted an offer to develop ``Misterogers,'' his own 15-minute show, for the Canadian Broadcasting Corp.*

*He brought the show back to Pittsburgh in 1966, incorporating segments of the CBC show into a new series distributed by the Eastern Educational Network to cities including Boston, Philadelphia and Washington.*

*In 1968, ``Mister Rogers' Neighborhood'' began distribution across the country through National Educational Television, which later became the Public Broadcasting Service.*

> *Rogers' gentle manner was the butt of some comedians. Eddie Murphy parodied him on ``Saturday Night Live'' in the 1980s with his ``Mister Robinson's Neighborhood,'' a routine Rogers found funny and affectionate.*
>
> *Rogers is survived by his wife, Joanne, a concert pianist; two sons; and two grandsons. ^------*
>
> *On the Net: http://pbskids.org/rogers"*

**916. — David Hadbawnik** *27 Feb 2003* ↑ **Register**

I heard an interview with Dave Newell on the Christian radio station this morning... not long ago I heard a "this American life" on NPR in which a man who had met Mr. Rogers as a kid revisited him many years later, and found him to be exactly the same as he remembered him, talking and acting and dressing completely in character!

of course I have my own memories of watching Mr. Rogers, but i'll keep those to myself today, sadly...

**917. — Jeffrey Jullich** *6 Mar 2003* ↑ **Register**

*'Craie-oleaginous?' [in memoriam FRED ROGERS]*

'Craie-oleaginous?

'Ever wonder where Crayola crayons got that name? Edwin Binney's wife, Alice, a school teacher, came up with it. She combined the word craie, French for chalk, with the first part of oleaginous, for the oily paraffin wax used, to make the name Crayola! . . .

'1958: "Prussian blue" is renamed "midnight blue" in response to teachers' observations that students are no longer familiar with Prussian history. . . .

'1962: The Crayola Crayon color, "flesh," changes to "peach," recognizing that not everyone's skin is the same shade. . . .

'Renowned American artist Grant Wood entered a Crayola coloring contest in the early 1900s and won. Wood later commented that winning the contest gave him the encouragement he needed to pursue a career in art. . . .

'1996: Ninety-three years after the making of the first Crayola crayon, a colorful and historical milestone is reached --- the 100 billionth Crayola crayon rolls off the production line at Binney & Smith world headquarters in Forks Township, Pennsylvania. The honor of making the 100 billionth Crayola crayon is given to Fred Rogers, host of Mister Rogers'

**918. — Geoffrey Gatza** *7 Mar 2003* ↑ **Register**

Thanks for posting this info Jeffrey. To mark Mr. Rogers passing I went out and bought the 64 pack of Crayola's and have been writing with them. I guess you did too. Thanks :-)

---

## Ann Veronica Simon

1968–2003

*1 message · 1 hand*

> *American poet and feminist rhetoric scholar at UC Berkeley who twice won its Eisner Prize for creativity;* This Layer of Plush: Selected Poems *(2013). Died in Berkeley.*

**919. — David Larsen** *1 Mar 2003* ↑ **Register**

*Ann Veronica Simon 1968-2003*

I wish I had thought to pass this on sooner. Ann Simon died in her home in Berkeley this past Monday, February 24, surrounded by family and friends to the last. Her last word, I am told, was "yum." Ann was overcome suddenly by a cancer which she had been

fighting for the past year. She was very private and very dear, and will be dear always to everyone who knows her or her work.

There is a memorial celebration of Ann's life planned for today (Saturday March 1) at the Black Box Theater in Oakland. This is at 1928 Telegraph Avenue, across from the old Fox Theater. From noon to 3 there will be remembrances and performances in Ann's memory, giving way to a more informal gathering which will go until 6 or so. Bay Area list-members reading this late, I'm sorry. I'm not even sure that's the year she was born. But anyone reading this today who can make it to downtown Oakland will be welcomed and, I think, comforted even.

My heart to everyone this message touches.

David Larsen

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## Stan Brakhage

1933–2003

*15 messages · 13 hands*

*American experimental filmmaker, a towering avant-garde figure who painted directly on celluloid, maker of Dog Star Man;* Window Water Baby Moving *(1959). Died bladder cancer, which he attributed to aniline film-painting dyes.*

**920. — Robert Kelly** *9 Mar 2003* ↑ **Register**
*Brakhage*

Stan Brakhage died today. His work in film and text renewed our poetry, renewed our hearing as much as it renewed our vision. Bless him.

Robert

> **921. — Aldon L Nielsen** *9 Mar 2003* ↑ **Register**
> Stan was one of the most generous artists I have ever met — We will all miss him terribly
>
> **922. — Wystan Curnow** *10 Mar 2003* ↑ **Register**
> This is sad news. Brakhage helped me make up my mind. Brakhage is there in my mind's make-up. That was when I used to go to New York more than I do now. I found the city overwelming at first, and had to work on that, so one time I decided the only films I would go to would be Brakhage films. It was amazing how many I saw, and how vivid my recollection of them is. I wrote while watching them, the first time I'd ever done that. Wystan
>
> **923. — lewis lacook** *9 Mar 2003* ↑ **Register**
> quite strange...i've been reading recently a lot about brakhage in gene youngblood's expanded cinema...
>
> sad to lose such a visionary...
>
> bliss
>
> l
>
> http://www.lewislacook.com/ NEW! Fort! Da! http://www.lewislacook.com/FortDa ARCADIA: long poem serialized in the muse apprentice guild: http://www.muse-apprentice-guild.com/ http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/385/lewis_lacook.html
>
> Yahoo! Tax Center - forms, calculators, tips, and more

**924. — charles alexander** *9 Mar 2003* ↑ **Register**

The first time I saw his films, and ever since, I thought he taught me how to see light, how to feel light. Getting to meet and talk with him a few years ago was such a pleasure, and a witness to his generosity.

**925. — Harry Nudel** *10 Mar 2003* ↑ **Register**

*Sonnet*

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Brakhage

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**926. — Nick Piombino** *10 Mar 2003* ↑ **Register**

*Stan Brakhage from -Metaphors on Vision-*

"To see is to retain—to behold. Elimination of all fear is in sight—which must be aimed for....This is an age which has no symbol for death other than the skill and bones of one stage of decomposition...and it is an age which lives in fear of total annihilation. It is a time haunted by sexual sterility yet almost universally incapable of perceiving the phallic nature of every destructive manifestation of itself. It is an age which artificially seeks to project itself materialistically into abstract space and to fulfill itself mechanically because it has blinded itself to almost all external reality within eyesight and to the organic awareness of even the physical movement properties of its own perceptibility. The earliest cave paintings discovered demonstrate that primitive man had a greater understanding than we do that the object of fear must be objectified."

Stan Brakhage -Metaphors On Vision- 1963

**927. — Aldon L Nielsen** *11 Mar 2003* ↑ **Register**

Child of the Willows For Stan Brakhage

Frame follows frame of

  Purest flaming  prairie of

    Infuriating  earth

From shelterbelt

Saw sprockets

    At field edge

Nothing forlorn for

  acres

Across a plain colored by commerce

Whispers from the bleeding ears of

  Kansas

Crash crop of the nameable
Crowing across cowed pasture
A commodity is a sometimes thing
A house that substitutes for speech
No lacunae
In story space
Cell after painted  cell
Daily rushes of flourishing corn
Flickering poetics

**928. — Herb Levy** *11 Mar 2003* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Brakhage*

I've been away from e-mail for a couple of days. Wow.

Seeing so many of his early films when I was at UWisconsin in the 1970s reinforced a lot of what I was already up to. As did hearing him give a couple of the lectures on silent directors while visiting a friend who went to the Art Institute of Chicago.

His talks then reminded me of Cecil Taylor's lectures in Madison: so full of basic personal insights into the direct material nature of the work, beautifully phrased in incredibly idiosyncratic ways to which many people in a classroom situation didn't know how to respond.

& then more of the movies while living in Seattle including, I'm happy to recall, some of the most recent hand-painted films a couple of months before leaving for Texas a few years ago.

Folks on the list may be interested to know that Criterion DVDs have a two-disc set of 26 of Brakhage's films scheduled for release in May. (The list of films includes Mothlight, Act of Seeing with One's Own Eyes, Water Window Baby Moving, Dog Star Man, Dante Quartet, Desistfilm and lots more.) Criterion usually doesn't release anything on time, but it will be good to have some things more easily available soon.

**929. — Pierre Joris** *12 Mar 2003* ↑ **Register**
*Brakhage Obit NYT*

March 12, 2003

Stan Brakhage, Avant-Garde Filmmaker, Is Dead at 70

*“By A. O. SCOTT*

*Stan Brakhage, one of the leading figures in American experimental cinema, died on Sunday in Victoria, British Columbia. He was 70.*

*The cause was cancer, his wife, Marilyn, said in a statement.*

*In a career that in the early 1950's and continued until the last weeks of his life, Mr. Brakhage made about 400 films. He also wrote about film and taught extensively.*

*Like the work of many artistic radicals, his is often described in terms of what it is not: working in a photographic medium most commonly defined by storytelling and the reproduction of real-world objects and events, Mr. Brakhage made films that usually had no narrative, were often not representational and at times even dispensed with photography altogether. With a few exceptions, his films were also made without sound, which he felt might spoil the intensity of the visual experience.*

*An admirer of Ezra Pound and a close associate of poets like Kenneth Rexroth, Robert Creeley and Robert Duncan, Mr. Brakhage preferred to think of his films as metaphorical, abstract and highly subjective — as a kind of poetry written with light. "He was a painter or poet in cinema," said P. Adams Sitney, a film historian at Princeton University, "not a novelist like everybody else."*

*Mr. Sitney continued, "In the entire history of the medium, when all the pop-culture interests have faded, a hundred years from now, he will be considered the preeminent artist of the 20th century."*

*Mr. Brakhage's work is as notable for its variety as for its quantity: some of his films last only a few seconds, while others are epic in scope and duration; they include meditations on sexuality and*

*domestic life, as well as wholly abstract compositions made by scratching, dyeing and otherwise altering the celluloid itself.*

*In "Window Water Baby Moving" (1959) he unflinchingly documented the birth of one of his children long before camcorders became standard delivery-room accessories. In "Mothlight" (1963) he sandwiched leaves, petals and insect parts between strips of perforated tape and then transferred their images to film. In "The Text of Light" (1974) he examined the shadings and refractions of light filtered through a heavy glass ashtray.*

*But for all their differences of mood, style and formal method, Mr. Brakhage's films were the expression of a singular and uncompromising aesthetic program, which he articulated in numerous lectures, interviews and essays. "Imagine an eye unruled by man-made laws of perspective," he wrote in "Metaphor on Vision," first published in the journal Film Culture in 1963, "an eye unprejudiced by compositional logic, an eye which does not respond to the name of everything but which must know each object encountered in life through an adventure of perception."*

*The idea that the physical act of seeing could be separated — liberated, even — from the shape and nature of the things seen, and from our preconceptions about them, was the basis of much of Mr. Brakhage's art.*

*Stan Brakhage was born Robert Sanders in a Kansas City, Mo., orphanage on Jan. 14, 1933, and adopted two weeks later by Ludwig and Clara Brakhage, who named him James Stanley. He performed on radio as a boy soprano, attended high school in Denver and dropped out of Dartmouth after two months. In 1952 he made his first film, "Interim."*

*Among his early influences were Jean Cocteau and the Italian neo-realists but, after arriving in New York in 1954, he gravitated toward the flourishing avant-garde film scene, drawing inspiration from artists and filmmakers like Maya Deren and Marie Menken and with Joseph Cornell, with whom he collaborated on several occasions.*

*In 1957 he married Jane Collom, and the details of their lives together, and the lives of their five children, would figure prominently in his work. They divorced in 1987. In 1989 Mr. Brakhage married Marilyn Jull, with whom he had two sons.*

*He is survived by Marilyn, their sons, Anton and Vaughn; the children from his first marriage, Myrrena Schwegmann of Aurora, Colo., Crystal Brakhage of Longmont, Colo., Neowyn Bartek of Denver, Bearthm Brakhage of Denver and Rarc Brakhage of Selmer, Tenn.; and 14 grandchildren.*

*Mr. Brakhage's work, beginning with "Anticipation of the Night" (1958), which he at one point considered ending with a scene of his own suicide, soon placed him at the center of the underground film movement.*

*Jonas Mekas, a fellow filmmaker, longtime friend and director of Anthology Film Archives in Manhattan, recalled on Monday that, before Mr. Brakhage, "the avant-garde was very much in the classical French/German tradition, and here comes this guy in his 20's from Colorado with this electrifying personal style, very open and free, and that was really the beginning of the American avant-garde."*

*Mr. Mekas compared Mr. Brakhage to Willem de Kooning and the other Abstract Expressionist painters. In the 1980's, with "painted films" like Mr. Brakhage's "Dante Quartet," this affinity would become even more explicit, as though Mr. Brakhage had been able to transform the implicit velocity of action painting into actual, literal movement.*

*According to Marilyn Brakhage, Mr. Brakhage's doctors believed that the coal-tar dyes that he used in making those films may have contributed to his bladder cancer, which was diagnosed in 1996.*

*Although the centers of experimental filmmaking in the 60's and 70's were San Francisco and New York, Mr. Brakhage spent much of his working life in Colorado, where he lived from 1960 until last year, when he moved to Canada.*

*From 1969 to 1981 he taught for one semester each year at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. (His lectures there, on his colleagues and precursors, were collected in the book "Film at Wit's End.") From 1981 until his retirement last year, he taught at the University of Colorado at Boulder.*

*Mr. Mekas said that in his final months Mr. Brakhage was still working on film, softening the emulsion on pieces of celluloid and scratching it with his fingernail.”*

**930. — Brennen Lukas** *14 Mar 2003* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Brakhage*

This is a fine obituary for Brakhage, as strange as that phrase sounds. I especially enjoyed his quote at the end, for I think we are all participants in the "fuss."

"I'm not so bold as to say film *is* an art, but that at least we have proven that a great many people are dedicated to trying to make it so," Brakhage said in the 2001 interview with indieWIRE. "I'd say that to the extent to which we are a hopeful art, the young people that are coming along are responding both for and against their predecessors in the normal ways. Some people are kicking against structuralism and trying to do something different. Some people are still kicking against my aesthetics or that of my generation." Concluding he said, "So there's always that kind of fuss, usually among artists with some degree of respect, because we all know that we're related to each other, and that we're making a tree here in human history that has its lineage."

*"I dont think this obit has made it thru the list yet..."*

**931. — MWP** *14 Mar 2003* ↑ **Register**
*Poets on Brak*

Can you give me references to Stan Brakhage in the writings and correspondence of the poets he knew like Creeley, Olson, Dorn etc. -assuming they exist? Much appreciated.

m

**932. — Skip Fox** *14 Mar 2003* ↑ **Register**

The index of my (as Willard Fox) secondary bibliography on Creely, Dorn, and Duncan (G. K. Hall, 1989) has eight items written ON one of these three and Brakhage and one ON _Two: Creeley/McClure_. A number of these are interviews or talks with Brakhage.

Of possible interest is in interview with Dorn (Okada, Roy. "An
Interview with Edward Dorn." Contemporary Literature 15.3 (1974):
297-314.

I know of no index of these writers works where they may mention Brakhage. If in an interview, Creeley, Dorn, or Duncan would have mentioned (to some significant extent) Brakhage within a biographical context or in terms of their work's affinity with Brakhage during the scope of the bibliography (1944-1986), I would have annotated it and indexed Brakhage. The only case I see is the citation above.

You might skim through William McPheron's _Charles Olson: The Critical Reception, 1941-1983_ but Bill did not annotate Olson's interviews, considering them primary.

You can always skim the major collections of these poet's collected prose volumes.

**933. — Aldon L Nielsen** *14 Mar 2003* ↑ **Register**

A piece of Ronald Johnson's ARK is dedicated to Brakhage (I'm in LA without my books & can't supply citation)

The BRAKHAGE SCRAPBOOK includes some of Stan's letters to poets

Anna Everett & I recorded a lengthy interview with Brakhage specifically about his relationships to poets & poetry, but have not had time to transcribe it as yet

**934. — Chicago Review** *27 Mar 2003* ↑ **Register**
*Fwd: Stan Brakhage (1933-2003): In Memorium / In Celebration*

This may be of interest to Chicago-area listmembers. Stay tuned for news concerning another screening at the Film Center of Brakhage's last films, including -Panels for the Walls of Heaven-, wch shd occur sometime in May.

Eirik Steinhoff Editor

* * * * * * * *

Chicago Filmmakers Presents

Wednesday, April 23 — 7:00pm Chicago Cultural Center (78 E. Washington St., Claudia Cassidy Theater)

Stan Brakhage (1933-2003): In Memorium / In Celebration A Special Memorial Screening

> Co-presented by Chicago Review and the Chicago Department of Cultural Affairs
>
> Stan Brakhage, who died on March 9, was a singular, visionary filmmaker and one of the great artists of the 20th century.
>
> His influence was profound, as a filmmaker, writer, teacher (including a long period at the School of the Art Institute in the 1970s and 80s), and person. Tonight's program, presented in memory of Brakhage the individual and in celebration of Brakhage the artist, features ten films generously provided by five Chicago-area admirers of Brakhage's work who personally own prints of his films: Mimi Brav, Fred Camper, Bruce Cooper, Ken Eisenstein, and Bill Stamets.
>
> Immediately after the screening, there will be an informal open microphone for people to share their remembrances of and stories about Stan and to speak on what his work has meant to them.
>
> The films showing cover most of Brakhage's amazing 50 year career and include a wide range of the explorations of light, color, texture, and rhythm that were at the heart of his aesthetic vision. Program: Desistfilm
>
> (1954, 7 mins., sound); Mothlight
>
> (1963, 4 mins., silent); Door
>
> (1971, 2 mins., silent); The Riddle of Lumen (1972, 17 mins., silent); The Roman Numeral Series III
>
> (1980, 2 mins. @ 18fps, silent); Egyptian Series (1983, 17 mins., silent); I ... Dreaming
>
> (1988, 8 mins., sound); Chartres Series
>
> (1994, 9 mins., silent); Commingled Containers (1997, 5 mins., silent); and Stately Mansions Did Decree
>
> (1999, 5.5 mins., silent).
>
> Plus Encomium
>
> (2003, 2 mins., silent), by Brian Frye. A short portrait film of Stan Brakhage.
>
> Admission is free and open to all. * * * * * * * * * CHICAGO REVIEW 5801 South Kenwood Avenue Chicago IL 60637 http://humanities.uchicago.edu/review/

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## Herbert Aptheker

1915–2003

*1 message · 1 hand*

> *American Marxist historian and activist whose pioneering documentation of African-American history challenged benign accounts of slavery;* American Negro Slave Revolts *(1943). Died at his home in Mountain View.*

**935. — Aldon L Nielsen** *21 Mar 2003* ↑ **Register**

*[Fwd: Herbert Aptheker, 1915-2003]*

I am assuming you all know this news, and I apologize for the duplication if you have this San Jose obit./article as such, but/and another to mourn and celebrate. . .

Scholar Herbert Aptheker dies at 88 ==========> Jack Fischer San Jose Mercury News 3/19/2003

Herbert Aptheker, a seminal scholar of African-American history and a lifelong radical who counseled two generations of American leftists, died at his home in Mountain View on Monday of complications from pneumonia. He was 88.

He and his wife, Fay, who died in 1999, had lived in San Jose since the 1970s. Aptheker moved to Mountain View shortly after falling ill.

His scholarship on African-American history preceded the discipline's broad acceptance on American university campuses and was a source of inspiration for the current generation of scholars. They include Henry Louis Gates at Harvard and Clayborne Carson, director of the Martin Luther King papers project at Stanford, among many friends in the field.

"Any young person who came along in the field of African-American studies in the '70s '80s and '90s, as I did, touched base with Herbert's work,'' Carson said Tuesday. "He provided a foundation that inspired us.''

Aptheker was a protege of W.E.B. Dubois, who made the younger man his literary executor. Aptheker and his wife spent many years editing and publishing the African-American leader's papers.

In his final months, Aptheker had been working with Carson to put the finishing touches on a new edition of Aptheker's "Documentary History of the Negro People,'' his multi-volume magnum opus of the writings of African-Americans dating back 300 years. It would be the last of more than 80 volumes of scholarly writing he published.

But it was Aptheker's politics that garnered the most headlines through the years.

He was for decades a leading theorist of the Communist Party U.S.A. before resigning in 1991. He also was the father of Bettina Aptheker, a former leader of the Berkeley Free Speech Movement, and was a friend to 1960s radical and Black Panther leader Angela Davis. (Both women now teach at UC-Santa Cruz, where Aptheker was the chair of Women's Studies.) And it was Herbert Aptheker who, in Christmas 1965, led a delegation that included former state Sen. Tom Hayden, then the leader of Students for a Democratic Society, to Hanoi during the Vietnam War.

Aptheker spoke widely on college campuses in the 1960s. His rapport with students in 1965 prompted the FBI in internal memos to dub him "the most dangerous communist in the United States,'' an appellation that amused and pleased him.

Those meeting Aptheker for the first time and expecting a frosty ideologue were surprised by his easy warmth and often gently profane humor. Aptheker, as given to funny Yiddishisms as to fiery rhetoric, seemed mostly like the Brooklyn denizen he originally was, albeit a particularly well-educated one.

Herbert Aptheker was born in Brooklyn on July 31, 1915, the youngest of five children of a Russian immigrant who came to be known as the "Underwear King'' for the way he made his fortune.

Young Herbert was raised in part by an African-American woman who worked in the family household. That, combined with trips to the segregated South in the 1930s, had

exposed Aptheker to the abject poverty of many blacks and helped fuse his scholarly interests with the radicalism of the day.

In 1939, in a quest for social justice, he joined the American Communist Party, then near its peak of influence. He received his doctorate in history from Columbia University in 1943.

With the arrival of World War II, Aptheker enlisted and served as an artillery commander in Europe, rising to the rank of major. After the war, he returned to a changed world. The Cold War had begun. Unwilling to give up his party membership and unable to get a faculty appointment because of it, he won a Guggenheim fellowship and began work on his ``Documentary History.'' The first volume appeared in 1951.

For much of the 1950s, Aptheker fought the country's anti-communist purges. He testified on behalf of several leading Communist Party officials being prosecuted for their membership. Inexplicably, Aptheker never was prosecuted.

Aptheker's stalwart defense of the Soviet Union for so many years left him open to charges by critics that he was an apologist for the regime's worst excesses. In 1991, with the Soviet Union teetering on extinction, he acknowledged the ``monstrous reality'' of its actions. He quit the party, but never for a moment wavered in his radicalism.

He is survived by his daughter, Bettina; a niece, Claire Grotsky of Hillsborough; a nephew, David Artson of San Francisco, and grandchildren Jenny Kurzweil of Santa Cruz and Joshua Kurzweil of Tokyo.

The family asks that donations in Aptheker's memory be made to the Middle East Children's Alliance, 905 Parker St., Berkeley, Calif. 94710, or the Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture, 515 Malcolm X Blvd., New York, N.Y. 10037-1801. ---------- Contact Jack Fischer at jfischer@m... or . http://www.bayarea.com/mld/mercurynews/news/local/5427380.htm

==========>

Herbert Aptheker, 87, Prolific Marxist
Historian, Is Dead

> *“By CHRISTOPHER LEHMANN-HAUPT New York Times*
>
> *March 20, 2003*
>
> *Herbert Aptheker, the prolific Marxist historian best known for his three-volume "Documentary History of the Negro People in the United States" and for editing the correspondence and writing of his mentor, W. E. B. DuBois, died on Monday in Mountain View, Calif. He was 87.*
>
> *Along with his work on black history and his outspoken defense of civil rights, he was known as a dominant voice on the American left in the 1950's and 60's and as one of the first scholars to denounce American military involvement in Vietnam. His political views, and particularly a fact-finding trip to Hanoi and Beijing in 1966, resulted in threats by Washington to revoke his passport, a move that provoked a high-profile debate about the legality of State Department travel restrictions.*
>
> *In another public feud, Mr. Aptheker took on the author William Styron, after the publication of his best-selling 1967 novel "The Confessions of Nat Turner," a re-creation of the 1831*

*Virginia slave insurrection. Mr. Aptheker, as well as some black writers and historians, accused Mr. Styron of distorting the record and promoting racial stereotypes. Mr. Styron, who called his book a "meditation on history," hotly rejected Mr. Aptheker's view, saying it was tainted by politics.*

*Although he wrote, taught and lectured widely on his political views, his only major attempt at elective office was an unsuccessful campaign for the House of Representatives from Brooklyn in 1966 on the Peace and Freedom ticket.*

*Among his lasting contributions was the editing of the DuBois letters. Writing in The New York Times Sunday Book Review, the historian Eric Foner called "The Correspondence of W. E. B. DuBois" (Massachusetts, 1973-1978) "a landmark in Afro-American history."*

*Yet when DuBois appointed Mr. Aptheker (pronounced AP-tek-er) his literary executor in 1946 and subsequently turned over to him his vast correspondence shortly before his death in 1963, the move was vocally criticized in the black intellectual community. Some felt that as a white man Mr. Aptheker could not truly identify with the black American experience. Others thought that for DuBois to have chosen an avowed Marxist to edit his papers was to make him vulnerable to the accusation, often voiced in the McCarthy era, that he himself was opposed to the American way of life.*

*Yet Mr. Aptheker's editing was greeted with wide praise. Reviewers said that his own extensive writing on African-American history had clearly prepared him for the task. Jay Saunders Redding, the black author and teacher, wrote in Phylon, a journal founded by DuBois, that "what gives a special importance to the letters it contains is the light they shed on the why and how of this history and on the men and women who made it."*

*Herbert Aptheker was born on July 31, 1915, in Brooklyn, the youngest of five children of Benjamin Aptheker, a successful manufacturer of women's underwear, and Rebecca Komar Aptheker. He graduated from Columbia University in 1936, completed a master's degree there in 1937 and a doctorate in history in 1943. His dissertation was published under the title "Black Slave Revolts" (Columbia, 1942).*

*In September 1939, just after he began working toward his doctorate, he joined the Communist Party, because, he said, he saw it as an anti-fascist force and a progressive voice for race relations. He was a hostile witness before the House Committee on Un-American Activities in 1951, and throughout the 1950's he remained on the defensive for his radical views, experiencing violent threats and close federal surveillance.*

*In 1942, he married Fay Philippa Aptheker, his first cousin. She died in 1999. They had one child, a daughter, Bettina, a leader of the Berkeley Free Speech Movement who is a professor and the chairwoman of Women's Studies at the University of California at Santa Cruz. He is also survived by two grandchildren.*

*From 1942 until 1946, Mr. Aptheker served in the Army, seeing action as an artillery officer in Europe and rising to the rank of major. His first published work was a pamphlet, "The Negro in the Civil War" (1938), later compiled with other pamphlets under the title "To Be Free: Studies in American Negro History" (International Publishers, 1948). After the publication of his dissertation in 1942, he produced books almost yearly. Among his more notable works, in addition to his "Documentary History" (Citadel, 1951-1975) were his multivolume "History of the American People" (International, 1959-1976) and "Anti-Racism in U.S. History" (Greenwood, 1992). In "Anti-Racism," he traced the thread of opposition to black racism that he saw running throughout American history.*

*After he returned to New York after World War II, he applied for a teaching position at Columbia and was advised that because of his politics he would never be hired. In fact he was excluded from academic life until 1969, when student demands for a course on black history*

> *led to an invitation to teach at Bryn Mawr College, where he remained until 1973. Yet throughout his long career he lectured informally on black history.*
>
> *He was also DuBois lecturer at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst from 1971 to 1972, as a professor at Hostos Community College of the City University of New York from 1971 to 1977 and as a visiting lecturer at Yale, the University of California at Berkeley Law School and Humboldt University in Berlin. He was an associate editor at Masses and Mainstream from 1948 to 1953 and an editor at Political Affairs from 1953 to 1963. In 1964, he founded the American Institute of Marxist Studies in New York.*
>
> *Mr. Aptheker's trip to Hanoi and Beijing in January 1966 stirred a whirlwind of debate over Washington's travel restrictions to certain countries. Mr. Aptheker made the trip with Staughton Lynd, then a history professor at Yale, and Tom Hayden, a founder of Students for a Democratic Society.*
>
> *The widely publicized visit was billed as a mission to sound out the government of North Vietnam about the possibility of a negotiated end to the Vietnam War. Federal law on the broadly drawn State Department rules was unsettled. In one case that seemed to put Mr. Aptheker in the clear, the Supreme Court had held unconstitutionally broad a regulation that barred all Communists from traveling in all countries where passports are required. But when the three men returned, the State Department, which viewed their trip as meddlesome, took steps to restrict their travel, though it eventually backed down.*
>
> *To the end of his life, Mr. Aptheker saw his friendship with DuBois as formative. He recalled how in the late 40's they shared an office on 40th Street in Manhattan when DuBois was director of publicity and research for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. One day, Mr. Aptheker recalled, DuBois "said to me, `Herbert, any time you have a problem, don't hesitate, just ask me." This meant, he said, having access to one of America's most dynamic minds. "Imagine what that meant to me. I had it right here, and I had the New York Public Library across the street."*
>
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portside (the left side in nautical parlance) is a news, discussion and debate service of the Committees of Correspondence for Democracy and Socialism. It aims to provide varied material of interest to people on the left.

Post: mail to '' Subscribe: mail to '' List owner: Web address : <http://www.yahoogroups.com/group/portside> Digest mode : visit Web site

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# Richard Caddel

1949–2003

*6 messages · 4 hands*

*British poet and Pig Press founder, a key British Poetry Revival figure who edited Basil Bunting's Complete Poems;* Basil Bunting: Complete Poems *(1994, editor). A subscriber here: sixty-six messages, 1995–2000. Died leukaemia.*

**936. — Charles Bernstein** *1 Apr 2003* ↑ **Register**

*Richard Caddel (1949-2003)*

I have just received this tremendously sad note from Peter Quatermain

"I'm sorry to tell you that Richard Caddel died this morning at 11.45 UK time. He had a sudden and massive infection."

*

In a statement on his home page, Ric writes:

> *"I started reading and writing poems for the excitement of physical impact of words joined together (though I doubt I'd have named it so then) and when that ceases to surprise and amaze me, to be a path of discovery, I'll stop."*
>
> *Born in Bedford July 13th 1949 (John Clare's birthday); grew up in Gillingham, Kent. Studied music in Newcastle 1968-71; worked in Durham University Library 1972-2000. Retired due to ill-health (leukaemia). Married Ann in 1971; son Tom (1976-1995); daughter Lucy born 1978. Ran Pig Press with Ann 1972-2000; helped run Morden Tower readings (Newcastle) 1973-4; initiated Colpitts readings (Durham) 1975. Director of the Basil Bunting Poetry Centre, Durham University, since 1989. (http://www.dur.ac.uk/basil_bunting_poetry.centre/).*
>
> *Together with Peter Quartermain, he is the editor of the anthology Other: British and Irish Poetry since 1970 (Wesleyan University Press).*
>
> *Recent books: Magpie Words: Selected Poems 1970-2000. 2002, West House Books, Sheffield, 192pp. Monksnailsongs (with Tony Baker). 2002, Wild Honey Press, Bray, Eire [in press]. For The Fallen. 2000, Wild Honey Press, Bray, Eire. 44pp. Underwriter. 1998, Maquette Press, Beaworthy. 2nd ed. 1999, Poetry New York, New York. 16pp. Larksong Signal. 1997, Shearsman, Plymouth. 64pp."*

**937. — Mairead Byrne** *1 Apr 2003* ↑ **Register**

100

light on the air he lived
deftly delightful with
a personal speech
    if he was over
    in gracing going
        in falling unselfish
    a bright tight lad
    kind to them all
    ever our loss
        a winner in his words
    all gentle and warm
    wit was unrealised
        when from us all he went

from For The Fallen, by Ric Caddel. His words for his son true of him too though his wit be realised.

*“ 04/01/03 13:53 PM >>>”*

In a statement on his home page, Ric writes:

**938. — Patrick Herron** *2 Apr 2003* ↑ **Register**
*Richard Caddel*

This is such sad news. I feel I owe a huge debt to Richard Caddel, as much of my knowledge and love of modern & contemporary British poetry is due to his work. I found strong affinities & common ground there. I did not know Richard unfortunately. Except perhaps in this way: I can hardly imagine a life without Bunting or MacSweeney, or cheek or Upton for that matter. So I pass my sincerest & heartfelt condolences to those who did know Richard, his friends and loved ones, those who must live a life beyond him, after him.

Patrick

In a statement on his home page, Ric writes:

**939. — Peter Quartermain** *13 May 2003* ↑ **Register**
*In Memoriam Richard Caddel*

A gathering of tributes to Richard Caddel, who died on 1 April, is now up and running at

http://jacketmagazine/22/caddel/html

Thanks.

Peter Quartermain ========== He that oppresseth the Poor to increase his Riches, and he that giveth to the Rich, shall surely come to Want.

Thomas Dilworth. A New Guide to the English Tongue. In Five Parts. Designed for the Use of the SCHOOLS in Great Britain, Ireland, and in the several English Colonies and Plantations abroad. 1740.

**940. — Peter Quartermain** *13 May 2003* ↑ **Register**
*In Memoriam Richard Caddel -- correction*

Ooops! Sorry. I left out a .com The corrected address is below

A gathering of tributes to Richard Caddel, who died on 1 April, is now up and running at

http://jacketmagazine.com/22/caddel.html

Thanks.

Peter Quartermain

**941. — Peter Quartermain** *20 May 2003* ↑ **Register**
*In Memoriam Richard caddel 1949-2003*

For those interested, there's a quite extensive gathering of tributes (poetry and prose) to, and pictures of, Richard Caddel in the latest issue of Jacket:

## Nina Simone

1933–2003

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American singer, pianist and civil-rights activist dubbed the High Priestess of Soul, fusing jazz, classical and protest song;* "Mississippi Goddam" *(1964). Died of breast cancer, in her sleep at home in France.*

**942. — Charles Bernstein** *21 Apr 2003* **↑ Register**

*Nina Simone (1933-2003)*

Ne me quitte pas Ne me quitte pas Ne me quitte pas Ne me quitte pas

***

http://www.boscarol.com/nina/index.htm

## Ted Joans

1928–2003

*19 messages · 15 hands*

*American Beat surrealist jazz poet and trumpeter who launched the 'Bird Lives!' graffiti after Charlie Parker's death;* Long Distance Exquisite Corpse *(1976-2003). Died complications from diabetes, in Vancouver.*

**943. — Charles Bernstein** *11 May 2003* **↑ Register**

*TED JOANS (1928 - 2003)*

I received this message last night —

> *"From: "T. Paul Ste. Marie" Subject: TED JOANS - 1928 - 2003 -a request from his partner, Laura Corsiglia TED JOANS 1928-2003 Beat Generation jazz/surrealist poet and friend Ted Joans passed away of natural causes in his Vancouver apartment on Wednesday May 7th. I have spoken with his daughter, Darlene and his long time companion, artist Laura Corsiglia. Laura is overwhelmed and exhausted as well as heart broken right now, and has no energy to expend she did request something from us, though& When I asked what the poetry community may do to help out, Laura and I spoke of having a memorial reading in celebration of Ted's life in the near future (we will begin planning this at a later date), but on a more immediate note, Laura requested this, based on the action Ted took when his friend Charlie Parker died: GRAB SOME SIDEWALK CHALK OR CHARCOAL AND WRITE "TED JOANS LIVES!" EVERYWHERE YOU CAN! Ted had written "Bird Lives" all across the streets of New York, and this, Laura felt would be a wonderful way in which to celebrate Ted's life!*
>
> *GRAB THE CHALK AND START WRITING!!! Best, T.Paul"*

Here is some basic info on Ted Joans, from www.beatmuseum.org:

Ted Joans Born: July 4, 1928 Place of Birth: Cairo, Illinois Ted Joans was born Theodore Jones on July 4, 1928 on a riverboat in Cairo, Illinois. His father, a riverboat entertainer, put him off the boat in Memphis at age twelve and gave him a trumpet. He is a painter, a trumpeter, and a jazz poet. His jazz poems are collected in a book called "Black Pow-Wow." He earned a degree in Fine Arts from Indiana University, and in 1951 joined "the

Bohemia of Greenwich Village, USA." He has since recited his poems in coffeehouses in New York and in the middle of Saraha Desert. He has lived in Harlem, New York, Bloomington, Indiana, Haarlem, the Netherlands, and even Timbuktu. His books include: ·

Funky Jazz Poems ·

Beat Poems ·

All of T.J. and No More ·

The Truth ·

The Hipsters (a book of collages) ·

The Truth ·

Afrodisia ·

A Black Pow Wow of Jazz Poems His work is characterized by black nationalism, or a black consciousness, a strong rhythm, and a musical language and sensibility closely linked to the blues and most importantly to best of the avant-garde jazz. His style is associated with the oral tradition of African-American writing but also to the Beat Generation. Joans, along with Kerouac, Corso, Ginsberg, and Amiri Baraka began their poetic careers in the artistic haven of Greenwich Village in the late fifties and early sixties. Joans, though, has expanded his work and embraced more serious jazz-inflected sounds, and Black Power.

*** for more information, see the Ted Joans page at

**944. — Mark Weiss** *11 May 2003* ↑ **Register**

Ted was a sweet, kind man, with more than a little amiable conman about him. I knew him over the years in Paris, when he was dividing his time between Timbuktu (winters) and Paris.

Ted was by his own account the inventor of "rent-a-poet," a beat era money-maker. The idea was that otherwise boring people could rent a poet for a party, thereby livening up the event. He claimed to have had a few takers.

Ted spoke slowly and softly and incessantly. He was very good company. I'm sad to hear the news of his death.

Mark

Here is some basic info on Ted Joans, from www.beatmuseum.org:

and Jack Foley's review of his Selected at http://www.ishmaelreedpub.com/foley2.html

*** Joans's papers are at UC-Berkeley: http://www.lib.berkeley.edu/LDO/bene54/joanspapers.html

— Charles Bernstein

**945. — Alan Sondheim** *11 May 2003* ↑ **Register**

Years ago in the 60s I met him with Rafi Zabor in Paris; we did a concert together in Copenhagan - he was on trumpet. I remember he also had some of the best hash from Mali I ever had in my life - Alan

Here is some basic info on Ted Joans, from www.beatmuseum.org:

and Jack Foley's review of his Selected at http://www.ishmaelreedpub.com/foley2.html

*** Joans's papers are at UC-Berkeley: http://www.lib.berkeley.edu/LDO/bene54/joanspapers.html

— Charles Bernstein

**946. — Nick Piombino** *11 May 2003* ↑ **Register**
*Ted Joans 7/4/28-5/9/03.*

Saddened by the news about Ted Joans. We were introduced a few years ago by Charles Borkhuis in Paris. Ted immediately arranged for a wonderful reading for the three of us in the drop dead beautiful house and garden of a friend of his. An unforgettable evening that included a surprise performance by Phoebe Legere whose sultry accordian playing and singing has haunted me ever since. I learned that Ted loved to travel and frequently did book tours and readings including many in Africa. Ted liked to tell stories of his beat days,he was easy going and lots of fun to be around. He called one his favorite publishers "Nude Erections" (*New Directions*)..I saw Ted once more a couple of years ago. We spent the day together going to some bookstores. I had told him about some signed books by him I had purchased from the Skyline bookstore downtown around 17th and 5th, and the owner, of course, knows Ted. Then Ted wanted ice cream and we went somewhere and they happened to serve blue ice cream.. Ted immediately named tthe day our "blue ice cream day," I've never forgotten that moment, and I realized that Ted knew something about memory and imagery that I had planned to discuss next time I see him. Toni remembers another occasion when she and I went out with Ted and his companion, a warm, very lovely young woman whose name right now escapes me. Ted gave us some drawings in exchange for some books. Toni just located a terrific photo of Ted, his companion, Charles Borkhuis, Toni and myself in an outdoor cafe in Paris. Ted Joans died one or two days ago at the age of 70.

Nick Piombino *today is the three month anniversary of fait accompli-visit me at http://nickpiombino.blogspot.com/

**947. — Stephen Vincent** *11 May 2003* ↑ **Register**

What a lovely, personal piece on Ted Joans. I knew him a little in England late summer and fall of 1967 where I read with him and others at the Edinburgh Festival and sometimes in London. I was young and probably intimidated not to get to know him as person. But he had a great playful energy that helped animate whatever scene he was around (and that time a great love of Hell as presented by Hieronymus B.) He had a lifetime dedication to the Bohemian margins and seemed to manage to put up a tent anywhere and practically survive (NY, Europe, Mali). Tho I admit it's been ages since I have revisited the books - the covers of which(on the referenced website) still have an innocently wonderful way of provoking a serio-comic kind of shameless attention. I don't know if we are left with the history of a public character & performer and/or someone whose poetry will also survive its performed moment as text.

The Bancroft Library at Berkeley acquired Ted Joans' archives a year or so ago. (They also recently acquired the Gwendolyn Brooks archive and have a considerable collection of letters - I believe - written by Langston Hughes).

Of that fifties New York underground - and a writer much more enticed by social casualties - it was also interesting to see Jack Gelber, the playwright and author of The Connection recently died. Another astonishing "realist" cover that had the effect of a needle looking for a hard to find vein. (Evergreen/Grove Press). Who can forget the seductions of "The Cowboy" - an actual figure who used to occasionally come to San Francisco plying his wares to local musicians and totally screwing up otherwise career oriented lives.

**948. — George Bowering** *11 May 2003* ↑ **Register**
*Fwd: [canadianpoetryassociation] TED JOANS - 1928 - 2003*

Beat Generation jazz/surrealist poet Ted Joans passed away of natural causes in his Vancouver apartment on Wednesday May 7th. I since have spoken with his daughter, Darlene and his long time companion, artist Laura Corsiglia. When I asked what the poetry community may do to help out, we spoke of having a memorial reading in celebration of Ted's

life in the near future, but on a more immediate note, Laura requested this, based on the action Ted took when his friend Charlie Parker died:

GRAB SOME SIDEWALK CHALK OR CHARCOAL AND WRITE
"TED JOANS LIVES"
EVERYWHERE YOU CAN!

Ted had written "Bird Lives" all accross the streets of New York, and this, Laura felt would be a wonderful way in which to celebrate Ted's life!

GRAB THE CHALK AND START WRITING!!!

Best,
T.Paul

**949. — Larry Sawyer & Lina ramona** *12 May 2003* ↑ **Register**
*Ted Joans page*

I've started a memorial page for Ted Joans. Any who'd like to contribute let me know.

Larry Sawyer

http://www.milkmag.org/joans.htm

BLUNT EDGE

for Ted Joans

I wanted to give you a weapon
of onyx and saffron
implement it in the dark nights
when all alone among bad poets
while sipping cumulonimbus
and puffing stratosphere
poetry is better than anything else
its death has been pronounced repeatedly
but they'll never really nail it down
it is a cocaine rose
a rubble hurricane
balloon eyes above actual flags
flapping along infinity
with our tongues we put on the finishing touches.

**950. — Anastasios Kozaitis** *13 May 2003* ↑ **Register**
*Ted Joans*

Hi folks.

Doing a favor for David Amram, who is trying to get information to Ted's companion.

From David's email:

"Can you find out how I could get in touch with Ted's companion to send my love and do anything I can for his memory. Ted is the one who called me in 1969 and left a message on my machine that Jack had died. We were old friends from the begining of it all. I have great video of him and I performing a long improvised rap duet together at NYU in 1994, which his estate should have a copy of."

If anyone has address, phone, etc., please backchannel, and I'll send it along to David.

Thanks.

**951.** **— dcmb** *13 May 2003* ↑ **Register**

Dear Randolph, hello. I hope you and your family are flourishing. What do these three words say? I am as well as can be expected after a lifetime of self-abuse and appear to have written a better book than usual. Or so my mother, George Bowering, thinks.I was asleep at the time. Will send if reminded of your snailmail address. Love to all. David

**952.** **— wildhoney** *14 May 2003* ↑ **Register**

Dear David,

great to hear from you.

I replied to the wrong e-mail. Was at a union meeting last night and found a stick of chalk in my pocket so wrote 'Joans Lives' on a wall.

You know I'd never disbelieve your mother. Your book must be a hummer if its better than usual. Wow!

Will bc re address.

best

**953.** **— Jonathan Skinner** *14 May 2003* ↑ **Register**

I was shocked to hear that Ted had died; I always thought he had discovered, and squirreled away somewhere, the fountain of youth— and some day would let us in on the secret.

One Bastille day some years back I was reading this poem with a few students in the small park at the tip of the Ile Saint-Louis in Paris (incidentally, the park where Julio Cortazar set his story "Blow Up," later adapted by Antonioni and De Palma):

”Crowds“

It is not given to everyone to take a bath in the multitude; to enjoy the crowd is an art; and only that man can gorge himself with vitality, at the expense of the human race, whom, in his cradle, a fairy has inspired with love of disguise and of the mask, with hatred of the home and a passion for voyaging.

Multitude, solitude: terms that, to the active and fruitful poet, are synonymous and interchangeable. A man who cannot people his solitude is no less incapable of being alone in a busy crowd.

The poet enjoys the incomparable privilege that he can, at will, be either himself or another. Like those wandering spirits that seek a body, he enters, when he likes, into the person of any man. For him alone all is vacant; and if certain spaces seem to be closed to him, it is that, to his eyes, they are not worth the trouble of being visited.

The solitary and pensive pedestrian derives a singular exhilaration from this universal communion. That man who can easily wed the crowd knows a feverish enjoyment which will be eternally denied to the egoist, shut up like a trunk, and to the lazy man, imprisoned like a mollusc. The poet adopts as his own all the professions, all the joys and all the miseries with which circumstance confronts him.

What men call love is very meagre, very restricted and very feeble, compared to this ineffable orgy, to this holy prostitution of the soul that abandons itself entirely, poetry and charity included, to the unexpected arrival, to the passing stranger.

It is good occasionally to bring home to the happy people of this world, were it only in order to humiliate for a moment their inane pride, that there is a happiness superior to theirs, vaster and more refined. The founders of colonies, the pastors of peoples, missionary priests exiled to the ends of the earth, doubtless know something of this mysterious drunkenness; and, in the heart of the vast family which their genius has created for itself, they must laugh sometimes at those who pity them their destiny that is so unquiet and for their life that is so chaste.

We had concluded reading and were asking ourselves what Baudelaire could possibly have meant, with this enigmatic figure, "the poet"— when lo, appeared just across the park, whispering to a girl in a green coat a fourth his age, in a dandy scarf . . . Ted Joans!

I called to him and Ted graciously came over to talk to my students— though we couldn't get a poem out of him ("no bread, no Ted"). He did, however, let us in on the source of Max Ernst's title for his great work, "Hundred Headless Woman"— which came from Ernst's affair with Peggy Guggenheim . . . not that Guggenheim was "hundred headless," but that she lived on rue de la Femme Sans Tête (the statue that lost its head in the revolution still stands, missing her head, in a third-floor alcove at the corner) about two blocks from where we were sitting. It's also the street where Baudelaire's African mistress Jeanne Duval lived. What goes round comes round.

In any case, Baudelaire's words seemed to have conjured the very poet before our eyes. Ted had a way of showing up like that (last I'd seen him previous to this incident was reading his poems in George Whitman's musty little library with flowers and Notre Dame ringing out the open window). You can see pictures of him jamming with Kerouac, Ginsberg, Jones/Baraka, Di Prima and co. in many an old album zutique of Beatnik glory. Ah, legends. "If you ever see a man walking down the street talking to himself . . . do not fear, it is only the poet. You have nothing to fear from the poet . . . but the truth."

That "truth" could be little righteous in Ted's case ("it's one thing to sit up in your garret and write your little poems," he once told us around a pichet of bohemian red, "it's another thing to *be* a poet!"), but I suppose he connected times and places in ways few of us will ever get to.

HAPPY VISIONS, TED. TRAVEL SAFE.

JS

*"-----Original Message----- From: Robert Creeley [mailto:] Sent: Saturday, May 10, 2003 1:27 PM Subject: Vale, Ted Joans — Please get the word out as you can Ted Joans, Primary Poet (1928-2003) Sad news indeed that old friend and ally Ted Joans has died in Vancouver, British Columbia, where he'd been living for the past few years. Apparently his health, affected by diabetes, had not been good, and though there is as yet no clear report, that seems at the root of what's happened. What to say about this terrific, unbeatable and indefatigable person, wedder of bop and rhyme-scope, endless inventor of securing vision and wonder, primary link indeed to so much in this still phenomenal world, which is worth going to look at, and to hold on to with your own heart, once witnessed — what a wonderful story-teller, of all stories, all streets, all places to sit down and eat, with the great legendary persons of the past, the last he always knew, as Charlie Parker or Paul Eluard — or how to get to Timbuktoo, by yourself. Here's some links will help you on the way: He was up here in Buffalo just a few years ago and inspired me as ever, as follows: FIRST LINE FLIGHTS (Chicken Wing Expressed) _Ah, did you once see Shelley plain..._ He's back at the CPG again! _Blasted with sighs, and surrounded with tears..._ All he needs is a few more beers. _Careful Observers may foretell the Hour..._ Nobody watches the clock around here. _Do not go gentle into that good night..._ If you got to go, do it right. _Flat on the bank I parted..._ Flat on my back I started. _Give me my scallop-shell of quiet..._ Then we can start a riot. _Glory be to God for dappled things..._ Hey, that's my coat! _Go, for they call you, shepherd, from the hill..._ You old goat... Anyhow you all come, eat those chicken wings and have some fun, when TED JOANS gets it on at the CPG, Wednesday, May 4th, 1994 at 7:30. Ok.*** He did, as ever — and is still dancing somewhere. Believe! ---------- End Forwarded Message"*

**954. — Kirby Olson** *25 May 2003* ↑ **Register**

I liked this evocation of Ted Joans as the reality of Baudelaire's poet. Before Joans gets forgotten in this thread do you think you could type out one of Joans' more important poems? I don't know his work at all. Corso refers to him several times in his letters just out, usually rather negatively. He refers to this thing of him charging people for his presence as a negative aspect. But Corso did pretty much the same thing. You had to pay him to get his signature in a book, for instance. The rate wasn't much — five bucks in the seventies. It probably went up after that. Poets don't make any money on royalties so to make a living you have to be a bit shameless I imagine. At any rate, what are Joans' most important poems? Are any short enough to be typed out?

— Kirby Olson

**955. — MWP** *25 May 2003* ↑ **Register**

Stop me before I sign again!

Unless people start paying me $5 apiece, I will go out and sign every book I can get my hands on in an effort to get my name out to people. I will be doing this indiscriminately, signing good books and bad, and even signing books that have already been signed by others. Once I have signed all the books I can, I will start signing paintings, body parts, etc. So send me $5 right now and I will leave your books alone. Otherwise, beware of the serial signer!

mwp

**956. — Mark Weiss** *25 May 2003* ↑ **Register**

Ted wasn't, in my humble, a very good poet, but he was an extraordinarily sweet and compassionate man. He was also a very good self-publicist. His early rent-a-poet gigs were also meant as a send-up of the relationship of the bourgeosie and the arts—the poet at the fancy soiree as a token, in the sense of token representative, but also in the sense of a value conveyed by his presence, a validation of a social position he didn't share. This of course predates the modern bourgeoisie by a few millenia. In Ted's hands it was a kind of perfoprmance art.

I miss listening to him.

Mark

**957. — Kirby Olson** *26 May 2003* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Po Joans Jones Langston...That Was..*

Is this a Ted Joans poem?

— Kirby Olson

Brennen Lukas wrote:

> *"This is amazing. When did you write this marvel? Are we seeing it first?*
>
> *PASSED ON BLUES: HOMAGE TO A POET the sound of black music the sad soft low moan of jazz ROUND BOUT MIDNIGHT the glad heavy fat screaming song of happy blues That was the world of Langston Hughes the mood indigo candle flame the rough racy hot gut bucket riff tune AFTER HOURS the fast swinging rapid rocking riff rumping blues That was the world of Langston Hughes the funky butt grind the every night jitterbug jiving gliding his Trouble in Mind the brown black beige high yaller bouncer's shoes That was the world of Langston Hughes the sonata of Harlem the concerto to shoulder bones/pinto beans/hamhocks In the Dark the slow good bouncing grooves That was the world of Langston Hughes the elephant laugh the rain forest giggles under a switchblade downpour the zoot suited conked head razor throat Stompin' at the Savoy the colored newspaper with no good news That was the world of Langston Hughes the Jess B. Semple hip sneer the bassist/drummer/pianist/guitarist/rhythm on top of Caledonia the take it, shake it, rattle, lay back and make it (or lose!)*
>
> *That was the world of Langston Hughes the big black mouth the pawnshop/butcher shop/likker shop..Bebop! the rats in the rice, roaches of reefers on relief amused That was the world of Langston Hughes the manhattan subway stool the naked thigh, double breasted one button Roll On To Jesus! the poolroom chalk & click, fat chick wobble in cigarette tar baby crews That was the world of Langston Hughes the chain gang jingle the evil laughter against the atomic Honeydripper the brownstone tenement cold filthy frozen winter hell ghetto dues That was the world of Langston Hughes the uh-huh, Oo-wee, oh yeah of hot climax the hustlers haunt, prostitutes pimp, bitter Sweet Georgia Brown the hep hip hi junkie tongue tied black eyed bruise That was the world of Langston Hughes the sounds of dangerous black humor the swift sharp flash of Afroamerica Struttin' Wild Sum Bar-B-Q the Presence Africaine, Harlem Jew, chittlin switching cruise That was the world of Langston Hughes the fried fish'n'chicken boogie woogie the store front church Cadillac/wig wearing/gospel truths/When They Crucified My Lord the nigger loving Thirties, dozens by the dirties on ofay's muse That was the world of Langston Hughes the rent party good-timing crowd the shout strut twist turning loud raving but Ain't Misbehavin' the darkie,jig;coon, hidden shadowy spade drowned in booze That was the world of Langston Hughes the taker of A Trains the sticker upper, alley cat, hustler, poolshark cleanhead Hucklebuck the cornbread smell,grits,greens,watermelon, spare ribs, never refused!*

*That was the world of Langston Hughes the cool crowded summer solo horn the red rattled raisin around the sun/migrated Dixieland Strange Fruit the jim crow/blaack crow/ol' Crow/ moonshine splo/niggers can't go or choose That was the world of Langston Hughes the sweaty hard-working muscle making black back breaking hard labour hump the bold bright colors on ebony nappy head big titty itty bitty Liza Jane the millions and millions raising up strong been done wrong too long pointing the abused body at slum lord! police lord! oh Lord, all guilty and accused THAT WAS THE WORLD OF THE POET LANGSTON HUGHES BLACK DUES!*

*BLACK BLUES! BLACK NEWS! THAT WAS THE WORLD OF THE GREATEST BLACK POET LANGSTON HUGHES"*

**958. — Brennen Lukas** *26 May 2003* ↑ **Register**

My apologies. It is indeed a Ted Joans poem. As I'd never before seen any of Joans' work, I got cornfused and credited Po Nudel.

I still like the poem, regardless of the author.

Brennen Lukas

Is this a Ted Joans poem?

— Kirby Olson

**959. — Kirby Olson** *27 May 2003* ↑ **Register**

I thought the Joans poem packed a wallop. If I hadn't read the commentary, I would have thought he was praising Langston Hughes for creating such a strong rich world, but you're saying that he actually was criticizing Hughes for his limited vocabulary and range of subject matter? That's even more interesting. Did Joans consider himself to be a surrealist? I know that he knew Breton, and in the biographical piece on the crowd he was said to have known the origins of the Max ERnst image of the 100 heads. Was he then a student/practitioner of surrealism? Is that why he was criticizing Langston Hughes — for his social realistic Marxist aesthetics? He does say at the end of the poem that he was the greatest black poet. Is he criticizing then black poetry (or even protest poetry) generally?

— Kirby Olson

**960. — Denise Enck** *3 Jun 2003* ↑ **Register**

Ted was a great admirer of Langston Hughes & his work & often talked about him.

On the occasion of Hughes' birthday in 2000, Ted did a reading at UC Berkeley. The audio is here: http://sunsite.berkeley.edu/VideoTest/joans.ram Ishmael Reed introduces Ted for a little over eight minutes, then Ted reminisces about Langston Hughes, reads a few of Hughes' poems, and a number of his own.

Ted was indeed a surrealist, having been proclaimed one by Andre Breton. He was a painter & collage artist as well as a poet. He edited the surrealist journals and contributed work (poetry / prose / art) to a great number of surrealist periodicals & books. Ted identified himself more with the Surrealists than the Beats, and often proclaimed "Jazz is my religion and surrealism is my point of view."

He was all of these: Surrealist - Beat - jazz poet & muscian - artist.

A good introduction to Ted's work would be WOW, published 1999 by Quartermoon Press. It is about 60 pages of poems which span Ted Joans' career & includes quite a number of Surrealist poems. His selected poems, Teducation, was published by Coffee House Press in 2001 & is excellent as well. You can also follow the links at http://www.emptymirrorbooks.com/joans.html to read some of his work online. There are book reviews on his official website, www.emptymirrorbooks.com/laurated . And, of course, the tribute to Ted at http://www.emptymirrorbooks.com/tedjoanslives/ is still ongoing (and now numbers 9 pages!).

cheers ~ Denise Enck

> *"Content-Type: text/plain; charset=us-ascii*
>
> *I thought the Joans poem packed a wallop. If I hadn't read the"*

**961. — Denise Enck** *6 Jun 2003* ↑ **Register**
*TED JOANS Celebration tonight in Seattle - June 6 2003*

MARVELOUS LIFE:

IN CELEBRATION OF TED JOANS

POET-TRAVELER-COLLAGIST-INVENTOR OF WORLDS-BOPPER-SURREALIST-BEAT-AFRICANIST-ADMIRER OF ANVILS-TRAINRIDER-RHINOCEROLOGIST-BLACK VELVETEER-LOVER-FRIEND-REVOLUTIONARY-JAZZITE-HIPSTER- DISCOVERER-RACONTEUR-CROSSROADS OF CULTURE AND POSTCARDS FROM TOMBOUCTOU....

YOU are invited to... speak, play, read, listen, related, reminisce, conjure, complain, sing, remember, admire, eulogize or otherwise participate

at the ISIS ON FIRST GALLERY, 1117 First Ave, Seattle WA . The Gallery is located one-and-a-half blocks south of Seattle Art Museum on west side of the street.

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## Gerrit Henry

1950–2003

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American art critic and poet who wrote for ARTnews and Art in America and studied under Kenneth Koch;* The Mirrored Clubs of Hell *(1991).*

**962. — Jordan Davis** *12 May 2003* ↑ **Register**
*Gerrit Henry, An Art Critic Who Also Wrote Poetry, Dies at 52*

http://www.nytimes.com/2003/05/12/obituaries/12HENR.html?tntemail0

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## Jack Gelber

1932–2003

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*American playwright whose jazz-and-heroin drama* The Connection *became the Living Theatre's first major success; taught playwriting at Brooklyn College. Died Waldenstrom's macroglobulinemia, a blood cancer.*

**963. — Jordan Davis** *12 May 2003* ↑ **Register**
*Jack Gelber, 'Connection' Playwright, Dies at 71*

More sad news.

http://www.nytimes.com/2003/05/10/obituaries/10GELB.html

> **964. — David Hadbawnik** *12 May 2003* ↑ **Register**
> Sad news. (Unfortunately, i am unable to view the obit without signing in...) For anyone who hasn't seen the film version of the "Connection" — it's well worth checking out. The groundbreaking script involves an afternoon in the life of a bunch of junkies waiting for their "connection" in a stifling NY apartment — among them a group of jazz musicians including a

> young completely smoking Jackie McClean... the original reality show! (most of the actors and musicians were in fact junkies!) the acting is incredible and the script devastating.
>
> And I may as well throw in my two cents about Ted Joans: I saw him read not too long ago at Bird & Beckett in San Francisco; he would always stop in to read there on his way through town. The place was packed and it was phenomenal. The things he could do with a simple theme and his own voice were truly jazz-like, and it may partially explain why his books aren't more popular — it's simply impossible to get a sense of what they sound like without hearing him read.
>
> DH
>
> *"-From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:]On Behalf Of Jordan Davis Dies at 71 More sad news. http://www.nytimes.com/2003/05/10/obituaries/10GEL B.html"*

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## Kirby Doyle

1932–2003

*2 messages · 2 hands*

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*American San Francisco Renaissance and Beat poet included in Donald Allen's New American Poetry anthology;* Sapphobones *(1966). Died in San Francisco.*

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**965. — Ron Silliman** *14 May 2003* ↑ **Register**

*Memorial for Kirby Doyle*

Friday memorial for Kirby Doyle — Beat writer, poet Steve Rubenstein, Chronicle Staff Writer Wednesday, May 14, 2003 C2003 San Francisco Chronicle | Feedback

URL: http://www.sfgate.com/cgi-bin/article.cgi?file=/chronicle/archive/2003/05/14/BA310444.DTL

A memorial poetry reading will be held Friday for Kirby Doyle, a Beat era poet and writer whose lyrical, evocative verses and brutal, bleakly humorous prose made him a mainstay of the North Beach literary scene.

Mr. Doyle, 70, died April 5 at Laguna Honda Hospital in San Francisco after a long illness.

"He was a handsome, big-smiled Irish American rascal," his longtime friend and fellow poet Michael McClure recalled. "He was an original Beat, loose- jointed, with a great laugh. His poetry was beautiful stuff."

Mr. Doyle was a native of San Francisco, a U.S. Army veteran and a self-admitted poor student.

"I failed every subject it was possible to fail in high school, and got kicked off the football team for smoking," he once said.

In the 1950s he was a culinary school student and an art major at San Francisco State University when he began dashing off poetry for the college literary magazine and several small reviews. In the late 1950s, he wrote a highly acclaimed set of 36 brief love poems published under the title "Sapphobones."

"Words like mad exotic birds fluttering/from my thorax/whipping my speech

moist and gaudy feathers/gone from my lips upward — " he wrote.

His friend, the writer and editor Neeli Cherkovski, called Mr. Doyle's verse "poetry without boundaries that — in clear, concise, musical language

expressed something timeless about the human condition."

Ten years later, Mr. Doyle wrote his first novel, "Happiness Bastard," on a long single roll of paper fed into a manual typewriter, in the same fashion that his contemporary, Jack Kerouac, wrote his famous "On the Road."

"Happiness Bastard" was a dark, humorous story of a love affair, loosely based on Mr. Doyle's own struggle with drugs and broken hearts.

In the 1960s and 1970s, Mr. Doyle abandoned writing for long periods, living alone on Mount Tamalpais and battling drug and alcohol addictions. In later years, Mr. Doyle worked on an epic poem titled "Pre American Ode" and a novella titled "White Flesh."

> **966. — Joel Weishaus** *18 May 2003* ↑ **Register**
> *Fw: Kirby's (A)wake*
>
> *"-This today from Eric - a Digger friend, and knew you would enjoy the (A)wake report.*
>
> *Best - Hammond +++++++++++++++++++++*
>
> *Attended the rousing Poet's Wake for Kirby Doyle last night. Kelly, Kirby's daughter, was there and spoke with heartfelt love. Kirby's longtime friends and fellow poets spoke, read from theirs or Kirby's work. Michael McClure read a prose reminiscence he had written yesterday morning about Kirby's apartment in 1958 and the scene that revolved around their Fillmore neighborhood ("we were all thieves, but innocent souls"). Peter Berg spoke extemporaneously, his great skill as orator, about the tragedy that Kirby's work bespoke. He mentioned the influence that "Ode to John Garfield" had on Emmett Grogan, another Irishman "dislocated from the American Dream." He recalled the "Candle Opera" that Richard Brautigan staged in the Panhandle with everyone lighting candles in the audience while others read favorite poetry. Emmett read the "Ode" and afterwards Peter handed him a pistol that he'd been given and said to Emmett, "Here you're going to need this." Others talked about Kirby's drinking and meth habits. And Kush, the angel who organized the event, read Diane DiPrima's Revolutionary Letter No. 11, (which Diane had requested be read, she having a previous engagement last night in the Sierra) talking about riding with Kirby on a Free City food run up the San Joaquin valley. Kelly talked about growing up at the Red House in Forest Knolls. Vicki Pollack and Tony Urrea were there. Neeli Cherkovski. Allen Cohen recounted how Kirby and Emmett had convinced the Oracle staff not to hold a Summer Solstice Be-In on Hopiland in 1967, and read a piece of Kirby's they published. Several different musicians played saxophone arrangements they had written for the occasion. Food and drink were aplenty. A representative of the Digger Archives handed out a reproduction of the Free City News sheet that Kirby wrote for the Easter event 1968 (FC-05) "BIG HUGE LUMINOUS THE FLOWING EYES OF GOD PLAYING BEAMS OF INEXHAUSTIBLE LIGHT".*"

## Rachel Corrie

1979–2003

*6 messages · 4 hands*

*American activist with the International Solidarity Movement, killed in Gaza, whose journals became a stage play;* Let Me Stand Alone *(2008). Died in Israeli-occupied Palestine.*

**967. — Frank Sherlock** *9 Jun 2003* ↑ **Register**
*Fwd: American Sheroes*

When Some Lives Are Worth More than Others

by Naomi Klein > May 21 2003

Jessica Lynch and Rachel Corrie could have passed for sisters. Two all-American blondes, two destinies forever changed in a Middle East war zone. Private Jessica Lynch, the soldier, was born in Palestine, West Virginia. Rachel Corrie, the activist, died in Israeli-occupied Palestine.

Corrie was four years older than 19-year old Lynch. Her body was crushed by an Israeli bulldozer in Gaza seven days before Lynch was taken into Iraqi custody on March 23. Before she went to Iraq, Lynch organized a pen pal program with a local kindergarden. Before Corrie left for Gaza, she organized a pen pal program between kids in her hometown of Olympia, Washington, and children in Rafah.

Lynch went to Iraq as a soldier loyal to her government. In the words of West Virginia Senator Jay Rockefeller, "she approached the prospect of combat with determination rather than fear."

Corrie went to Gaza to oppose the actions of her government. As a U.S. citizen, she believed she had a special responsibility to defend Palestinians against U.S.-built weapons, purchased with U.S. aid to Israel. In letters home, she vividly described how fresh water was being diverted from Gaza to Israeli settlements, how death was more normal than life. "This is what we pay for here," she wrote.

Unlike Lynch, Corrie did not go to Gaza to engage in combat -— she went to try to thwart it. Along with her fellow members of the International Solidarity Movement (ISM), she believed that the Israeli military's incursions could be slowed by the presence of highly visible "internationals." The killing of Palestinian civilians may have become commonplace, the thinking went, but Israel doesn't want the diplomatic or media scandals that would come if it killed a U.S. college student.

In a way, Corrie was harnessing the very thing that she disliked most about her country — the belief that American lives are worth more than any others - and trying to use it to save a few Palestinian homes from demolition.

Believing her fluorescent orange jacket would serve as armor, that her bullhorn could repel bullets, Corrie stood in front of bulldozers, slept beside water wells, and escorted children to school. If suicide bombers turn their bodies into weapons of death, Corrie turned hers into the opposite: a weapon of life, a "human shield."

When that Israeli bulldozer driver looked at Corrie's orange jacket and pressed the accelerator, her strategy failed. It turns out that the lives of some U.S. citizens - even beautiful, young, white women — are valued more than others. And nothing demonstrates this more starkly than the opposing responses to Rachel Corrie and Private Jessica Lynch.

When the Pentagon announced Lynch's successful rescue, she became an overnight hero, complete with "America loves Jessica" fridge magnets, stickers, t-shirts, mugs, country songs, and an NBC made-for-TV movie. According to White House spokesman Ari Fleisher, President George W. Bush was "full of joy for Jessica Lynch." Lynch's rescue, we were told, was a testament to a core American value: as Senator Rockefeller put it in a speech to the Senate, "We take care of our people."

Do they? Corrie's death, which made the papers for two days and then virtually disappeared, has met with almost total official silence, despite the fact that eye-witnesses claim it was a deliberate act. President Bush has said nothing about a U.S. citizen killed by a U.S. made bulldozer bought with U.S. tax dollars. A U.S. congressional resolution demanding an independent inquiry into Corrie's death has been buried in committee, leaving the Israeli military's investigation - which conveniently cleared itself of any wrong doing as the only official probe.

The ISM says that this non-response has sent a clear, and dangerous, signal. According to Olivia Jackson, a 25-year-old British citizen still in Rafah, "after Rachel was killed, [the Israeli military] waited for the response from the American government and the response was pathetic. They have realized that they can get away with it and it has encouraged them to keep on going."

First there was Brian Avery, a 24-year-old citizen shot in the face on April 5. Then Tom Hurndall, a British ISM activist shot in the head and left brain dead on April 11. Next was James Miller, the British cameraman shot dead while wearing a vest that said "TV." In all of these cases, eye-witnesses say the shooters were Israeli soldiers.

There is something else that Jessica Lynch and Rachel Corrie have in common: both of their stories have been distorted by a military for its own purposes. According to the official story, Lynch was captured in a bloody gun battle, mistreated by sadistic Iraqi doctors, then rescued in another storm of bullets by heroic Navy SEALs. In the past weeks, another version has emerged. The doctors that treated Lynch found no evidence of battle wounds, and donated their own blood to save her life. Most embarrassing of all, witnesses have told the BBC that those daring Navy SEALs already knew there were no Iraqi fighters left in the area when they stormed the hospital.

But while Lynch's story has been distorted to make its protagonists appear more heroic, Corrie's story has been posthumously twisted to make her, and her fellow ISM activists, appear sinister.

For months, the Israeli military had been looking for an excuse to get rid of the ISM "troublemakers." It found it in Asif Mohammed Hanif and Omar Khan Sharif , the two British suicide bombers. It turns out that they had attended a memorial to Rachel Corrie in Rafah, a fact the Israeli military has seized on to link the ISM to terrorism. Members of ISM point out that the memorial was open to the public, and that they knew nothing of the British visitors' intentions. As an organization, the ISM is explicitly opposed to the targeting of civilians, whether by Israeli bulldozers or Palestinian bombers. Furthermore, many ISMers believe that their work may reduce terrorist incidents by demonstrating that there are ways to resist occupation other than the nihilistic revenge offered by suicide bombing.

No matter. In the past two weeks, half a dozen ISM activists have been arrested, several deported, and the organization's offices have been raided. The crack down is now spreading to all "internationals," meaning there are fewer and fewer people in the occupied territories to either witness the ongoing abuses or assist the victims. On Monday, the United Nations special coordinator for the Middle East Peace Process told

the Security Council that dozens of UN aid workers had been prevented from getting in and out of Gaza, calling it a violation of "Israel's international humanitarian law obligations."

On June 5 there will be an international day of action for Palestinian rights. One of the key demands is for the UN to send an international monitoring force into the occupied territories. Until that happens, many are determined to continue Corrie's work, despite the risks. Over forty students at her former college, Evergreen State in Olympia, have already signed up to go to Gaza with the ISM this summer.

So who is a hero? During the attack on Iraq, some of Corrie1s friends emailed her picture to MSNBC asking that it be included on the station's "wall of heroes," along with Jessica Lynch. The network didn't comply, but Corrie is being honoured in other ways. Her family has received more than 10,000 letters of support, communities across the country have organized powerful memorials, and children all over the occupied territories are being named Rachel.

It's not a made-for-TV kind of tribute, but perhaps that's for the best.

This article first appeared in The Globe and Mail.

**968.** **— Harry Nudel** *29 Jun 2003* ↑ **Register**
*Prop...*

In any other context Racehl Corrie's actions...would be been as imperialistic and patronizing...only in the Palestinian conflict need idealistic american young women apply as martyrs...these are the same Americans who whether as missionary, hospital or social worker are considered loathsome, misguided and tools of American power...both sides play human tragedy as a tune for political game....rachel corrie and jenn lynch are not much dif...swig your prop...and chase it down with some of the hard stuff...drn..

**969.** **— Gabriel Gudding** *29 Jun 2003* ↑ **Register**
*rachel corrie's murderers exonerated (by IDF prosecutor)*

http://www.commondreams.org/headlines03/0627-02.htm

JERUSALEM — Israel's military prosecutor has exonerated Israeli soldiers in the death of Rachel Corrie, 23, who was killed by an Israeli bulldozer in March as she protested the destruction of a Palestinian home at the Rafah refugee camp.

The death of Corrie, a student at The Evergreen State College in Olympia, sparked debate nationally and internationally on the role and methods of activists in a volatile land.

The Rafah camp, on the Egyptian border, has been one of the flashpoints in the Mideast conflict. The army said the home being protected by Corrie was being destroyed in an effort to block arms smuggling. Members of her pro-Palestinian group, International Solidarity Movement, claimed that Corrie was visible to the bulldozer driver and that her death was malicious. "When the bulldozer refused to stop or turn aside, (Rachel) climbed up onto the mound of dirt and rubble being gathered in front of it ... to look directly at the driver, who kept on advancing," the group said in a statement. Announcing the ruling, the army said the driver did not see her, claiming she was standing behind a mound of earth. Military police investigating the Corrie case found that the soldiers operating the bulldozer had no intention of harming her, the army said in a statement. "Rachel Corrie was injured as a result of earth and building material falling on her when she tried to climb on a pile of earth while work was being carried out by an armored Israel Defense Forces bulldozer," the statement said. "The crew of the armored bulldozer did not see Miss Corrie, who was standing behind a pile of earth, nor could they have seen or heard her." "I feel I have a right to know what happened to Rachel," said Corrie's sister, Sarah Simpson, 29, of Olympia. "Prime Minister Sharon

promised President Bush a credible investigation of her death, and we as a family expect no less." "I'm outraged, but I'm not surprised," said John Reese, a Seattle member of the International Solidarity Movement who met Corrie soon before she left for Israel. "It's the military investigating itself, so it's not surprising that it always finds itself innocent." "The big question now is what is the U.S. going to do about it," said Kristi Schaefer, 26, of Olympia, who was Corrie's best friend.

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**970. — Christine Murray** *29 Jun 2003* ↑ **Register**
*(Mark Weiss' Breslin Article) + rachel corrie's murderers exonera ted*

Hi, All—

Mark: whoa: Jimmy Breslin ready to get out of the news... but for good reason. What an insulting position to find oneself in after all this life-work to honestly report.

Stephen, your poem in response to the Breslin article that Mark posted is devastatingly real. How much more disgusting to me will be the official "smile" of the Bush Administration now that I have read the collisions and slippages between "silent," "silence," [presence], "absence," and "smile." All as states of (in)action. Poetically edgy. Politically ominous. Thanks for this provocative piece.

Gabriel Gudding: This has been an interest of mine, so I appreciate that you have followed up. Unfortunately the news brings more ominousness, of course. If anyone is interested, Arab American poet, Nathalie Handal, gave me permission to post to my blog her elegy to Rachel. It's in the archives, on Friday, May 30.

Another more recent highlight of the blog: Some thoughts on the excellent Brazilian Josely Vianna Baptista's new book of poetry, *On the Shining Screen of the Eyelids* (Manifest Press), translated by the incomparable Chris Daniels.

Upcoming: —Some thoughts on Mark Weiss' very fine *Figures: 32 Poems* (Chax Press) —More Tornado Alley Countdown Love poems, #s 94 + 93 —More Sappho Series, interlinears

http: //www.texfiles.blogspot.com

**971. — Gabriel Gudding** *29 Jun 2003* ↑ **Register**
*Edward Said on Rachel Corrie*

[Thanks, Christine, re the feedback on the posting of the Corrie article. Have followed the Corrie story more closely than most due in great part to being a fellow alum of Evergreen, something I share w/ Kirby Olson also. Anyway, thought you might be interested in Said's take on Corrie.]

[from http://www.aljazeerah.info/]

The Meaning of Rachel Corrie

*"By Edward Said PMC, 28/06/2003 In early May, I was in Seattle lecturing for a few days. While there, I had dinner one night with Rachel Corrie's parents and sister, who were still reeling from the shock of their daughter's murder on March 16 in Gaza by an Israeli bulldozer. Mr. Corrie told me that he had himself driven bulldozers, although the one that killed his daughter deliberately because she was trying valiantly to protect a Palestinian home in Rafah from demolition was a 60 ton behemoth especially designed by Caterpillar for house demolitions, a far bigger machine than anything he had ever seen or driven.*

*Two things struck me about my brief visit with the Corries. One was the story they told about their return to the US with their daughter's body. They had immediately sought out their US Senators, Patty Murray and Mary Cantwell, both Democrats, told them their story and received the expected expressions of shock, outrage, anger and promises of investigations. After both women returned to Washington, the Corries never heard from them again, and the promised investigation simply didn't materialize. As expected, the Israeli lobby had explained the realities to them, and both women simply begged off. An American citizen willfully murdered by the soldiers of a client state of the US without so much as an official peep or even the de rigeur investigation that had been promised her family.*

*But the second and far more important aspect of the Rachel Corrie story for me was the young woman's action itself, heroic and dignified at the same time. Born and brought up in Olympia, a small city 60 miles south of Seattle, she had joined the International Solidarity Movement and gone to Gaza to stand with suffering human beings with whom she had never had any contact before. Her letters back to her family are truly remarkable documents of her ordinary humanity that make for very difficult and moving reading, especially when she describes the kindness and concern showed her by all the Palestinians she encounters who clearly welcome her as one of their own, because she lives with them exactly as they do, sharing their lives and worries, as well as the horrors of the Israeli occupation and its terrible effects on even the smallest child.*

*She understands the fate of refugees, and what she calls the Israeli government's insidious attempt at a kind of genocide by making it almost impossible for this particular group of people to survive. So moving is her solidarity that it inspires an Israeli reservist named Danny who has refused service to write her and tell her, " You are doing a good thing. I thank you for it." What shines through all the letters she wrote home and which were subsequently published in the London Guardian, is the amazing resistance put up by the Palestinian people themselves, average human beings stuck in the most terrible position of suffering and despair but continuing to survive just the same.*

*We have heard so much recently about the roadmap and the prospects for peace that we have overlooked the most basic fact of all, which is that Palestinians have refused to capitulate or surrender even under the collective punishment meted out to them by the combined might of the US and Israel. It is that extraordinary fact which is the reason for the existence of a roadmap and all the numerous so-called peace plans before them, not at all because the US and Israel and the international community have been convinced for humanitarian reasons that the killing and the violence must stop.*

*If we miss that truth about the power of Palestinian resistance (by which I do not at all mean suicide bombing, which does much more harm than good), despite all its failings and all its mistakes, we miss everything. Palestinians have always been a problem for the Zionist project, and so-called solutions have perennially been proposed that minimize, rather than solve, the problem. The official Israeli policy, no matter whether Ariel Sharon uses the word "occupation" or not or whether or not he dismantles a rusty, unused tower or two, has always been not to accept the reality of the Palestinian people as equals nor ever to admit that their rights were scandalously violated all along by Israel.*

*Whereas a few courageous Israelis over the years have tried to deal with this other concealed history, most Israelis and what seems like the majority of American Jews have made every effort to deny, avoid, or negate the Palestinian reality. This is why there is no peace. Moreover, the roadmap says nothing about justice or about the historical punishment meted out to the Palestinian people for too many decades to count. What Rachel Corrie's work in Gaza recognized, however, was precisely the gravity and the density of the living history of the Palestinian people as a national community, and not merely as a collection of deprived refugees.*

*That is what she was in solidarity with. And we need to remember that that kind of solidarity is no longer confined to a small number of intrepid souls here and there, but is recognized the world over. In the past six months I have lectured in four continents to many thousands of people. What brings them together is Palestine and the struggle of the Palestinian people which is now a byword for emancipation and enlightenment, regardless of all the vilification heaped on them by their enemies. Whenever the facts are made known, there is immediate recognition and an expression of the most profound solidarity with the justice of the Palestinian cause and the valiant struggle by the Palestinian people on its behalf.*

*It is an extraordinary thing that Palestine was a central issue this year both during the Porto Alegre anti-globalization meetings as well as during the Davos and Amman meetings, both poles of the world-wide political spectrum. Just because our fellow citizens in this country are fed an atrociously biased diet of ignorance and misrepresentation by the media, when the occupation is never referred to in lurid descriptions of suicide attacks, the apartheid wall 25 feet high, five feet thick, and 350 kilometers long that Israel is building is never even shown on CNN and the networks (or so much as referred to in passing throughout the lifeless prose of the roadmap), and the crimes of war, the gratuitous destruction and humiliation, maiming, house demolitions, agricultural destruction, and death imposed on Palestinian civilians are never shown for the daily, completely routine ordeal that they are, one shouldn't be surprised that Americans in the main have a very low opinion of Arabs and Palestinians.*

*After all, please remember that all the main organs of the establishment media, from left liberal all the way over to fringe right, are unanimously anti-Arab, anti-Muslim and anti-Palestinian. Look at the pusillanimity of the media during the buildup to an illegal and unjust war against Iraq, and look at how little coverage there was of the immense damage against Iraqi society done by the sanctions, and how relatively few accounts there were of the immense world-wide outpouring of opinion against the war. Hardly a single journalist except Helen Thomas has taken the administration to task for the outrageous lies and confected "facts" that were spun out about Iraq as an imminent military threat to the US before the war, just as now the same government propagandists, whose cynically invented and manipulated "facts" about WMD are now more or less forgotten or shrugged off as irrelevant, are let off the hook by*

*media heavies in discussing the awful, the literally inexcusable situation for the people of Iraq that the US has now single-handedly and irresponsibly created there.*

*However else one blames Saddam Hussein as a vicious tyrant, which he was, he had provided the people of Iraq with the best infrastructure of services like water, electricity, health, and education of any Arab country. None of this is any longer in place. It is no wonder, then, with the extraordinary fear of seeming anti-Semitic by criticizing Israel for its daily crimes of war against innocent unarmed Palestinian civilians or criticizing the US government and being called "anti-American" for its illegal war and its dreadfully run military occupation, that the vicious media and government campaign against Arab society, culture, history and mentality that has been led by Neanderthal publicists and Orientalists like Bernard Lewis and Daniel Pipes, has cowed far too many of us into believing that Arabs really are an underdeveloped, incompetent and doomed people, and that with all the failures in democracy and development, Arabs are alone in this world for being retarded, behind the times, unmodernized, and deeply reactionary.*

*Here is where dignity and critical historical thinking must be mobilized to see what is what and to disentangle truth from propaganda. No one would deny that most Arab countries today are ruled by unpopular regimes and that vast numbers of poor, disadvantaged young Arabs are exposed to the ruthless forms of fundamentalist religion. Yet it is simply a lie to say, as the New York Times regularly does, that Arab societies are totally controlled, and that there is no freedom of opinion, no civil institutions, no functioning social movements for and by the people. Press laws notwithstanding, you can go to downtown Amman today and buy a communist party newspaper as well as an Islamist one; Egypt and Lebanon are full of papers and journals that suggest much more debate and discussion than these societies are given credit for; the satellite channels are bursting with diverse opinions in a dizzying variety; civil institutions are, on many levels having to do with social services, human rights, syndicates, and research institutes, very lively all over the Arab world.*

*A great deal more must be done before we have the appropriate level of democracy, but we are on the way. In Palestine alone there are over a 1000 NGO's and it is this vitality and this kind of activity that has kept society going, despite every American and Israeli effort made to vilify, stop or mutilate it on a daily basis. Under the worst possible circumstances, Palestinian society has neither been defeated nor has it crumbled completely. Kids still go to school, doctors and nurses still take care of their patients, men and women go to work, organizations have their meetings, and people continue to live, which seems to be an offense to Sharon and the other extremists who simply want Palestinians either imprisoned or driven away altogether.*

*The military solution hasn't worked at all, and never will work. Why is that so hard for Israelis to see? We must help them to understand this, not by suicide bombs, but by rational argument, mass civil disobedience, organized protest, here and everywhere. The point I am trying to make is that we have to see the Arab world generally and Palestine in particular in more comparative and critical ways than superficial and dismissive books like Lewis's What Went Wrong and Paul Wolfowitz's ignorant statements about bringing democracy to the Arab and Islamic world even begin to suggest. Whatever else is true about the Arabs, there is an active dynamic at work because as real people they live in a real society with all sorts of currents and crosscurrents in it that can't be easily caricatured as just one seething mass of violent fanaticism.*

*The Palestinian struggle for justice is especially something with which one expresses solidarity, rather than endless criticism and exasperated, frustrating discouragement, and crippling divisiveness. Remember the solidarity here and everywhere in Latin America, Africa, Europe, Asia and Australia, and remember also that there is a cause to which many people have committed themselves, difficulties and terrible obstacles notwithstanding. Why? Because it is a just cause, a noble ideal, a moral quest for equality and human rights. I want now to speak about dignity, which of course has a special place in every culture known to historians, anthropologists, sociologists and humanists.*

*I shall begin by saying immediately that it is a radically wrong Orientalist, and indeed racist proposition to accept that, unlike Europeans and Americans, Arabs have no sense of individuality, no regard for individual life, no values that express love, intimacy and understanding that are supposed to be the property exclusively of cultures like those of Europe and America that had an Renaissance, a Reformation and an Enlightenment. Among many others, it is the vulgar and jejune Thomas Friedman who has been peddling this rubbish, which has alas been picked up by equally ignorant and self-deceiving Arab intellectuals I don't need to mention any names here who have seen in the atrocities of 9/11 a sign that the Arab and Islamic worlds are somehow more diseased and more dysfunctional than any other, and that terrorism is a sign of a wider distortion that has occurred in any other culture.*

*We can leave to one side that, between them, Europe and the US account for by far the largest number of violent deaths during the 20th century, the Islamic world hardly a fraction of it. And behind all of that specious unscientific nonsense about wrong and right civilizations, there is the grotesque shadow of the great false prophet Samuel Huntington who has led a lot of people to believe that the world can be divided into distinct civilizations battling against each other forever. On the contrary, Huntington is*

*dead wrong on every point he makes. No culture or civilization exists by itself; none is made up of things like individuality and enlightenment that are completely exclusive to it; and none exists without the basic human attributes of community, love, value for life and all the others.*

*To suggest otherwise as he does is the purest invidious racism of the same stripe as people who argue that Africans have naturally inferior brains, or that Asians are really born for servitude, or that Europeans are a naturally superior race. This is a sort of parody of Hitlerian science directed uniquely today against Arab and Muslims, and we must be very firm as to not even go through the motions of arguing against it. It is the purest drivel. On the other hand, there is the much more credible and serious stipulation that, like every other instance of humanity, Arab and Muslim life has an inherent value and dignity which are expressed by Arabs and Muslims in their unique cultural style, and those expressions needn't resemble or be a copy of one approved model suitable for everyone to follow.*

*The whole point about human diversity is that it is in the end a form of deep co-existence between very different styles of individuality and experience that can't all be reduced to one superior form: this is the spurious argument foisted on us by pundits who bewail the lack of development and knowledge in the Arab world. All one has to do is to look at the huge variety of literature, cinema, theater, painting, music and popular culture produced by and for Arabs from Morocco to the Gulf. Surely that needs to be assessed as an indication of whether or not Arabs are developed, and not just how on any given day statistical tables of industrial production either indicate an appropriate level of development or they show failure.*

*The more important point I want to make, though, is that there is a very wide discrepancy today between our cultures and societies and the small group of people who now rule these societies. Rarely in history has such power been so concentrated in so tiny a group as the various kings, generals, sultans, and presidents who preside today over the Arabs. The worst thing about them as a group, almost without exception, is that they do not represent the best of their people. This is not just a matter of no democracy. It is that they seem to radically underestimate themselves and their people in ways that close them off, that make them intolerant and fearful of change, frightened of opening up their societies to their people, terrified most of all that they might anger big brother, that is, the United States.*

*Instead of seeing their citizens as the potential wealth of the nation, they regard them all as guilty conspirators vying for the ruler's power. This is the real failure, how during the terrible war against the Iraqi people, no Arab leader had the self-dignity and confidence to say something about the pillaging and military occupation of one of the most important Arab countries. Fine, it was an excellent thing that Saddam Hussein's appalling regime is no more, but who appointed the US to be the Arab mentor? Who asked the US to take over the Arab world allegedly on behalf of it citizens and bring it something called "democracy," especially at a time when the school system, the health system, and the whole economy in America are degenerating into the worst levels since the 1929 Depression.*

*Why was the collective Arab voice NOT raised against the US's flagrantly illegal intervention, which did so much harm and inflicted so much humiliation upon the entire Arab nation? This is truly a colossal failure in nerve, in dignity, in self-solidarity. With all the Bush administration's talk about guidance from the Almighty, doesn't one Arab leader have the courage just to say that, as a great people, we are guided by our own lights and traditions and religion? But nothing, not a word, as the poor citizens of Iraq live through the most terrible ordeals and the rest of the region quakes in its collective boots, each one petrified that his country may be next.*

*How unfortunate the embrace of George Bush, the man whose war destroyed an Arab country gratuitously, by the combined leadership of the major Arab countries last week. Was there no one there who had the guts to remind George W. what he has done to humiliate and bring more suffering to the Arab people than anyone before him, and must he always be greeted with hugs, smiles, kisses and low bows? Where is the diplomatic and political and economic support necessary to sustain an anti-occupation movement on the West Bank and Gaza? Instead all one hears is that foreign ministers preach to the Palestinians to mind their ways, avoid violence, and keep at the peace negotiations, even though it has been so obvious that Sharon's interest in peace is just about zero.*

*There has been no concerted Arab response to the separation wall, or to the assassinations, or to collective punishment, only a bunch of tired clichés repeating the well-worn formulas authorized by the State Department. Perhaps the one thing that strikes me as the low point in Arab inability to grasp the dignity of the Palestinian cause is expressed by the current state of the Palestinian Authority. Abu Mazen, a subordinate figure with little political support among his own people, was picked for the job by Arafat, Israel, and the US precisely because he has no constituency, is not an orator or a great organizer, or anything really except a dutiful aide to Yasir Arafat, and because I am afraid they see in him a man who will do Israel's bidding, how could even Abu Mazen stand there in Aqaba to pronounce words written for him, like a ventriloquist's puppet, by some State Department functionary, in which he commendably speaks about Jewish suffering but then amazingly says next to nothing about his own people's suffering at the hands of Israel?*

*How could he accept so undignified and manipulated a role for himself, and how could he forget his self-dignity as the representative of a people that has been fighting heroically for its rights for over a century just because the US and Israel have told him he must? And when Israel simply says that there will be a "provisional" Palestinian state, without any contrition for the horrendous amount of damage it has done, the uncountable war crimes, the sheer sadistic systematic humiliation of every single Palestinian, man, woman, child, I must confess to a complete lack of understanding. As to why a leader or representative of that long-suffering people doesn't so much as take note of it.*

*Has he entirely lost his sense of dignity? Has he forgotten that since he is not just an individual but also the bearer of his people's fate at an especially crucial moment? Is there anyone who was not bitterly disappointed at this total failure to rise to the occasion and stand with dignity the dignity of his people's experience and cause and testify to it with pride, and without compromise, without ambiguity, without the half embarrassed, half apologetic tone that Palestinian leaders take when they are begging for a little kindness from some totally unworthy white father? But that has been the behavior of Palestinian rulers since Oslo and indeed since Haj Amin, a combination of misplaced juvenile defiance and plaintive supplication.*

*Why on earth do they always think it absolutely necessary to read scripts written for them by their enemies? The basic dignity of our life as Arabs in Palestine, throughout the Arab world, and here in America, is that we are our own people, with a heritage, a history, a tradition and above all a language that is more than adequate to the task of representing our real aspirations, since those aspirations derive from the experience of dispossession and suffering that has been imposed on each Palestinian since 1948. Not one of our political spokespeople the same is true of the Arabs since Abdel Nasser's time ever speaks with self-respect and dignity of what we are, what we want, what we have done, and where we want to go.*

*Slowly, however, the situation is changing, and the old regime made up of the Abu Mazens and Abu Ammars of this world, is passing and will gradually be replaced by a new set of emerging leaders all over the Arab world. The most promising is made up of the members of the National Palestinian Initiative; they are grass roots activists whose main activity is not pushing papers on a desk, nor juggling bank accounts, nor looking for journalists to pay attention to them, but who come from the ranks of the professionals, the working classes, and young intellectuals and activists, the teachers, doctors, lawyers, working people who have kept society going while also fending off daily Israeli attacks.*

*Second, these are people committed to the kind of democracy and popular participation undreamt of by the Authority, whose idea of democracy is stability and security for itself. Lastly, they offer social services to the unemployed, health to the uninsured and the poor, proper secular education to a new generation of Palestinians who must be taught the realities of the modern world, not just the extraordinary worth of the old one. For such programs, the NPI stipulates that getting rid of the occupation is the only way forward, and that in order to do that, a representative national unified leadership be elected freely to replace the cronies, the outdated, and the ineffectiveness that have plagued Palestinian leaders for the past century.*

*Only if we respect ourselves as Arabs and Americans, and understand the true dignity and justice of our struggle, only then can we appreciate why, almost despite ourselves, so many people all over the world, including Rachel Corrie and the two young people wounded with her from ISM, Tom Hurndall and Brian Avery, have felt it possible to express their solidarity with us. I conclude with one last irony. Isn't it astonishing that all the signs of popular solidarity that Palestine and the Arabs receive occur with no comparable sign of solidarity and dignity for ourselves, that others admire and respect us more than we do ourselves?*

*Isn't it time we caught up with our own status and made certain that our representatives here and elsewhere realize, as a first step, that they are fighting for a just and noble cause, and that they have nothing to apologize for or anything to be embarrassed about? On the contrary, they should be proud of what their people have done and proud also to represent them.*”

**972. — Christine Murray** *30 Jun 2003* ↑ **Register**

Gabriel,

Thanks very much for posting the Said—a noteworthy approach he takes, using the occasion in part as a platform to spur more (much needed) proactive approaches from Arab countries. As a writer, Said's expository mix is always interesting. I found this a provocative one and have posted an excerpt on Texfiles (with a link to Conchology—I hope you don't mind?).

Chris Murray

# Bob Hope

1903–2003

*3 messages · 3 hands*

*British-born American comedian and actor known for rapid-fire one-liners, the Road films and his USO tours;* Road to Morocco *(1942). Died of pneumonia, at home in California, aged 100.*

### 973. — Halvard Johnson *28 Jul 2003* ↑ Register

*RIP: Bob Hope (1903-2003)*

This from the last section ("Hope: An Elegy") from "The Bob Hope Poem" in Campbell McGrath's *Spring Comes to Chicago* [Ecco Press, 1996].

Would you believe it, if I told you, that even now, as I write these lines, as I
dance this little caffeine-buzz shuffle,
word comes over the radio that Bob Hope has passed over to the great
beyond, gone to fetch his eternal reward,
retired at last to vaudeville Valhalla, that heavenly Pro-Am, that never-
ending celebrity roast in the sky?

What matter if it's true, if it is inevitable? If not today, tomorrow; if not tomorrow, yesterday. Who among us can predict the future?

For that matter, who can predict the past, except to say that this, too, shall surely pass, that death is nothing if not absolute?

Already I see his picture on the cover of *People* magazine

young and beautiful Bob, smiling his smile of purest mastery, leering the
leer of an era untroubled by doubt or uncertainty.

Bob agog with Bing on the golf course, Bob playing kissy with second-
string starlets.
Bob pushing Pepsodent, Bob shopping Oscars, Bob selling war bonds with
Eleanor Roosevelt.
Bob in the jungles of Guadalcanal, Bob raising the flag on Iwo Jima, Bob as
Coyote, Bob as Loki, Bob in the ashes of Nagasaki.
Bob as cook, Bob as Darwin, Bob as Columbus, Bob as Buzz Aldrin.
the Museum of American History, Bob teeing off in the Sea of Serenity.
Bob the body and Bob the shadow, Bob the echo and Bob the call.
Bob the imperial envoy of the American System, Bob the corporate
janissary, Bob the mad jester of cultural hegemony.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY!

So long. Farewell. Good-bye, sweet Bob. Adios, adieu, aloha.

Sayonara, as Bing would say.

Sayonara on a steel guitar.

—Campbell McGrath

===Hal

**974.** **— dcmb** *30 Jul 2003* ↑ **Register**
*Re: cocking a snook*

rachel—heard a rumor you were very ill;is there any truth to it? Sorry to have been so long out of touch, and so unflirtingly at that. Say it isnt so. Myself am aging ever faster every day, and soon will catcch up to and pass Bob Hope, whose dying words were to mumble "Seabiscuit DB".....I havent been this high in the 90's since I visited Bruce Andrews. Love to you, David

*"-I remember years ago we had a very enlightening conversation about snogging. Now the Brits are cocking a snook, or having a snook cocked at them. What can it mean? << An investigation has begun to see if the work breaches any of Archer's probation rules. Home Secretary David Blunkett is said to be furious and indicated Archer "cocked a snook at us all." >> ---------- Must write poems to fill the huge demand for them —Catherine Wagner"*

**975.** **— Rachel Loden** *31 Jul 2003* ↑ **Register**
Dear David (and all!), not to worry. Things are much better. But yes, it's been far too long between dalliances. Where is Our Laureateship, do you suppose, sleeping off his annual butt of sack? Somebody once asked Bob Hope why he left England and he said "because I found out I could never be king." Is that why you left? Drink some hot coffee. I love you too.

## F. T. Prince
1912–2003
*1 message · 1 hand*

*South African-born British poet and Southampton professor famed for the much-anthologized wartime poem* 'Soldiers Bathing'.

**976.** **— Ron Silliman** *8 Aug 2003* ↑ **Register**
*F T Prince - 1912-2003*

F.T. Prince passed away yesterday at 90. Of the various literary conservatives who were variously adopted over the years by the NY School, this South African born British Shakespeare & Milton specialist, who later taught at Brandeis & in Yemen, was the most formal. I saw him read once in NY many years ago with John Ashbery & Ann Lauterbach — he seemed frail even then (nearly 20 years ago).

Here's the obit & his most famous poem:

F T Prince (Filed: 08/08/2003)

F T Prince, who died yesterday aged 90, was one of the most interesting and underrated poets of the 20th century.

During the Second World War he worked as an Intelligence officer at Bletchley Park and in the Middle East, and composed what came to be his best-known poem, Soldiers Bathing, a moving meditation in rhyming couplets on the "bitterness and pity that engage / Blood, spirit, in this war."

It concludes with a mysteriously resonant image of sacrifice, one which contrasts absolutely with the deft ironies of more cynical Second World War poets such as Keith Douglas: "I feel a strange delight that fills me full, / Strange gratitude, as if evil itself

were beautiful, / And kiss the wound in thought, while in the west / I watch a streak of red that might have issued from Christ's breast."

Prince was a poet whose work critics found particularly difficult to classify. His first collection, austerely entitled Poems, was published by Faber in 1938.

It is not hard to see why this manuscript from an unknown 25-year-old South African should have impressed Faber's then editor, T S Eliot. The poems fuse an extraordinary literary sophistication with an elusive, subtle lyricism and oblique, ever-shifting angles of vision.

Nothing could have been further from the political tub-thumping or knockabout farce of the dominant English poet of the 1930s, W H Auden. Prince explored the language of his various speakers, such as Edmund Burke, or the Zulu prince Chaka, or an invented 17th-century artist appealing for funds to his patron, with a disinterestedness that is particularly astonishing given that the poems were composed on the eve of the Second World War.

Despite this auspicious debut, Prince's next volume, Soldiers Bathing, did not appear until 1954, and then with a different publisher (Fortune Press). The poems collected here were again intensely literary and self-conscious. Prince made brilliant use of the dramatic monologue developed in the mid-19th century by Tennyson and Browning to give the thoughts of Michelangelo in old age and of the Sybil.

Prince's retelling of this myth is one of his most successful long poems. According to the Ancient Greek legend, the god of the sun, Apollo, fell in love with the Sybil and agreed to grant her any wish. She asked to live as many years as there were grains in a certain heap of dust, but forgot to ask for enduring youth. Apollo and the Sybil reveals with particular clarity Prince's immaculate control of sound, rhythm, and the energies of syntax. Radiant land and seascapes are played off the Sybil's physical decrepitude and insistent self-doubts:

And now a low brown person, shrinking slowly to a bag of skin, / I wonder at myself, and even more that, were I to begin, // I think that I should do what I have done. // And gulls, swallows, turn down wind, / The sea toils, grinds and crushes / Marble to milk at cliff-base …

Prince's poems had attracted by this time an eclectic band of fervent admirers. This small but select fan-club included poets as dissimilar from one another as Geoffrey Hill and John Ashbery, both of whom contributed to a special issue of P N Review dedicated to the work of Prince that was published last year. It was Ashbery who successfully sponsored Prince's candidacy for the E M Forster award he received from the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

Frank Templeton Prince was born in the mining town of Kimberley, South Africa, on September 13 1912, and educated at the Christian Brothers' College in Kimberley. He went on to Balliol College, Oxford, where he read English, and continued his literary studies at Princeton.

Prince was an academic scholar as well as a poet. His study of Italian influences on Milton's poetry was published in 1954, and is still one of the standard works on this subject.

From 1957 to 1974 Prince was a Professor of English at Southampton University, and after his retirement he accepted a number of professorships at a diverse array of institutions: the University of Jamaica (1975-78); Brandeis University in America (1978-80); and Sana'a University, North Yemen (1981-83).

Aside from his monograph on Milton, his other most significant scholarly publications were an edition of Shakespeare's poems for Arden, published in 1960, and a critical study of Shakespeare's poetry, which came out three years later.

Although his poetry never received the attention its qualities might have expected, Prince was honoured by the British academic establishment: in 1968-69 he was a Visiting Fellow at All Souls College, Oxford, and in 1972-73 he delivered the Clark lecture series at Cambridge.

For the academic year 1985-86, he was elected President of the English Association, a body he surprised by delivering his annual address in verse.

Many critics thought Prince a "poet's poet" - though this sloppy judgment often meant no more than saying that his poetry does not fit in neatly to existing critical orthodoxies.

Certainly, his work was resolutely indifferent to poetic fashions, and his maverick nature was indicated by the variety of his publishers: Faber, Fortune Press, Rupert Hart-Davis, Fulcrum, Menard (whose current editor, Anthony Rudolf, has been one of Prince's most energetic champions), Anvil, and, most recently, Carcanet, who published his final Collected Poems in 1993.

He is survived by his wife Elizabeth (née Bush), whom he married in 1943, and two daughters.

Soldiers Bathing was the title poem of Prince's second volume, published in the 1950s.

Soldiers Bathing

  The sea at evening moves across the sand.
Under a reddening sky I watch the freedom of a band
  Of soldiers who belong to me. Stripped bare
For bathing in the sea, they shout and run in the warm air
Their flesh worn by the trade of war, revives
And my mind towards the meaning of it strives.
  All's pathos now. The body that was gross,
Rank, ravenous, disgusting in the act or in repose
All fever, filth and sweat, its bestial strength
And bestial decay, by pain and labour grows at length
Fragile and luminous. 'Poor bare forked animal,'
Conscious of his desires and needs and flesh that rise and fall

  Stands in the soft air, tasting after toil
The sweetness of his nakedness: letting the sea-waves coil
  Their frothy tongues about his feet, forgets
His hatred of the war, its terrible pressure that begets
  A machinery of death and slavery,
Each being a slave and making slaves of others: finds that he
  Remembers his old freedom in a game
Mocking himself, and comically mimics fear and shame.
  He plays with death and animality;
And reading in the shadows of his pallid flesh, I see
  The idea of Michelangelo's cartoon
Of soldiers bathing, breaking off before they were half done
  At some sortie of the enemy, an episode
Of the Pisan wars with Florence. I remember how he showed
Their muscular limbs that clamber from the water
And heads that turn across the shoulder, eager for the slaughter
  Forgetful of their bodies that are bare,
And hot to buckle on and use the weapons lying there.
  –And I think too of the theme another found
When, shadowing men's bodies on a sinister red ground
  Another Florentine, Pollaiuolo,
Painted a naked battle: warriors, straddled, hacked the foe
  Dug their bare toes into the ground and slew
The brother-naked man who lay between their feet and drew
  His lips back from his teeth in a grimace.
They were Italians who knew war's sorrow and disgrace
And showed the thing suspended, stripped: a theme
Born out of the experience of war's horrible extreme
  Beneath a sky where even the air flows
With lacrimae Christi. For that rage, that bitterness, those blows
  That hatred of the slain, what could they be
  But indirectly or directly a commentary
  On the Crucifixion? And the picture burns
With indignation and pity and despair by turns
  Because it is the obverse of the scene
Where Christ hangs murdered, stripped, upon the Cross. I mean

That is the explanation of its rage.
And we too have our bitterness and pity that engage
Blood, spirit, in this war. But night begins
Night of the mind: who nowadays is conscious of our sins?
Though every human deed concerns our blood,
And even we must know, what nobody has understood
That some great love is over all we do,
And that is what has driven us to this fury, for so few
Can suffer all the terror of that love:
The terror of that love has set us spinning in this groove
Greased with our blood.
These dry themselves and dress,
Combing their hair, forget the fear and shame of nakedness.
Because to love is frightening we prefer
The freedom of our crimes. Yet, as I drink the dusky air
I feel a strange delight that fills me full,
Strange gratitude, as if evil itself were beautiful
And kiss the wound in thought, while in the west
I watch a streak of red that might have issued from Christ's breast.

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## Walter Ong

1912–2003

*5 messages · 5 hands*

*American Jesuit priest and scholar of orality and literacy who served as Modern Language Association president in 1978.*

**977. — Gabriel Gudding** *15 Aug 2003* ↑ **Register**

*Walter Ong 1912-2003*

this from Lori Ostergaard here at ISU

For those who have not heard the news, Father Ong died Tuesday evening, around 9PM. He had been hospitalized for pneumonia. He was 90.

We will all miss such an inspiring mind.

Press release here: http://www.slu.edu/readstory/homepage/2974

> **978. — Jim Andrews** *15 Aug 2003* ↑ **Register**
> Walter Ong's book Orality and Literacy is one of my favorite books.

In Orality and Literacy, Walter Ong suggests that some well-known theories of personal or cultural development explain changes that are "more cogently" described as "shifts from orality to various stages of literacy":

"...shifts hitherto labelled as shifts from magic to science, or from the so-called 'prelogical' to the more and more 'rational' state of consciousness, or from Levi-Strauss's 'savage' mind to domesticated thought, can be more economically and cogently explained as shifts from orality to various stages of literacy."

It is almost a commonplace now to note that when we think we're measuring intelligence, we're often measuring various forms of literacy.

McLuhan and Ong proposed that technologies are no mere add-ons to who and what we are but, rather, alter us very much as though the technologies really were extensions of us. We had seen, in science fiction, humankind become machine, but McLuhan and Ong showed us the contemporary version amid the day to day phenomenon of our mediated, technologized world—though they posed it less as 'humankind become' as 'modified by' the technology.

Ong showed us noetic (cognitive) differences of perception, memory, and priority that exist between oral and print-based cultures. His work showed us a fascinating example of how perception, memory, and priorities might be affected by as 'simple' a technology as print so that the story of the technologizing of the word and the world became not a new and frightening one, but a story with a great deal of history to it already. Also, the sorts of cognitive and perceptual differences highlighted by Ong and Havelock between cultures that used different technologies of the mind suggested we might expect similar sorts of dramatic changes (or reversions) in culture as a result of the adoption of new technologies of the mind. Insofar as these technologies provide an environment for types of expression that would otherwise not arise, "the medium is the message." McLuhan, Ong, Havelock and others made us aware of this and it was surely a great contribution into the nature of technology, history, and culture.

We tend to think of language and money, electronic media, and other technologies as tools, but we tend to discount the degree to which our tools determine who we are and what we do. Language itself is a technology, a "tool" made by people. But the tool draws a circle around the realm of the thinkable beyond which few can negotiate.

Here's a google link to writing on the net concerning Dr. Walter Ong's work:

http://www.google.com/search?sourceid=navclient&querytime=WPRXjB&q=%22oralit y %2Band%2Bliteracy%22

He was a tremendously inspiring thinker. I am very sad to hear of his death.

ja

**979.** **— Dubravka Djuric** *16 Aug 2003* **↑ Register**

dragi vlado, sinoc smo se misko i ja slatko smejali tvom pisamcu! evo tijos jedan odapeo! ako mislis da za tvoje novinicemoze biti zanimljivo....

sto se naseg zlog patuljka tice, ne znam ni sama, videcu...

salji mi nesto za augusta!!!!

augustoveski pozdrav, duca

ps. posalji i one textice iz ktk!

> *"the day to day phenomenon of our mediated, technologized world—though ja"*

**980.** **— Bob Holman** *31 Aug 2003* **↑ Register**

*Slam*

Always a treat to read Slamattacks on the Poetics!

Slam continues as the most vibrant grassroots poetry movement in US. I enjoy the balance of private Gluck as Laureate, reminding us that the Dickinson model is still appropriate — while Russell Simmons' Def Poetry Jam on Broadway prepares to set sail for a tour of Europe this fall, spereading the Gospel according to Hiphop, Slam, and PerfPo. Sandwiched in the middle: Dana Gioia at the NEA.

Slam, like Tchaikovsky, is a great way to introduce an art — Ornette plays few lullabyes for your infants. Note that one can say Slam w/o a name, because you do not go to a Slam to see a poet, generally, but to participate in an event. An intimate poetry reading in 2003, well, most ears so clogged with rhetoric and commercialspeak that they cannot hear, are bored. How do we enlarge that audience. A Slam, with its attendant mock-hype and hilarious pep rally for poetry, hecklingappropriate scene, is a good starting point to demystify poetry....

Slam is great for high schools and colleges, a forum for getting arts funding like athletics — Slam! The (Mock) Olympics of Poetry!

Death of Walter Ong this week saddens. Those who would speak of the longlasting works of Walt Whitman should check out the griots (jeliya) of West Africa, whose 800 year old (authorless) "poems" still are central to West African culture...

And indeed, to hear the African American, Asian, Latino cultures represented at a slam does bring eyebrow arch to many a "straight" reading...

I think of Def Jam cast poets Beau Sia & Lemon (who blew off the roof w/ his recitation of "Shine," a classic of African American oral poetry) & Maya del Valle and Stacey Ann Chin, as using rhyme not in/as scheme but as one tool of hiphop inflection.

**981. — Kevin Davies** *1 Sep 2003* ↑ **Register**

*"the slam / performance poetry I hate I do not hate because it is not textual, although it certainly isn't"*

I believe that the recently deceased Father Ong would argue that it certainly -is- textual, in the sense that acts of "secondary orality" (one current limit we are all inside of) are underwritten — could not exist in the absence of — literacy, textuality. It would possibly benefit slammers to know this, I guess. Bob Holman certainly knows, so I'd think many of the rest of them do too.

Likewise, poets who shun what they think of as orality ought to be at least minimally aware of the -fact- of secondary orality, and of the performative/rhetorical nature of even the most resolutely -written- of nonsense juxtapositions. And everything else.

In other words, I agree with Scott Pound (hey Scott, what's the Turkish slam scene like?), and Walter Ong, and, for instance, Kathleen Welch (-Electric Rhetoric-, MIT, 1999). That covers slams, screens of every sort, orations, and all other species of epideictic that bounce around in this frightening world.

The few slams I've seen have bored me almost to the point of nausea. (In this they seem not so different from -most- poetry readings.) However, I'd blame the performers, not "the performative" or whatever. You wait: there'll be slam geniuses. Maybe there already are.

Also, I BELIEVE

that Jerome Sala invented slam poetry. Because it pleases me to believe it, even though it's almost certainly not true. Gary Sullivan did invent flarf, however.

# Haroldo de Campos

1929–2003

*8 messages · 7 hands*

*Brazilian poet, critic and translator who co-founded the Noigandres group and launched Brazil's concrete poetry movement;* Galáxias *(1984). One forwarded announcement on the thread, about nothing, is omitted.*

**982. — Charles Bernstein** *16 Aug 2003* ↑ **Register**

*Haroldo de Campos (1929-2003)*

Haroldo de Campos died today. He was one of the great poets of the Americas and a defining figure for Brazilian poetry. A large collection of his work, translated by Sergio Bessa and Odile Cisneros, is forthcoming from Northwest University Press.

Haroldo's home page is http://www.uol.com.br/haroldodecampos/

Charles Bernstein

**983. — Haas Bianchi** *16 Aug 2003* ↑ **Register**

I heard haroldo once in Sao Paulo at the reading, it was quite an event and I have never seen an audience so enraptured he will be a great loss— but he gave so much

**984. — Thomas Bell** *16 Aug 2003* ↑ **Register**

*Fw: [webartery] Haroldo de Campos's death*

*"-I am very sad to inform you all that the greatest Brazilian poet Haroldo de Campos died today. A great loss for Brazilian and international culture. In June we lost Julio Plaza, a Spanishi multimedia artist who lived in Brazil for a long time. Other great loss for techno poetry and art. Jorge Luiz Antonio Brazilian Digital Art and Poetry on the Web http://www.vispo.com//misc/BrazilianDigitalPoetry.htm [Non-text portions of this message have been removed]"*

**985. — mIEKAL aND** *18 Aug 2003* ↑ **Register**

*more for Haroldo de Campos*

Dear Friends It is my sad duty to inform the death of the brazilian poet Haroldo de Campos (Aug 19, 1929 - Aug. 16 2003). Haroldo, co-founder of the brazilian Concrete Poetry, together with his brother Augusto and Decio Pignatari, is one of the greatest names in Brazilian poetry. His last achievement was the publication of the entire translation for Homer's Iliad to portuguese. Friend of numerous international intellectuals such as Octavio Paz, Jacques Derrida, Guillermo Cabrera Infante and others, Haroldo made a reputation that transcended his own generation, spreading to the whole second half of the century's brazilian poetry. It was a terrible loss, one of the kind will be difficult to replace. For me and some friends it was the loss of someone who has kept a constant dialogue, exercising his generosity and ethical sense. Leftist politically, avant-gardist artistically, Haroldo always remarked the Maiakovski's statement that says: "There is no revolutionary art without revolutionary form". On the other hand he pioneered the idea that the brazilian poetry had his own right to pertain the position of the most inventive art works worldwide, never accepting the idea of an underdeveloped art. If I am here now, writing to you, I must owe this to people like Haroldo that opened the ways to our experimental expression as a positive value. May the gods take care of his incredible soul. Saudades Lucio Agra BR

Caros Amigos Es mio triste dever informalos del pasamiento del poeta brasileño Haroldo de Campos (Aug 19, 1929 - Aug. 16 2003). Haroldo fue el colfundador del Movimiento de la Poesia Concreta en Brasil, junto con su hermano Augusto e Decio Pignatari. Su influencia se expandio por acima de sucesivas generacines, durante toda la segunda mitad del siglo veinte. Además de ser un grande poeta e traductor, creador de una originalissima teoria de la traducción, amigo de nombres como Octavio Paz, Cabrera Infante, Jacques Derrida e otros,

Haroldo finda con su larga obra donde avultam exitos como la inmensa traducción de la Iliada de Homero al portugués. Grande e generoso amigo, fué constantemente un defensor de la arte revolucionaria con forma revolucionaria (Maiakovski) e de la idea de que el subdesarollo latinoamericano no necesariamente representaba un subdesarollo artistico. Personalidad unica, su pasamiento significa una gran perda para nosotros. Yo mismo no poderia estar escribindo esta nota se Haroldo no hubiera abierto los caminos de la poesia de vanguardia brasileña. Todos sentimos su muerte. Que los dioses tengan su gran alma. Saudades Lucio Agra BR

HAROLDO POEMS - www.ubuweb.com

Some of the brazilian hommages to Haroldo:

-MAGNETO DIVULGAÇÃO CULTURAL-

HAROLDO DE CAMPOS (1929 - 2003)

Confira em Pop Box a homenagem recente ao mestre no ensaio de Claudio Daniel. http://planeta.terra.com.br/arte/PopBox/haroldo.htm

Elson Fróes

MAGNETO DIVULGAÇÃO CULTURAL http://planeta.terra.com.br/arte/PopBox/magneto

POP BOX: VISUAL, SOUND AND VERSE POETRY http://planeta.terra.com.br/arte/PopBox mirror: http://www.popbox.hpg.com.br

KAMIQUASE: PAULO LEMINSKI http://planeta.terra.com.br/arte/PopBox/kamiquase mirror: http://www.leminski.hpg.com.br/

GLAUCO MATTOSO SITE OFICIAL http://sites.uol.com.br/glaucomattoso

GLAUCO MATTOSO OFFICIAL SITE http://sites.uol.com.br/formattoso

CLAUDIO DANIEL HOME PAGE http://www.claudaniel.hpg.com.br

MANOEL NETO, ARTISTA PLÁSTICO em breve novo endereço.

SONETÁRIO BRASILEIRO http://planeta.terra.com.br/arte/PopBox/sonetario

PROJETO NAÇÃO LEITORA www.nacaoleitora.org.br

em breve:

UBE - UNIÃO BRASILEIRA DE ESCRITORES

**986. — Christine Murray** *24 Aug 2003* ↑ **Register**
*WordsOnBlogWords: what's new at chris murray's texfiles*

New on http://www.texfiles.blogspot.com

—Chris Daniels, translating Haroldo de Campos

—more poetry of Junction Press: Mervyn Taylor, Rochelle Owens, Armand Schwerner, Susie Mee

—Postcard Poems! "Postcard Poem Surprises," Del Ray Cross & Stephanie Young "Fleeting Self Portraits," Stephanie Young & Cassie Lewis

—New work from Stephen Vincent: a *translation

—Poetry of Stephen Jonas

—Excerpts from Clarice Lispector, "A Hora de Estrela," & "The Passion According to GH"

—Douglas Hofstadter, an excerpt on how (and why!—definitely a Zen no-no) Zen resists "verbal spaces"

& more...

Enjoy!

**987. — Halvard Johnson** *25 Aug 2003* **↑ Register**
*RIP: Haroldo de Campos (1929-2003)*

Check out this: http://www.uol.com.br/haroldodecampos/

Hal

website: http://home.earthlink.net/~halvard

August 25, 2003 Haroldo de Campos, 73, Form-Bending Poet, Dies

*"By SIMON ROMERO*

*Haroldo de Campos, who transformed words into whimsical diagrams and subtle critiques of formal poetry as a founder of the 1950's Concrete poetry movement in Brazil, died Aug. 16 in São Paulo. He was 73.*

*The cause was complications of diabetes, the newspaper O Globo reported.*

*Mr. de Campos was perhaps the best known of the Brazilian Concrete poets, who often arranged the letters of the words in their poems in shapes that would lend them multiple meanings.*

*The Concretists arrived on the international literary scene as Brazil, imbued with the modernism that also resulted in the completion of the planned capital Brasília in 1960, flirted with different artistic forms.*

*With his brother, Augusto, and with Décio Pignatari, Mr. de Campos formed a group that sought to create a new form of expression by removing stereotypical traces of Brazilian culture from their work.*

*One result was a cosmopolitan body of writing that reflected the pragmatic, gritty industrialism of São Paulo and that drew visual inspiration from European artists like Mondrian and Brancusi.*

*The Cuban writer Severo Sarduy called Mr. de Campos the "Pound-like patriarch" of the Concrete poets, in reference to the poet Ezra Pound.*

*Haroldo Eurico Browne de Campos was born to a middle-class family in São Paulo in 1929 and graduated from the University of São Paulo with a law degree. He shunned the legal profession, however, preferring to risk his hand at literary experimentation.*

*A prolific essayist, translator and polyglot, Mr. de Campos translated works into Portuguese from Chinese, German, Spanish, Greek, Hebrew, English, Italian, Japanese, Russian, Latin and Provençal. In doing so, he often adopted a freewheeling practice called transcreation, which allowed him to intersperse translations with his own ideas.*

*Mr. de Campos's translations sometimes took the form of literary collaborations, as in "Transblanco," a 1986 work in which he drew on correspondence and discussions with the Mexican poet Octavio Paz to produce a Brazilian version of Paz's poetry.*

*The Mexican government awarded Mr. de Campos the Octavio Paz Prize in 1999.*

*Mr. de Campos had widespread influence on Brazilian popular music, with composers like Caetano Veloso basing songs on his poems.*

*Mr. de Campos is survived by his wife, Carmen, and a son, Ivan."*

**988. — Halvard Johnson** *25 Aug 2003* **↑ Register**
*Re: Haroldo de Campos (1929-2003)*

And also see—

http://www.ubu.com/historical/decampos_h/decampos_h.html

Hal

> *" Check out this: http://www.uol.com.br/haroldodecampos/*
> *Hal*
> *Halvard Johnson"*

**989. — Brian Kim Stefans** *26 Aug 2003* **↑ Register**
*What is Said to the Poet Concerning Flowers (a new blog) & Fashionable Noise promo blitz*

Announcing my most recent spate of silliness:

What is Said to the Poet Concerning Flowers

a new blog that is just a bunch of poems and photos that are supposed to eventually have to do with each other — you laugh!

http://www.arras.net/whatis/

also, Free Space Comix: The Blog has a new design and lots of new materials on it

http://www.arras.net/weblog/

Highlights:

reviews: Little Review: Robert Lowell, Collected Poems digressions: Haroldo de Campos 1929-2003 links: The Monkey Shakespeare Simulator reviews: Little Review: Please Pay Attention Please: Bruce Nauman’s Words reviews: Little Review: Ezra Pound, Poems and Translations reviews: Little Review: Jeff Derksen, Transnational Muscle Cars poems: Sonnet: On Literary Criticism skids: Skid 29 links: Eigenradio / Dublab chatter: Requests for Porno / Silliman on the English poems: The Window Ordered To Be Made chatter: HP rips off The Dreamlife of Letters reviews: Little Review: Michael Magee, MS links: Acronym Blog open letters: Email to the New York Review of Books re: Comics for Grown-Ups exchanges: Exchange with Darren Wershler-Henry on Circulars: final version links: The dullest blog in the world links: Combo: new issue and website

It was recently reviews in Publisher's Weekly — starred review — and I also received this great blurb from Adelaide Morris:

PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY

Less a programmatic critical volume than an improvisatory, searching look at a still-nascent form, Stefans's ruminations, exhortations, gags ("Th plug may be puld any day on cultur; th poem must be prepared") and excitations comprise a print take that is closest to the online world's free-wheeling sense of formal inquiry, semi-disposable experimentation and ardently utopian possibility. The eight longish pieces here are mostly concerned with screen-based poetry, but are utterly different from one another. A real-time, online interview with poet Darren Wershler-Henry (The Tapeworm Foundry) kicks things off, covering everything from the Toronto Concrete poetry scene to Situationism, Prynne, Eno, Hakim Bey, the launch party for Cabinet magazine and Frampton Comes Alive. "Reflections on Cyberpoetry" offers a tight series of straight-faced pronouncements ("`Mauberley is a cyberpoem; The Cantos, not.") and insights into algorithmic composition; "Stops and Rebels" unwinds into a dense, rewarding essay that manages to proceed via footnotes without invoking banal postmodernist tropes; "Proverbs of Hell" riffs Blake-wardly ("Condemn not Flash because it is `slick' "), while "A Poem of Attitudes," a long, beautiful abecedarian work composed with the aid of splicing programs, comes on like Bruce Nauman emptying out his neon tool box: "Not a curse. Not all the songs,/ no gimmick. Not be. Not in my poem./ Not like a room. Not mix the beans." Stefans's two major cyberworks, "The Naif and the Bluebells" and "The Dreamlife of Letters," are easily locatable online, as is his multi-author political blog, Circulars. With more ideas per page than most poets put into entire books, Stefans (Free Space Comix) provides a provisional, wickedly smart and goofily joyous lay of a land that is still being discovered—and created from scratch. (June) Copyright 2003 Reed Business Information.

GREAT BLURB FROM ADALAIDE MORRIS, editor of Sound States: Innovative Poetics and Acoustical Technologies

In Fashionable Noise: On Digital Poetics, Brian Kim Stefans does for digital poetry what Lev Manovich's Language of New Media does for contemporary media art. Starting from dynamics peculiar to the computer poem-its algorithms, source files, and flows of digitized information-Stefans imagines the computer poem from the bottom up. Instead of aligning it with or against conventional verse or avant-garde texts, he situates it in the larger field of digital art and new media. The book's major essay-construction-"Stops and Rebels: a critique of hypertext"-is an annotated computer poem that provides not only a canny mix of poetic and critical source files but a lexicon of critical terms, a history of digital experiments, and a

> series of brilliant meditations and riffs on new media creations. The result is essential reading for anyone interested in new media art and poetics. — Dee Morris
>
> More here from the Atelos site: http://atelos.org/fashionable.htm
>
> My new play — for those of you who care — is called "Kinski in Kanada" —sick — premieres Nov. 6th at the Bowery Poetry Club.
>
> And I'll be teaching a poetry workshop at the Poetry Project starting October called (tentatively) "Jai-Alai for Autocrats." Sign up!
>
> http://poetryproject.com/
>
> Bah-b-b-bah-bah-bah — that's all folks!
>
> love,
> your local (scottish) spammer
>
> ___
>
> A R R A S: new media poetry and poetics http://www.arras.net
>
> Hinka cumfae cashore canfeh, Ahl hityi oar hied 'caw taughtie!
>
> "Do you think just because I come from Carronshore I cannot fight? I shall hit you over the head with a cold potatoe."

---

## Alan Dugan

1923–2003

*3 messages · 2 hands*

> *American poet whose debut collection* Poems *won both the National Book Award and the Pulitzer Prize. Died in Hyannis, Mass.*

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**990. — Diane Wald** *5 Sep 2003* ↑ **Register**

*Alan Dugan died Wednesday*

I had the privilege to know Dugan and Judy years ago when I was a fellow at the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown. He was a great poet and a genuine, no bullshit, true-to-self person. A tremendous loss. Diane Wald

NEW YORK TIMES September 5, 2003 Alan Dugan, 80, Barbed Poet of Daily Life's Profundities, Dies

> "*By DOUGLAS MARTIN*
>
> *Alan Dugan, a Pulitzer Prize-winning poet whose ironic and unsentimental verse pondered the challenge of finding freedom and purpose in moments of ordinary life, died on Wednesday in Hyannis, Mass. He was 80, and lived in Truro, Mass. The cause was pneumonia, which followed many health problems in recent years, said Judith Shahn, his wife.*
>
> *Mr. Dugan's first book of poetry, in 1962, won the Pulitzer Prize and the National Book Award. The last of his nine books of poems, in 2001, won another National Book Award. Other honors included a Rome Prize, Guggenheim and Rockefeller Fellowships and, in January, the Lannan Foundation Award, which carried a $125,000 honorarium.*
>
> *In a review of Mr. Dugan's "Poems Seven" (Seven Stories Press, 2001) in The New York Times Book Review, Robert Pinsky said Mr. Dugan could "set a glittering barb into every phrase."*

*His language included invective, vulgar slang and scatological terms. Even his titles were provocative: "The Aesthetics of Circumcision" and "Funeral Oration for a Mouse" were titles in "Poems Seven."*

*Another work in that book referred to an earlier collection of his, saying, "You'll find in my Collected Poems, the palliative answer! to your stupid questions."*

*Mr. Dugan's tone was compared to that of the local bartender, though a particularly eloquent one. His themes range from the onerous need to make money to bad jobs to masturbation to the problem of how much to drink. Larger metaphysical issues swim through his verses like sharks, and death is seldom far away. "His poems usually communicate small perceptions appropriate to the lives of small people, so that we listen not because of any glittering eye but because we feel we should," said Contemporary Poets, a standard reference work.*

*In Mr. Dugan's second book, "Poems Two" (Yale, 1963), the work "Elegy" shows how a few words can seem to suggest a huge, sad story:*

*I know but will not tell you, Aunt Irene, why there are soapsuds in the whiskey: Uncle Robert had to have A drink while shaving.*

*Alan Dugan, an only child, was born on Feb. 12, 1923, in Brooklyn. His father sold nuts and bolts, and when sales were good the family lived in Queens. In poorer times they were in Brooklyn, Mr. Dugan told The Boston Globe in 2001. In Queens he worked on the student newspaper at Jamaica High School, from which he graduated. He wrote poetry surreptitiously because he thought it was for "sissies," his wife said.*

*But he could not ignore "the unconscious voice dictating the poems," he told National Public Radio in 2001. He said that he always heard the same voice that he heard when he was 16, and he always thought that he was 16 when he heard it.*

*After enrolling in Queens College in 1941 he published his first poems in the college literary magazine. He won the Queens College Poetry Prize in 1943.*

*He was drafted into the Army during World War II and served in the Pacific as a B-29 engine mechanic, and he found time to write poetry at a makeshift desk. He began to reject his earlier models, T. S. Eliot and E. E. Cummings, and became fascinated with William Carlos Williams, a poet to whom critics often likened Mr. Dugan.*

*He went to Olivet College in Michigan on the G.I. Bill and met Ms. Shahn, an artist whose father was the painter Ben Shahn. Ms. Shahn said she and Mr. Dugan left Olivet after a student strike over the firing of a leftist professor whom they supported. They went to what was then Mexico City College, from which Mr. Dugan graduated.*

*Later they moved to Manhattan, where they married to avoid eviction, despite marriage being against their socialist principles. Ms. Shahn is Mr. Dugan's only immediate survivor.*

*He worked in a staple factory and an advertising firm, and for a while the couple owned a greeting-card business. When Mr. Dugan won his first National Book Award, Ms. Shahn said that he was in his third year working in a factory where he made plastic vaginas used to demonstrate diaphragm insertion.*

*In 1960 Mr. Dugan won a Yale Series of Younger Poets Award, which led to Yale University Press printing his book "Poems," for which he won the Pulitzer.*

*In that book's introduction, Dudley Fitts, the poet and author, wrote: "I am moved chiefly by the plainness of Mr. Dugan's themes and by his nuances of imagery, phrasing, run and rhythm. The cast of mind is hard, yet the detail is often wonderfully ingenuous and tender."*

*Mr. Dugan's technical virtuosity in that first book included one poem, "On the Elk, Unwitnessed," in which the iambic pentameter of Greek tragedy was articulated into contemporary speech rhythms.*

*Mr. Dugan held numerous teaching positions, including ones at Sarah Lawrence, Connecticut College and the University of Colorado. He and his wife used his fellowships to live and work in Rome, Paris, Mexico and South America.*

*At home on Cape Cod, he taught poetry workshops at the Truro Center for the Arts at Castle Hill, and was a founder of the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown.*

*Some critics complained that Mr. Dugan's habitual returning to the same prosaic themes in the same style grew tiresome. Even all of his seven principal books had the same title, "Poems." Each "Poems" was followed by a number, in the order that the books were done. Sometimes the number was spelled out, and sometimes it was a numeral.*

*But many readers relished Mr. Dugan's ability to slice to the bone. In "Poems Seven," his last book, "Love Song: I and Thou" illustrates this incisiveness:*

*I can nail my left palm to the left-hand crosspiece but I can't do everything myself. I need a hand to nail the right, A help, a love, a you, a wife.*”

**991. — Mairead Byrne** *5 Sep 2003* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Moms/Dads - Poets?*

I loved my father. And boy I loved Alan Dugan too. Mairead

“ *09/05/03 15:59 PM >>>*”

The other day my mom at 87 - her marbles beginning to roll - when I ask her how she is doing, she says "It's amazing what they put you through before you can get up on that trajectory towards eternity."

When I and my three brothers were young, I am sure there were many days we would have combined to lift her up on to that "trajectory."

Now we listen and begin to weep.

Stephen Vincent

“*The other day I was going over the Clark biography of Charles Olson again, and thinking about how Charles Olson didn't like his mom and had the big guilt complex with his dad in that he denied him the luggage to go to the labor union convention, and then his dad died of a heart attack and so I was thinking about his depiction of Gloucester as divided into buildings and places that reminded him of his mom (such as the Catholic church with its dominating image of Mary with her foot on a serpent) and pictures of his dad, such as I guess the sea-images of all the men floundering in the sea (usually the sea is taken to be a mom-image by people who divide all these things up).*

*Then I was just thinking how strange it is that as I think over all the poets I know they all have so many problems with their parents, especially moms for male poets, and especially dads for female poets. This was almost making me laugh. So I started making a list that didn't go on for very long at all: Allen Ginsberg's nutty mom Frank O'Hara's nutty mom Corso's disappeared parents, and then the father returns only to beat him until he runs away Then I realized that I actually don't know of any poets who had a nice relationship with both parents.*

*Rimbaud seems to have hated his mom, and so on. So, are there any poets on this list who are men who really just love their moms to death, as embarrassing as it might seem to admit? Are there any women poets who just think their dads are peaches? Or can anybody think of important poets who had really exceptionally happy families where both parents are considered superb by the poet? Poe and Baudelaire with their weird military dads. Would this be a higher percentage of disappointed kids among poets as per among the "general population" or stacked up next to say, dentists?*

*If this simple hunch is so, why would it lead to the writing of poetry? Among the surrealists — Breton's mom boxed his ears into his twenties, Soupault's dad died early (his dad was an important stomach doctor) and his mom neglected him to run around in high society (her sister was married to the Renault that started the automobile factory). Which poets on this list love their parents, and are pretty happy with them, or which poets in American history would fit this description? As I cast around, the only one I can find is Marianne Moore — who never spoke with her dad, but was pretty tight with her mumsy-wumsy.*

*Has anybody ever written about this? — Kirby Olson*”

**992.** **— Mairead Byrne** *5 Sep 2003* **↑ Register**
*Re: Beloved Love Poet Dugan Dies Wednesday If Possible*

NIGHT SCENE BEFORE COMBAT

There are trucks going down our street tonight
in convoy. The window rattles. There are lights
going on and off in the sky
beyond the suburbs, accompanied
by noises that sound like thunder.
I should be with them but
I try to get some sleep
with you. Did you know
that Metaphor means Truck
in Modern Greek? Truck. Carryall.
It figures. As William Blake said,
Eternity is in love with us
creations of time, and you *know*
about love, not just the weapons and battles,
but the problems of supply, logistics,
of getting the material to the front,
to the precise point of fire, in trucks,
at that point of place, at this point in time,
when the lights are flashing on and off
and what might sound like thunder is
not thunder, not thunder at all.
I should go downstairs and join
my outfit, I should get back
to the truck I left idling
by the curb, but I turn to you
for one last time in sleep, love,
before I put my uniform back on,
check my piece, and say So long.

ALAN DUGAN Brooklyn, February 12th 1923-Cape Cod, Wednesday September 3rd, 2003

"*Diane Wald 09/05/03 09:49 AM >>>*"

NEW YORK TIMES
September 5, 2003
Alan Dugan, 80, Barbed Poet of Daily Life's Profundities, Dies

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# Leni Riefenstahl

1902–2003

*3 messages · 3 hands*

*German filmmaker and photographer whose technically innovative Nazi propaganda film* Triumph of the Will *remains notorious. Died in her sleep, at home in Pöcking, aged 101.*

**993.** **— Alan Sondheim** *9 Sep 2003* **↑ Register**
*Leni Riefenstahl, Controversial Filmmaker, Dies at 101 (fwd)*

"-http://www.nytimes.com/aponline/international/AP-Obit-Riefenstahl.html?hp=&pagewanted=all&position="

**994.** **— Ben Basan** *10 Sep 2003* ↑ **Register**
*Leni Riefenstahl Dies*

Thought the list may be interested:

http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/articles/A46997-2003Sep9.html

-Ben

**995.** **— Kirby Olson** *10 Sep 2003* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Leni Riefenstahl Lives*

I get Japanese TV on cable and they have been showing the awesome parades in North Korea all week — there are hundreds of thousands of participants in lockstep with dazzling costumes. They form from the air into Busby Berkeleyesque extravaganzas depicting the N. Korean flag and other spectacles. They have been going day and night. One young woman who defected said that the training is arduous and everybody aches. The commentator said that these parades were inspired by Leni Riefenstahl's movies, that are among the aesthetic delicacies cherished by the N. Korean dictator Kim Il Sung (did I get his name right).

If anybody else gets International TV, this is a must-see. It's the horror of the aesthetic used for the political that Benjamin was discussing in the Nazi rallies. They are undeniably sublime.

— Kirby Olson

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## Johnny Cash
1932–2003
*1 message · 1 hand*

*American country singer-songwriter, the bass-baritone Man in Black known for his prison concerts;* At Folsom Prison *(1968). Died of complications of diabetes, four months after June Carter Cash.*

**996.** **— kari edwards** *12 Sep 2003* ↑ **Register**
*Johnny Cash Dies*

``A Boy Named Sue,'' died Friday http://cnn.netscape.cnn.com/news/entertainment.jsp

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## John Ritter
1948–2003
*2 messages · 2 hands*

*American actor and comedian best known as Jack Tripper in the sitcom* Three's Company. *Dead of a heart problem after falling ill on the set.*

**997.** **— Aaron Vidaver** *12 Sep 2003* ↑ **Register**
*John Ritter (1948-2003)*

'Three's Company' Star John Ritter Dies By RYAN PEARSON, Associated Press Writer

LOS ANGELES - John Ritter, whose portrayal of the bumbling but lovable Jack Tripper helped make the madcap comedy series "Three's Company" a smash hit in the 1970s, died of a heart problem after falling ill on the set of his new TV sitcom. He was 54.

Ritter became ill Thursday while working on ABC's "8 Simple Rules ... For Dating My Teenage Daughter," said Susan Wilcox, his assistant of 22 years. The show became Ritter's TV comeback vehicle.

He died at Providence St. Joseph Medical Center shortly after 10 p.m. Thursday, six days before his 55th birthday. The cause of death was a tear in the aorta, the result of an unrecognized flaw in his heart, said his publicist, Lisa Kasteler.

"It's just stunning, unbelievable," Wilcox said. "Everybody loved John Ritter. Everybody loved working with him. ... Whatever set he was working on, he made it a very fun place."

"It's like there is a big tear in the world's heart," actor Henry Winkler told "Entertainment Tonight." Winkler, best known for "Happy Days," was to make a guest appearance on "8 Simple Rules" and was on the set Thursday. He said he got a call later about Ritter's death.

"He was extraordinary in every aspect of his life, especially as a father," Winkler said. "His children were there at every moment of his life."

Ritter, the youngest son of Western film star and country musician Tex Ritter and actress Dorothy Fay, came to prominence for his role in "Three's Company" and had appeared in more than 25 television movies, a number of films and on Broadway.

He made his successful return to sitcom acting last year with "8 Simple Rules." The show was scheduled to begin its second season Sept. 23.

At the Burbank hospital where he died, Ritter was accompanied by producers and co-workers, his wife, Amy Yasbeck, and 23-year-old son Jason, Wilcox said. He is also survived by three other children.

ABC released a statement saying: "All of us at ABC, Touchstone Television and The Walt Disney Company are shocked and heartbroken at the terrible news of John's passing. Our thoughts and prayers are with his wife and children at this very difficult time."

Ritter graduated from Hollywood High School and earned a degree in drama from the University of Southern California.

"I was the class clown, but I was also student body president in high school," he told The Associated Press in a 1992 interview. "I had my serious side ? I idolized Bobby Kennedy, he was my role model. But so was Jerry Lewis."

His first steady job was his role as a minister in television's "The Waltons" in the early 1970s.

With "Three's Company," starting in 1977, his career took off. His other performances included 1996's Oscar-winning movie "Sling Blade" and a Broadway run in Neil Simon's "The Dinner Party." He received an Emmy and other awards for "Three's Company" and was honored by the Los Angeles Music Center in June with a lifetime achievement award.

"Three's Company," about a bachelor sharing an apartment with two attractive women, Suzanne Somers and Joyce DeWitt, was considered racy during its run from 1977 to 1984. And Ritter worried about falling into a typecasting trap after the show ended.

"I would get scripts about 'a young swinging bachelor on the make,' and I said 'No, I've done that,'" he told the AP in the 1992 interview. "Or they'd say, 'You're living alone and ...'

"What I was looking for in my time off was something a little bit different, a little serious, or funny in a different way."

Ritter described his time on the show as "an education" in quick-study acting.

"When the curtain went up, no matter how long you've studied or haven't studied at all, you had to answer to the audience. We didn't do retakes. If there was a (microphone) boom in the shot, so be it," he said.

With "Three's Company," Ritter took material that was considered risque at the time and made it acceptable because of his approachable, self-effacing personality, said Tim Brooks, author of "The Complete Guide to Prime-Time Network and Cable TV Shows."

"He never aspired to be Hamlet," Brooks said. "He was a true actor of the people and television viewers really bonded with him as a result."

Ritter later starred in the television series "Hooperman" and the early 1990s political comedy "Hearts Afire." He received Emmy nominations for his PBS role as the voice of "Clifford the Big Red Dog" on the animated series.

His TV movie appearances included "Unnatural Causes," Stephen King's "It" and "Chance of a Lifetime."

Ritter won popularity among independent film directors in recent years and appeared in films including "Tadpole" in 2002, and the new feature "Manhood." He appears alongside Billy Bob Thornton (news) in the scheduled November release from Miramax "Bad Santa."

Ritter was married from 1977 to 1996 to Nancy Morgan, the mother of his three oldest children, Jason, Carly and Tyler. He married actress Yasbeck in 1999, the mother of Stella.

> **998. — Harry Nudel** *26 Sep 2003* ↑ **Register**
> *Guardian Obit....*
>
> 1st John Ritter Now Edward Said...

# Edward Said

1935–2003

*22 messages · 14 hands*

*Palestinian-American literary critic and longtime Columbia professor who founded postcolonial studies by critiquing Western representations of the East in* Orientalism *and* Culture and Imperialism*, and an eloquent advocate for Palestinian self-determination. Died of chronic lymphocytic leukaemia, in New York.*

**999. — Paul Stephens** *25 Sep 2003* ↑ **Register**

*Edward Said Dies at 67*

http://www.nytimes.com/2003/09/25/obituaries/25WIRE-SAID.html?hp

**1000. — Ron Silliman** *26 Sep 2003* ↑ **Register**

*Guardian obit of Edward Said*

Leave it to the Guardian to actually have an obit that deals with the content of Said's ideas & life. The NY Times gets more shallow every

**1001. — Kevin Hehir** *29 Sep 2003* ↑ **Register**

*On Said*

Hi,
This is an article by a friend of mine:

A bridge to the ivory tower: The legacy of Edward Said

http://www.cbc.ca/news/viewpoint/vp_tokaryk/20030926.html \ snip < For students and scholars like myself, increasingly skeptical about the relevance of their work in the "real world," Said's approach to the rarified realm of contemporary literary theory and philosophy is not only refreshing but also inspiring. It is not an exaggeration to say that Edward Said has provided the humanities and social sciences with a renewed sense of relevance in an age when increasingly critical eyes are looking to cut academic programs that cannot seem to provide a "practical purpose" in our utilitarian society.

*"snip —"*

**1002. — Hilton Obenzinger** *1 Oct 2003* ↑ **Register**

*(no subject)*

Remembering Edward Said

Hilton Obenzinger

Edward Said was my Sophomore English teacher at Columbia at the time of the 1967 War. I hadn't even realized that the professor standing before the class in Hamilton Hall was an Arab much less a Palestinian and it would be a year or two before I even knew that there could be such a person as a "Palestinian." I remember his wry tone and how his four o'clock shadow would shine through his cheeks in ways that would remind me of my older brother who had died a few years before. If anything, I would have thought our professor was Jewish, and a version of my older brother. I don't remember anything that we studied; only that he radiated a sense of profound culture and compassion, that literature truly mattered, and that a vast intelligence flowed from reading great works.

I believe classes were over when the war broke out. I stayed up all night, distraught, and in the very early morning I sat on the Sundial in the middle of the campus and read the newspaper. One story reported anti-Jewish riots in Morocco and of Jews getting their throats slit, and I wept in the dawn quiet at the horrors of war and hatred. I had no idea of the tears that my professor may have shed.

When Orientalism appeared, and particularly when Said began to speak out about the plight of the Palestinians, I realized that our paths had crossed at an historic juncture, as minor as that encounter may have been in his eyes. He spoke out as a Palestinian sympathetic to the history of Jewish suffering and I as a Jew critical of Israel and Zionism, and the irony was driven home of having been in his class in June, 1967. As the years passed, I would have many occasions to meet him at political events in support of Middle East peace and at academic conferences and to say hello and remind each other of that moment.

I had the honor of writing a review of his book "The Question of Palestine" for the Journal of Palestine Studies. It was a favorable review, of course, but I did raise some questions about his characterization of the left parties in the PLO and their advocacy of a democratic, secular state, and I was nervous that the questions in my review would have offended him. At the time, he favored the two-state solution, and I was more partial to the idea of a single, democratic secular state. But when we met at an event some time later, he was warm and friendly, and I was relieved.

Said's intellectual work became increasingly important to me. His approach to literature and culture brought in harsh social realities that had previously been rendered invisible, brought in politics and history while at the same time exulting in the qualities of literature, despite (or even because of) the influence of imperial agendas and other material impositions. To realize how the Orientalist outlook affects George Elliot or Herman Melville or T. S. Eliot only broadens the response to the text; it does not narrow it or denigrate it, as some suggest. Reading "Orientalism," I was reminded of the sense I had felt in that classroom in 1967, the deep experience of literature and culture. Edward Said had remained my professor.

The last time I saw him was at an MLA convention in the late nineties. We talked for a while about the dismal situation in the Middle East. He was a vocal critic of the Oslo Accords and had begun to shift his position to see that the only solution would be a single bi-national state, no matter how implausible that may seem now, because Israel was doing everything it could to undermine a viable, independent Palestinian state. I felt I could not criticize the Palestinians for attempting anything in such dire conditions, despite the obvious flaws of Oslo, and I had shifted to resigning myself to a two-state solution, ready to accept whatever compromise to stop the continued suffering. I knew he was ill, and he spoke of how he had to struggle for the energy to continue despite his illness. When we parted, I feared that would be the last time we would meet, and it was.

I cannot call myself one of his close friends, and we were never colleagues. I can only count myself as one of his former students, an unexceptional undergraduate in a required course, but his presence and his work have deeply affected me throughout my life. I teach at Stanford now, and there is no Sundial. But when I heard the news of Edward Said's death, I walked to the Quad, the center of this particular campus, and I wept for my teacher.

Hilton Obenzinger, PhD. Associate Director for Honors Writing, Undergraduate Research Programs

**1003. — Corey Frost** *1 Oct 2003* **↑ Register**
*Re: Remembering Edward Said /Hilton Obenzinger*

I was so glad to read your sincere tribute, particularly because I read it moments after reading this piece (link below) in the Daily News, which is the worst kind of self-serving, cynical, ideological rhetoric, and left me sputtering. Yours moved me.

http://www.nydailynews.com/news/ideas_opinions/story/122266p-109919c.html

**1004. — Mark Weiss** *1 Oct 2003* **↑ Register**

A silly and mean-spirited article, but Said's Orientalism is intellectually (rather than politically) controversial in the field. My scholarship on the matter goies no further.

I hope what I'm going to say now isn't seen as meanspirited or inappropriate to the moment. The post mortem comments on Said have been for the most part hagiographic, however, and

the man I knew very slightly had his warts. I was a grad student instructor at Columbia in 1968-1970. My office faced Said's across the hall, and the doors were usually open, so we had a lot of accidental contact. The department was famous for its towering egos, but Said was alone among them in treating all who were not his students with casual, dismissive contempt. He was said to be a very good teacher, however.

His considerable courage failed him rather badly on at least one occasion. C. 1985 he directed the dissertation of a friend of mine. She wrote a critique of the Trilling legacy, which he encouraged enthusiastically. I saw his comments on the typescript. Of course the rest of the faculty were Trillingites and were not amused. It seemed to me at the time that Said had used my friend as a stalking-horse. When it came to defense time Said lifted not a finger to save her, and it took her another year to rewrite it.

None of which is to gainsay his considerable importance or even his kindness and loyalty at least to friends. I'm sorry he's dead, and it's a real loss, but hagiography tends to inspire disbelief.

Mark

**1005. — Aldon L Nielsen** *2 Oct 2003* ↑ **Register**

I've never doubted that Said had his weaknesses — and I've long disagreed with his take on many issues in theory

BUT, as long as we're exchanging anecdotal evidence, which I find myself doing more in my anecdotage:

I walked up to Edward Said at the Georgetown Theory conference years ago —I was at the time a wholly unpublished grad student, entirely unknown to him, a person of not just seeming but real unimportance in the academic hierarchy — I found him the most approachable person among the many there — he was instantly willing to engage in discussion, was tremendously encouraging to me, and offered to look at my work (an offer I was too bashful to take him up on back then, damn it) — remained friendly as I saw him in the corridors throughout the conference

for what it's worth, I found him far more open-minded and far less egotistic than many other profs I met over the years

**1006. — Robert Corbett** *2 Oct 2003* ↑ **Register**

*"A silly and mean-spirited article, but Said's Orientalism is intellectually (rather than politically) controversial in the field. My scholarship on the matter goies no further."*

"Orientalism" is controversial in the way that the bible is controversial. It is the ur-text for numerous academic trends. Of course it is not inerrant and of course there are inadequacies in it—Said's project is mostly critical, so it is hard to say what would be the appropriate stance to take for a western critic—but like all such books it has to be engaged with. I have read that it killed area studies, such that people have become more wary of writing about THE Arab Mind, as if such a thing existed. And to the extent that people are aware that public discourse regularly trades in regurgitated cliches about Arabs and Muslims, he is partly responsible.

In English Studies it undoubtedly is the most influential Foucaultian study of literature. One should say that it actually supplements and extends Foucault, since F's concern is Power pure and simple, while Said's is Power and Colonialism. Before Said, there simply were not studies that even related colonialism to literature and culture. Now there is a whole subdiscipline, not all of which is derivative of Said or Foucault.

Robert

**1007. — Kirby Olson** *3 Oct 2003* ↑ **Register**

A figure that I find quite fascinating in the various conversations is Andre Glucksmann. I read one of his books years ago, but he seems to have shifted positions. He considers himself

to be a leftist, but he is also tricky. He doesn't always follow the political line. Yesterday I read a great editorial by him in the Wall Street Journal. But this interview sparks all kinds of interest in me, and sends the general political line in many directions with which I mostly or entirely agree:

http://www.hrvc.net/articles/glucksmann2.html

I'm mostly glad to be in a pluralist society in which there are many different viewpoints and that leads to gridlock. I would hate for this country to come to some kind of hideous agreement such that only the left was right, or only the right was left. I think it's a good thing to have a kind of balance in the house and senate such that they can block one another, and just don't want the balance to tip too far in any direction. But what I would also like is for the left to be more iconoclastic toward itself, and for the right as well. It seems that in the polarization that's taking everybody on the left sounds alike, and so too on the right.

In Europe there are fifty parties in even smaller countries, so you hear a lot more viewpoints. At least there are still two here.

Edward Said sounds like everybody else to me, I'm sorry to say. I was grateful to hear about him burning the graduate student. It's the only time I've ever heard anybody say anything against him while remaining more or less on the same side. The other side just hates him, and won't hear anything he had to say.

Glucksmann is very marginal, and doesn't have a wave to follow him. I appreciate people like this. Generally you have to be on one side or the other to be heard. Glucksmann is also interested in having us hear about people whose positions are so complex, such as the Chechnyans, that neither the right nor the left wish to discuss them in this country.

— Kirby

**1008.** **— Mark Weiss** *3 Oct 2003* ↑ **Register**

Lots of leftists in the US, but very few in government. I would be able to agree a bit more with your position if, for instance, there were a block of senators or representatives pushing for socialized medicine (which, by the standards of most of the rest of the world, is a pretty moderate position)—there are one or two. And so on for a slew of other issues. The legislative balance, such as it is, pits the right against the mildly left of center.

**1009.** **— Halvard Johnson** *3 Oct 2003* ↑ **Register**

Quite right, Mark. There are some leftists left, but if Bush has any luck with his No Child Left education policy, there'll soon be none.

Hal "Cuidado: Piso Mojado."

Halvard Johnson

**1010.** **— Kirby Olson** *4 Oct 2003* ↑ **Register**

Mark Weiss,

What would be the real costs of socialized medicine? Where would the money come from? What would you cut, or would you raise taxes? In Finland, for instance, the taxes are very high. I paid about forty percent. I had a better lifestyle as a graduate student in Seattle. The top prof paid sixty percent taxes. His lifestyle wasn't much better than mine. Doctors make about forty thousand, and secretaries about twenty thousand. The taxes then further equalize. There is no money left to make anyone rich. What are the first implications of this? There are no private colleges or universities in Finland because nobody can afford them. The government is the only source of money. Every penny has to be spent in such a way that it makes sense to the people. The disappearance of creative writing programs, the disappearance of private universities. There is one person in Finland who works on aesthetics at the University of Helsinki. Something like ten percent of the population is able to go to college. You have to pass rigorous tests. Here, something like 82 percent go.

The funny part about this is that at least half this board would lose their own jobs if the socialist ideas that they espouse came to pass.

Stanford would collapse, as would Harvard, RISD, and all the other top institutions that charge 40 grand or so for tuition. The superrich would move to offshore locations. Of course, the good part is you wouldn't ever be asked for a quarter. I never was, even once, in Finland, or in any of the other Scandinavian countries I've visited. Even the unemployed have enough. But the superrich Finns move to Miami. They'd go somewhere else if we started to tax them at 90%, which is what some are taxed in Finland to make the social programs solvent.

Maybe there's some part of this socialist idea that I haven't understood, and maybe there is some way to pay for it that I haven't seen. In France, however, the money comes out of public education. First, very few can go. Second, those who do go are put into worn out buildings, and made to undergo rigorous testing to get them out. There isn't even any money for basic maintenance. If you can stay in, and make it through, then you can maybe get a job as a prof that pays less than what a secretary makes in a good college here. Maitre de conference positions (which are equal to assistant professor positions here) pay you so little that the only way most people make ends meet is to have a wealthy spouse, or to live without children. If we had socialized medicine, the money would come from somewhere, and my best guess is that education money would be slashed, and we'd lose two thirds of our colleges and those remaining would be chronically strapped.

— Kirby Olson

**1011. — Joe Amato** *4 Oct 2003* ↑ **Register**

kirby, i'm tempted to ask a rhetorical question like, So it's a good thing that .01% of the u.s. public earns as much per year as the bottom 34,000,000?... it's a good thing that 400 people in the u.s. are worth $955,000,000,000?... that this is why we have so many great public institutions, like harvard? (the 2nd richest non-profit institution in the world, i believe, behind the roman catholic church, with an endowment just over $19,000,000,000)...

nobody here is talking some pure form of socialism, and we certainly don't have a pure form of capitalism... and i don't think you're going to find anyone on the list putting forth a new economic policy, just like that... but it seems to me that to justify profit-motive of the sort we see now "in" this country (scare quotes to point to globalization, privatization, transnationalization) on the backs, say, of the 34,000,000 in this country below the poverty line, or the 45,000,000 w/o health insurance (someone please correct me if my numbers are off), is a bit, well, precious anyway... you probably don't mean to suggest quite this, i know... but i remain a bit in awe of the suggestion, as i read your post, that there *is* a justification for our many social ills if we would only look e.g. at our great public institutions vis-a-vis finland's...

btw, i enjoyed your letter---that is you, right?---in the newest ~pmla~ re the apparent crisis in scholarly publishing... but i happen to think there's a crisis in publishing across the board---which most on this list are probably all too aware of... ergo i wouldn't have come at that issue from the perspective of those individual scholars who presumably haven't the right stuff for the job (which is a fair way of summarizing much of your response, yes?)... instead i would observe that the profession should have and could have been wringing its hands over this matter years ago---had members, by and large, paid any attention at all to the small press publishing situation...

best,

joe

**1012. — Mark Weiss** *4 Oct 2003* ↑ **Register**

Let's see, we might spend less on the military. And sure, higher taxes.

But let's be real for a moment. College attendance in the US is primarily a class marker and remedial education for the virtually non-existent education in high school and earlier. The level of education of people in all classes in places like France, Scandinavia, Australia, and Cuba, to name a few, is simply astonishing to an American.

A case in point—I spent four days travelling in the Australian outback with a group that included a young Australian welder. He was at the top of his profession, medical welding, which is also very high status among working class jobs, but was bored with it and thinking about going to university. He had always liked numbers, and he thought accounting would be fun. He was absolutely confident about his ability to make the transition. He also knew that he wouldn't have to mortgage his soul to pay the tuition or give up his health insurance.

In France at least (and probably in other places) there'sa superb system of safe, progressive, tax-supported child care that virtually all are entitled to.

What you're missing is that in exchange for what you see as the stultification caused by the difficulty of getting rich Americans live with a degree of insecurity, because of what we like to call our medical system, and because of worries about the care and education of our children, that people in other industrialized counrtries don't experience. The difference is instantly apparent in the way people carry themselves, and also the daring with which, like my welder friend, they lead their lives. That goes for aretists, too.

Of course it also helps that in other industrialized countries people work shorter hours and have more vacation time.

And they don't pay the cost, which you may feel less than I do, of being constantlt confronted with human misery on a baroque scale.

By the way, I myself wouldn't cry over the loss of creative writing programs, altho I consent to feed at that trough once in a while. If indeed in exchange there were decent universal health insurance or decent affordable child care I'd consider it a bargain.

By the way again, most of those same countries that are bereft of writing programs subsidize the arts, and also publishing, to a far greater degree than the US.

Mark

**1013. — Harry Nudel** *5 Oct 2003* ↑ **Register**
*More Said…*

A day before Edward Said died..an IDF soldier in the West Bank was killed accidentally by a bulldozer demolishing a house..the driver sd he hadn't seen the soldier...eerily similiar to the driver who hadn't seen Rachel Corie the American innocent killed in a work accident...

Over the summer I reread Leon Uris' EXODUS...pretty much unreadable.. except for the first chapter in Cyprus....."monkeys &.....Uris book was a deliberate propaganda page-turner...it's not so subtle message was that Isreaeli Jews were like us... the 50's US...the great American lonely affluent society crowd.....& that ARABS were other...Otto Preminger technicolored this replete with Goyim ..i.e. Sal Mineo...for those few who couldn;t or wouldn't read....

Said's ORIENTALISM & COLONIALISM and LIT.....tho immediately unreadable will be seen by the next generation much the same way...as acts of propaganda..Said after all is just Arafat's bad conscience...Said's genius was to identify his target audience.. the Post 'Nam generation of Academics....angry women...gays...afro-americans...radical retreads...who would control the Liberal Arts depts...and needed somethin' to teach... just as the previous class had latched on to French solopsism and structuralism....and the one before that to the self-congragulations of the New Anatomy of Criticism...or as they say in the faculty dining room...I read Heidegger & Cornel West is no Sidney Hook let alone Heidegger..

Said's not so subtle message was that Arabs were like US....moreover they were like him.. suave well dressed musical and given to the tears of compassion...Said was quite willing to demolish most of Western Lit. & Hist. to get his message across...as were that new

generation of academic bureaucrats....who hadn't yet settle down on their sitzfleisch before they were willing to demolish the Canon...

Said work was one great anti...it never offered a positive vision of what the Orient of Arabs or the East was...it knew IT just wan't what the West thought it was...Westerners were thus Orientalized in reverse...chillingly it forgot that the greatest text of Orientalism...was about the Jews...the Rialto. Belmont...and the Merchant...& that all of Said's work could have just put in Jew for Arab...without missing a European hip-hop off beat...

Said's success in propagandizing a generation...masked his position as a spokesmen fot the Palestinian cause...& as a triple outsider...Non-palestinian..non muslim...non Catholic...he had to out A Arafat...which he did...rather the repudiating terrorism...Said was its inevitable spokesman.. the rock throwing was no accident...it never is...Said position's which swung from two states to one.., from tears to more of his own suffering...idealized the Infantada by never offering any vision of a compromise...and by the end in the Articles for El Arum...the Egyptian state newspaper...we are very close to straight Anti-Semitism & Oritentalism...

So we after all...are all guilty..of what we accuse the other of....nicht wahr..DRn....

Yom Kippur...576x...

**1014.** **— Kirby Olson** *5 Oct 2003* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Remembering Edward Said /Hilton Obenzinger*

Kirby Olson wrote:

*"Mark,*

*I'm afraid I will have to simply agree with your following remarks.*

*For some reason people in other western countries have a remarkably large education compared to our own.*

*I can't understand it.*

*Even normal people can read novels. I've met farmers in Finland who know more about the American government than most of my college students.*

*I don't know what is going on.*

*I'm curious to know what you think of espionage.*

*I think the era of classical wars has been over since the invention of the bigger bombs.*

*Now it's all about spying.*

*But how do we get our spies to keep from getting goofy.*

*The CIA overturned legitimately elected governments in Iran in the early fifties, Haiti in the fifties, and many others to keep them from slipping into communism.*

*Huge security apparatus with torture such as Savak in Iran, or the Ton Ton Macoutes in Haiti.*

*And this has slowly poisoned good will toward America.*

*At the time it may have been a useful stopgap — communist countries all slid into terror, too.*

*Do you think we have the right to try to encourage true democracies all around the world?*

*Not to enforce them, but let's say to help fund things like libraries, art exhibits, poetry publications?*

*I'm going to have to concede most points to you and Joe Amato concerning American problems.*

*The fraction of people who can afford to attend a college such as Harvard or Bennington, versus the vast underclass whose formal education qualifies them to flip burgers, and whose backup systems in terms of insurance, etc., is disgraceful.*

*I cannot understand how the oligarchical top fraction can live with itself.*

*There used to be an idea floating around that there should be an upper income limit.*

*A million dollars, say.*

*Or two million.*

*After that, all income would go into the treasury, or into some other institution.*

*Does this seem like a good idea?*

*Would it be passed by either house since almost all of them if not all have much more than that?*

*There would be money laundering, and so on.*

*I can already imagine the ways people would use to get around it and keep their bloody billions.*

*Sometimes when I read different posts I feel like I am hearing a hint of Kampuchea in the anti-wealth and anti-Republicanism.*

*Having gone to graduate school as a radical, I got out in somewhat of the bemused and disgusted position that only Harry Nudel seems to occupy.*

*I distrust paranoia, and us vs. them thinking, and am trying to make both sides more porous. I don't seem to hate anybody.*

*I don't hate Senator Helms and I don't hate Jesse Jackson, but I would be terrified if everybody began to sound alike.*

*Sometimes I feel that this is what I am hearing on this board, so lone wolves like Nudel are quite calming to my nerves.*

*My letter to PMLA was about packaging: at my graduate school there were a number of people that I really liked who didn't get jobs.*

*They often knew several languages, some had written books, but they were so introverted that you didn't find out anything about them for weeks of knowing them, and then suddenly one would say, "If things get any worse I'm going to throw the toaster in on my husband while he's taking a bath to collect some insurance."*

*Then, a giggle.*

*I can stand people like that.*

*What I can't stand are the self-righteous people with a very tight Procrustean agenda who want to ban Melville because of his depiction of Pip, and don't see any value in the rest of that enormous and wonderful oeuvre.*

*One-track critics who do very well in job interviews because they know exactly what they think (it isn't much) and who can package it perfectly in the one day of a job interview.*

*All those people seem to have gotten jobs.*

*They can do a wonderful dance for one day.*

*The introverts, on the other hand, open up slowly, but do much more bizarre and intricate dances.*

*Somehow I think that packaging is what's wrong with America.*

*We've gotten this idea that we can pretend to be something clear and simple, and yet there's no depth behind it, no subtlety, and no hidden recesses.*

*I don't belong to either group — I am not an introvert, and I am not an ideologue.*

*I am just trying to facilitate a more porous discussion between them.*

*At any rate, we just had a baby come home — 9 pounds — and in good health, and our support system disappears in a few days back to Finland, so I will have to cork it, and put on an apron and help out. — Kirby*”

**1015. — Mark Weiss** *5 Oct 2003* ↑ **Register**

Earlier in a backchannel I added what we tend to forget re: taxation:

If you want to understand the tax rates, add to US rates what we pay for health insurance, including exclusions and copayments, the cost of child care and of educating children. And of course include state and local taxes. You'll find that there's not much difference between us and more civilized places, but we get a lot less for our outlay.

And a public feliciations for Kirby and Mrs. Kirby. Your lives have changed forever.

Mark

**1016. — Kirby Olson** *7 Oct 2003* ↑ **Register**

Would anybody care to comment on this statement that was said by my wife while coming off of anaesthesia the other morning?

"Nothing is so untrue that it doesn't have any truth in it."

It reminded me of the sayings received by the Delphic Oracle or something. Could anybody classify this kind of statement according to rhetoric? It is both an absolute statement, and it

denies any kind of absolute truth, and yet it almost insists that any statement is absolute truth, or is at least true. Does this kind of statement have a category?

— Kirby

**1017. — David-Baptiste Chirot** *8 Oct 2003* ↑ **Register**

I do not know the rhetorical name for this. It reminds one of Pascal's "Wager"—"Is there no substantial truth, seeing that there are so many things which are true yet not truth itself"—re the Oracle: "The Lord whose Oracle is at Delphi neither speaks nor conceals, but gives signs"

(it is interesting how statements so often are really questions) (one may imagine what lawyers and paranoids may make of these statements/questions—) faith/doubt if all is relative to some degree, is there not any standard by which to judge—discern—or from that standard, may all be relative E Pluribus Unum?

_____ Help protect your PC. Get a FREE computer virus scan online from McAfee.

**1018. — Kirby Olson** *8 Oct 2003* ↑ **Register**

David, it is by the way astonishing that the Heraclitus sentence is so close!!

— Kirby

**1019. — Harry Nudel** *17 Oct 2003* ↑ **Register**

*Colubia U. Award..*

Columbia U. has just announced that the first winner of the Edward Said mem-orial award in post-colonial thot is Mahatir Mohammed the Prime Mininster of Malasia

The U. particularly cited his remarks at the current Islamic Conference

"The Europeans killed 6
Million of of 12 Million
Jews
but today the Jews
rule the world by
proxy. The get
others
to die and fight
for them"

as exemplifying the spirit
and temper of Said work...

a
jewish ash star will be awarded
to Mr. Mohammed at the awards
ceremonies...

drn..

**1020. — Ytzhak** *18 Oct 2003* ↑ **Register**

*[van-announce] Antithesis Call for Papers*

SFPIRGís Antithesis zine is in the makingÖ. the winter 2003/4 issue will be on the topic

ìil/legitimate selves ñ nations? rights? freedoms?î

possible questions we look forward to covering in this zine:

* sovereignties ñ gained and lost * occupations ñ mental, territorial, economic, environmental and otherwise * groups gaining new legitimacy ñ i.e. the Metis question, legalization of gay marriage * war ñ borders and refugees * mass media ñ corruption * peace ñ making * illegal interventions ñ local squat protests on ìpubliciî land * tribute to the late Edward Said ñ and the work of the PLA * transgendered bodies * illegal bodies * criminal justice reform

> Submissions deadline:
>
> November 13th, 2003 @ SFPIRG office or via email or snail mail (see below for contact info).
>
> This is your chance to get published and share share share with your campus community and beyond. All submissions are confidential and will not be discussed outside the zine collective before publication.
>
> Submissions can include the following (and more): *absolutely no previous experience is necessary
>
> comics
> poetry
> critical essays
> songs
> recipes
> illustrations
> photos
> [il]legitimate representations
> cool websites
> your art
> exerts from cool resources
> etc.
>
> Pieces can be already laid out or sent in for layout. We can also help you with programs like Pagemaker or Photoshop at the SFPIRG office. We also have lots of fun resources for good old ìpaste-upî pages.
>
> For more info contact: or the SFPIRG office @ TC 326 (2 floors above the bus stop). There will be a zine submissions box at the SFPIRG reception desk. If you would like to help putting the zine together (i.e. layout and graphic design), the collective meets Fridays at noon @ SFPIRG. All are welcome to join.
>
> *please pass on this message*
>
> You are receiving this email from the listserve, This list is managed by the Simon Fraser Public Interest Group. All postings from non-members are moderated. The list exists to disperse information on events, news, and announcements of what SFPIRG is up to as well as to disperse community events and announcements (not NEWS or press releases) relating to social justice and environmental issues. All members of the list are asked to keep postings relevant, respectful, and not personal. Messages should be clear, concise and as contextual as possible (ie. understandable to those who may know nothing about the issue/event). To unsubscribe or if you have further questions, please email.
>
> http://groups.yahoo.com/group/THCO2

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## George Plimpton

1927–2003

*1 message · 1 hand*

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*American writer and founding editor of The Paris Review who pioneered participatory sports journalism;* Paper Lion *(1966). Died heart attack in his New York City apartment.*

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**1021. — Derek R** *26 Sep 2003* ↑ **Register**

*George Plimpton dead at 76*

George Plimpton dead at 76
http://cnn.com/2003/SHOWBIZ/books/09/26/obit.plimpton.ap/

## Lawrence Fixel

1917–2003

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American San Francisco writer, an early master of the prose poem and modern parable, active since the 1930s WPA;* Truth, War, and the Dream-Game *(1991).*

**1022. — David A. Kirschenbaum** *3 Oct 2003* ↑ **Register**

*Lawrence Fixel memorial in S.F.*

Kent Taylor asked me to post this.

thanks,
david

Please forward

Please join us for a memorial honoring the life and work of

Lawrence Fixel

Sat. Oct. 25, 2003, 1-4:30 p.m.

Thomas Starr King Room Universal Unitarian Church 1187 Franklin (corner of Geary) San Francisco, California

## Elliott Smith

1969–2003

*8 messages · 7 hands*

*American indie singer-songwriter of whispery introspective folk-pop, formerly of the band Heatmiser, acclaimed for the album* Either/Or*, and Oscar-nominated for 'Miss Misery' from* Good Will Hunting*; XO (1998). Died of two stab wounds to the chest, at his home in Los Angeles.*

**1023. — David A. Kirschenbaum** *22 Oct 2003* ↑ **Register**

*Elliott Smith, 1969-2003*

there's a lot i could say here, but i don't even know where to start.

i stumbled upon elliott smith because i went to a mary lou lord show and he was on the bill. it was a quick sell, hearing him sing about his troubles with junk, love, really just life in general.

after that i saw him play whenever i could, including a poets' expedition with maggie zurawski and ange mlinko to the since-closed Tramps on West 22nd Street here in NYC; opening for Beck and Ben Folds Five at jones beach, where he had his semi-regular backing band, Quasi's Sam Coomes and Janet Weiss, she also of Sleater-Kinney; and new year's eve 1999 at the Knitting Factory, when he yelled out at two minutes to 2000, "I need a two minute song," and I yelled out "Say Yes," my favorite song of his, and he

played it before bringing his girlfriend on stage, counting off from 10, yelling happy new year, and swigging from a just-popped bottle of champagne before passing it to us to swig from.

if you don't know his music, pick something up, with my choices being "either/or" or "elliott smith" if you want something sparse. If you want something harder and a bit fuller and faster, his work with the band Heatmiser, which also featured Coomes, is great. There I'd pick Mic City Sons.

it's a sad day on this end, even sadder than cobain really.

david

**1024. — Michael Magee** *23 Oct 2003* ↑ **Register**

David, I thought to send something about this myself, I felt quite dejected when I heard about it last night from my friend and colleague Wendy Walters (her husband, turns out, was/is a huge Elliott Smith fan). I liked his music, sometimes alot, sometimes finding him a bit angsty for my taste. What I thought of immediately (as I'm sure many did) was the suicide scene in Wes Anderson's "The Royal Tennenbaums" in which Luke Wilson cuts his hair, shaves his beard and then slashes himself to pieces while Smith's "Needle in the Hay" plays. In a movie which was (by the standards of Rushmore and Bottle Rocket, say) something of a mixed bag, that's a stunning scene, not least for the way it portrays the decision to commit suicide as 1 part inner turmoil and 1 part nonchalance. "He's acting dumb, that's what you've come / to expect." -m.

**1025. — lewis lacook** *23 Oct 2003* ↑ **Register**

....my first reaction was, welll....i heard it in the music, but i'd always hoped he'd win that battle

elliot smith my friends was one of the finest songwriters my generation has ever had (no, Ron: I don't come from the Justin Timberlake Generation)

///do you miss me, miss misery, like you say you do?///

if you're unfamiliar with his work go dl it NOW

in sadness

lewis

=== associate editor, _sidereality

http://www.sidereality.com/

http://www.lewislacook.com/

tubulence artist studio: http://turbulence.org/studios/lacook/index.html

The New

**1026. — Rodney K** *24 Oct 2003* ↑ **Register**

Thanks Mike and David for your posts on Elliott Smith. It's hit me pretty hard too, much harder than your run of the mill celebrity drug death. (Mike, I think that Tennenbaum image gets it exactly right). I guess in part because Elliott seemed to have in music everything I once thought I wanted in poetry—assurance of his talent, respect rather than than bald fame or notoriety, sympathetic fans who were willing to let him change. I'm with David in thinking it's sadder somehow than Cobain's death; you can see how that life could be miserable.

I wonder if there's something 'generational' about all this that's got me so depressed? That Smith grew up in the heavy shadow of the '60s was more and more clear from those (to my ear) overblown Dreamworks records (I wanted to say something glib like Dreamworks killed him, but then on the radio I heard they'd spearheaded several interventions. Protecting the product, I know, but also a fairly decent thing to do if it's true). Also, like a lot of indie 'stars'

he seemed to have a hard time taking the spotlight. I saw him at the Fillmore just when "Figure 8" came out and he was like a wax mannikin—other than the songs, not much more than a goofy wave and a wispy "thanks. goodnight." His death seems on one level like a response to the problem of growing up in the backwash of the baby boom; having a lot of the same ideals, but not enjoying the same stage to enact them on. I wouldn't want to push that too hard, but it did add to some of the poignancy of his suicide for me.

I got to see Anne Tardos and Jackson MacLow read in Berkeley last night. Driving to the reading I heard a solid block of Smith songs on KALX, so the contrast was very much on my mind. MacLow seemed so alive, aware, open, in love with Anne. There's the artist I'd hope to be, the indie star who makes it past 80.

**1027. — George Bowering** *24 Oct 2003* ↑ **Register**

Wait. Can you really call people born after 1969 a generation yet?

**1028. — Robert Corbett** *28 Oct 2003* ↑ **Register**

yes, George. tho' it's more usually cut from 1960 to 1975. better yet, after the Cuban Missile Crisis and by the time Nixon resigned. Smith will someday be recognized as one of the most distinctive, yet representatives voices of said generation musically.

Robert

*"elliot smith my friends was one of the finest songwriters my generation has ever had Wait. Can you really call people born after 1969 a generation yet? — George Bowering Too busy for smooching. 303 Fielden Ave. Port Colborne. ON, L3K 4T5"*

**1029. — Andrew Lundwall** *29 Oct 2003* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Elliott Smith*

very sad about elliott smith's passing...

elliott smith was the bob dylan of indie-rock..

http://as-is.blogspot.com/

**1030. — George Bowering** *29 Oct 2003* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Elliott Smith, 1969-2003*

This Elliott Smith—did he sing too, or was he a songwriter for other people?

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## Mario Merz

1925–2003

*5 messages · 4 hands*

*Italian Arte Povera pioneer whose neon-inscribed igloos and Fibonacci-sequence installations explored energy and growth;* Giap's Igloo *(1968). Identified in the notice as "in Italy Italian artist" and died in Turin.*

**1031. — mIEKAL aND** *10 Nov 2003* ↑ **Register**

*Arte Povera giant Mario Merz dies in Italy*

from ABC News Australia:

Arte Povera giant Mario Merz dies in Italy Italian artist Mario Merz, a leading exponent of the Arte Povera movement which incorporates humble everyday materials into paintings, has died in Turin aged 83, according to ANSA news agency. Merz was awarded the Japan Arts Association's Praemium Imperiale, the world's richest arts

prize, earlier this year, receiving the prestigious prize in Tokyo only last month. Merz occupied a central place in Italy's artistic scene since his first exhibition in Turin in 1954. In the 1960s, he embarked on an association with a number of other Italian artists who began piercing their canvases with unorthodox materials like bottles, umbrellas, plants, coal and other objects. It became known as Arte Povera ("poor art"), to signify its anti-elitist protest against consumerism and placed Italy in the vanguard of the international art scene of the 1960s. "Arte Povera is important because it is linked to life ... it is necessary to use anything whatsoever from life in art, not to reject things because one thinks that life and art are mutually exclusive," Merz said. Merz's multi-media sculptures often included large figures like the igloo and the spiral, and later using neon, he reflected Fibonacci mathematical sequences in his art. His most commonly-used materials were stone, earth, wood, metal and glass, as well as newspapers and bits of fruit. The Guggenheim Museum in New York dedicated its entire space to a retrospective of his work in 1989.

FLASH ART NEWSLETTER

With Mario Merz one of the main protagonists in Italian postwar art has vanished. Mario Merz, one of the main protagonists of Italian and international postwar art, passed away Sunday morning at the age of 78. He was born in Milan in 1925 and lived in Turin. He interrupted his studies in medicine in order to dedicate himself completely to art. His first ventures into painting were characterized by a strong expressionist-informal component, which wasn’t foreign to his friendships with Pinot Gallizio, Emilio Vedova, Asger Jorn, etc. In those years he also met his future wife Marisa, herself destined to an important artistic career, the only woman in the Arte Povera entourage.

Towards the mid ’70s he was one of the founders of the historical Arte Povera group named by Germano Celant. He began working with natural materials (stone, wood, earth, fruit...) combined with industrial materials (neon, glass, cement...) in organic installations that compose archetypical figures: for instance, the igloo and the spiral. In these same years he used the research on the Fibonacci sequence, a series of numbers derived from the sum of the previous two numbers, named after the mathematician who studied it. The Fibonacci sequence together with the igloo and the spiral — trademarks of the Milanese artist — arranged in huge spirals or straight lines, refer to the continuous cycle and structure of biological life.

Already in 1967 he was included in the pages of Flash Art, in Germano Celant’s famous manifesto on Arte Povera “Appunti per una guerriglia,” which signalled the official birth of Arte Povera. In 1989, international recognition arrived with retrospectives at the Guggenheim in New York and at the MOCA in Los Angeles. Among the major group shows we remember “When attitudes become form” (Bern, 1969) and Documenta 5 (Kassel, 1972). Recently, his retrospectives were held in the Museu de Serralves, Porto in 1999 and in the Musée d’Art Modern et Contemporain, Nice in 2000. Last October, Mario Merz was the recipient of the important career prize, the Imperial Premium for the Arts in Tokyo. …Those of you who were in Turin during the last days for the art fair will keep as a memory the long and suggestive luminous Fibonacci series still installed along the Mole Antonelliana.

**1032.** **— Stephen Vincent** *10 Nov 2003* **↑ Register**
*Merz*

A shared hero, Miekal! I love them all, Ars Pov

Thanks for

Stephen V

**1033.** **— Ron Silliman** *17 Nov 2003* **↑ Register**
*Silliman's Blog*

http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/

Jack Collom: How to shut up in a poem

Writing after 60, after 70

Philadelphia Progressive Poetry Calendar

In memoriam: Mario Merz (Arts of Fibonacci)

Poetry & jazz

What do you support if you publish in a journal that appears to exclude women or if you like Ezra Pound?

A new talk from William Carlos Williams: The Basis of Poetic Form

Keston Sutherland: What is vagueness?

Gary Sullivan on Dan Davidson's Culture

Bruce Andrews:
Born to blog
(against "comfy" reading)

Jake Berry replies
to my review

Dan Davidson's Culture -
when the "early work" is the only work

http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/

**1034.** **— Mairead Byrne** *17 Nov 2003* **↑ Register**

Ron, your list below is not loaded with women authors. In fact I see no women authors here at all. So I suppose you're in a reasonable position to examine the question you ask: What do you support if you publish in a journal that appears to exclude women or if you like Ezra Pound? I'd be glad if you would add my blog to your roll, though I know I've mentioned this before .... Mairead

> *11/17/03 07:28 AM >>>*

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(against "comfy" reading)

Jake Berry replies
to my review

Dan Davidson's Culture -
when the "early work" is the only work

http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/

**1035. — Ron Silliman** *24 Nov 2003* ↑ **Register**

http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/

My sock puppet, my self: Questions of conceptual poetics

Philadelphia Progressive Poetry Calendar

The day I brought a rifle to high school

Linebreaks as the carbon dating of contemporary verse (Brenda Iijima's In a Glass Box)

Jacqueline Waters' The Garden of Eden a College: Writing verse in the rhythms of prose (a nod to Marcelin Pleynet)

Stein at her Word (reading Ulla Dydo)

Curtis Faville: "It may actually help if one has a peculiar perception of the world"

Jack Collom: How to shut up in a poem

Writing after 60, after 70

In memoriam: Mario Merz (Arts of Fibonacci)

Keston Sutherland: What is vagueness?

http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/

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# Hugh Kenner

1923–2003

*3 messages · 3 hands*

*Canadian literary critic of modernism, author of the definitive study of Pound's era;* The Pound Era *(1971). Died at his home in Athens, Ga.*

**1036. — Ron Silliman** *25 Nov 2003* ↑ **Register**

*Hugh Kenner, 1923-2003*

November 25, 2003 Hugh Kenner, Commentator on Literary Modernism, Dies at 80

"*By CHRISTOPHER LEHMANN-HAUPT*

*Hugh Kenner, the critic, author and professor of literature regarded as America's foremost commentator on literary modernism, especially the work of Ezra Pound and James Joyce, died yesterday at his home in Athens, Ga. He was 80.*

*He had been suffering from heart problems, his wife, Mary Anne Kenner, said.*

*The variety of Mr. Kenner's interests was contained in 25 books of his own (he contributed to 200 more) and nearly 1,000 articles, as well as broadcasts and recordings. He wrote commandingly on everything from Irish poetry to geodesic math and Li'l Abner's pappy (Lucifer Ornamental Yokum), to the Heath/Zenith Z-100 computer (one of which he built for himself and then wrote the user's guide) and the animated cartoons of Chuck Jones.*

*But it was for his pioneering guide to English-language literary modernism and for his books "Dublin's Joyce" (1956), "The Pound Era" (1971) and "Joyce's Voices" (1978) that Mr. Kenner was best known. In these works and others he employed the techniques proposed by the writers themselves to define new standards by which to judge their work.*

*In "The Pound Era," perhaps his masterwork, he tried to show how the American expatriate poet absorbed the altered sense of time created by Einstein's revolution and helped to pass it on to artists like Joyce, Wyndham Lewis, Eliot, William Carlos Williams and the sculptor Henri Gaudier-Brzeska.*

*While some faulted Mr. Kenner for attributing to Pound too much prominence in the scheme of modern art, no one failed to be impressed by the vigor and importance of Mr. Kenner's analysis.*

*In a 1988 review of "A Sinking Island: The Modern English Writers," the critic Richard Eder wrote in The Los Angeles Times: "Kenner doesn't write about literature; he jumps in, armed and thrashing. He crashes it, like a party-goer who refuses to hover near the door but goes right up to the guest of honor, plumps himself down, sniffs at the guest's dinner, eats some and begins a one-to-one discussion. You could not say whether his talking or his listening is done with greater intensity."*

*William Hugh Kenner was born in Peterborough, Ontario, on Jan. 7, 1923, the son of Henry Rowe Hocking Kenner, the principal, instructor of Latin and Greek and baseball coach of Peterborough Collegiate and Vocational Institute (now School), and Mary Isabel (Williams) Kenner, a classics teacher. After graduating from the Peterborough institute, he attended the University of Toronto, where he studied under Marshall McLuhan, taking his bachelor's in 1945 and master's in 1946, with a gold medal in English. He had difficulty deciding whether to study English or mathematics and opted for English because he said he would have been "only a competent mathematician," his son Robert said in an interview yesterday.*

*In 1947 he married Mary Josephine Waite, a librarian, who died in 1964. They had five children, Catherine, Julia, Margaret, John and Michael. In 1965 he married Mary Anne Bittner, an instructor in nursing at the University of Virginia. This marriage produced two children, Robert and Elizabeth. All seven children survive him, along with 12 grandchildren. Also in 1947, his first book, "Paradox in Chesterton," was published in England, with an introduction by McLuhan, who insisted that the author take a doctorate.*

*In 1950 Mr. Kenner completed his Ph.D. at Yale. His thesis was published in 1951 as his first book in the United States, "The Poetry of Ezra Pound." In it, he deplored Pound for having delivered radio broadcasts in Italy during World War II in support of that country's fascist government; at the same time he argued on behalf of the poet's important literary achievement. The book received the Porter Prize in 1950.*

*Having completed his degrees Mr. Kenner was appointed an instructor at Santa Barbara College (later the University of California at Santa Barbara), where he taught until 1973. From 1973 to 1990 he taught at Johns Hopkins University, where he was Andrew Mellon professor of humanities. From 1990 until his retirement in 1999, he taught at the University of Georgia.*

*All the while, the writing poured forth, his other major books being studies of Lewis, Eliot, Beckett, as well as "Ulysses" (1980; revised in 1987), "A Homemade World: The American Modernist Writers" (1975) and "A Colder Eye: The Modern Irish Writers" (1983).*

*Over time his prose style grew increasingly graceful, witty and accessible, prompting C. K. Stead, writing in The Times Literary Supplement, to call him "the most readable of living critics." He thought of writing as an "abnormal act," as he told an interviewer at U.S. News & World Report in 1983, rendered an increasingly "quaint skill" by the rise of other forms of communication.*

*Yet he scarcely confined his communication to print. Told by Pound in the early 1950's "to visit the great men of your own time," Mr. Kenner befriended many of his subjects, as well as the poet Louis Zukofsky, Buckminster Fuller and William F. Buckley Jr., who was best man at his second wedding.*

> *Nor, surprisingly, did he deplore the decline of print as our main medium. "We forget that most of what people read when everybody read all the time was junk - competent junk," he told U.S. News & World Report. "Now they get it from television. The casual entertainment people get in The evening from the box was what they used to get from the short fiction in The Saturday Evening Post. That magazine and others like it were the situation comedies and cop shows of their era. It is not a cultural loss that this particular use of literacy has been transferred from one medium to another."*

**1037. — William James Austin** *25 Nov 2003* ↑ **Register**

Indeed a sad day. I met Kenner many years ago at Tulane University. I was not surprised to find a man of such intelligence, talent and accomplishments kind and, yes, humble. He will be missed. The Pound Era is a classic. Best, Bill

WilliamJamesAustin.com
amazon.com
b&n.com

**1038. — Haas Bianchi** *25 Nov 2003* ↑ **Register**

a very sad day especially for followers of mad Ezra

---

## Enid Dame

1943–2003

*3 messages · 3 hands*

*American poet and co-publisher of Home Planet News known for feminist midrashic persona poems voicing Lilith;* Lilith and Her Demons *(1989). Identified in the notice as "poet extraordinaire and co-editor with Donald Lev of Home Planet News" and dead of pneumonia. Two forwarded announcements on the thread, about nothing, are omitted.*

**1039. — Burt Kimmelman** *27 Dec 2003* ↑ **Register**

*Enid Dame Deceased*

Enid Dame, poet extraordinaire and co-editor with Donald Lev of Home Planet News, has died of pneumonia. There will be a service on Monday, December 29th at noon, at Kehilla Chapel, 60 Brighton 11th Street (between Brighton Beach Avenue and Cass Place), Brighton Beach, Brooklyn, NY. The chapel can be reached via the Q train to the last stop on the line.

Burt Kimmelman

**1040. — Vernon Frazer** *28 Dec 2003* ↑ **Register**

Burt

Thanks for sending this along. I had no other way of finding out. I only met Enid once and corresponded with her several times about her work appearing in an anthology I was editing. She seemed to project a basic kindness. It's very sad news. I feel very much for Donald, as well.

**1041. — Joseph Thomas** *26 Jan 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Re: query--gendered expletive/r "Oh Boy"--*

From the OED:

(oh) boy! a colloq. (orig. U.S.) exclamation of shock, surprise, excitement, etc.; freq. used to give emphasis to a statement that follows it. Cf. ATTABOY.

> 1917 Amer. Mag. Mar. 13/1 ‘I told that dame I was Kid Hanlon.’..‘Oh, boy!’ I yells. 1927 Punch 7 Sept. 263 Oh, boy, I feel good! 1930 D. H. LAWRENCE Nettles 17 And they blushed, they giggled, they sniggered, they leered..and said: Oh boy!..that's pretty hot! 1934 M. HODGE Wind & Rain I. i. 18 Boy! They don't wear a damned thing! 1942 L. D. RICH We took to Woods (1944) ii. 34 Maine guides have a legend of quaintness to uphold, and boy! do they uphold it. 1958 ‘N. SHUTE’ Rainbow & Rose i. 2, I slithered in over the fence and put her [sc. the aeroplane] down and boy! was I glad to be on the ground!
>
> and here's the OED on attaboy:
>
> [Said to represent careless pronunc. of that's the boy! (BOY n.1 2c).]
>
> An exclamation expressive of encouragement or admiration. Hence attagirl, etc., as nonce-wds.
>
> 1909 Amer. Mag. May 40/2 Back of Chance's war cries, ‘At-a-boy’, or ‘Now ye're pitching’, may be hidden a whole command to his team. 1917 C. MATHEWSON Sec. Base Sloan xxii. 298 ‘Ata boy!’ called the Damascus catcher. 1924 P. MARKS Plastic Age iv. 26 Suddenly one of the girls..caught the bag deftly... ‘Ray! Ray! Atta girl! Hot dog! Ray, ray!’ 1925 H. L. FOSTER Trop. Tramp Tourists 101 The marines rose from their chairs to encourage the new performer: ‘Attaboy, soldier! Attaboy! Shake 'em doggies!’ 1927 Blackw. Mag. July 4/2 Cries, also, of ‘Attaboy!’ leave no doubt that the greeting is not entirely British. 1929 WODEHOUSE Summer Lightning xv. 286 ‘Give me two minutes to get the car out and five to make the trip and I'll be with you.’ ‘'At-a-boy!’ said Millicent. ‘'At-a-baby!’ said Hugo. 1932 JAMES JOYCE in New Statesman 27 Feb. 261/1 Attagirl! 1936 AUDEN & ISHERWOOD Ascent of F6 II. iii. 101 Chin up! Kiss me! Atta Boy! Dance till dawn among the ruins of a burning Troy! 1946 H. CROOME Faithless Mirror x. 102 I'm celebrating. Atta girl! 1958 J. BETJEMAN Coll. Poems 153 Look at that little mite with Attaboy Printed across her paper sailor hat.
>
> Best,
> Joseph

## 2004

## James Lowell

c. 1933–2004

*5 messages · 4 hands*

*American bookseller whose Cleveland Asphodel Bookshop, raided by police in 1966, anchored the mimeograph-revolution poetry scene;* the Asphodel Book Shop (founded 1963)*. Identified in the notice as “legendary bookseller” and aged 71.*

### 1042. — David A. Kirschenbaum *5 Jan 2004* ↑ Register

*James Lowell, legendary bookseller, dies*

Some sad news to report.

James Lowell, the proprietor of the Asphodel Bookshop, died at his home outside of Cleveland yesterday morning at the age of 71. Lowell may best known for being arrested with his friend d.a. levy, whose books Lowell distributed, in 1967 for distributing obscene materials. The Asphodel has continued as a Bookshop and mail order catalog to this day.

**1043. — Tom Beckett** *5 Jan 2004* ↑ **Register**

My relationship with James Lowell spans a quarter of a century. He was an urbane, droll and thoroughly enjoyable person. After he moved out of his store in Cleveland, following the D.A. Levy legal debacle, he sold his W.C. Williams collection to Kent State University in order to put a substantial payment down on a beautiful country property. He ran his book business on the ground level of the house. The upper level was given over to living quarters and his wife's beauty parlor. Visiting the bookstore on a Saturday cars would be continually juggled to accomodate Tessa's clients and the one or two of us talking books and literary gossip with James.

Tony Green—if you're out there—you might remember visiting him with me many years ago.

The last time I saw James was at the Creeley reading at Kent State a year or so ago. We hadn't seen each other for quite a while and he was politely pissed about me not visiting (it's an 80 mile round trip so we'd kind of drifted off). Yeah, I feel guilty.

But many great conversations and visits with him over the years. I'll miss him very goddamn much.

Tom Beckett Some sad news to report.

**1044. — George Bowering** *6 Jan 2004* ↑ **Register**

I never met James Lowell, but during the 60s and 70s I bought most of my US books from him. Every couple of weeks, there was a package like a Christmas present on my front porch.

**1045. — Shanna Compton** *7 Jan 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Fw: poem for james r. lowell // who died this week in cleveland, usa*

*"-meandering & musing in lowell country for james r. lowell january 4, 2004 last summer we passed your house also the asphodel bookstore four times in rural northeast ohio like a mind fuck looking for a tree with a red ribbon the sign to turn in what strength in your structure almost too real to believe driving up unpaved drive you sitting there in a renovated garage tess in the kitchen and all those writers on the shelves moore drank beer connecting lit junky dots to dots and generations while she brought me tea and we could have spent 20 years there yeah with the books but more with you listening to your observations the details you talking about getting popped by the cops in cleveland or taylor in san francisco or kryss who you added 3lives down the street2 in your front room levy1s painting on the wall as tess spoke of how sweet a man he was you sat there jim we didn1t know how much pain you were in until tess told us and then she says you live for this and so do we so do i at your feet us non-artists i remember you wrote 3the air is full of good sound: (not the assembling of troops) young people grasping at what love is left in this fading world2 now i am here in tremont in cleveland in tears with death on mouth and you are somewhere maybe nowhere or everywhere but heroic the same -matthew wascovich *a great man. if you don't know his writing, or about his bookstore, the asphodel, search it out. love to his wife, tess."*

**1046. — Tom Beckett** *11 Jan 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Bookseller Lowell brought poetry, passion to his work*

:
Bookseller Lowell brought poetry, passion to his work
01/11/04
Karen Sandstrom
Plain Dealer Book Editor

High technology might have helped rare book dealer Jim Lowell sell a few more volumes, but he wanted none of it. When poet Kent Taylor accompanied Lowell to the library last year, Taylor intended to show Lowell the World Wide Web. Lowell's eyes glazed over. For 40 years, Lowell sold books through his store, Asphodel, which he started in Cleveland and eventually moved to Auburn Township. He ran his business and his life in his own fashion. He was a man unequivocally himself, yet willing to share what he knew. He had been battling multiple ill-lnesses recently and died last Sunday at 71.

His wife, Tessa, lost her partner of 39 years. The world of books and culture lost a quiet warrior. Those who knew him longed to introduce him to those who didn't. A difficult task,

after someone has died, but with Lowell it was a challenge even in life. "He hated to be interviewed," recalls friend Jake Marx. Educated at Western Reserve University, Lowell built his business out of his passion for books. Asphodel opened in a small space in the Old Arcade, stocking first editions and other rarities, including the small-press releases by those toiling in the vibrant Cleveland poetry scene of the day.

Kent Taylor was one of those poets. So was d.a. levy, a famous (and famously tragic) counterculture writer and publisher in Cleveland. For some, the 1963 opening of Asphodel marked the beginning of an era of heightened political and intellectual energy in the city, while levy's suicide death in 1968 signified its end. Writers and poets were thrilled to find Asphodel, where the stock was so different from what was sold at mainstream stores. Lowell had wide-ranging yet specific tastes. He loved the work of William Carlos Williams and Charles Olson, and was a fan of some of the Beats, though he always discriminated.

A friend once came into Lowell's shop looking for something by Lawrence Ferlinghetti and was abruptly told, "You don't want that stuff," though Lowell didn't say "stuff." But Lowell liked Allen Ginsberg, who came to his aid in 1966, after Cleveland police stormed Asphodel in a raid. They were looking for drugs and found none - Lowell didn't use or sell drugs - but they carted away boxes of books that never were returned. A grand jury charged him with selling obscene material (some of the counterculture work was pretty vulgar), but the case was dropped. In the meantime, Ginsberg and a host of friends from Cleveland and beyond organized a fund-raiser for his defense.

They collected $11,000 and published a typewritten book called "A Tribute to Jim Lowell," featuring essays, poems and letters. A Plain Dealer article about Lowell published in 1992 recounted writer Jonathan Williams' take on Lowell: "He has all the desirable Midwestern virtues: a good family background (Anglo-Saxon), modesty, sobriety, industriousness, a wife, a Buick, a taste for double- breasted suits, Scotch, Jamaica (not Cuban) cigars and gold. His only Midwestern vice is an inexhaustible affection for literature." Others will say that Jim Lowell did not suffer fools gladly. "That means that if you weren't on his wavelength, he gave you very short shrift," Taylor explains.

"A lot of people thought he was irascible, but I thought he was a delight." At the same time, he was "gentleman Jim" - generally polite, self-effacing, intelligent. His reputation as a fair and honest book dealer was unimpeachable. Today, Lowell's work can be enjoyed even by those who didn't know him, thanks to the help he gave Kent State University in building its library collections. Dean Keller, retired special collections curator, says Lowell was a prime source while the university amassed its holdings of modern literature. The school now has a sizable collection by William Carlos Williams. Keller suspects Lowell had amassed it for his own enjoyment.

As Taylor says, Lowell "just wouldn't advertise himself. Thank God he made enough of an impression on other people so we can do it for him." To reach this Plain Dealer columnist

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## Jeff Nuttall

1933–2004

*1 message · 1 hand*

*English poet, painter and counter-culture chronicler who founded My Own Mag and the People Show performance group;* Bomb Culture *(1968). Died suddenly at the Hen and Chickens pub in Abergavenny, where his jazz band played.*

**1047. — Ron Silliman** *6 Jan 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Jeff Nuttall 1933-2004*

Sad news on the Brit-Po list that Jeff Nuttall has died. In addition to his poetry, he taught in some fine arts programs and was a working character actor. Here is a link to his Selected Poems, available from Salt:

http://www.saltpublishing.com/books/smp/1844710130.htm

His page on the Internet Movie Data Base:

http://us.imdb.com/name/nm0638346/

I went through the four anthologies I have of British poetry (the Tuma, Floating Capitol, Other and the 1971 special issue of TriQuarterly) this morning and was surprised to discover that he seems not to have been included in any of these.

Ron

## Jess

1923–2004

*3 messages · 3 hands*

*American San Francisco artist Jess Collins, known for intricate collage 'paste-ups' and layered Translations paintings; co-founded King Ubu Gallery;* the Translations series *(1959–1976). Identified in the notice as “great visionary painter and paste-up artist”.*

**1048. — Peter Quartermain** *6 Jan 2004* ↑ **Register**

*JESS [1923-2004]*

Right now I have no details, but sadly, I report the death, two or three days ago in San Francisco, of the great visionary painter and paste-up artist Jess, for forty years companion to Robert Duncan. Robin Blaser spoke of Jess and Duncan, of "their world of IMAGINATION, which had no walls." Jess's dying ends something, his and Duncan's world so much a part of mine; that world is now, if not gone, at the very least shifted, but the potentiality and potence of the actual life, that which I think constiututes the paradisal, the continuous opening of possibility, is in this instance and kind gone. We all, of course, have to find our own paradise, and there are many; Duncan and Jess both and together are guides, for their promise always stays.

Meredith and I have taken Jess's _Translations_ and the catalogue _Jess: A Grand Collage_, down from the shelves, that they can the pair of them dwell with us and grace us this oddly snowy day in Vancouver. And feel blessed.

**1049.** **— Jerrold Shiroma** *6 Jan 2004* ↑ **Register**

was just looking at his work this past week...sad to hear this...

**1050.** **— David A. Kirschenbaum** *7 Jan 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Jess Obit in SF Chronicle*

from today's paper:

http://www.sfgate.com/cgi-bin/article.cgi?file=/chronicle/archive/2004/01/07/BAGIC44V2V1.DTL

or search for jess collins

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# Gil Ott

1950–2004

*12 messages · 7 hands*

*American Philadelphia poet, disability activist and publisher who founded Singing Horse Press and worked at Painted Bride Art Center;* The Whole Note *(1996).*

**1051.** **— Craig Allen Conrad** *5 Feb 2004* ↑ **Register**
*some very sad news, poet Gil Ott has just died*

it's a very sad day.

and just as Ron Silliman wrote this morning on his blog, Gil's "the closest thing Philadelphia has to a dean of poetry" http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/

less than month ago, Gil agreed to an interview. well, he more than agreed, he was enthusiastic about it, and told me when it was best to visit him at the hospital with my mini tape recorder. here's the link: http://banjopoets.blogspot.com

less than 10 days later, i was surprised how difficult it was for Gil to breathe when i visited with the proofs of his new book Kyle Schlesinger had e-mailed me to go over with him. he was able to talk quite freely for the interview, and it was the most i had seen him smile and heard him laugh, as he talked about his very rich life of poetry.

Philadelphia poets, and poets everywhere will feel the loss, CAConrad

**1052.** **— Frank Sherlock** *5 Feb 2004* ↑ **Register**
*In Memory of Gil Ott*

Gil Ott- poet & publisher, has died. He was an important culture worker & anchor of the Philadelphia experimental writing community for many years. In remembrance of what Gil has given us through his work & life, maybe we can take this time to share what he's meant to us.

In his honor, the Philly Sound is creating a memorial page, where you can share your thoughts & memories of Gil, whose generosity, warmth & humor meant so much to the poetry community. Your messages will appear on the Philly Sound blog as they come in.

Take care,
Frank Sherlock

_____ Scope out the new MSN Plus Internet Software — optimizes dial-up to the max!

**1053. — Frank Sherlock** *5 Feb 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Gil Ott Memories- cont'd*

The memorial page will appear on

http://www.phillysound.blogspot.com/

You can send your thoughts directly to Frank Sherlock

or CA Conrad-.

We will post them as they come in.

FS

_____ There are now three new levels of MSN Hotmail Extra Storage! Learn more.

**1054. — Michael Magee** *5 Feb 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: In Memory of Gil Ott*

Hi Frank and all,

So sad on hearing this. Gil was really one of the kindest people I ever met and surely one of the most dedicated to poetry. He was, during my five years in Philly, a very important presence, to me personally and to a lot of the younger writers in town then, Kristen Gallagher, Louis Cabri, many others. And it goes without saying that as editor of Paper Air and publisher of books like Harryette's Mullen's Muse & Drudge he has made a deep and lasting impact. I wish his own poetry was better known and more appreciated. Here's a poem I published of his in Combo 4:

ght

What I began on foot I haven't passed the opportunity to mediate

as tempers cool, and age, more solid than a fish's swift encounter

begs calcium, from boyhood to a certain indirection, oppresive detail, given

the yield of one small pond persisting through rain and thought

I'll look forward to reading other's thoughts about Gil and his life's work.

-Mike. Quoting Frank Sherlock:

**1055. — Charles Bernstein** *6 Feb 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Gil's Shadow*

We remembered Gil Ott last night at the Chax Press reading in Chelsea. He cast a big, dark, deep shadow over the event. At times like this I am reminded that shadows are the foundation of imagination.

Charles Alexander, Chax's editor and publisher, came to New York to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of his press but also his new collection, near or random acts, which is, as it happens, Gil's last Singing Horse Press release and at the same time the first book in the new life of the press, under the very capable hands of Paul Naylor.

I am glad I got to see Gil last week at the University of Pennsylvania hospital intensive care unit. Bob Perelman and I went on Tuesday afternoon. Gil was miraculously self-possessed, engaged with the conversation, ironic, barbed. If my eyes had been closed I imagine I could have been across the street, chatting in my office; there was little in his voice that reflected the grim intensity of the surroundings or his physical circumstances. Gil spoke of his forthcoming book, The Amputated Toe, from Kyle Schlesinger's Cuneiform Press as his "last" book and wondered if Kyle knew it was his last. Bob and I offered a alternative meaning to last: "you mean your most recent book." Then Gil told us the story of how anxious Franco Beltrametti had been for Gil to bring out his Singing Horse book, though Beltrametti never explained to Gil that he was dying, that this was to be his last book (which, indeed, he did see before he died). Then Gil said, "Let's talk about something else."

Gil also spoke of how extraordinary his prolonged life had been, the gift of living without his own kidneys for a quarter of a century. He said he was one of the longest surviving members of that class of early kidney transplant patients and almost all we know of Gil and his work as a poet, editor, organizer, has been in the period of grace provided by his renal subversions.

My first memory of Gil is walking down Spring Street in the late 1970s, going east from the Ear Inn, in the year or so after an unsuccessful transplant. Like Ron Silliman, I remember how slow he walked, how cumbersome and heavy his body seemed. And how, just a year later, he came into a new life and new sense of physical and cultural possibility, after his first successful transplant.

I remember Paper Air: the Mac Low issue and Taggart issue especially. And I remember Artifice of Absorption, my essay-in-verse, which was first published as an issue of Paper Air in 1987 and which may have been part of Gil's turn from magazine to book publishing. This was Gil and my first experiment with producing a book directly from a computer file. There were so many errors that crept in that the process itself seemed to be insisting on a level of textual impermeability well beyond the desires of author and publisher.

But no number of anecdotes will bring Gil back from the dead: Gil, father of a daughter just the age of my son (11), life companion to Julia Blumenreich, friend to so many of us.

Dead poets have one trick left: they live in our ears, in our minds, in our personal hearafter.

Charles Bernstein 2.5.04

**1056. — Murat Nemet-Nejat** *7 Feb 2004* ↑ **Register**

Wonderful elegy Charles. Murat

**1057. — David Baratier** *8 Feb 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Shadow*

Philly is lousy with Gil Ott's death. Feel it from here, the slouch hat hung low after measurable months of expectation. I am here imagining the

variant fluff piece in the paper, or the other paper, exposing the absence, giving the news, posing the missing rather than defining what he did. Doesn't he look well in this photo? Or should we use "the urban poet in his environment" pose? Talking about what all else but the subject.

Gil lumbered against the black puritan trees of Pennsylvania. Every single time I met him. If one could stoically breathe heavy he could. After Paper Air ended, he continued. Few of his contemporaries did. Gil had stones. Name another small press publisher who bothered publishing plays. Who would have printed Harryette Mullen's S*PeRM**K*?

Gil was a man who contributed.

Gil wrote prose. And always wore a trenchcoat. Often. Like this but repetitively meditative. A harmonious tuning fork of wavelength. In the way I wish I still had his books in moments like this. Especially Wheel.

Or any of the Singing Horse titles. Or the last manuscript he sent. But such is not to be for the life of me ran otherwise. This the cost of verse beforehand, the lost weight necessary to live. Recording and speaking at once, a phone voice echoing through an answering machine. Bye Gil, grateful to have caught an in depth transmission.

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

http://pavementsaw.org

**1058. — Ron Silliman** *9 Feb 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Silliman's Blog*

http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/

The 100,000th visitor to Silliman's Blog was Geoffrey Gazta of Kenmore, NY.

RECENT TOPICS:

Unpacking my library: Poets acquiring books

My walk with Gil (a remembrance of Gil Ott)

Chax Press & the poetry of Charles Alexander

kari edwards:
Identarian poetics
when identity is up for grabs

Robert Creeley's
If I were writing this

Brian Kim Stephens:
post-avant jai-lai on a field of quietude

Counting down to 100K

The Philadelphia Progressive Poetry Calendar

Ray Bianchi on Chicago

Ken James on the structure of cinema

Curtis Faville on Frank Lloyd Wright

Experience & expectation,
novelty & structure (in poetry, cinema, life.)

My visit to Chicago

Coming to terms with elders:
Ezra Pound's fascist cantos &
Michael Rothenberg channeling Philip Whalen

http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/

**1059. — Ron Silliman** *14 Feb 2004* **↑ Register**
*Philadelphia Inquirer article on Gil Ott*

Gil Ott, 53, poet and arts activist

*"By Gayle Ronan Sims Inquirer Staff Writer*

*Gil Ott, 53, who as an avant-garde poet sought surprises in language and as a community arts activist related better to homeless people than to academics, died Feb. 5 of complications of kidney disease at the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Ott lived in Mount Airy.*

*He worked with other writers, artists, social workers and activists to create programs and publications that gave voice to the disabled.*

*As the development director of the Painted Bride Arts Center, Mr. Ott obtained grants that helped give the center a second life and move from humble beginnings on South Street to its present home on Vine Street.*

*Mr. Ott was the director of Liberty Resources, a prominent organization for people with disabilities. He edited a collection, No Restraints: An Anthology of Disability Culture in Philadelphia, published in 2002, which received the Mayor's Access Award.*

*Longtime friend Eli Goldblatt said: "The opening for the book at the Philadelphia Art Museum last year was an explosive affair. The disabled authors, some in wheelchairs and some unable to speak, were energetic and proud artists, professionals and activists."*

*Mr. Ott, who was born and raised in Blue Bell, became ill with kidney disease in 1975, when he had the first of five kidney transplants. He began to publish his poems in literary magazines and founded Paper Air magazine, which grew into a venue for avant-garde poets from 1976 to 1990. He also owned Singing Horse Press, a company that published poetry for almost 20 years.*

*Mr. Ott produced 12 books of poetry but did not fit into the academic poetry scene. He seldom gave readings, but when he did, he first lit a candle and sang silly songs such as "The Moon Doesn't Run on Gasoline" before he began. His work was profoundly playful.*

*He was a networker, but not in the ambitious sense: He simply took pleasure in introducing poets and writers to one another. Philadelphia poets and critics published a tribute to Mr. Ott and his work in The Form of Our Uncertainty in 2001.*

*Mr. Ott is survived by his wife of 16 years, Julia Blumenreich; a daughter, Willa; his parents, Edwin and Hazel; and a brother, Allen.*

*A memorial service will be at 2 p.m. Feb. 22 at the Painted Bride Arts Center, 230 Vine St.*

*Memorial donations may be sent to Liberty Resources, 1341 N. Delaware Ave., Suite 105, Philadelphia 19125.*”

**1060. — Ron Silliman** *16 Feb 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Silliman's Blog*

http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/

RECENT TOPICS:

Pattie McCarthy's Verso -Pagination & interpretation

The Philadelphia Progressive Poetry Calendar

Alice Jones' Gorgeous Mourning: Transcending the roots of tradition

The Saragossa Manuscript -Let me tell you a story

Charles Bernstein's World on Fire: This time it's personal

Pound was the beginning: A personal history of book buying

Unpacking my library: Poets acquiring books

My walk with Gil (a remembrance of Gil Ott)

Chax Press & the poetry of Charles Alexander

kari edwards:
Identarian poetics
when identity is up for grabs

Robert Creeley's
If I were writing this

Brian Kim Stefans:
post-avant jai-lai on a field of quietude

http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/

**1061. — Ron Silliman** *1 Mar 2004* ↑ **Register**

http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/

RECENT TOPICS:

Bill Bathurst & Richard Brautigan -Deciding to stop

The Philadelphia Progressive Poetry Calendar

The Dissociated Writing Project

Gender & the problem of the unmarked case (The Dreamers, continued)

Bertolucci's The Dreamers -The film you make vs. the one you think you're making

A memorial to Gil Ott

Kathleen Fraser Coupling Categories Forced into Discreteness

Kathleen Fraser Discrete Categories Forced into Coupling

Joltin' Joe Ceravolo -
Reinventing the NY School & surrealism
& making it look easy

John High's "Here" -
Giving voice, avoid false closure

Kathleen Fraser:
Creating communities in writing

Piseogs -
Casting spells with Pattie McCarthy

Pattie McCarthy's Verso -
Pagination & interpretation

http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/

**1062. — Ron Silliman** *8 Mar 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Silliman's Blog: A test of poetry*

http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/

RECENT TOPICS:

A test of poetry: anonymity & context

Woundwood: The joy of a new book

Chris Stroffolino on The Dreamers (Medium Cool)

Sunday Morning Anthology: Nine poets in Somerville, MA

Bill Bathurst & Richard Brautigan -Deciding to stop

The Philadelphia Progressive Poetry Calendar

The Dissociated Writing Project

Gender & the problem of the unmarked case (The Dreamers, continued)

Bertolucci's The Dreamers -The film you make vs. the one you think you're making

A memorial to Gil Ott

Kathleen Fraser Coupling Categories Forced into Discreteness

Kathleen Fraser Discrete Categories Forced into Coupling

http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/

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## Lyx Ish

1956–2004

*15 messages · 7 hands*

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*American mail artist, visual poet and publisher (Elizabeth Was) who co-founded Xexoxial Editions and Wisconsin's Dreamtime Village;* Ound: Polymorphic Poems for the Dislocated Tongue *(1987).*

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**1063. — mIEKAL aND** *28 Feb 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Lyx Ish 1956-2004*

Lyx Ish aka Elizabeth Was spent an all too short life being a musician, poet, gourd artist, painter, healer, yoga-instructor, instrument inventor, teacher of improvisation, mother of Liaizon Wakest, co-founder of Dreamtime Village, of Xexoxial Editions, & gave lovingly to 100s of people who took her classes or interned under her. We were partners for 17 years & even after our divorce remained collaborators. After being diagnosed with stage 4 pancreatic cancer a month ago she passed very quickly thru the final phase of her life surrounded by friends from all periods of her past. She died peacefully at 3:40 this afternoon in her home naturally & with awe-inspiring dignity.

from her long poem EVERY LINES OTHER:

When language can flow like the body,
breathing out and in and in and out...
Angels stand like children
words grateful for music
and fingers dancing with marker:
Language elevates, music ennervates.

**1064.** **— Jeffrey Jullich** *28 Feb 2004* ↑ **Register**

Dear mIEKAL,

I'm terribly, terribly sorry and shocked to hear. You have all my sympathy.

Having interacted with her by e-mail when I bought that CARE package of Xexoxial books, I take it quite personally, hearing. It brings tears to my eyes.

And so young.

Sincerely,

Jeffrey

Get better spam protection with

**1065.** **— Martha Deed** *29 Feb 2004* ↑ **Register**

mIEKAL —

I am so sorry— for you, for Lyx Ish, for the child, and for the rest of us who will never know what she would have been able to do if she had been able to live out a reasonable lifespan. Pancreatic cancer has touched my family, too. It is one of the cruelest of all cancers, one of the — if not the — least curable, and when we heal enough from losing so many people in their primes to it, we might think about directing our activist energies a little more in the direction of demanding more research. . .

Thank you for your post and for the poem. Know that we will be thinking of you in the coming days and months.

Martha

**1066.** **— mIEKAL aND** *29 Feb 2004* ↑ **Register**
*from EVERY LINES OTHER by Lyx Ish*

BIG SHELLS ARE ALMOST SCARY, THE ANIMAL THEY ARE A HOUSE FOR.

If you chop up a line & read it in pieces you get a feel for its circular continuum. What's wrong with this sentence. (The tricky scientists who write.) I eat facts now instead of cookies, but I don't author texture. the jinx rabbits, the phalanxes coming out of nowhere, the tipsy ventriloquist funny enough to be nauseous. Bellys aching are better than clichéd overusedages. Ally English becomes a disgusting cliché, and as if it weren't yesterday, my pen follows the synapses. Not just using their vocabulary but really conducting connections through & around the new terrain, into the gut & out my cunt.

Anything ends the sentence. Everyone begins a line. I love. If my flute were here, it'd be a drum. No noise, no plants, no dirt, no disorder, & yet I love my mother especially when she's sleeping & can't smell my feet. You like comedy? The dirt that gets between us has to smear like shit, you know, so we can both smell it. I sound rowdy & frazzled, riled at this history that hollowed out women. Is this for them or for my crotch? We don't dare get titillated but we can't help it. Which impulse ends up in the feet? Ions parading. A see-through walkway around the village, a hill so flat you don't see you're up. All directions analogue human. If the readers know each other that well after so many years do the metaphors glow transparent & the manners bare? Mothers of mothers finally rave for entropy, it happened so fast.=

**1067.** **— mIEKAL aND** *29 Feb 2004* ↑ **Register**

Brainstorming the catacombs of a catacomplex universe.

Minds sally under tradition.

Transduce overage swallow moonfuls & patabons of first taught flavor.

Obvious slanderies the pen ear turned forward. Ice cubes in milk, hairs on tits; "the brain cant really talk for itself".

Since only one kid knows nostrils, will she remember it matter?

Which thing cant be done without the other. Barely covers the flavor cold. Is a head there not eating. VW has its letters, others do so. Womens phrases. what is counting when lovings not tracing. Fire & over the church, able.

Looking out while down at one time in two times.

Picturing smile out at turned down eyelids unclosed & bowed.

As in brackeous not extenuated. Favorite old words out of their chairs, shaving the night air.

Not enough twisted.

The inside-out turning of the written tongue via littles replaced or removed. "Particles of each": hear common frasis out of commission years later.

Inside Writing. with the foot clicking, somethings coming out of all this helps by looking.

She's flue of the table. "Nascent & able".

Lovetripped foreign kisses & babies bright red-lights-in-a-little-box.

Gray plastic, water people in the other room running.

Other side of the weave is color busy with fraying. Im writing on towards everything.

Burse fanny gttng ovfre ut gvtp (Little) Saint.

Though heavy to hand east, jewel therein a sign.

Let the painting break; let the rats emerge.

Lines ever grow.

You remember it.

Then you remember. When the machine arranges the page, the pen slows itself around the corner, tilted to hear violins roar.

Im smudging the runway by jolted passes.

Huge open faces in the hills & half-third pink at the bluff. How people in excruciating transition look so alive, change is redder than green.

Stations or entry ways.

Words with jaw.

Flowing sophisticate without clothes.

Theres no end to this & more to learn than the metaphor could push.

**1068.** **— Alison Croggon** *1 Mar 2004* ↑ **Register**

Thanks very much for the poems by Lyx, after your moving notice; for people like me, who didn't know her, they fill out something of the reality of her loss. My deep condolences.

A

Alison Croggon

Editor, Masthead http://www.masthead.net.au

Home page http://www.alisoncroggon.com

Blog http://alisoncroggon.blogspot.com

**1069. — Jonathan Skinner** *1 Mar 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Lyx Ish 1956-2004*

I had the privilege (luck, really, since the run-in was not planned) of meeting Lyx Ish, aka Elizabeth Was, in the course of my visit to Dreamtime Village last October. (It was, in fact, at the community-run school where mIEKAL and I had gone to meet Zon.)

Rarely a more radiant and charismatic being have I met. Her energy was overwhelming, and her interest and warmth disarming. Not in the least casual. Alas, the meeting was all too short!

This is shocking and saddening news. A tragic foreshortening. My heartfelt condolences go out to you and Zon, mIEKAL, to the community at Dreamtime Village and beyond.

Thanks for sharing the poems, mIEKAL.

And safe journey, Lyx Ish . . . I'll keep thinking of you.

Jonathan

**1070. — Maria Damon** *1 Mar 2004* ↑ **Register**

this is exactly right. charismatic, radiant, warm, brilliant, outgoing, dynamic —a true multi-genius. lyx is a one of a kind being. i refuse the past tense as all these things must still be true.

**1071. — mIEKAL aND** *1 Mar 2004* ↑ **Register**
*from EVERY LINES OTHER by Lyx Ish*

Why death & love & such kinds lure content's dream onto paper, demand the attention of words. "I intend to exhaust the subject" she said of the manner in epic & gladly noticed a growth of dyslexia.

How drinking tea with a writer can start a fire on paper a week later.

Had the writer been a woman.

Certain figures of speech are everywhere & in any position.

As soon as you wear one for a while the fashion wears out of it.

Is language itself the only other thing? Its true the distraction of the distracted recoils from single-mindedness. which large word can be a good or a bad thing depends how far out you want to lift it.

I took the twinkle in my hot & wandering eye & squeezed the guts out of it as sorely as a turtle run over.

It was staring at alphabet colored paints dripping weird incredible music heard between his sleep, how gray can be yellowish out of a nyc window at five in the morning perfect height above the streets, calmly lying in place even with the likelihood of rodents passing, suddenly understood my pain.

Which meant feeling it really. The Other, crouching hopeful, full-eyed.

And the Other, crouching longing obedient. This is not allowed, this cross-out of remembering better which image feels the text like a teenager.

Where is the point.

In taking a word for blatant.

Sex has imposed more attention than death. which hurts more.

It was the train hit me, everywhere between my cunt & my heart & later on including each.

As if I needed another excuse.

I did, & it didn't work because when you excuse yourself you are longer at the table but are someone else's meal.

I admit I said "eat me".

Still do, though I no longer use words or situations, the fantasy can be so quiet now I don't heard the moaning.

(At least I threw up in the cleaner apartment.)

**1072. — mIEKAL aND** *3 Mar 2004* ↑ **Register**
*LYX ISH AUDIO WAKE*

LYX ISH AUDIO WAKE

freeform improv radio art

72 hour memorial broadcast

87.9 in Viroqua, WI

or streamed live on the web at:

http://dreamtimevillage.org/wlyx/

requests & comments:

**1073. — Maria Damon** *7 Mar 2004* ↑ **Register**
*lyx ish memorial celebration*

random splurtling impresssionistic: a wonderful drive in gray weather, just cool enough, just early enough (8 am on a saturday) for smooth interstate sailing. i made it in 3 hours or so, a bit longer, following miekal's directions. dipping way into amish country in the hills and refuges of the driftless grottoes supreme of southwestern wisconsin. got to lyx's house in lafarge ("right behind the hardware store on main street, pretty straightforward") which was full of hippies making breakfast. i went up stairs to look at lyx's last place of rest, her bedroom with a single maternal-looking gourd on the sheets. the gray and white cat still sleeping on the chair, clearly missing her. bright things all over: hyacinths, daffodils, dried wondrous curly weeds, handmade cards tacked to the wall, a large golden Buddha in the corner, a low table spread with musical instruments, stringed —another room full of wind instruments, many huge gourds that had been turned into sax-like reed-axes...it's hard to cover as much ground as i'd like, get down all the magical details of her space, the delightful free-form tiling jobs, the red bathtub, her fabulous shiny black lace-up boots still in her closet. i remember admiring them once when she was wearing them and she said she'd gotten them for a song at a thrift store, and today they were as shiny as they were back then, maybe 5 years ago, as if she'd just polished them. i love those boots, to me they are Lyx. there were wondrous dress-up clothes in the walk-in closet. i feasted my eyes (how's that for a cliche) on all of the life-art art-life minutiae in every moment and every corner. in one room there was an enormous gilt and flowered asian (japanese?) fan over the bed, like a protecting angel. i went downstairs and there were some people knitting so i joined them w/ my x-stitching. one guy also was danish and knew about danish needle arts so that was fun. there was an ojibwe lac de flambeau guy there, nick hawkins, who later did a ceremony with tobacco and prayers. boa, who co-owned the house w/ lyx, had asked him to come down. boa was wearing a pink and purple knit hat. everyone was wearing imaginative and colorful clothing. but nothing like what was to come. kids and grownups with clown make-up and wild clothing, mylar kites, wind and percussion instruments galore, party clothes in the finest anarcho-hippie tradition, a whole row of us carrying dijeridoos —trumpet, trombone, sax, and gourd (played by miekal); lots of videographers running alongside and among all the paraders. Zon whom i hadn't seen in years has shot up and is a handsome young man with a lot of presence. he was wearing a red velveteen jacket and camouflage fatigues. i guess he was exhausted from recent events and from djing a audio-wake for his mother the last few days but he was very in control of events and showed a lot of leadership, just like his mother. a lot of kids and dogs were there. the kids were of all ages. some were wearing bright colored bathrobes of plushy material. we walked en masse a few miles to a beautiful stark park and boa had lyx's ashes in a gourd she had made. we each took some ashes, they were a lot darker and more bitter-tasting than my uncle al's from a few years ago —and we scattered them about, into the kickapoo river, which was flowing very swiftly under a wooden bridge a

lot of us stood on. i was most touched when miekal first emptied his hand of the ashes, then took a bell off from the string of bells around his neck and dropped it into the river and finally took his magnificent gourd-sax and hurled it into the river as well. there was drumming the whole time. then nick hawkins had us each take some tobacco from his beaded pouch with our left hands (closer to the heart), put some back on a cloth that he was going to take back up to the lac de flambeau rez, then we sprinkled the remaining tobacco around —i dropped mine back into the river, and looked to see if the gourd-sax had caught on a snag downstream —i think i saw it; i could hardly bear the idea of it just drifing somewhere to get caught and rot, but i guess that is my limitation as a hoarder. then allegra had us gather in a circle and people said things about lyx, or played instruments (a brilliant androgynous saxophonist did something cool) and zon and miekal both spoke as did many others in their bright garb and joyous mien. her yoga teacher was there. he sang a song, mama shu something. we tried to sing along. we sang some other stuff and struck some yoga poses. after a few hours we went back to the house and then went to the community center down the block for a dinner. camille had made wonderful traditional romanian funeral food, a combination of wheatberries, honey, walnuts and a bit of chocolate chips. walnuts stood for the threshold between life and death, wheatberries for i can't remember, honey for lyx's qualities and values in this life. we each tasted it and thought of lyx. it was in the basement of the community center with long tables and folding chairs. it was a very community-ish feeling. i saw some folks i recognized from brief trips to dreamtime over the years.

I am not really a part of the community but a fellow-traveler of sorts but people were very nice and lyx was an obvious topic of conversation. lyx was an extraordinary person and everybody recognized it and acknowledged it. she is still. it seemed a little strange not to have her there but i guess that's what it was all about. whenever i am given the ashes of a person i try to ingest just a tiny bit. i guess that is called anthropophagy and is a very common mourning rite, or at least allen ginsberg told me that when i asked him about it in 1996, a few months before i met miekal and lyx and embraced dreamtime and xexoxial into my world. there was going to be a party at dreamtime later but i hit the road so i could sleep in my own bed instead of going to the bed and breakfast i'd planned on. so now i'm home after the 3.5 hour drive listening to all kinds of wonderful People's Music on the radio. It was snowing and blowing but i was very warm, a bit too warm, had to keep opening the window. sweet dreams, lyx and everybody.

**1074. — Maria Damon** *13 Mar 2004* ↑ **Register**
*more lyx*

lyxening to the glistening sax "klezish" from "Into It [intuit] with Lyx Ish," a cd i picked up at the memorial celebration, compiled by dave ware. pixie-ish lyx winks impen from the front matter, blinks saxish on the cd, a whirling dysc lazer-lumined so's to break sound out all twinkly corruscating. lyx plays sax, drums, bass? glimmering into this life from the Other, still to enchant.

**1075. — William Allegrezza** *6 Apr 2004* ↑ **Register**
*new moria and cfp*

The new issue of moria (www.moriapoetry.com) is now online.

It contains poems by Clayton Couch, LYX ISH, Eileen Tabios, Dana Lisa Petersen, Jean Vengua, Steven Stuart, Donna Kuhn, Dorothea Lasky, Martha L. Deed, Carrie Hunter, Michael Allen, Scott MacLeod, karry k stammer, David Bircumshaw, Chris Murray, and Sueyen Juliette Lee.

It also has articles by William James Austin on Visionism and Ela Kotkowska on blogging and reviews by Tom Bell (on Michael Rothenberg) and Tom Hibbard (on Donna Kuhn).

As usual, I'm still looking for article writers and reviewers for future issues.

Bill Allegrezza www.moriapoetry.com

**1076.** **— mIEKAL aND** *3 Aug 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: POETS WHO DIED IN 2004*

more too

bern porter

tomaso catfish mcdaris - a suicide too many more i forgot and the poemusicians all men too strange

Lyx Ish aka Elizabeth Was

**1077.** **— mIEKAL aND** *24 Feb 2006* ↑ **Register**
*New cross-stitch by Maria Damon*

spend a moment

with the new cross-stitch by Maria Damon

based on a vispoem by mIEKAL aND

Several weeks before Lyx Ish died suddenly of pancreatic cancer she suffered a stroke & lost the ability to speak. The original visual poem was made for her at that time.

http://spidertangle.net/liquidtext.com/lyxstitch.html

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## Paul Sweezy

1910–2004

*1 message · 1 hand*

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*American Marxist economist and founding editor of Monthly Review, a leading Marxian economist of the later twentieth century;* Monopoly Capital *(1966). Died at his home in Larchmont, N.Y.*

**1078.** **— Ron Silliman** *2 Mar 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Paul Sweezy dead at 93*

As I recall, it was in the pages of Monthly Review where I first read Lorenzo Thomas' piece on Frank Stanford's The Battlefield Where the Moon Says I Love You, just the sort of unpredictable gem that one used to be able to find in MR.

Ron

March 2, 2004 Paul Sweezy, 93, Marxist Publisher and Economist, Dies

> *"By LOUIS UCHITELLE*
>
> *Paul M. Sweezy, a Harvard University economist who left academia and became the nation's leading Marxist intellectual and publisher during the cold war and the McCarthy era, died Saturday at his home in Larchmont, N.Y. He was 93.*
>
> *The cause was congestive heart failure, his daughter, Lybess Sweezy, said.*
>
> *Mr. Sweezy did not think of himself as a Stalinist or sectarian. His Marxism developed as a response to the Great Depression, and his mentor was a famed conservative economist, Joseph Schumpeter, who counted on spirited entrepreneurs to lift the economy through a process of destruction and rebuilding. While Schumpeter wanted less government, Mr. Sweezy wanted more to offset what he considered capitalism's failings.*
>
> *Still, the two men worked together at Harvard in the late 1930's and early 1940's. Schumpeter cited his young friend in several of his own works and endorsed Mr. Sweezy for a tenured professorship at Harvard, even campaigning on his behalf. The slot went to a non-*

*Marxist, and Mr. Sweezy soon left academia. Because of an inheritance from his father, a banker, he had enough money to support himself. Mr. Sweezy later told friends that if he had been forced to work for a living, he might have been more of a conformist.*

*Instead, in 1949 he became co-founder and co-editor of The Monthly Review, an independent Marxist journal published in Manhattan that he continued to edit and contribute to until well into the 1990's. The magazine still appears, although its monthly circulation has fallen to 7,000, from 12,000 at its peak in the 1970's. For the first issue, Albert Einstein contributed an article titled "Why Socialism?" and over the years the bylines included such famous radicals or Marxists as W. E. B. Du Bois, Jean-Paul Sartre, Che Guevara and Joan Robinson. "The Monthly Review was attractive to people who were leaving the Communist Party and other sectarian groups," said John Bellamy Foster, a co-editor of the publication now. "It was and is Marxist, but did not hew to the party line or get into sectarian struggles."*

*That reflected Mr. Sweezy's approach in the 100 articles or so that he wrote over the years and the more than 20 books he signed as author, co-author or editor. The most famous was "Monopoly Capital: An Essay on the American Economic and Social Order" (Monthly Review Press, 1966), with Paul A. Baran as co-author.*

*That book argued that unregulated market economies have a tendency to stagnate and to develop oligopolies in which a few companies dominate each industry and keep pushing up prices, fattening profits for the oligopolies but damping economic activity because of a lack of price competition.*

*What saved the United States from that fate in the 1960's, the authors wrote, were temporary phenomenon: military spending, robust consumerism and the growing demand for autos because of rapidly expanding suburbs and the new Interstate highway system.*

*Paul Marlor Sweezy was born on April 10, 1910, the youngest of three sons of Everett P. Sweezy, vice president of First National Bank of New York, and Caroline Wilson Sweezy. He earned a bachelor's degree from Harvard in 1931 and his Ph.D. in 1937. By then he was a Marxist, having taken that step during a year at the London School of Economics. "I became convinced," he wrote much later, "that mainstream economics of the kind I had been taught at Harvard had little to contribute toward understanding the major events and trends of the 20th century."*

*Still, back at Harvard, as a graduate student and then an instructor, he came in contact with Schumpeter and a friendship flourished, although they supported different solutions for ending the Depression. For Schumpeter, President Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal measures suppressed entrepreneurs in their normal process of creative destruction and innovation.*

*For Mr. Sweezy, who borrowed from Keynesian theory as well as Marxism, government planning and intervention had a role, although working people also had to intervene. Listening to their debates, Paul Samuelson, the Nobel laureate, spoke of Schumpeter as "the foxy Merlin" and Mr. Sweezy as the "young Sir Galahad" who early on "established himself as among the most promising economists of his generation."*

*During World War II, Mr. Sweezy spent four years in the Army as an officer in the Office of Strategic Services. After returning briefly to Harvard as a teacher and having failed to gain a tenured position, he left in 1946 to pursue the goal of establishing "a serious and authentic American brand of Marxism."*

*The pursuit was not easy in the McCarthy era. He found himself in the courts in the 1950's after he refused to turn over to the attorney general of New Hampshire his notes from a lecture at the University of New Hampshire. The attorney general accused him of subversive activities and the case eventually went to the United States Supreme Court, which ruled in Mr. Sweezy's favor.*

> *Mr. Sweezy's first wife, Nancy, and his second wife, Zirel, survive, as do three children, Samuel, Lybess and Martha; two stepchildren, Jeffrey and Jennifer Dowd; seven grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.”*

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## Pedro Pietri

1944–2004

*6 messages · 4 hands*

*Puerto Rican poet and playwright, co-founder and poet laureate of the Nuyorican Movement in New York;* Puerto Rican Obituary *(1973). Identified in the notice as “Nuyorican writer”. Died stomach cancer; died on a flight returning from alternative treatment in Mexico.*

**1079. — Gerald Schwartz** *5 Mar 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Pedro Pietri*

Nuyorican writer Pedro Pietri passed away Wednesday morning en route back to NYC after treatment for stomach cancer in Mexico.

The playwright was 55 years old. Family members will announce shortly funeral plans for the groundbreaking poet.

In the words of columnist Juan Moreno, Pedro Pietri's significance in the world of writing is unequivocal.

"Pedro and most important his legacy are very important to our people. I am not talking past here, I am talking as everlasting expression of the reality of what being a Puerto Rican in New York is. The guy has a gift, but in many ways; he is a gift."

Juan Moreno Velazquez author "Desmitificacion de una Diva" Former entertainment editor of El Diario-La Prensa.

> **1080. — Pierre Joris** *5 Mar 2004* ↑ **Register**
>
> This morning's Democracy Now had an excellent, long (maybe 1/2 hour?) piece on Pedro Pietri — with long extracts of him & others reading from his work. A superb homage — you can listen to it if you go to:
>
> http://www.democracynow.org/article.pl?sid=04/03/05/1543212
>
> **1081. — Stephen Vincent** *5 Mar 2004* ↑ **Register**
>
> *“Family members will announce shortly funeral plans for the groundbreaking”*
>
> poet.<
>
> Not to make light of the passing of Pedro Pietri , but, in syn with the ironic spirit of his great work, "Puerto Rican Obituary", I think he would love the humorous (humus) combination of his "funeral plans" with his "groundbreaking" poetry. Ouch!
>
> Stephen V
>
> **1082. — Pierre Joris** *7 Mar 2004* ↑ **Register**
>
> *NYT Obit of Pedro Pietri*
>
> The poet: always in partibus infidelium — Paul Celan

**1083.** **— Bob Holman** *14 Apr 2004* **↑ Register**
*Pedro Pietri's Rent-A-Coffin Praise Day This Sunday 3pm at Bowery*

the Bowery Poetry Club will have a Rent-A-Coffin party for the Rev Pedro Pietri and nobody else this Sunday, April 18, 3-6pm. All are invited to participate by reading Speedo's work or work dedicated to him. This will be a Benefit for the Pedro Pietri Fund, and the family will be present. Red wine and Borinquin libres are $3.

PLEASE PASS IT ON
Bob Holman
Bowery Poetry Club - 308 Bowery - 10012

**1084.** **— Bob Holman** *16 Apr 2004* **↑ Register**
*3 Notes from Bowery Poetry Club -- at least one is for You*

1. Rent-A-Coffin for (from?) Pedro Pietri this Sunday 3-6pm. We'll read Speedo's poems and poems for him, reminisce and invent memories. Entrance via contribution. The family will be present.

2. George Harrison should have a park, and 30 musicians and poets will play to benefit Blue Jay Way. Wed, 4/21 (earth Day Eve), 8-11pm. $25

3. Tuesday April 27 — our early show canceled. Who's got the Great Burning Idea for a show that can gather a crowd for that night?!!

Bob Holman Bowery Poetry Club - 308 Bowery - 10012

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# Cid Corman

1924–2004

*9 messages · 7 hands*

*American poet, translator and editor who founded Origin magazine and lived for decades in Kyoto, Japan;* Sun Rock Man *(1962). Died in Kyoto.*

**1085.** **— Ron Silliman** *16 Mar 2004* **↑ Register**
*Corman obit in the NY Times*

80,000 unpublished poems!!

Ron

March 16, 2004 Cid Corman, 79, Poet, Editor and Translator Who Lived in Japan, Dies

> *"By WOLFGANG SAXON*
>
> *Cid Corman, a prolific American poet, editor and translator who lived in Japan for the last four decades, died on Friday at a hospital in Kyoto. He was 79.*
>
> *His death was reported on the Web site for English Teachers in Japan. Richard Aaron, his archivist, said that Mr. Corman had been in a coma since undergoing heart surgery in January.*
>
> *Starting with juvenilia in the 1940's, Mr. Corman published more than 150 titles, from hardcover books to slim hand-sewn, rice-paper selections holding 16 poems each. A sizable part of his output is included in a series he called "of," 350-page volumes that started appearing in 1990 (Lapis Press); a sixth and final volume is pending. In addition, Mr. Aaron said, Mr. Corman wrote about 80,000 unpublished poems. He said that for nearly 60 years Mr. Corman had written constantly, both poetry and correspondence.*

*In 1951 Mr. Corman started Origin, a press and journal appearing at irregular intervals and distributed by Longhouse, Publishers & Booksellers, in Vermont. It featured fresh voices like the Black Mountain poets and helped establish poets like Robert Creeley, Theodore Enslin, Denise Levertov, Lorine Niedecker, Charles Olson and Philip Whalen.*

*With Origin, Mr. Corman also provided an outlet for new poets from abroad. Literate in several languages, he translated many of them himself.*

*He was born Sidney Corman in Roxbury, Mass., and studied at Boston Latin School. He graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Tufts College (now University) in 1945 and did postgraduate work at the University of Michigan, the University of North Carolina and, as a Fulbright scholar, at the Sorbonne in 1954 and 1955.*

*His first book, "subluna," was privately printed in 1944. His first professionally published book was "A Thanksgiving Eclogue to Theocritus" (Sparrow, 1954). Some of his more recent works include "Just for Now" and "The Despairs," published in 2001; "How Now" (1995); "No News" (1992); "And the World" (1987); and "Aegis: Selected Poems, 1970-1980" (Station Hill Press, 1983).*

*Mr. Corman is survived by his wife of 39 years, Shizumi Konishi.*”

**1086. — Aldon L Nielsen** *16 Mar 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Cid Corman*

The obit. finally showed up in this morning's NY Times

**1087. — Annie Finch** *17 Mar 2004* ↑ **Register**
*theresa cha estate*

Thanks to many for the good leads (and anecdotes) for Cha. Thinking of Corman too, I guess this sense of a footprint after someone has gone is as good an indication as any of the existence of "community."

Annie

Annie Finch http://www.users.muohio.edu/finchar Associate Professor English Department Miami University Oxford, Ohio 45056

**1088. — Frank Sherlock** *19 Mar 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: George Evans "unknown person"*

Thanks to Anselm Hollo for confirming what I'd suspected from Maria Damon's post- that the "unknown person" at Naropa was George Evans. George is another gift from my relationship with Cid Corman. It was Cid who pointed me to Evans' SUDDEN DREAMS, a book I still pick up in used bookstores to share with friends & new readers. I think he's from Pittsburgh, & living in San Francisco(?)

“*Maria Damon: << I saw Cid at Naropa in ... 1995? He read us some amazing Viet Nam War poetry/prose by an unknown person —US man >> "unknown person" was and still is GEORGE EVANS, extraordinary poet and prose writer — one of the living best, author of SUDDEN DREAMS: NEW AND SELECTED POEMS, Coffee House Press 1991, and THE NEW WORLD, Curbstone Press 2002. Also check out Jacket (web) archive for his essay on Walt Whitman and growing up in Philly. George also edited a volume of Corman / Olson correspondence, don't know if it's in print again. Anselm Hollo*”

**1089. — Ron Silliman** *22 Mar 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Silliman's blog*

http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/

RECENT TOPICS:

Harryette Mullen, Lew Welch & Jim Behrle: Poetry & marketing (from Althusser to Baudrillard)

The Philadelphia Progressive Poetry Calendar

"Leaving the Atocha Station" - the elegy Meaning & market dynamics

Brenda Iijima: Around Sea

Charles Borkhuis: Surrealism, Language Poetry & New American Aesthetics

Cid Corman: 1924-2004

Noah Eli Gordon: boxing with the ghost of Spicer

Lisa Jarnot: Swamp Formalism

An anthology of response to the test of poetry

Hong Hao, William T. Wiley,
Hermann Nitsch
& Henry Winkler avoiding eye contact:
Visual art in NYC

A test of poetry:
anonymity & context

http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/

* * *

**1090. — Stephen Vincent** *24 Mar 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Cid Corman -Zukofsky -Whalen*

This morning - rereading Zukofsky's "A-21" & remembering sitting with Cid Corman in Kyoto one warm July afternoon (1988) on the patio outside a coffee shop near the front of the Ryoanji Temple entrance. The way his hands held an edition of one of the early sections of "A" - the open pages fully engaged with penciled notes, wrinkled from years of reading and rereading -as if, I thought then, in possession of a sacred instrument - and his expressed commitment to write an exhaustive interpretation.

Did that work ever see the light of "published" day? I do not know.

Also, yesterday, while reading Philip Whalen's Kyoto notebooks (1969 - 1970) in the Bancroft Library seeing evidence of meetings between the two, not enough to register the depth of that. One suspects two giants - occasionally rubbing shoulders and figuring ways to continue to connect with American literary life - while both lived in enormous social isolation. Philip's Kyoto journals - in addition to the daily attentions - are full of reflections on many political and material aspects of American life -railing about capitalism, protestantism, etc. - combined with many loving dream childhood episodes of being with his family in Oregon. Interesting to also note his interest in Wallace Stevens and Dame Edith Sitwell - a joy in Dylan Thomas's stories and disinterest in the sound of his "clattering" verse. And great drawings - caricatures - with colored inks and often hilarious commentary on the visual content. But also obviously a psychically hard, sometimes harrowing time, figuring out where he can ever fit either into an American life (literary, at least) and/or a full acceptance - the initiation and commitment - into a Buddhist religious vocation:

30:VIII:69

Wasp in the bookshelves rejects Walt Whitman, Herman Melville, Emily Dickenson, the Goldiard Poets, A vedic Reader, Lama Govinda, Medieval French verses & romances, Long Discourse of the Buddha and the Principal Upanishads. The window glass reads more entertainingly, but soon she leaves that for the fox tail grass the camellia hedge the dull mid-morning sun.

Philip Whalen, Kyoto Notebook (Bancroft Library, Berkeley, California)

It is interesting to me now how the journal form renders up - or can - the geological underscape of an artist's life - the slow, meandering, the lost parts, the inner-boilings and sufferings without form, so many vague shadows on the wall - all of which precede the formulations found in the well made poem and/or the release of a sequence. I suspect it's the

"successful" artist/poet's anguish to have his or her life utterly & perpetually read and confused with the delight and order found in finished works. Such deceptions!

Stephen Vincent Blog: http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com

**1091. — Lucas Klein** *25 Mar 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Cid Corman -Zukofsky -Whalen / CipherJournal*

Recently Mark DuCharme sent out a plug for my online literary magazine of creative translation, www.CipherJournal.com.

I'd like to reiterate that plug (look at www.CipherJournal.com! It's new and exciting and great!), and appeal for submissions in honor of Cid Corman. I'm particularly looking for prose that would send more people into the libraries in search of Corman's journals, translations, and poems. But of course the best writing will prevail, and all accounts—in poetry, in prose, in translation—featuring good writing will find a home on CipherJournal.

As always, the journal is open to all comments, submissions, and questions.

*"geological under-scape of an artist's life - the slow, meandering, the lost parts, the inner-boilings and sufferings without form, so many vague"*

**1092. — Joel Weishaus** *26 Mar 2004* ↑ **Register**

Lucas:

I've added Cipher Journal to my list of links: http://web.pdx.edu/~pdx00282/cew/cew.htm

**1093. — Ron Silliman** *29 Mar 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Silliman's Blog*

http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/

RECENT TOPICS:

Magazine, book, or anthology? The between-ness of the One Shot publication.

Writing as give: A family tradition

Trobar Clus: A poetics of total engagement

Eternal Sunshine of a Spotless Mind: Charlie Kaufman & the George Romero Poetry Conference

Harryette Mullen, Lew Welch & Jim Behrle: Poetry & marketing (from Althusser to Baudrillard)

The Philadelphia Progressive Poetry Calendar

"Leaving the Atocha Station" - the elegy Meaning & market dynamics

Brenda Iijima: Around Sea

Charles Borkhuis: Surrealism, Language Poetry & New American Aesthetics

Cid Corman: 1924-2004

Noah Eli Gordon: boxing with the ghost of Spicer

http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/

* * *

# Thom Gunn

1929–2004

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*English poet who moved from Movement formalism to free verse of gay San Francisco life and AIDS elegy;* The Man with Night Sweats *(1992). Died acute polysubstance abuse, including methamphetamine, at his San Francisco home.*

**1094. — Todd Swift** *28 Apr 2004* ↑ Register

*Elegy for Thom Gunn - poem by Todd Swift*

Elegy for Thom Gunn (1929-2004)/ by Todd Swift

You moved between worlds,
As a god to men does, who
Puts on the used-clothes of
A swan, to beat about girls;
Crossed channels, a motion
In the very style you took on;
Became a pop star of form,
Reformed the common, into
Something rare.  Jacketed
Muscle and passion, a uniform
Uniquely yours.  Revved
Engines, made language
A throttle that could roar
With poise and sexuality
And remorse, for loss.  Tossed
Love and its deadliness out
As the first ball of the game;
In and out of season, came
And then were able to write
About it, with ease, intellect,
Control, but freely, like a stone
That takes, as it rolls, moss
And other earthly bric-a-
Brac with it, to compose
A song in the movement of
Its going; hurtled most, talent
Calm, loins ruffled, Fulke
Greville like a sock in your jeans;

Tested the means, renamed
The terms, conditions, of renewal.
Became a sort of rocket fuel
For poems that, changed, from sea
To sea, from Atlantic to Pacific,
Shone with American grandeur,
Retained British propriety - hard
To do when boss of desire's realm;
When speeding down lines
Wearing flesh's delicate helmet
For radical protection.  Fallen,
As all captains are, sadly, last-reel
Come up on the high screen, at
The drive-in where your Wild Ones
Would have been, acting out,
Tough and languorous with beauty
Only men under twenty-five can
Display - you are, with precision,
Forever as alive as Whitman, Gray:
One of those who mastered the elegy
And the ecstasy of living, in one pose;
Like any lover in a battle who knows
Survival is a craft as well as an art;
To keep the spear and arrow off
The ever-beaten, ever-won heart.
London, April 28, 2004

**1095. — Pierre Joris** *28 Apr 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Thom Gunn obit*

*"New York Times*

*April 28, 2004*

*Thom Gunn, 74, Poet Who Left Tradition for the Counterculture, Dies By WOLFGANG SAXON*

*Thom Gunn, a transplanted British poet identified with the San Francisco scene and the California liberated style, died on Sunday night at his home in San Francisco, his adopted hometown. He was 74.*

*His death was announced by his companion of 52 years, Mike Kitay.*

*Acclaimed as one of the most promising young poets of postwar Britain, Mr. Gunn found his own voice after he migrated to California in the 1950's and established himself in San Francisco, his home for the rest of his life. There, he wedded traditional form to unorthodox themes like LSD, panhandling and homosexuality. He experimented with free verse and syllabic stanzas. In doing so he evolved from British tradition and European existentialism to embrace the relaxed ways of the California counterculture.*

*Born and educated in England, he was grouped as a young man at Cambridge in the 1950's with a generation of writers, notably Philip Larkin, known as the Movement. Their verse was celebrated for its dry, skeptical rejection of what they saw as rhymed grandiosity.*

*He later studied at Stanford with the poetic rationalist Yvor Winters. By the time his best-known early collection, "My Sad Captain," appeared in 1961, Mr. Gunn had settled in America.*

*His work was honored on both sides of the Atlantic. He won a Guggenheim fellowship in 1971 and was chosen as a MacArthur fellow in 1993. "The Man With Night Sweats" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 1992) was his characteristically unsentimental vision of the AIDS epidemic in San Francisco, and a stark tribute to the friends he lost to it. The poem began:*

*I wake up cold, I who*

*Prospered through dreams of heat*

*Wake to their residue,*

*Sweat, and a clinging sheet.*

*My flesh was its own shield:*

*Where it was gashed, it healed.*

*I grew as I explored*

*The body I could trust*

*Even while I adored*

*The risk that made robust,*

*A world of wonders in*

*Each challenge to the skin.*

*For that work he was given the Forward Prize for Best Poet of the Year and the Lenore Marshall/Nation Poetry Prize.*

*He received the Lambda Literary Award for Gay Men's Poetry in 1995 and the Lila Wallace-Reader's Digest award for his collected poems. That volume, "Collected Poems" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1994), represented a harvest of 40 years of his work. Like "The Man With Night Sweats," it remains in print.*

*The poet Richard Tillinghast, reviewing the collection for The New York Times Book Review, wrote: "Among other things, this lucid, very readable book may partly be approached as a personal history of the gay scene in San Francisco, from its early beginnings to the counterculture to its Castro Street flowering, and finally to the age of AIDS. "Characteristically Mr. Gunn brings to demotic experience the classical clarity of his finely honed meter and incisive rhymes."*

*Thomson William Gunn was born in Gravesend, Kent, to journalist parents who divorced when he was 9. He moved about with his father, Herbert Smith Gunn, until they eventually settled in Hampshire.*

*After spending two years in military service and six months in Paris, he enrolled at Trinity College, Cambridge. By that time he had finished three novels, none of which was ever published.*

*He wrote his first poem for a student magazine, and its success prompted him to adopt that medium to express himself. The choice was partly influenced by his readings of Stendhal, Baudelaire and Sartre.*

*Mr. Gunn graduated fom Cambridge in 1953 and published "Fighting Terms," which identified him with the Movement, in 1954. The same year he began his graduate studies with Winters at Stanford and decided to become a resident of California.*

*He soon started teaching at the University of California, Berkeley, as a lecturer. He was an associate professor of English from 1958 to 1966, after which he conducted classes as a visiting and, later, senior lecturer until four years ago.*

*Besides Mr. Kitay, Mr. Gunn is survived by his younger brother, Ander Gunn, of Penzance, England.*”

In philosophical terms, human liberty is the basic question of art. —Joseph Beuys

## John Whitehead

1948–2004

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*American R&B singer-songwriter, half of the Philadelphia duo McFadden & Whitehead, co-writer of Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now;* Ain't No Stopping Us Now *(1979). Died fatally shot outside his Philadelphia home; the case remains unsolved.*

**1096. — Frank Sherlock** *15 May 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Whitehead Shot Dead In Philadelphia at 55*

John Whitehad was murdered earlier this week outside of his home in Germantown, Philly. He was an innocent bystander caught in crossfire as he was fixing his truck.

Whitehead (half of the songwriting team McFadden & Whitehead) gave us some of the the best of TSOP. They wrote "Backstabbers", performed by the O'Jays, "I'll Always Love My Mama", performed by The Intruders, & "Wake Up Everybody", performed by Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes. They also recorded their own hit, "Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now", which has been, and will continue to be a Philadelphia anthem.

> *"From: Chris Stroffolino Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group To:*
> *Subject: McFAdden Shot Dead In Philadelphia at 55 Date: Sat, 15 May 2004 08:50:01 -0800*
> *Just heard this on KPOO this morning...."*

**1097. — Chris Stroffolino** *15 May 2004* ↑ **Register**

*McFAdden Shot Dead In Philadelphia at 55*

Just heard this on KPOO this morning....

## Elvin Jones

1927–2004

*6 messages · 6 hands*

*American jazz drummer who redefined swing rhythm as the propulsive force of John Coltrane's classic quartet;* A Love Supreme *(1965). Identified in the notice as "earlier death of drummer". Died heart failure, in Englewood, New Jersey.*

**1098. — Ron Silliman** *19 May 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Elvin Jones 1927-2004*

http://www.nytimes.com/2004/05/19/obituaries/19JONE.html

**1099. — Michael Magee** *4 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Steve Lacy*

Agh, the pits. What an incredible body of work he leaves. They're not his most unique or important contribution, perhaps, but I've always been nuts about his versions of Monk tunes from the late 50s (Four in One, Skippy etc) w/ Waldron, Elvin Jones et al. And a nice reminder that he was there when the New Thing jazz and the New American Poetry were colliding.

Michael Gizzi and I were planning on hosting a Creeley/Lacy performance in Providence this Fall. Alas. -m.

*"A great sadness: Steve Lacy passed away earlier today. He was one of the greatest soprano sax masters of all times, a superb song writer (over 250 songs in the last twenty years) — working in close collaboration with his wife, the singer Irene Aebi —, and a major reader & connaisseur of poetry (the source for his lyrics). He was also a wonderful friend to those who knew him, and one of the finest & gentlest human beings it has been my pleasure to know. He will be greatly missed. Pierre"*

**1100. — steve dalachinsky** *5 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

dearest it's peter brotzman not bob he's a german his chicago tentet is amazing totally diff from lacy tho iunderstand and in ways agree w/ your sentimentsprobably since lacy's contribution was so great and his less than 2 year battle w/cancer so painful and his death so recent your opinion of his music as w/others noted during this barrage was not needed or necessay at this juncture

and where were all the elvin jones lovers?

**1101. — Herb Levy** *8 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
*guitarist Robert Quine*

Not as obviously connected to the world of innovative poetry (though he did work with both Richard Hell & Patti Smith) as Steve Lacy, Robert Quine was a wonderful musician who's been active in both punk bands and improv projects.

And, for what it's worth, to put him into a context someone else raised when the veritable onslaught of posts on Lacy's death followed near silence on the earlier death of drummer Elvin Jones: I probably heard Jones play live far more often than I did Quine, but I'm pretty sure that I have more recordings of Quine in various contexts than I do of Jones.

I'm sure there'll be some other obits eventually. Billboard (a trade magazine for the record industry)'s reporting of non-business-related news almost always is a little off, neglecting many of the artier live projects that were never recorded. But hey.

Bests,

Herb

*"<http://www.billboard.com/bb/daily/article_display.jsp?vnu_content_id=>*

*Guitarist Robert Quine Found Dead*

*Guitarist Robert Quine, one of punk rock's most daring soloists, was found dead Saturday (June 5) in his New York apartment. He was 61. According to close friend and guitar maker Rick Kelly, who discovered Quine's body, the musician died of a heroin overdose Memorial Day weekend. He had been despondent over the recent death of his wife.*

*Born in Akron, Ohio, Quine was heavily influenced by the Velvet Underground, whose music he recorded obsessively while living in San Francisco. He moved to New York in 1971 and became the lead guitarist for bassist Richard Hell's important group the Voidoids, with whom he recorded two albums. His skittering, unpredictable work with Hell defined the possibilities of punk guitar.*

*During the '80s, he recorded and toured frequently with Lou Reed and played on saxophonist/composer John Zorn's best-known albums. Quine made key guest appearances on Tom Waits' "Rain Dogs" (1985) and Marianne Faithfull's "Strange Weather" (1987). In 1989, he began a long association with Matthew Sweet; he also worked regularly with Lloyd Cole.*

*In 2001, Universal released a three-CD box of Quine's live 1969 recordings of the Velvet Underground, "The Bootleg Series Volume 1: The Quine Tapes." "He was a marvelous guitarist, a soulful music lover with high standards and had an eviscerating wit," Patti Smith Band drummer Jay Dee Daugherty tells Billboard.com. "He did not suffer fools gladly, but made up for it with a thinly disguised generosity of spirit." — Chris Morris, L.A.; Jonathan Cohen, N.Y."*

**1102. — Ishaq** *8 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

You could never miss Robert Quine's guitar with Richard Hell. What is still in my head since I first saw his photo on the back of Voidoid single was that perminant expression on his face

> which was a notch above a poker and begged mystery and aggression, like his playing. So basically, Quine scared me but you hand keep listening. He added that edge to Hell's songs.
>
> Cheers to Robert May God bless yuh...
>
> R.I.P.
>
> **1103. — Maria Damon** *8 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
> for that matter, i kept expecting mention on the list of babatunde olatunji last year when he passed...the "drums of passion" were an early blueprint on my adolescent aesthetic...

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## Dave Dellinger

1915–2004

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*American pacifist and lifelong radical activist, tried as one of the Chicago Seven after the 1968 convention protests;* From Yale to Jail *(1993). Died of Alzheimer's disease, in Vermont.*

**1104. — Ron Silliman** *27 May 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Dave Dellinger -- 1916-2004*

Dave Dellinger passed away on Tuesday at the age of 88. He was one of the greats — this remembrance was taken from Znet

Ron

Dave Dellinger: The Life of a Nonviolent Warrior

by Greg Guma ; May 26, 2004

Dave Dellinger's journey began in Wakefield, Massachusetts, a suburb of Boston. His dad was a well-connected Republican lawyer and a friend of the state's governor, Calvin Coolidge - a native Vermonter, by the way, who went on to become president. One of his grandmothers was a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution. His father's ancestors can be traced back to North Carolina, before the American Revolution. In fact, Benjamin Franklin was a direct ancestor, by way of one of Franklin's grand nephews and a full-blooded Cherokee Indian. Quite a pedigree for an American radical!

By the mid-1930s, it looked like Dave was on the fast track to a career in law or government. But he already saw a different direction. He had been picking up ideas - and you know how dangerous they can be! Ideas from philosophy and economics, from radical Christians and college friends like Walt Rostow. Rostow was advocating communism at the time, but Dave questioned its approach and lack of a spiritual dimension. He wasn't very surprised when Rostow changed sides later, backing war in Southeast Asia, in his words "to save them from Communism." Dave also drew inspiration from his love of nature and the campaigns of Gandhi in India, and by getting to know his fellow workers during a summer job in a Maine factory.

In his autobiography, From Yale to Jail, Dave recounted an incident at Yale that changed his life. It happened after a football game between Yale and Georgia. Tensions between the Yale students and "townies" were high. Imagine Dave and his friends taking home a section of the goal posts as a trophy of victory. In any case, they were set

upon by some local toughs. In the ensuing fight, Dave decked one of them - and then experienced revulsion at what he'd done. Here's how he explains what happened:

"The lesson I learned was as simple, direct and unarguable as the lesson a child learns the first time it puts its hand on a red-hot stove: Don't ever do it again! But the pain I felt was a spiritual pain, as if I had suddenly emerged from a fit of anger and realized that I had pressed a child's hand onto the stove. I knew that I would never be able to strike another human being again."

That moment also showed him something else: how sadness and shame can lead to love and change. He stayed with the young man he had hit, apologized, and walked him home. As they parted, Dave felt what he called "the power of our unexpected and unusual bonding." The impact of the encounter stayed with him.

ON THE ROAD

The world eventually came to know Dave Dellinger as an activist dedicated to nonviolence. But the path he took had many turns, and at one point, as a student, he was tempted to pick up a gun. The year was 1936, and he was on his way to Oxford University on a fellowship to get a doctorate. As he recalled it later, during the sea voyage the ship's radio announced that Francisco Franco had launched a military attack on the Popular Front, which had come to power the previous February.

Arriving in Spain, he saw the non-hierarchical communal settlements established by the Front and stayed at the People's University in Madrid. As Franco's soldiers advanced toward the city, he even considered joining the resistance. If his friends were going to die, he thought, he was ready, too. He also believed that the help of the Communists, who had mostly come from other countries, might lead to victory. But in the end, he couldn't ignore the grim reality: Communists were shooting Trotskyists and both were shooting anarchists. In fact, while he was in Barcelona, some anarchists even fired at his car.

He didn't choose the gun. Instead, he came to a conclusion that has informed his activism for the 65 years since then. He puts it this way: "Whoever won in an armed struggle, it wouldn't be the people."

A year later, back in the States, he hit the road. Rejecting the comfortable path before him, Dave walked out of Yale. Wearing his oldest clothes and without any cash, he traveled around the country, riding freight trains, sleeping at missions, standing in bread lines, even begging for money. Off and on, this journey continued for the next three years, following a path inspired by Francis of Assisi. In his autobiography, Dave described that experience:

"In a way, my whole trip was a first experimental step down the road Francis had traveled, rejected his heritage as the son of a rich Florentine merchant, living the life of the poor, even kissing the leper. Now as I felt a wonderful new sense of freedom, it was Francis who filled my thoughts.

"Oddly, the image that came to mind was not of Francis doing what I was doing and what the poor often have to do, asking for help from those who consider themselves superior. Rather it was the image of Francis kissing the leper. I didn't kiss anyone and

no one kissed me, but I couldn't get the image out of my mind. Finally I concluded.that I had become the leper. By unashamedly approaching the healthy and asking for food, I was affirming the rights of society's lepers. And I was asking the people I approached for more than money or food. I was asking them to come a little closer to being Saint Francis."

LOVE, WAR, AND PRISON

The 1940s were not easy times to oppose war and promote nonviolence. Pacifists found themselves alone as most liberals and leftists in the anti-war movement supported "preparedness," collective security, and, once Germany attacked Russia, entry into the conflict. Eerily enough, some of the same terminology and arguments are being used today.

Back in 1940, Dave was living and working in Harlem, while studying at the Union Theological Seminary. He wasn't planning to become a minister, but did hope to deepen his radical insights. However, when the conscription law was passed in 1940, he opted not to accept an exemption because of his status as a seminarian. Instead, he and several others refused to register for the draft.

His reasons for opposing the unfolding "world war" were complicated. He knew about corporate support for Hitler and the Nazis. He had also visited Germany, and concluded that there was potential for internal opposition. In general, he saw the war as a geopolitical chess game rather than a fight against tyranny and racism. Beyond that, he couldn't stomach having an exemption when so many others, especially Blacks, didn't want to kill but were given no choice.

His decision not to register soon led to two of the most important events in his life: meeting the love of his life, the woman with whom he would spend the next 60 years — Elizabeth Peterson, and going to jail for the first time.

But not in that order. First, he was sentenced to a year in the Danbury federal prison. Early on, because he sat in the Black section during a Saturday movie, he was put in solitary confinement. And then, when he refused to answer to a number or submit to harassment by a guard, he was thrown into the notorious Hole.

Some prisoners were broken by the experience. But for Dave, it led to another breakthrough. He explained:

"For no reason I can explain, I began to discover how little it mattered where you are or what anyone does to you. I was sure that what I had done to get there was right and somehow the longer I was there the better I felt. Maybe that wasn't it at all, but anyway I never felt better in my life, even if I was shivering and wished I had something to eat, or a cigarette.

"I felt warm inside and filled all over with love for everyone, everyone I knew and everyone I didn't know, for plants, fish, animals, even bankers, generals, prison guards and lying politicians.Why did I feel so good? Was it God? Or approaching death? Or just the way life is supposed to be if we weren't so busy trying to make it something else?

"It didn't matter why. The only thing that mattered was that it was happening."

After getting out of the Hole, Dave was targeted as a troublemaker. But his commitment to ending racial segregation in the prison brought him new allies, especially among the Black prisoners. There were more threats and more days in solitary. Dave didn't wavered, even when Communist prisoners — who at first considered him a hero - then decided he was a "fascist coward" once Germany invaded the Soviet Union.

Shortly after getting out of prison, Dave was invited to speak at a National Conference of the Student Christian Movement in Ohio. But before that happened, Pearl Harbor was attacked and World War II was fully underway. It was hard to know what would happen next. He might even be arrested in the middle of his anti-war talk! Instead, he got an enthusiastic response, and several requests for interviews. One of the students interviewers was a Betty Peterson, from Pacific College in Newburgh, Oregon.

She also opposed the draft, had worked with Mexican migrant workers, and was interested in Dave's commune experience. While their first meeting lasted only minutes, it was obviously enough to make a big impression. Dave immediately called a woman who wanted to marry him and called it off. On February 4, 1942, only a month after they had met, Dave and Elizabeth were married.

BUILDING A MOVEMENT

Throughout the war years, Dave, Elizabeth, and their comrades in the peace movement resisted repression — and risked arrest — as they continued to struggle against the tide. A demonstration at the Capitol in 1943 led to another prison term for Dave, this time two years at the prison farm just outside the walls of the Lewisburg penitentiary. During that sentence, he joined a strike to end segregation and fasted for weeks to stop prison censorship and the use of the Hole. The protesters won a small victory that time, ending the censorship of mail and reading material.

By the time Dave was released in 1945, Elizabeth had given birth to their first child, Evan Patchen, and was living at a Pennsylvania apple farm. Before long, between picking apples and working on a nearby dairy farm, Dave had teamed up with Bill Kuenning and Ralph DiGia to launch Direct Action, a magazine reflecting their militant opposition to war and faith in the power on nonviolent action. Dave's first editorial looked at the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. He wrote:

> *"Hiroshima and Nagasaki were atomized at a time when the Japanese were suing desperately for peace. The American leaders were acting with almost inconceivable treachery by denying that they had received requests for peace.The bombs were exploded on congested cities filled with civilians. There was not even the slightest military justification, because the military outcome of the war had been decided months earlier. "The war for total brotherhood must be a nonviolent war carried on by methods worthy of the ideals we seek to serve. The acts we perform must be the responsible acts of free men, not the irresponsible acts of conscripts under orders. We must fight against institutions but not against people. "There must be strikes, sabotage and seizure of public property now being held by private owners. There must be civil disobedience of laws which are contrary to human welfare. But there must be also an uncompromising practice of treating everyone, including the worst of our opponents, with all the respect and decency that he merits as a fellow human being. We can expect to face tear gas, clubs and bullets. But we must refuse to hate, punish or kill in return."*

*TOWARD LIBERATION*

*It's common to hear that the 50s, and even the early 60s, were times of conformity and repression. The Korean War, McCarthy Era, and the Cold War, plus the deadening banality of mainstream society. Father "knew" best, and the "American dream" was in full regalia. But there were storms brewing beneath illusion of calm, and Dave was part of that shift in the winds of change. Here's just a taste of what he was up to:*

*Direct Action was succeeded by Alternative, Individual Action, and finally Liberation, a venerable magazine which lasted for 20 years. Countless writers, some unknown and others prominent from the 60s onward, contributed to this groundswell of radical thought. Their names include A. J. Muste, Bayard Rustin, Sid Lens, Barbara Deming, Paul Goodman, Staughton Lynd, Kay Boyle, David McReynolds, Tom Hayden, Tod Gitlin, Dorothy Day, Daniel Berrigan, E.F. Schumacher, Robin Morgan,, Thomas Merton, Howard Zinn, Art Kinoy, Murray Bookchin, Allen Ginsberg, Noam Chomsky, and many more.*

*And despite how that time is depicted, there were antinuclear demonstrations and civil disobedience actions, like a 44 person, two-week fast in Washington in April 1950 against the Hydrogen bomb. There were marches and Freedom Rides in the south, solidarity actions to bridge the people-to-people gap between Cuba and US after 1959, protests with Martin Luther King in the civil rights movement, and a series of nonviolent committees and organizations - Peacemakers, the Committee for Nonviolent Revolution, the Fellowship of Intentional Communities, and, of course, the War Resisters League.*

*Through this period, Dave and Elizabeth lived and worked in an intentional community, as well as with the Libertarian Press. They were also working internationally, with campaigns of liberation in Europe and the colonized world. It was called the Third World, but we know what that really meant.*

*FROM THE PENTAGON TO CHICAGO*

*Here's how Dave described the tumultuous period leading up to the March on the Pentagon in 1967, the historic protests at the Democratic National Convention in 1968, and the show trial of the Chicago Eight in 1969: "The anti-Vietnam War movement did not start in a vacuum. It was the offspring of previous movements for justice and peace. And like a lot of children it had to fight its way against the efforts of its parents to prevent it from straying too far outside the compromises they themselves had made with conventional society. In some ways, I was cast in the role of being an older brother in these conflicts, someone who was old enough to be importuned to side with the parents but was more frequently drawn to stand with the rebellious kids."*

*Everyone should have that kind of older brother! Going up against the national "peace leaders" of his day, Dave, along with Ralph DiGia, Dave McReynolds, Joan Baez and a handful of others, often sided with the SDS - Students for a Democratic Society, which came on strong beginning in 1965 with a call for a national antiwar demonstration. After that demonstration, Dave was jailed again — and threatened with charges of treason. But when some of his fellow prisoners heard about that, they refused bail unless the threats were dropped. Faced with true solidarity, the government backed off.*

*The next year Dave visited Vietnam for the first time, personally witnessing the ruthless conduct of the war, visiting with US POWs, and getting the Vietnamese side of the story from Ho Chi Minh. Dave says Ho never spoke harshly on Americans, although he did criticize the US preoccupation with money and materialism. They talked about Harlem - Ho had worked for a Brooklyn family after World War I - the poverty of Black people, and how anti-Communist paranoia had led the US into a series of arrogant mistakes. Before they parted, Ho Chi Minh offered a final message: "We do not want to humiliate the Americans or make it difficult for them to return home. If they finally decide to let us live in peace and to take their*

*soldiers home where they can lead safe and honorable lives, we will have celebrations for them. Our girls will bring flowers to the boats as they get ready to sail away and our musicians will pay songs for them.*

*Dave didn't completely buy that, but he was captivated and impressed by the revolutionary leader. And the visit did lead to a series of other visits Dave helped organize until the war ended.*

*By 1967, the death toll in Vietnam was rising, and the antiwar movement was gaining incredible momentum. People were burning draft cards, and a link was finally being forged between antiwar activists and leaders within the civil rights movement. Dave also played a crucial role in that alliance. As the slogan for the October, 1967 protests, march, and civil disobedience in Washington urged, it was time to move "From Protest to Resistance." And that included a dramatic plan to shut down the Pentagon.*

*The impacts of those events, and others like them around the world, are still being felt today. By 1968 — From Berkeley to Prague, in Mexico City and in Paris — a hunger for change filled the air. Even the media and some US leaders couldn't deny what was happening. Senator William Fullbright called it a "spiritual rebellion" of the young against a betrayal of national values. Returning from Vietnam, Walter Cronkite said the only "rational way out" was to negotiate a settlement. But the FBI and the Nixon administration had other plans - namely, to disrupt and neutralize the antiwar movement through a covert counter-intelligence program.*

*In March, Eugene McCarthy, an opponent on the war, won 42 percent of the primary vote in New Hampshire. Soon afterward, Robert Kennedy entered the race and President Lyndon Johnson decided not to seek another term. On April 4, a rifle shot range out in Memphis, ending the life of Martin Luther King. Rebellions erupted in 125 cities, leading to 20,000 arrests, and the mobilization of federal troops. In June, Kennedy was assassinated. By July, there had been over 220 major demonstrations on campuses across the country. On the other side of the world, in Vietnam, 10,000 US soldiers had died since the beginning of the year, more than in all of 1967.*

*And then, the Democrats held their national convention. According to Mayor Richard Daley, it was protesters and activists like Dave, Tom Hayden, John Froines, and the others who became known as the Chicago Eight who incited the riots that erupted in Chicago. But Daniel Walker, who produced the official report afterward, concluded that it was clearly a police riot. He described in detail the indiscriminate violence of the cops, often inflicted on people who had disobeyed no order and made no threats. Millions of people needed no convincing. They'd seen it on TV.*

*Over the next year, a climate of repression blanketed the nation. Attorney General Richard Kleindeinst called antiwar activists "ideological criminals," and the FBI's COINTELPRO was taking hold. Both the War - and the resistance to it — were still escalating. Nixon was in the White House, and the establishment was desperate for scapegoats.*

*Eight activists were indicted — Tom Hayden, Abbie Hoffman, John Froines, Lee Weiner, Jerry Rubin, Rennie Davis, Bobby Seale, and Dave Dellinger. The basic charges were: a) traveling across state lines "with the intent to incite, organize, promote, encourage, participate in, and carry on a riot" b) to teach and demonstrate the use, application, and making of incendiary devices to further civil disorder, and c) a conspiracy between the eight to do these things.*

*There was no conspiracy - except the one the government was cooking up. In fact, some of the defendants didn't even know one another, and, as Abbie Hoffman used to say, "We couldn't agree on lunch." But they knew the charges were really a distraction — persecution in disguise. So they decided to put the government and its court on trial - rather than win on a technicality - and to use any means at hand. They were about to make history.*

*The trial ran five months, from September 26, 1969 to the following February. There was no Court TV then, so we don't have a visual record. But we do have transcripts, and many of the key moments made news across the country. Some were absurdly funny, like Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman showing up for court in judges robes or the day the defendants rolled in a cake to celebrate Bobby Seale's birthday. When Judge Hoffman ruled the cake out of order, Bobby replied: "You can arrest a cake, but you can't arrest the revolution."*

*At other times, the trial took on the character of an inquisition. And perhaps never so clearly as on October 29, when Bobby Seale was carried into the court, bound and gagged, his ankles and wrists chained to the legs of his chair, for demanding his right to defend himself.*

*Many years later, John Tucker, a lawyer who was involved in the case, recalled one of the most dramatic moments. "As the trial ended," he explained, "and everyone knew Judge Hoffman was going to hold the defendants and their lawyers in contempt of court and send them to prison, we were asked to represent them in seeking bail pending appeal. My first assignment was to attend court while the contempt citations were being issued in order to make the appropriate objections and motions to protect the record in case Bill Kunstler and Len Weinglass were imprisoned before they could do so. Thus, I was in the courtroom on Saturday, February 14, 1970 when the judge began the contempt proceedings by reciting his charges against the first named defendant, David Dellinger. 'What occurred next was the most extraordinary and emotionally draining event I experienced in a courtroom in 30 years as a trial lawyer."*

*By law, the judge was required to allow David to address the court before passing sentence. He began be asking, "I hope you will do me the courtesy not to interrupt me while I am talking." "I won't interrupt you as long as you are respectful," Judge Julius Hoffman replied. "Well, I will talk about the facts and the facts don't always encourage false respect. Now I want to point out first of all that the first two contempts cited against me concerned ...the war against Vietnam, and racism in this country, the two issues this country refuses to solve, refuses to take seriously."*

*Hoffman ordered him to stop, but Dave was on a roll. "You see," he said, "that's one of the reasons I have needed to stand up and speak anyway, because you have tried to keep what you call politics, which means the truth, out of this courtroom, just as the prosecution has."*

*Ignoring the judge's command that he sit down and shut up, Dave continued. "You want us to be like good Germans supporting the evils of our decade and then when we refused to be good Germans and came to Chicago and demonstrated, now you want us to be like good Jews, going quietly and politely to the concentration camps while you and this court suppress freedom and the truth. And the fact is that I am not prepared to do that.*

*You want us to stay in our place like black people were supposed to stay in their place, like poor people were supposed to stay in their place, like people with formal education are supposed to stay in their place, like women are supposed to stay in their place, like children are supposed to stay in their place, like lawyers are supposed to stay in their places. It is a travesty on justice and if you had any sense at all you would know that the record that you read condemns you and not us. And it will be one of thousands and thousands of rallying points for a new generation of Americans who will not put up with tyranny, will not put up with a facade of democracy without the reality. "I sat here and heard that man Mr. Foran say evil, terrible, dishonest things that even he could not believe in. I heard him say that and you expect me to be quiet and accept that without speaking up. People no longer will be quiet. People are going to speak up. I am an old man and I am just speaking feebly and not too well, but I reflect the spirit that will echo throughout the world.*

*At this point, according to the transcript, there was applause and "complete disorder in the courtroom." It was no exaggeration. Tucker recalled. "As two marshals tried to hustle David out of the courtroom, his daughter Michelle, who was 13 at the time, stood up and screamed*

*something like 'Leave my dad alone.' Her sister Natasha also stood and screamed, and several marshals, there must have been at least 20 in the courtroom, plowed into the audience and jumped on the two girls. David yelled, 'leave my daughters alone,' shucked off the marshals like they were a couple of annoying mosquitoes and rushed to his daughters aid, joined by Abbie Hoffman and a spectator who leapt over two rows of benches onto the back of one of the marshals. An army of marshals grabbed Dave to drag him away, and the courtroom erupted. Everyone — the audience, the press, the defendants and their lawyers — was screaming or shouting or sobbing. No one who was there will ever forget it."*

*A NONVIOLENT WARRIOR*

*It's been more than three decades since the riots during the 1968 Democratic Convention and trial of the Chicago eight, and almost as long since the end of the Vietnam War. Dave kept busy during all that time, right up until the recent US wars in Afghanistan and Iraq. It's hard to even catalogue all the work, all the causes. Work with Native Americans and in international solidarity movements from Nicaragua to Japan. Joining in countless protests and hunger strikes. Civil disobedience like the Winooski 44 sit-in to stop war in Central America. Meetings with prisoners and working for prison justice. Helping to build support for independent politics. Standing with new generations of activists in affinity groups, opposing the nuclear arms race, war and atrocities in Central America, the Persian Gulf, and Yugoslavia, and calling a halt to corporate globalization.*

*For over 60 years, whenever US racism and imperialism raised their ugly heads, Dave was there — the "energizer bunny" of the global movement for justice and freedom. His efforts were all the more heroic for being nonviolent. Repeatedly putting himself is harm's way, he often managed, almost miraculously, to turn antagonists into allies with the moral force of his convictions.*

*As the US again went to war in October, 2001, hundreds of activists and artists gathered in Burlington, Vermont, for a celebration of his life and nonviolent work. It was a long overdue tribute to this remarkable nonviolent warrior. True to form, Dave requested that the event focus not just on him, but also on the many struggles for peace and social justice to which he so completely committed himself. Nevertheless, the stories told that night underlined the hopes, passions and fierce commitments that had shaped his life. Members of his family were on hand, as well as old friends like Howard Zinn, Dennis Brutus, Cora Weiss, Art Kinoy, John Froines, Staughton Lynd, Ralph DiGia, Norma Becker, and many more. At the end, Dave rose to speak, urging us to act with love and value community.*

*Near the end of his life, struggling with hearing problems and advancing Alzheimer's, Dave composed a touching poem that described his approach to life:*

*I love everyone, even those who disagree with me.*

*I love everyone, even those who agree with me.*

*I love everyone, rich and poor, and I love everyone of different races, including people who are indigenous, wherever they live, in this country or elsewhere.*

*I love everyone, whatever religion they are, and atheists too.*

*People who contemplate, wherever it leads them.*

*I love everyone, both in my heart and in my daily life.*

*Greg Guma is the editor of Toward Freedom (TF), a world affairs magazine whose board of directors Dave co-chaired for more than a decade, and worked closely with him over the last 20 years.*

> *As a tribute to Dave and Elizabeth Peterson, TF has produced the audio documentary, Nonviolent Warriors, including testimonials, dramatic scenes, and Dave's own words. To learn more, visit. www.TowardFreedom.com.*”

**1105. — Annie Finch** *28 May 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Dave Dellinger 1916-2004*

Thanks for sending the Dellinger piece, Ron! He was a friend of my parents and this detailed appreciation evokes good memories and makes me grateful for those of that era who are still around and fighting the good fight—Annie

Annie Finch http://www.anniefinch.com

"The spiritual world is like the natural world-only diversity will save it." -Margot Adler

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## Steve Lacy

1934–2004

*35 messages · 19 hands*

*American soprano saxophonist who took up an instrument nobody was playing, spent sixteen weeks in Thelonious Monk's band and thirty years in Paris, and set more poetry to music than any other jazz musician of his generation — Creeley, Blaser, Taslitzky, Lao Tzu. He was sixty-nine and died of cancer in Boston. Thirty-five messages for a saxophonist, which is more than all but a dozen poets receive in this book. Pierre Joris opened it: “A great sadness”.*

**1106. — Pierre Joris** *4 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Steve Lacy*

A great sadness: Steve Lacy passed away earlier today. He was one of the greatest soprano sax masters of all times, a superb song writer (over 250 songs in the last twenty years) — working in close collaboration with his wife, the singer Irene Aebi —, and a major reader & connaisseur of poetry (the source for his lyrics). He was also a wonderful friend to those who knew him, and one of the finest & gentlest human beings it has been my pleasure to know. He will be greatly missed.

Pierre

Keep the tempo — Steve Lacy

**1107. — steve dalachinsky** *4 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

school days forest and the zoo saxophone special for poetry stuff w/gysin stuff w/creeley (hat art) ah futurities too much to say so many to hear early stuff his set w/ cecil on 1/2 that verve lp live at newport (57?)

johnny come lately
evidence
house party
starting
alot of
odds &
the gross
word
recall
intimacy
& columns

not always
ripples
doors

**1108. — David Hadbawnik** *4 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

Soprano sax master Steve lacy died this morning after a struggle with liver cancer, in Brookline, MA.

I was fortunate enough to see Mr. Lacy perform many times over the past several years in the Bay Area, the most memorable of which was an un-publicized solo set at the now defunct Sweatshop on Mission St. I also helped present an evening at Noe Valley Ministry when Steve was touring with Roswell Rudd in support of their fantastic Verve album of mostly Monk tunes. Two sets, both completely sold out, each one amazing, soulful, and utterly different, although the tunes were the same...

Another time, I was left in charge of a show at a church in the East Bay -- help me out here, I can't remember what it was called -- St. John's? Steve and Irene had a beautiful dressing room somewhere upstairs in the huge church complex, complete with a baby grand piano and bowls of fruit and wine, etc., and I left them alone there to see to the box office. When I came back, I discovered they'd been rudely kicked out by the attendees of an AA meeting who usually used that room. While Irene ranted and raved, Steve calmly fingered his sax and said softly, "We've been kicked out of paradise, man..."

--DH

**1109. — Joe Amato** *4 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

pierre & others, such sad news about steve lacy... what a loss... a great talent, and he and irene made a great team...

best,

joe

**1110. — David Hadbawnik** *4 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

Pierre:

Yes, thanks for pointing out Steve's special relationship to poetry. Much of Steve's music was inspired by poetry, and he had vast amounts of it committed to memory (one of my favorite moments in the Sweatshop show here in SF was when he paused to recite a whole Melville poem by heart). In fact, what stands out to me about his music is the poetic-ness of it; his lines were always based on breath, to an extent that forefronted this aspect of his playing far more fluently than other horn players'; there was never a wasted tone or sound.

I wonder if others who are familiar with his music might recommend their favorite recordings for those who want to check him out; there's so much to choose from. For me, since the duet work with Irene was so often not to my taste, his album Remains stands out. Pure solo work. Based on his readings in the Tao te ching. Fantastic, haunting stuff.

One more thought: while Steve might have cashed in and watered down his sound to play the jazzfest circuit, he never stopped experimenting and pushing boundaries and insisting on his own musical path, and he performed in small or mid-size venues right up to the end...

Best,

Keep the tempo — Steve Lacy

**1111.** **— Aldon L Nielsen** *4 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

despite appearances, I do not reserve my grieving for jazz masters who work with poets

But this is such a loss — Lacy did some beautiful settings of poetry throughout his long and pwerful career — I'll spend the rest of the weekend listening to my collection of his work

**1112.** **— cris cheek** *4 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

'crops' (Quark Records, 1979)

brings the ariculate spatiality of the solo works and the fierceness of the band's version of the last time they played 'The Woe' 'the principal music we performed during the last two years of the USA's involvement in Vietnam' together on one disc.

plenty of others, but that's my pick

possibly 'Anthem' (Novus 1989) on CD if you want the range of the band's work. But there will be a plenitude of suggestions raining here for sure.

Keep the tempo — Steve Lacy

**1113.** **— cris cheek** *4 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

sorry articulate

Keep the tempo — Steve Lacy

**1114.** **— Maria Damon** *4 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

thanks for this sad news, pierre. i saw him several times in mpls/stpaul and each time was happy to have done so; the last time, a couple of years ago, he played from his beat suite, songs of bob kaufman among others.

**1115.** **— Chris Stroffolino** *4 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

Dear Pierre

My condolescenes to you. I wanted to once again thank you for introducing us at your party in Albany back circa 94. I'm always intimidated around older celebrities, but he was very down to earth, as was Irene---a pleasure to listen to (oh yeah and all that music he did too....!)...

**1116.** **— Michael Magee** *4 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

Agh, the pits. What an incredible body of work he leaves. They're not his most unique or important contribution, perhaps, but I've always been nuts about his versions of Monk tunes from the late 50s (Four in One, Skippy etc) w/ Waldron, Elvin Jones et al. And a nice reminder that he was there when the New Thing jazz and the New American Poetry were colliding. Michael Gizzi and I were planning on hosting a Creeley/Lacy performance in Providence this Fall. Alas. -m.

**1117.** **— Aldon L Nielsen** *4 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

Snips — live in 1976

& the Monk's Dream sessions with Roswell Rudd — both well worth repeated listenings

**1118.** **— Pierre Joris** *4 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

Some eight or nine years ago (as Chris Stroffolino remembered) I brought Steve Lacy & Irene Aebi up to Albany for a concert. Below is my little introduction for that evening (in fact a reduced version of the liner notes I wrote for FUTURITIES, Steve's 'opera' on poems by Robert Creeley) — offered here, tonight, as a first quick homage to the man & his work.

Playing in the background right now is the cd MOMENTUM, with many of Steve's long-time sidekicks: Steve Potts on saxes, Bobby Few on piano, JJ Avenel on bass, Oliver Johnson on drums and, of course, Irene Aebi "on" voice.

Pierre

[Intro for Steve & Irene (Albany, 94 or 5?)]

Roughly 10 years ago I was in Paris working on a radio program about the poet Robert Creeley. Rather than fall back on the aseptic atmosphere of the studio, I wanted to find live situations in which to record the poet reading from his work. Creeley's poetry being obviously rooted in jazz, the idea immediately came to me of getting him together with my then neighbor on the rue du Temple, the great soprano saxophonist & composer Steve Lacy — a musician I knew to be an intelligent & passionate reader of poetry. The two hit it off wonderfully; the program was duly recorded & went over great. It became my habit to fall by Lacy's place every so often & over the years I was able to witness how he wrote some of the songs based on poems.

Lacy has written hundred of songs — in fact I have heard the rumor of 2000! — with poems (from Osip Mandelstam & Kurt Schwitters to Anne Waldman & Bob Kaufman) or other texts as lyrics, an art that has always fascinated me. He has walked & talked me through the development of some of them, & here is some of what he had to say: "I've been setting lyrics to music for almost twenty years now. It took a long time to come to the surface — that stuff has got to age, to mellow out... We use all kind of texts, some I wrote myself, but also telegrams, letters, things found on the street, children's exercises, slogans pulled off billboards — what you may call found poetry — but it all comes down to poetry or lyrics — to word-setting. Lyrics were sort of petering out in the fifties and that's where I came in. I guess it's my job to bring them back." And what a job he has done of it, in terms of composing, arranging and playing! He has of course the help of his companion, the singer & violinist Irene Aebi. Says Lacy: "Now the reason all this has been possible is that I have had a voice to work with — Irene's voice, a voice like an instrument. We started from zero together, me and her and the words made the music, but without the voice to experiment with it wouldn't have happened. She has a gifted voice, a voice you can't ignore or leave idle — it was my pleasure to find things that would fit it. It's been a real adventure for about 18 years now."

Back on the topic of how one actually gets to find musical ideas to go with a given text, Steve explained: "The thing about setting words to music, you have to be able to deliver them over and over again without boredom, without fatigue. You have to place them in musical pictures so that they can be sung. A poem is said again and again and if it is said enough times it becomes a song. That's the way I find the music, by saying the words over and over again until it becomes sing-song or song-sing, whatever, until it begins to take on musical appearances." It is a few years later now, Lacy's discography — already way over the hundred mark — has been enriched by a number of cd's presenting primarily his & Irene Aebi's 'art songs,' & I keep listening to them & wanting more. As a poet my concerns have a lot to do with fixed and open forms. Lacy's songs have taught me much along those lines. How to keep a form open, for example, while at the same time giving it a fixed center. Pound's "Unwobbling pivot" that must not be allowed to become a straightjacket strangling free movement & improvisatory development.

'Nuff said. Now for the real stuff. Please welcome Steve Lacy & Irene Aebi.

Keep the tempo — Steve Lacy

**1119. — steve dalachinsky** *5 Jun 2004* ↑ Register

dearest it's peter brotzman not bob he's a german his chicago tentet is amazing totally diff from lacy tho iunderstand and in ways agree w/ your sentimentsprobably since lacy's contribution was so great and his less than 2 year battle w/cancer so painful and his death so recent your opinion of his music as w/others noted during this barrage was not needed or necessay at this juncture

and where were all the elvin jones  lovers?

**1120. — Robert Zamsky** *5 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

Such sad news to come just as I've been listening so intently these last few weeks to the Beat Suite & Futurities, in hopes (perhaps vain, at that) of writing about them.  I had the sincere pleasure of seeing Lacy while I was a student in Buffalo — a tiny venue.  It felt like he was playing in someone's living room.  So close I could've touched him, and touch me his music surely did.  Always.

- Robert Zamsky

**1121. — Herb Levy** *5 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

I don't check poetics e-mail as often as I used to, so I'm late getting into the Lacy love fest, but I've got to note that there's often a fuller noticing of the deaths of innovative and/or interesting musicians on this list than on several of the music-related lists I get.

I didn't love every Lacy performance I heard, but every time I heard him, he was always focused, always working & that's not always the way things work with performers.

In addition to the various recordings/compositions already mentioned, let me note the Woe his anti-war suite, and the Way, a Taoist suite, as well as the couple of solo discs of Monk tunes on Soul Note.

&, cause no one's seemed to cite it yet, here's the URL for the NY Times obit: <http://www.nytimes.com/2004/06/05/arts/music/05LACY.html

Bests,

**1122. — Lanny Quarles** *5 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

Mr. Lacy played a great show here in Portland a few years back, 2 i think. It was a Creative Music Guild gig, and there was a big turn-out, and several standing ovations and encores. I must admit I had gone on the advice of a friend and was pleasantly surprised. I'm not sure I felt as enthusiastic about the music as everybody else there did. It was good of course, but seemed no where near as vigorous, creative and outrageous as Bob Brotzmann's Chicago Tentet which came through and played to a very measly audience and much less adulation. The Tentet played spontaneous compositions based on handwritten flash-cards. amazing..

At any rate sorry to hear about Mr. Lacy's death of course.. Is Guillermo Gregorio still alive? I really appreciate his contribution...

The Chicago Tentet Brötzmann (tenor sax, clarinet), Gustafsson (tenor sax, flutophone), Vandermark (tenor sax, clarinet, bass clarinet), Bishop (trombone), Kondo (trumpet, electronics), Lomberg-Holm (cello, violin), Parker (bass), Kessler (bass), Zerang (drums), Drake (drums, frame drum).

**1123. — Stephen Vincent** *5 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Lacy right now on KPFA*

Art Santo is playing mostly Steve Lacy on KPFA (Bay Area 94.1) or world wide over the Net at: http://www.kpfa.org/

Reg good jazz program show, Forms & Feelings (John Bennett) every Sunday between 2 & 4 (preceeded by good blue 12 - 2) & Santos show between 4 -6.

Stephen Vincent Blog: http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com

**1124. — Aldon L Nielsen** *5 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Fwd: Steve Lacy New England Conservatory Obit.*

Steve Lacy obituary from New England Conservatory

At Irene Aebi's request, I'm passing on this announcement of Steve Lacy's death today to friends and colleagues. Steve passed away a little after 12:30 p.m. in Boston today, June 4.

Allan Chase
Dean of Faculty
New England Conservatory

For Immediate Release:
June 4, 2004

New England Conservatory Mourns Death of Jazz Great Steve Lacy

Soprano Saxophone Master Succumbs to Cancer at Age 69

Steve Lacy, one of the greatest soprano saxophonists of all time

and a New England Conservatory faculty member since fall 2002, died Friday at New England Baptist Hospital. The jazz master who once defined

his profession as "combination orator, singer, dancer, diplomat, poet, dialectician, mathematician, athlete, entertainer, educator, student, comedian, artist, seducer and general all around good fellow" was 69. He leaves his wife and collaborator, the Swiss singer Irene Aebi.

Born Steven Morman Lackritz in New York City, Lacy was the first avant garde jazz musician to make a specialty of the soprano saxophone-an instrument that had become almost completely neglected during the Bop era. Indeed, he is credited with single-handedly bringing the instrument

back from obscurity into modern music of all types. He regularly received awards from DownBeat Magazine as the premier soprano saxophonist and in 1992 received a MacArthur Foundation "genius" grant. In 2002, he was made a Commandeur de l'Ordre des Arts et des Lettres by the French government. A prolific recording artist, Lacy is represented

on many labels including Universal, Senators, RCA, Verve, Label Bleu, Greats of Jazz, EMI, CBS/C! olumbia, and Denon.

Throughout his career, Lacy was widely admired for the beauty and purity

of his tone, for his incisive melodic sense, for keeping his music uncompromising and fresh, and for his eagerness to play with a wide variety of musicians while retaining long-term musical relationships. For example, since 1998, he performed often with Panamanian pianist and NEC faculty member Danilo Perez, but he also played regularly with Mal Waldron, a pianist he had worked with since the fifties. He was esteemed

for his productivity, and for the consistently high quality of his art. As a teacher, a role he took on in the last two years of his life, he was revered for his intense focus and generosity.

During the latter part of his career, Lacy made his home in Paris for 33

years, but returned to the United States in 2002 to begin his first teaching job at NEC. He was prominently featured in the concerts celebrating the centennial of NEC's Jordan Hall in October 2003, kicking

off the festivities in a Best of Jazz performance that featured other Conservatory jazz greats like Ran Blake, George Russell, Bob Brookmeyer

and alumnus Cecil Taylor.

Lacy got his start as a sideman in the early fifties playing in Manhattan's Dixieland revival scene. He also worked with some Duke Ellington players including cornetist Rex Stewart who christened him "Lacy." Although he initially doubled on clarinet and soprano sax, he soon dropped the former instrument and found his distinctive voice with the saxophone. It was the NEC-trained Cecil Taylor who set Lacy on a new course and introduced him to Thelonious Monk-who, along with Duke Ellington, would remain the most important influence in his life. "Playing with Cecil Taylor immediately put me into the offensive mode" (of music-making), Lacy recalled in his book Findings: My Experience with the Soprano Saxophone. "This ! was the avant-tout garde; we were an

attack quartet (sometimes quintet or trio), playing original, dangerously threatening music that most people were offended by...."

Lacy recorded with Gil Evans in 1957 and continued to work with him intermittently up through the 1980s. In 1958, he and pianist Waldron recorded Reflections: Steve Lacy Plays the Music of Thelonious Monk, which led to an invitation to join Monk's quintet for four months in 1960. After that immersion experience, he created a quartet with trombonist Roswell Rudd that dedicated itself exclusively to Monk's music. He was still playing Monk as recently as last winter when he introduced a new quintet at Manhattan's Iridium. Monksieland, comprised of trumpeter Dave Douglas, Rudd, and Lacy's longtime Paris rhythm section, bassist Jean-Jacques Avenel and drummer John Betsch, played Monk with the freedom and contrapuntal inter! play of Dixieland jazz.

In 1965, Lacy began performing in Europe where he found particularly appreciative audiences in Italy and France. He met his wife in Rome in 1966 and by the late sixties, they had settled down in Paris. During the enormously fertile decades that followed, he created a quintet that could expand or contract from a duo or trio on up to a big band. He began collaborations with dancers (Merce Cunningham in particular), artists and actors. He also started working with poets like Brion Gysin

composing musical settings of their poems.

Irene Aebi exerted a profound influence on Lacy's artistry. For the woman he called "his muse," he wrote his first composition, The Way (1967), based on the words of Chinese philosopher Lao-Tzu. He continued to be inspired by his wife's voice and wrote works for her based on poetry by Anna Akhmatova, Mary Frazee, Anne Waldman, and Judith Malina. He wrote an opera, The Cry, with Bengali poet Taslima Nasreen. And, over a period of many years, he composed The Beat Suite, a jazz song cycle based on poetry by Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg, Robert Creeley, and other beat poets. That work had its official world premiere in 2003 and has been recorded on a Universal CD.

As recently as this spring, Lacy and his wife were performing his settings of Robert Creeley poems and excerpts from the Beat Suite at MIT

and Boston's Institute of Contemporary Art.

At NEC, 36 students, both graduate and undergraduate, worked directly with Lacy and he affected many others through his active participation in the musical community. In his teaching, he was concerned with helping students become complete artists. For example, he might say of a young player: "He's got imagination, but he needs to develop his taste a lot more-opera and poetry and literature and dance. He really needs to broaden his base." At NEC, he felt students could get that broadening. "That's what I like about this school," he said in an interview last year. "...One can cross the hall and it's not such rigid departments really. Anybody could study improvisation or Indian music or symphonic construction or whatever..."

About Lacy, NEC President Daniel Steiner said: "He was an extraordinary artist, the kind of person who appears only a few times in

each generation of musicians. His presence at the Conservatory affected

not simply the jazz program but the overall musical life of NEC."

Remarks by Ran Blake, head of NEC's Contemporary Improvisation department. "With the exception of Sidney Bechet and John Coltrane, no other musician has brought such a personal sound to the soprano saxophone and few other musicians have tapped into the unexplored repertoire of Thelonious Monk."

Remarks by Danilo Perez, NEC Faculty, Jazz Pianist, and Lacy collaborator: Steve Lacy showed us that being a jazz musician is the work of a lifetime. His compositions and improvisations are full of wisdom and life. He taught us the power of words through his

music. Hearing his soprano playing was a life changing experience, because he approached his sound

improvisation and technique as if he believed it was a test of man's sincerity. As a friend he was a very encouraging, caring and generous man with a great sense of humor. As a teacher he was a great educator who inspired all of us inside and outside the classroom, with the genius of his musical phrasing and his brilliant re! marks. Last year while playing a duo concert in New York, he took me to

an exhibition of a great Chinese painter. His detailed comments about the paintings offered a great lesson in color subtlety and form. I found

myself contemplating his words of wisdom all afternoon. That night after

the very inspired concert we played he said;" Danilo we were painting tonight. " He was very kind to me and to many people who knew him. As he would say the music and the artist become one as we get older. Steve, thanks for inspiring and sharing your gifts with the world. Your

great musical legacy will live in our hearts and minds forever . God bless Steve and his dear Irene.

Remarks by Ken Schaphorst, Chair, Jazz Studies and Improvisation The NEC community is devastated by this great loss. I can't think of another musician who has been involved in so many different chapters in the history of jazz, from Dixieland to Free Jazz, and everything in between. Steve has brought his unique combination of open-mindedness, humor, intelligence, rigor and artistry to his teaching at NEC over the last two years. And everyone who has come into contact with him has been

**1125. — steve dalachinsky** *8 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: guitarist Robert Quine*

thank you all for the quine porter info 2 folk i know little about

here's one for lacy

for all players

watch the man's body
watch the twist
the bend into itself
the kneeling toward the ground
the grounding
toward
the
sky

watch the man w/his horn

the
man
w/his horn

it
seems

**1126. — Herb Levy** *8 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
Not as obviously connected to the world of innovative poetry (though he did work with both Richard Hell & Patti Smith) as Steve Lacy, Robert Quine was a wonderful musician who's been active in both punk bands and improv projects.

And, for what it's worth, to put him into a context someone else raised when the veritable onslaught of posts on Lacy's death followed near silence on the earlier death of drummer Elvin Jones: I probably heard Jones play live far more often than I did Quine, but I'm pretty sure that I have more recordings of Quine in various contexts than I do of Jones.

I'm sure there'll be some other obits eventually. Billboard (a trade magazine for the record industry)'s reporting of non-business-related news almost always is a little off, neglecting many of the artier live projects that were never recorded. But hey.

Bests,

Herb

"<http://www.billboard.com/bb/daily/article_display.jsp?vnu_content_id=>

*Guitarist Robert Quine Found Dead*

*Guitarist Robert Quine, one of punk rock's most daring soloists, was found dead Saturday (June 5) in his New York apartment. He was 61. According to close friend and guitar maker Rick Kelly, who discovered Quine's body, the musician died of a heroin overdose Memorial Day weekend. He had been despondent over the recent death of his wife.*

*Born in Akron, Ohio, Quine was heavily influenced by the Velvet Underground, whose music he recorded obsessively while living in San Francisco. He moved to New York in 1971 and became the lead guitarist for bassist Richard Hell's important group the Voidoids, with whom he recorded two albums. His skittering, unpredictable work with Hell defined the possibilities of punk guitar.*

*During the '80s, he recorded and toured frequently with Lou Reed and played on saxophonist/composer John Zorn's best-known albums. Quine made key guest appearances on Tom Waits' "Rain Dogs" (1985) and Marianne Faithfull's "Strange Weather" (1987). In 1989, he began a long association with Matthew Sweet; he also worked regularly with Lloyd Cole.*

*In 2001, Universal released a three-CD box of Quine's live 1969 recordings of the Velvet Underground, "The Bootleg Series Volume 1: The Quine Tapes." "He was a marvelous guitarist, a soulful music lover with high standards and had an eviscerating wit," Patti Smith Band drummer Jay Dee Daugherty tells Billboard.com. "He did not suffer fools gladly, but made up for it with a thinly disguised generosity of spirit." — Chris Morris, L.A.; Jonathan Cohen, N.Y.*"

**1127. — Ishaq** *8 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

You could never miss Robert Quine's guitar with Richard Hell. What is still in my head since I first saw his photo on the back of Voidoid single was that perminant expression on his face which was a notch above a poker and begged mystery and aggression, like his playing. So basically, Quine scared me but you hand keep listening. He added that edge to Hell's songs.

Cheers to Robert May God bless yuh...

R.I.P.

**1128. — Maria Damon** *8 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

for that matter, i kept expecting mention on the list of babatunde olatunji last year when he passed...the "drums of passion" were an early blueprint on my adolescent aesthetic...

**1129. — Aldon L Nielsen** *10 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Ray Charles - gone*

Lacy, Quine & Charles all in one week's tome — (meant to write "time, but this works)

I'm hearing one hell of a memorial on my stereo,,,,, blasting out the last cob webs of Reaganiana

**1130. — Stephen Vincent** *13 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Walking Theory /blog*

Walking Theory #42 - #48 now up - including an elegy for (evocation of) Steve Lacy and an homage to Fairfield Porter, painter.

Comments, feedback appreciated.

Thanks, Stephen Vincent

Blog: http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com

**1131. — kari edwards** *24 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

*NaropaUniversityAudio Archives Now Publicly Accessible on the World Wide Web*

NaropaUniversityAudio Archives Now Publicly Accessible on the World Wide Web

First Naropa Archives CD to Be Featured by Barnes and Noble, Inc.

Naropa Archives Director to Present with Other Experts on Literary Archiving

BOULDER, Colo. (June 23, 2004) — Naropa University (Boulder, Colo.) announced today that it has partnered with the Internet Archive (www.archive.org) to provide online access to its renowned collection of audio recordings. This collection represents 30 years of classes, lectures, panels and readings by the literary luminaries who have participated in Naropa University writing programs.

The initial release of approximately 150 hours of audio includes works by a wide selection of artists, including readings by Allen Ginsberg, Anne Waldman, Diane diPrima, Kenward Elmslie, Helen Adam, Robert Duncan, Michael McClure, Clark Coolidge, Robert Creeley and Jack Collom. Also included are classes, lectures and workshops by Ginsberg, Waldman, Duncan, Coolidge and Creeley, as well as by William Burroughs, Clayton Eshleman, Steve Lacy, Irene Aebi, Ron Padgett, Jerome Rothenberg, Philip Whalen, Bernadette Mayer, Amiri Baraka, Joanne Kyger and Harry Smith.

This project has been made possible with grants from the National Endowment for the Humanities, the National Endowment for the Arts, Save America's Treasures and the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences.

The first CD release of the archives, "First Thought, Best Thought," will be available in August 2004 and will be featured by Barnes & Noble, Inc. bookstores worldwide. The CD was selected and edited by poet and Naropa University alumnus Randy Roark. Roark drew from thousands of hours of performances and teaching sessions. The CD includes four rare gems of inspiration and practical wisdom, including: Allen Ginsberg exploring every stage of poetic activity, from inspiration, to composition to revision to performing poetry in public; Anne Waldman on the elements of the poet's craft, from the raw material of the words themselves to the many aspects of the poem in performance; William Burroughs teaching his breakthrough methods for generating fresh writing-including "the cut-up method," chance operations, and dream work; and Diane diPrima on how to survive as an artist, preserving one's sensibility, creating a supportive artistic community, getting published and self-publishing. The CD was produced by Boulder-based Sounds True and will also be available on the Sounds True website at www.soundstrue.com. All royalties will be dedicated to funding additional preservation activities for the Naropa archive project. The price of the four-CD set is $29.95.

The director of the Naropa archive project, Steven Taylor, will be participating on a panel with the directors of the other two major literary avant-garde archive projects in the United States on Saturday June 26, 2004 at 3:00 p.m., at the Naropa University Performing Arts Center (2130 Arapahoe Ave., Boulder). In addition to Taylor, the panel will include Steve Dickison, director of the Poetry Center and American Poetry Archives at San Francisco State University (San Francisco) and Anselm Berrigan, artistic director of the St. Mark's Poetry Project (New York City). The panel is entitled "Archiving the Present Moment," and the panelists will discuss their work with these three major archives. All three of these literary archive projects place particular emphasis on audio recordings of the spoken word.

Naropa University is a private, non-profit, non-sectarian liberal arts institution whose core mission is contemplative education. Contemplative education is an approach to learning that integrates the best of Eastern and Western educational traditions, creating and implementing a new paradigm in higher education. This model seeks to help students know themselves deeply so that they can engage constructively in a world of individuals who are not like themselves. The university comprises a four-year undergraduate college and graduate programs in the arts, education, environmental studies, psychology, religious

studies, and creation spirituality. It offers BA, BFA, MA, MFA, MDiv and MLA degrees, as well as professional development training and classes for the community through its School of Extended Studies. In addition, the university runs study abroad programs in Sikkim, the Czech Republic, South India, and Bali. For more information, visit www.naropa.edu.

**1132. — Marcus Bales** *10 Nov 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Found Poem -- Post 11-2 South*

Found Poem: The Post 11-2 South

We should have let them go when they wanted to leave. But no —We had to kill half a million people so they'd stay, like people who'll fight for the right to keep slaves sound like real moral folks.

And, of course, what do we get? Name-calling: we're called the arrogant northeast liberal elite. But how about this for arrogant: the South is the Real America. the Authentic America. Really? We founded this country, pal. Those Founding Fathers you keep going on and on about? Who do you think those wig-wearing lacy-shirt sporting revolutionaries were? They were blue-staters, pal. Boston? Philadelphia? New York? Hello? Think there might be a reason all the monuments are up here?

No, no. Just get out. We're not letting you visit the Liberty Bell and Plymouth Rock any more until you get over your "Real American" selves and start respecting those other nine amendments. Who do you think those stripes on the flag are for? Nine are for blue states — and it would be ten if those early Vermonters had gotten their Subarus together and broken off from New York a little sooner.

Get it? Don't get all uppity about how real you are, you "Oooooh I've been a state for almost a hundred years" Johnny-come-latelies.

All those Federal taxes you love to hate? They come from us and go to you. You enjoy your Tennessee Valley Authority electricity and your fancy bridges and highways that we paid for. And the next time they need repaired, Or the next time Florida gets hit by a hurricane, you can come crying to us if you want to, but don't expect any more money: you're the ones who built on an outlying province of a swamp —not that I think there's any province that can outlie Florida.

Who're the ones who say "It's your money, not the government's money"? Nine of the ten states that get the most federal dollars and pay the least... can you guess? Go on, guess. That's right, pal, they're red states. And eight of the ten states that receive the least and pay the most? Too easy, pal — they're blue states. It's not your money, it's our money. What was that Real American Value you were spouting a minute ago? Self reliance? Try this for self reliance: buy your own stop signs, pal.

Now that we're on the subject, let's talk about those values for a minute. Which state do you think has the lowest divorce rate In the nation? Well? Can you guess? It's Massachusetts, the center of the gay marriage universe. Think that's just some aberration? How about this: 9 of the 10 lowest divorce rates are blue states, pal, and most are in the Northeast And where are the highest divorce rates? Care to guess? Ten of the top ten are those we're-so-moral Red states. And while Nevada is the worst, the Bible Belt is doing its full part. But in spite of that, you think two guys making out is going to ruin marriage for you? Yeah? Seems like you're ruining it pretty well on your own Ever think of that, pal? No, you're too busy erecting giant stone tablets of the Ten Commandments in buildings paid for by the Northeast Liberal Elite. And who has the highest murder rates in the nation? It's not us up here in the North, pal.

Well this gravy train is over. Take your liberal-bashing, confederate-flag-waving, holier-than-thou, federal-tax-leaching, hypocritical bullshit and stew in it until the next hurricane or tornado blows it up in your faces again. . We'll be using the money we don't send you to fix it to build our hospitals and our schools. Y'all pray, now, heah?

**1133. — Maria Damon** *21 Nov 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: "poetry and playing"*

i don't really know that much, other than Nath. Mackey's recording Strick w/ 2 musicians, and Steve Lacy. And Kerouac w/ Steve Allen, and some Cecil Taylor self-poetry and pianoing...and Ann Waldman and a recording of Ernest Dawkins's band w/ one track a poem by a woman..."what do you see when you see me, Brother?" and Tracie Morris etc etc...

At 4:40 PM -0800 11/19/04, Stephen Vincent wrote:

*"Is Aldon Nielson out of commission? (I actually tried to email him a week or so ago with no response). Or Maria Damon. But I suspect they are variously good authorities on the discography of collaborations of particularly African American poets and musicians, including Sax players. (As would be Nathaniel Mackey, who I don't think is on this list) In addition to Spoken Word stuff, the seventies and eighties were full of interesting combinations of musicians from Detroit, St. Louis, Chicago and the West working in New York with poets at the Tin Palace and Public Theater among other venues. (A little example that comes to mind re the Sax is David Murray's work with Ntozake Shange to whom he was briefly married). Stephen V Blog: http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com Bailey's playing/reading is pretty interesting and i like what he's doing. Any more of that out there? Or recordings by other artists anyone could recommend? The work by Faking Trains http://smallbany.com/fakingtrians ... specifically the cd "PATRIOT ACTS", available for free... just e-mail and put "cd" in the subject line. > > Cheers, > Gerald Schwartz"*

**1134. — August** *30 Dec 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Anti-Semitism vs. Jew-Hatred*

Jew-Hatred / Smash-Hit Tsunami #00001

Lettuce, one syllable, bliss, buds of analysis. prettiest startled me tinkering around with tintinnabulating penis unseen lightbulbs, devolving in love with bristles, impenetrable sapling's trembling gooey smudges, darkest snout, brained apotropaically dissected flattened love, wingless, drenched, consternation, foreskin flimsy intuitions, utter wetter, distilled taut air decays unlost in moaning, haunt of lacy glancing off the particularly with bristles, impenetrable sapling's trembling gooey smudges, darkest snout, brained apotropaically dissected flattened love, wingless, drenched, consternation, foreskin flimsy intuitions, utter wetter, distilled taut headlines, drips of howitzer, quirky facts rims aloft, honed inculcated darkness. the particularly with tintinnabulating penis unseen lightbulbs, devolving in love with tintinnabulating penis unseen lightbulbs, devolving in moaning, haunt of rough forgotten wool's moist fricative's jawbone. muzzle, my adroitly of analysis. prettiest startled me tinkering around with the the pretty limpid noises, downcast knobby breath, pale efficacious fertile inviolable pneuma rot, of skin, infectious holes, rattling the sorrow's tallow, poignant as I felt vertically preening splendor, stoplight, gnat lode, Radiant exultation, filthy cipher, actually aglitter, whittling cunt sticky sentences words of howitzer, quirky facts rims aloft, honed inculcated darkness. the sorrow's tallow, poignant as I am in moaning, haunt of analysis. prettiest startled me tinkering around with bristles, impenetrable sapling's trembling gooey smudges, darkest snout, brained apotropaically dissected flattened love, wingless, drenched, consternation, foreskin flimsy intuitions, utter wetter, distilled taut headlines, drips of hell, baize fur hole, nowhere, irresistible imbricated objects genuflecting, glow, core peeled precipice, iridescent night peeking, barest exhausted calculations mingling impulses of splendid assuaged, obliquely rearview mirror. relieving itself on the sorrow's tallow, poignant compulsions, a poignant compulsions, a tongue, starstruck debris of edible pansies, augury: congruent dump, mud bone illuminated, impermeable disentangled pollen, flickering flames of perfectly discrepancies of insistently clatter, splashing thigh reflectors nearly alone, The word whistled while shaft, speared speeches, colors, wreaks havoc in moaning, haunt of hell, baize fur hole, nowhere, irresistible imbricated objects genuflecting, glow, core peeled precipice, iridescent night peeking, barest exhausted calculations mingling impulses of light putrefaction, sloshed wilder abscesses: indifferently headlights, astonishing iris flesh, waking rapt, trough, enervating slickster, naked curves, testicles, quartz wound, stammering blunders, mercy

without a tongue, starstruck debris of exacerbated in moaning, haunt of insistently clatter, splashing thigh reflectors nearly alone, The word whistled while trance, motionless the the stimulating delicacy irreducibly dented mud gnawed glory, sublime wires' faintly twitching pronouns being faintly word whistled while shaft, speared speeches, colors, wreaks havoc in the stimulating delicacy irreducibly dented mud bone illuminated, impermeable disentangled pollen, flickering flames of analysis. prettiest startled me tinkering around with bristles, impenetrable sapling's trembling gooey smudges, darkest snout, brained apotropaically dissected flattened love, wingless, drenched, consternation, foreskin flimsy intuitions, utter wetter, distilled taut air decays unlost in water's my adroitly of musky I am in the stimulating delicacy irreducibly dented mud bone illuminated, impermeable disentangled pollen, flickering flames of perfectly discrepancies of exacerbated in moaning, haunt of howitzer, quirky facts rims aloft, honed inculcated darkness. the sorrow's tallow, poignant as I touched particles uniquely dissenting, toppled blood, rusted prettily whistles while shaft, speared speeches, colors, wreaks havoc in water's my uselessly shining manure, eye lunatic, clutter exalting sop, swirl, mouthharp, hard stunned slanting, pleasures of lacy glancing off the textualloyic, the disgrace of exacerbated in the stimulating delicacy irreducibly dented mud gnawed glory, sublime wires' faintly twitching pronouns being faintly twitching pronouns being faintly twitching pronouns being faintly twitching pronouns being faintly twitching pronouns being faintly twitching pronouns being faintly word whistled while shaft, speared speeches, colors, wreaks havoc in the textualloyic, the disgrace of rough forgotten wool's moist fricative's jawbone. muzzle, my adroitly of skin, infectious holes, rattling the stimulating delicacy irreducibly dented mud gnawed glory, sublime wires' faintly twitching pronouns being faintly twitching pronouns being faintly twitching pronouns being faintly twitching pronouns being faintly word "decay" entering, quavering cock I touched particles uniquely dissenting, toppled blood, rusted prettily whistles while shaft, speared speeches, colors, wreaks havoc in love with bristles, impenetrable sapling's trembling gooey smudges, darkest snout, brained apotropaically dissected flattened love, wingless, drenched, consternation, foreskin flimsy intuitions, utter wetter, distilled taut headlines, drips of only inches within me. coiling, melting innate come what may came, bud, burst spines outcry interruptions Lustrous strictures, petiole grovelling, compulsions, a poignant compulsions, entangling, irritating: belching, diminishing, pissing: taut headlines, drips of semen, burnt pink, frenzied ache, purged occurrences of exacerbated in the disgrace of edible pansies, augury: congruent dump, mud bone illuminated, impermeable disentangled pollen, flickering flames of hell, baize fur hole, nowhere, irresistible imbricated objects genuflecting, glow, core peeled precipice, iridescent night peeking, barest exhausted calculations mingling impulses heliotropic scents.

**1135. — Juliana Spahr** *18 Jan 2005* ↑ **Register**
*act art--suzanne lacy and unique holland @ mills college 1/27*

ACT ART!

The U.S. and its allies have killed 17,000 Iraqi civilians since January 2003. Since 1990, the U.S. prison population, already the world's largest, has nearly doubled and now exceeds 2 million. California has built 23 prisons and just one university since 1980. Last year, federal investigators found a toxic rocket fuel chemical in almost all of more than 200 samples of lettuce and milk collected nationwide. 23% of Wal-Mart Supercenter customers live on incomes of less than $25,000 a year. WHAT NOW?

Start the conversation. A series of performances, readings and dialogues with artist-activists. All events FREE on the Mills Campus.

KICK OFF EVENT: CODE 33 Revisited and CITY OF DREAMS, a slide show by Oaklandish

Thursday, January 27 7:00-8:30 p.m. @ the Mills College Art Museum

OUTSIDE THE MUSEUM: Local collective Oaklandish (http://www.oaklandish.com/) presents digital slide projections from City of Dreams, an Oakland retrospective with 130

images celebrating folk personalities from the arts and sciences, activists for civil liberty, politicians and athletes.

INSIDE THE MUSEUM: Artists Suzanne Lacy and Unique Holland revisit CODE 33, (http://www.suzannelacy.com/1990soakland_code33_policy.htm) a three-year project intended to reduce police hostility toward youth and increase youth participation in their communities.

Named after the police radio code for “emergency, clear the radio waves,” CODE 33 utilized multiple strategies, including art workshops for 350 Oakland youth, presentations at neighborhood Crime Prevention Councils, a mass media campaign and a youth-adult artist team who designed and produced the CODE 33 performance. See footage from the performance and hear how the project continues to impact the artists, youth, teachers, administrators and police officers who made it happen.

Suzanne and Unique will be joined in dialogue by a panel of CODE 33 participants, including:

Sheila Jordan (Alameda County Superintendent of Schools) Chris Johnson (Artist) Jackie Johnson (Oakland Youth) Arnold Perkins (Alameda County Dept of Health Director) Sara Chavez (Former Youth) Hugh Kidd (Oakland Police Officer) Jidan Koon (Youth Advocate)

FOR MORE INFO: http://activatingthelocal.squarespace.com/ or call

Coming up in the ACT ART series . . .

FEBRUARY 24, Mills Hall Living Room, 7:00-8:30 Tijuana poet and writer Heriberto Yèpez

MARCH 17, Mills Hall Living Room, 7:00-8:30 Gaye Chan and Nandita Sharma, Historic Waikiki

APRIL 14, Lisser Theater, Mills College, 7:00-8:30 The Yes Men

ACT ART is funded in part by the James Irvine Foundation, the Contemporary Writers Series, Poets & Writers, Inc. through a grant it has received from the Hearst Foundation, and 'A 'A Arts.

**1136. — Pierre Joris** *19 Jan 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Steve Lacy Memorial*

Should you be in, on or around the NYC premises tonight:

Poets' Memorial for Steve Lacy Wednesday, 8:00pm

A memorial for and tribute to the great and most literary of jazz musicians, Steve Lacy, who died of liver cancer in June of last year, age 69. Born in New York in 1934, Lacy rescued the soprano sax from almost total disuse in 1950 and, in the ensuing decades, made the instrument uniquely his own while simultaneously expanding its possibilities. Tonight’s readers and performers include Irene Aebi, Juini Booth, William Corbett, Robert Creeley, Douglas Dunn, Suzanne Frecon, John Giorno, Pierre Joris, Daniel Kelpfer, James Koller, Ruth Lepson, Nicole Peyrafitte, and Roswell Rudd, among others.

**1137. — Pierre Joris** *19 Jan 2005* ↑ **Register**

& forgot to say that the actual premises in nyc are

The Poetry Project At St Marks Church 131 E. 10th St., New York, NY 10003

“*http://www.albany.edu/~joris/*
==========”

**1138. — steve dalachinsky** *20 Jan 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Poetry as a Foreign Language*

thank you both mj and richard am a bad tipist( ha) 2 fingers but in the pomes as i told mary intentional awkwardness neither meant to repel or attract just bored and back-stroking and inventing to move public language along pirvitze it a bit cilbups for instance public backward and pluralised

oops another secret lost

school days ( for steve lacy )

anvi(l)
down st germain
river bubble weakly
in a room full o' thrusdays
new beginnings there
a bare jacket in solemn
then begets tough event -

you are gentle/me(a)n(t)
& ocean bubble
tweakly
wheel racing animal-esque
like arrow released from
quiver

2. around the corner the man w/the hand organ

reaches into his bowels
pulls out organs of
light & dark

monkey is cold

3. nephew is laughs -

staircase within endless dawn
a change of clime hats

snowfall thru horizontal window
i am as movie
humanful & filled with the intuitive -
a change of hats &
climb the shuttle to hallway's projections

i eat my pastrami
snowfall large flakes
of air filling in the side-
walk

4. morning wears different hats

i return to morning always
tho i rarely get to see it

i dwell within my botched skin/
bone being always one of my favorite
words

steve dalachinsky nyc st marks church steve
lacy tribute 1/19/05

**1139.** **— Juliana Spahr** *26 Jan 2005* ↑ **Register**
*act art at mills, oaklandish and suzanne lacy*

A slight change - digital slides from Oaklandish, music, food and drinks will actually start @ 6:30 (promptly)

followed by the 7:00 screening and discussion with Suzanne Lacy, Unique Holland and other collaborators on the CODE 33 project.

Hope to see you there -

ACT ART! Start the conversation. Performances, readings and dialogues by artist-activists.

Thursday, January 27 6:30 reception and OAKLANDISH begins projecting images

7:00 CODE 33 video screening and dialogue @ the Mills College Art Museum

Suzanne and Unique will be joined in dialogue by a panel of CODE 33 participants, including:

Coming up in the ACT ART series . . .

FEBRUARY 24, Mills Hall Living Room, 7:00-8:30 Tijuana poet and writer Heriberto Yèpez

MARCH 17, Mills Hall Living Room, 7:00-8:30 Gaye Chan and Nandita Sharma, Historic Waikiki

**1140. — noah eli gordon** *24 Feb 2005* **↑ Register**
*THIS FRIDAY IN MA*

This Friday, February 25th at 8:00 P.M.

Noah Eli Gordon & Dorothea Lasky

Amherst Books
8 Main Street, Amherst MA

more info:

http://www.amherstbooks.com/Events/eventsfebruary2005.html

Gordon is author of The Frequencies & The Area of Sound Called the Subtone.

Lasky's poems have appeared in 6X6, Blue Mesa Review, Phoebe, Lungfull!, Castagraf & are forthcoming in Boston Review. Two chapbooks, Alphabets and Portraits & Hatmaker's Wife are forthcoming.

Here are a few poems by Dorothea Lasky

The first lesson

Earth and earth make air. Air and air make fire.

Water and fire make Air, fire, and fire

Or fire, air, and fire. Depending on how you look at it.

The house on the edge Was painted in purple.

And there were shells in it And lacy things.

“Stability is a ghost.” he had said to me. We were naked.

But still silence is a globe too Of unhaloed train light.

The light in the street Is made of purple, heather, and finer things.

And the light is yellow. And it takes my time to look at it.

The Sea Goddesses are Pulling in the Shells in Pink and Green

I almost had a run-in with the nurse. It would have been just me and the nurse!

She has a beautiful face I’m sure. You have a beautiful face, but you must know that.

My little animal Coming to me now so clearly.

Everything you do alone Must be made out of wood.

The wood glove of dawn. The wood pies the sun eats

On a luncheon hill With the friends of God

He gets so clearly along with. But why must we stop with economy?

The wood pies of Bernadette Mayer are fancy, too. Even I have known love that was fancy.

But it was for an afternoon and the sun was truly coming in.

The Second Lesson, the Second Appurtenance

In your mouth the soul gapes out. The dogs gape out. The men eat grapes.

In your rib, a bird looks out. The bird is an airbird. Scratch its head.  It is holy.

> In your head is the smallest lion that has ever lived. Take it out and give it air. It is dark and damp in your head. Your brain eats away at the lion.
>
> Outside your body is a set of bleachers. Look across them, but don't look at the people. Trick the men to do sleeping, caress the feet of the women.
>
> For the women are the bodies that will make you come into being. You will not know this for a long time. You will sit stupidly and drink milk.

---

# Ronald Reagan

1911–2004

*28 messages · 19 hands*

*American film actor, governor of California and fortieth president, who left office at seventy-seven and spent his last decade with Alzheimer's disease; he was ninety-three. The notice is a satire from The Assassinated Press, and what follows is the only kind of mourning this list could agree on for this particular death, which was none.*

**1141. — Joe Brennan** *6 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Reagan ---"HE DEAD!" Millions Were Killed In The Making Of This Movie*

Click here: The Assassinated Press Millions Were Killed In The Making Of This Movie: Reagan ---"HE DEAD!" Media Fantasies About Gulping From The Gipper's Zipper: Millions Murdered So Pecker Head, Reagan, Could Live To 93: Through Reagan Americans Explored Their Childlike Passion For Killing Things: "Facts Are Stupid Things." Reagan Controversial Only Because Facts Ignored. Otherwise He Was Just A Murderous Putz. by Gip Wooly and Toorance Id

They hang the man and flog the woman That steal the goose from off the common, But let the greater villain loose That steals the common from the goose.

".....at a time when I am speaking to you about the paradox of desire — in the sense that different goods obscure it — you can hear outside the awful language of power. There's no point in asking whether they are sincere or hypocritical, whether they want peace of whether they calculate the risks. The dominating impression as such a moment is that something that may pass for a prescribed good; information addresses and captures impotent crowds to whom it is poured

forth like a liquor that leaves them dazed as they move toward the slaughter house. One might even ask if one would allow the cataclysm to occur without first giving free reign to this hubbub of voices...."

> **1142. — Stephen Vincent** *8 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
>
> *Reagan as a useful linguistic instrument*
>
> Maybe now's the time to replay those Reagan speeches decrying human rights abuses in the gulags of the Soviet Union (aka, "the Evil Empire.") - neatly matched, of course, with the photos of our man Rumsfeld and the troops fulfilling the Secretary of Defense's personal instructions and orders in the prisons of Afghanistan, Quantanamo, and Iraq.
>
> Maybe - as the current downward spiraling Administration tries to do everything but climb into and hide under the cover of the casket - an honorable way to honor the Chief who this week lies in State?

Or, as a linguistic instrument to keep from getting totally twisted in all of this!

Stephen V

**1143. — Kevin Hehir** *8 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Chomsky on Reagan*

Noam Chomsky on Reagan's Legacy Bush Has Resurrected"The Most Extremist, Arrogant, Violent and Dangerous Elements" of Reagan's White House

*"by Amy Goodman*

*DEMOCRACY NOW - The network and newspaper coverage of the death of Ronald Reagan has brought forth a chorus of praise from Democrats and Republicans alike. Much of the reporting and commentary, under the guise of respecting the dead, has represented a dramatic rewriting of the history of the Reagan years in office.*

*Looking back at the Reagan presidency doesn't mean we actually have to look back. Many of the same people who populated his administration are in the George W. Bush administration as well: James Baker, Elliot Abrams, Paul Wolfowitz, Colin Powell, John Poindexter, John Negroponte, just to name a few.*

*We asked leading dissident Noam Chomsky to reflect on the policies of Reagan's administration during his 8 years in power and Reagan's influence on the current Bush Administration.*

*Note: This is a rush transcript.*

*AMY GOODMAN: Noam Chomsky, can you talk about this, the people that are now running the administration are some of the very people who ran the Reagan administration more than 20 years ago?*

*NOAM CHOMSKY: That's quite true. The Reagan administration is either the same people or their immediate mentors for the most part. I think one can say that the current administration is a selection of the more extremist and arrogant and violent and dangerous elements of the Reagan administration. So on things like - I mean, that is true on domestic and international policy they are, both in the Reagan years and now, they are committed to dismantling the components of the government that serve the general population — social security, public schools and so on and so forth, but in a more extreme fashion now.*

*Partly because they think they have achieved a sort of higher stage from which to launch the attack, and internationally it's pretty obvious. In fact, many of the older Reaganites and Bush, number one people have been concerned, even appalled by the extremism of the current administration in the international domain. That's why there was unprecedented elite criticism of the national security strategy and the implementation in Iraq - narrow criticism, but significant. So, yes, they're there, in fact, you cannot — some of the examples are remarkable, including the ones that you mentioned. And very timely they picked Negroponte, who of course has just been appointed, the new ambassador to Iraq where he will head the biggest diplomatic mission in the world.*

*The pretense is that we need this huge diplomatic mission to transfer full sovereignty to Iraqis and that's so close to self-contradiction that you have to admire commentators who sort of pretend not to notice what it means, also to overlook, consciously, what his role was in the Reagan administration. He also provided — he was an ambassador in the Reagan years, ambassador to Honduras where he presided over the biggest C.I.A. station in the world, and the second largest embassy in Latin America, not because Honduras was of any particular significance to the U.S., but because he was responsible for supervising the bases from which the U.S. mercenary army was attacking in Nicaragua, and which ended up practically destroying it.*

*By now, Nicaragua is lucky to survive a few generations. That was one part of the massive international terrorist campaign that the Reaganites carried out in the 1980's under the pretense they were fighting a war on terror. They declared a war on terror in 1981 with pretty much the same rhetoric that they used when they re-declared it in September 2001. It was a murderous terrorist war. It devastated Central America, had horrendous effects elsewhere in the world. In the case of Nicaragua, it was so extreme that they were condemned by the World Court, by two supporting Security Council Resolutions that the U.S. had to veto, after which, of course, they rejected the court judgment and then escalated the war to the point where finally the effects were extraordinary.*

*By the analysis of their own specialists, the per capita deaths in Nicaragua would be comparable to about 2.5 million in the United States, which as they have pointed out is greater than the total number of casualties in all U.S. wars, including the Civil War and all wars in the 20th century, and what's left of the society is a wreck. Since the U.S. took over again, it's gone even more downhill. Now the second poorest in the hemisphere after Haiti and not coincidentally, the second major target of U.S. intervention in the 20th century after Haiti, which is first.*

*The recent health administration statistics show that about 60% of children under two are suffering from severe anemia caused by malnutrition and probable brain damage. Costa Rica, the United States is trying to - doing enough low-level work so that they can send back some remittances to keep the families alive. It's a real victory. You can understand why Colin Powell and others are so proud of it. But Negroponte was charge of it in the first half the decade directly, and in the second half more indirectly in the State Department and National Security staff where he was Powell's adviser.*

*And now he is — he is supposed to undertake the same role and similar role in Iraq. He was called in Nicaragua "The Proconsul," and the "Wall Street Journal" was honest enough to run an article in which they headlined "Modern Proconsul" on which they mentioned his background in Nicaragua without going into it much and said, yes he will be the proconsul of Iraq. Now, that's a direct continuity, but there's a lot more than that. What you mentioned is correct. Elliot Abrams is an extreme case. I mean, he's now the head of the Middle East section of the National Security Council.*

*He was — as you know, he was sentenced for lying to Congress. He got a presidential pardon, but he was one of the most — he was in charge in the State Department of the Central American atrocities, and on the Middle East, he is way out at the extreme end of the spectrum. This does reflect the — in a way the continuity of policies, but also the shift towards extremism within that continuity.*

*AMY GOODMAN: There was a very little critical comment about President Reagan this weekend on his death perhaps explained by his death, what happens when a person dies, and what people say or perhaps also because there is a kind of rewriting of history that has been going on. But one of the few people who were quoted in the mainstream media was the Mexican foreign minister, Jorge — the former Mexican Jorge Castenada, whose father served as foreign minister as well in 1979 to 1982 who said Reagan was extremely unpopular in Mexico when he was president because of his policies in Central America, and what was viewed in Mexico as a Mexico-bashing campaign over drug trafficking. Reagan's involvement in Nicaragua and El Salvador, viewed in Mexico, he said was unwarranted meddling that was "interventionist, rooted in cold war rivalries and disrespectful of international law." Castenada conditioned, "not only were his policies viewed negatively, but he pressured Mexico enormously to change its foreign policies."*

*NOAM CHOMSKY: That's correct. Casteneda is being diplomatic. He's understating with regard to the international law and with regard to the intervention. It was - it ended up with a couple hundred thousand people being killed and four countries ruined. And even the world - the US - the people now in office in Washington have the unique honor of being the only ones in the world who have been condemned by the World Court for international terrorism. That's a little more than what he said, but that's what he's aiming at. The unpopularity continues. The latest figures show that this George Bush, number two, latest Latin American figures, among Latin American elites, the ones who tend to be more supportive of the United States, I think it was about close to 90% opposition throughout the hemisphere and approximately, if I remember, 98% opposition to him in Mexico.*

*But to be accurate, we should say that this goes way back. So, John F. Kennedy was — tried very hard to get Mexico to line up in his anti-Cuba crusade. A famous comment by a Mexican foreign minister when Kennedy tried to convince him that Cuba was to join in the terrorist war against Cuba and the economic embargo strangulation, in fact on the grounds that Cuba was a threat to the security of the hemisphere and the Mexican ambassador said he had to decline, the prime minister had to decline because if he tried to tell people in Mexico that Cuba was a security threat, 40 million Mexicans would die laughing, which is approximately the right answer.*

*Here not so. The one point on which I think Casteneda's comment that you quote is really misleading is when he refers to cold war thinking and rivalries. There were no Russians in Latin America. In fact, the U.S. was trying very hard to bring them in. Take, say, Nicaragua, when the terrorist war against Nicaragua really took off, Nicaragua tried to get some military aid to defend itself. And they went first to European countries, France, others. The Reagan administration put extreme pressure on them not to send military aid because they were desperately eager for Nicaragua to get military aid from Russia or indirectly through Cuba.*

*So they could then present it as a cold war issue. Nicaragua didn't fall into the trap as Guatemala had in 1954, basically the same scenario. So, they didn't get jet planes from Russia to defend their airspace against the U.S. attacks. They had every right to do it, but the responsibility to do it, but they understood the consequences. So, the Reagan administration had to float constant stories about how Nicaragua was getting MIG jets from Russia in order to try to create a cold war conflict. Actually it's very revealing to see the reaction here to those stories.*

*Of course, Nicaragua had every right to do it. The C.I.A. had complete control over Nicaragua's airspace and was using it. It was using it to send communications to the guerrilla army, which was — guerrilla is a funny word for it, computers and helicopters and so on to send them instructions so that they could follow the U.S. command orders to avoid the Sandinista army, the Nicaraguan army and to attack what are called soft targets, undefended civilian targets. It's a country that doesn't have a right to defend its airspace to protect that, I don't know what you can say.*

*So obviously, they are a right to do it, but they didn't. They allowed the U.S. to have control of the airspace and to attack — to use it to attack undefended targets.*

*AMY GOODMAN: Noam Chomsky, you have written about the U.S. as being only country in the world to be convicted in the World Court of terrorism. And this had to do with the bombing of the Nicaraguan harbor, which took place under Reagan. Can you talk about that?*

*NOAM CHOMSKY: Yeah. That, too, is a little misleading. Nicaragua was hoping to end the confrontation through legal means, through diplomatic means.*

*AMY GOODMAN: I mean the mining of the harbor.*

*NOAM CHOMSKY: Yes, the mining of the harbors. They decided to — they asked a legal team headed by a very distinguished American international lawyer, A. Chayes, professor of law at Harvard who had long government service, and that legal team decided to construct an extremely narrow case. So, they kept to matters that were totally uncontroversial, as the U.S. conceded like the mining of the harbors, but it was only a toothpick on a mountain. They picked the narrowest point in the hope that they could get a judgment from the World Court, which would lead the United States to back off from the whole international terrorist campaign, and they did win a judgment from the court, which ordered the U.S. to terminate any actions, any violent actions against Nicaragua, which went way beyond mining of the harbors.*

*That was the least of it. So, yes, that was the narrow content of the court decision, although, if you read the decision, the court decision that goes well beyond, they're all conscious of the much wider terrorist campaign, but the Harvard - the Chayes run legal team didn't bring it up for good reasons. Because they didn't want any controversy at the court hearings about the facts. There was no controversy about that, since it was conceded. However, it should be read as a much broader indictment, and a very important one. I mean, the term that was used by the court was "unlawful use of force," which is the technical term for the informal notion, international terrorism.*

*There's no legal definition of international terrorism in the international domain. So I bet it was in effect a condemnation of international terrorism over a much broader domain. However, we should bare in mind, it's important for us, that horrible as the Nicaragua war was, it wasn't the worst. Guatemala and El Salvador were worse. I suggest that in Nicaragua, the reason was that in Nicaragua, the population at least had an army to defend it. In El Salvador and Guatemala, the terrorist forces attacking the population were the army and the other security forces. There was no one to bring a case to the World Court that can be brought by governments, not by peasants being slaughtered. ...*

*AMY GOODMAN: Professor Chomsky, I wouldn't want to end this discussion without talking about the Reagan years and Africa, particularly southern Africa.*

*NOAM CHOMSKY: Well, the official policy was called "constructive engagement." I recall it during the 1980s, by then there was enormous pressure to end all support for the apartheid government. Congress passed legislation barring trade and aid. The Reagan administration found ways to evade the congressional legislation, and in fact trade with South Africa increased in the latter part of the decade. This is incidentally the period when Collin Powell moved to the position of national security adviser.*

*The U.S. was strongly supporting the apartheid regime directly and then indirectly through allies. Israel was helping get around the embargo. Rather as in Central America where the clandestine terror made use of other states that served as — that helped the administration get around congressional legislation. In the case of South Africa, just look at the rough figures. In Angola and Mozambique, the neighboring countries, in those countries alone, the South African depredations killed about million-and-a-half people and led to some $60 billion in damage during the period of constructive engagement with the u.s. support. It was a horror story. © Copyright 2004 Democracy Now!*"

**1144. — Joe Brennan** *8 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Reagan: Protean Template For Media Bullshit*

Click here: The Assassinated Press Reagan: Protean Template For Media Bullshit: The Immortal Tabula Raza And The Etcha-Sketch President: Reagan: Proof Mental Defectives Do Kill: Is Impeachment Enough ? Or Do We Need A System Of Late Term Chief Executive Eugenics?---The Case Of Ronald Reagan: Don't Bury Reagan. Let's Try Him First.

**1145. — Mark Weiss** *8 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Funeral rites for Reagan*

I've written to George Bush (why does he never answer?) to suggest that the funeral rites for Reagan have been too modest, but it's not too late to make amends. Why not have funeral games, as at the death of Patroclus? Where are the threnodists? Most important, where are

the human sacrifices? The immolation of half the cabinet and the Supreme Court would be more than impressive.

Now I'm concerned that I might have put an idea in their heads that they'll surely screw up—substituting Guantanamo detainees for the cabinet, for starters.

We should all be wearing black armbands, or garters, maybe.

Mark

**1146. — Nathaniel Siegel** *9 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
*angry response to president's death*

To whom it may concern:

Ronald Reagan did not utter the word AIDS for 6 years. He served for 8.

He also dismantled state mental health institutions. Today, if you are rich you can find a place for a loved one suffering from mental illness. If you are poor, the institutions are gone. Try the boomerang method, read: you get to stay in the state hospital as long as your insurance provider allows then back out on the street.

Thank you for nothing. Cowboy.

PS: my favorite incident: reporter shouts to Reagan out on the ranch: "what about the hostages ?" he stares blankly Nancy turns to him in a stage whisper to Ronnie "We are doing the best we can" Ronald then answers the reporter "We are doing the best we can." dummy ? president ? you decide ?

PPS: artistic respone:

the refrain of ACT UP was "silence equals death" I have modified it in honor of the fallen:

"silent , dead"

this spectacle can't be over soon enough for me

Nathaniel

**1147. — Harry Nudel** *9 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Reagan*

I barely remember those yrs I barely remember ystrday

& i was the hippie student Reagan made a career out of

but as Lori sez those were also his kids

I try not to judge

either
anger
or
adulation

look listen...

drn...

**1148. — Craig Allen Conrad** *9 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Nathaniel Siegel your anger cannot be stopped! ////////////*

and why should it be!?

what error did you make in attacking that piece of shit former president?

he is dead, and i am smiling, and not going to apologize.

he has not been a threat for a long while, but it is good he can no longer breathe our delicious air.

let his molecules be the only gift his life could offer in the end, his, now mixing with the thousands and thousands of those dead of AIDS, not to mention the thousands who were murdered in Central and South America during his term.

anger for those who will praise the man to sheild us from our own memories of his tyranny!

Reagan in all his attempts to undermine queer and other deviant communities created a FORCE by doing so, and ACT-UP, being formed, became an emblem for those who went from being afraid of dying, to NOT being afraid of living! indirectly, this union of POWER for really ACTUALLY living, is his gift.

but still, may we one day see his grave defiled. may his grave one day have an outhouse built where his headstone was removed!

rub your eyes, get out of bed, ding dong, the wicked witch is dead!

CAConrad —for THE PHILLY SOUND: New Poetry click here: http://phillysound.blogspot.com/

for the 9for9 project click here: http://poets9for9.blogspot.com/

for BANJO: Poets Talking click here: http://banjopoets.blogspot.com/

"I believe in compulsory cannibalism. If people were forced to eat what they killed there would be no more war." —Abbie Hoffman

"This is a good world... And war shall fail." —Kenneth Patchen

**1149. — mIEKAL aND** *9 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Fwd: [ubuweb] Bern Porter*

Begin forwarded message:

*"Cheers all.*

*Poignant to hear of Bern Porter's passing amidst the rightwing hoopla about Reagan.*

*I was honored, over 30 years ago (! yikes, showing much age here) to publish some of Bern's work in the special issue of TOOTHPICK, LISBON & THE ORCAS ISLANDS that I edited (it was Michael Wiater's magazine out of Seattle) in mid 1973. (A very early collection of proto-so-called language poets, conceptual artists, etc.). And I remember asking him (as I did with everyone I solicited) to send me a very large amount of material which I promised to make immediate decisions about, to select a few pages. I was 25 and didn't know personally any of the people I was publishing — except a few peers through the mail — so I was pleased to get material at all. I remember, for instance, Jackson MacLow sent me about a hundred pages of pieces that were computer-generated. But Porter sent a huge box of photocopies, I'd say 3 or 400 pages in all. It was a grand bounty, completely unexpected. I can only imagine how much unpublished material there is extant now. This is just one miniature part of the intersection of the continuing avant-garde with all of us (okay, I exaggerate) youngsters. But somehow evocative of what the situation was like in the early 70s, as the baby-boomers were sizing up the lay of the aesthetic land — & committed to including all manner of radical and uncategorizable work (well beyond works of people like Stein or Zukofsky or Oppen or Eigner or Loy or others who would later sustain academic canonizing efforts). A wonderful heritage of care, attentiveness, and bold adventure."*

**1150. — Mark Weiss** *10 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
*city upon a hill*

In the morass of pious hypocricy with which we're all being bathed, at least in the US, one speaker after another has quoted John Winthrop's great sermon aboard the Arabella, flagship of the Puritan fleet, as it lay at anchor in what would become Boston harbor. There's a long tradition behind this, and behind the conflation of what Winthrop actually meant (it's right there in the words) and the rhetoric of the New Jerusalem, so that the city upon a hill has become the shining city upon the hill. Winthrop used the phrase not as a hope but a warning—that there will be no place to hide. I present the pertinent paragraph below. If we get past the god stuff what's left doesn't read much like the commonwealth that Reagan or his heirs, all of them first-class sons-of-bitches, had in mind—in fact, it sounds a lot more like Eurosocialism. Winthrop, by the way, was one of the architects of American genocide. But hell, he wrote well.

Now the only way to avoid this shipwreck, and to provide for our posterity, is to follow the counsel of Micah, to do justly, to love mercy, to walk humbly with our God. For this end, we must be knit together, in this work, as one man. We must entertain each other in brotherly

affection. We must be willing to abridge ourselves of our superfluities, for the supply of others' necessities. We must uphold a familiar commerce together in all meekness, gentleness, patience and liberality. We must delight in each other; make others' conditions our own; rejoice together, mourn together, labor and suffer together, always having before our eyes our commission and community in the work, as members of the same body. So shall we keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. The Lord will be our God, and delight to dwell among us, as His own people, and will command a blessing upon us in all our ways, so that we shall see much more of His wisdom, power, goodness and truth, than formerly we have been acquainted with. We shall find that the God of Israel is among us, when ten of us shall be able to resist a thousand of our enemies; when He shall make us a praise and glory that men shall say of succeeding plantations, "may the Lord make it like that of New England." For we must consider that we shall be as a city upon a hill. The eyes of all people are upon us. So that if we shall deal falsely with our God in this work we have undertaken, and so cause Him to withdraw His present help from us, we shall be made a story and a by-word through the world. We shall open the mouths of enemies to speak evil of the ways of God, and all professors for God's sake. We shall shame the faces of many of God's worthy servants, and cause their prayers to be turned into curses upon us till we be consumed out of the good land whither we are going.

Mark

**1151. — maxpaul** *10 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Ray Charles - gone*

Let's do a funeral swap with Reagan, Ray Charles lying in state in DC. Maxine Chernoff

Quoting Michael Rothenberg:

*"Long live Raydaddy! Michael R ----- Original Message -----Now that's a grief - wow. Somehow never thought he would go. The sixties, the seventies, where would we have been without him? Georgia, Hit the Road Jack, What did I say.. on an on. Back when the Juke Box was still real. Soul silly as in blessed. RIP Stephen V"*

**1152. — Gloria Frym** *10 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

Right on! Or Oedipus vs. Polonius. Just why do the culpable die before the idiotic guilty?

Gloria Frym

**1153. — Joe Brennan** *11 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
*OneReagan Success Stories---Universal Child Labor For Central Americ*

Click here: The Assassinated Press One Of Reagan's Great Success Stories---Universal Child Labor For Central America: Killing Off Trade Unionists And Rebels Pays Off For U.S. Corporations As Contractors Crack The Whip On Four Year Olds

**1154. — Michael Magee** *11 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Ray Charles - gone*

Quoting:

*"Let's do a funeral swap with Reagan, Ray Charles lying in state in DC. Maxine Chernoff Quoting Michael Rothenberg: Long live Raydaddy! Michael R"*

One of my favorite memories: being backstage at the Newport Jazz Festival a couple years ago — when Ray Charles came down the corridor toward the stage my daughter, 1 1/2 at the time, lunged out and sort of high-fived his lapel. She's almost 4 now; we've got "Tell the Truth" playing and she's dancing around the family room as I type this. -m.

**1155. — AMBogle2** *11 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: FW: Vonnegut*

The day of Reagan's funeral is a good day to read these statements by Vonnegut. My mother has been watching the week's events on TV, rapt. She was NOT a Reaganite before, but I

think Nancy's selflessness as a wife helps to make up in her mind for Clinton's debacle, another event she watched on TV, rapt. Reagan was president when I was 18-26. He won in the first election I could vote. I didn't vote, but I went to campaign speeches in Madison. I would have voted for John Anderson, but people said I would be throwing away my vote, throwing it to Reagan. The worldview (not to mention the policies he enacted, enacted under him) was a throwback to the 1950s and were too conservative, too self-consciously stylized, and too conformist for us. If we are experiencing a backlash now, if times are striving to be very traditional today, it is partly due to the era Reagan ushered in, itself a throwback. While we should not have been reactionary against our own possibilities, the culture of Reagan tempted us to ignore some of those. Corporate culture seems, if anything, less hospitable than it was. It might have been better if we had left college headed for companies, liberal but certain of fitting in somewhere, instead of certain only of finding refuge in schools.

On TV I like the drill team best, the low calls of the officer, "Ho, hoop, hoom, hoop."

Ann Bogle

**1156. — Catherine Daly** *11 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

*FW: A Moment of Silence in honor of former President Reagan*

Ended up posting this &c. to my blog from work today.

http://cadaly.blogspot.com <http://cadaly.blogspot.com/

Hi. I know this might bounce back because I subscribe on both my personal e-mail addresses, but I can't get to those 12 hours a day now.

This is the sort of thing all too common in the less glossy companies (the Countrywide employees are largely working class or of working class background; few are college-educated when they begin employment; few send their children to college) in the private sector that I feel is not only an extraordinary presumption (with its Orwellian "five minute hate" quality), but pernicious — it ultimately degrades political will —perhaps more pernicious than the lack of free speech in the workplace.

All best,
Catherine Daly

This message is being sent to all CFC personnel by Angelo R. Mozilo, Chairman and CEO.

In 1994, former President Ronald Reagan stated, "When the Lord calls me home, whenever that day may be, I will leave with the greatest love for this country of ours and eternal optimism for its future."

Ronald Wilson Reagan was born on February 6, 1911 in the town of Tampico, Illinois. His life's journey took him from his early roots as a lifeguard and athlete to stardom on the silver screen. From 1947 to 1952, and again from 1959 to 1960, Reagan served as president of the Screen Actors Guild. Commencing his first term in office as Governor of California in 1966, Reagan easily won re-election in 1970. In 1980, at the age of 69, Reagan became the 40th President of the United States. Known during his presidency for his supply-side economics in response to the nation's then double-digit inflation and high unemployment rate, Reagan urged the country to "stay the course." The economy rebounded into prosperity, lasting an unparalleled eight years. Winning re-election in 1984, he achieved an unprecedented landslide, capturing victory in 49 states. Fostering a strong relationship with Russian Secretary General Gorbachev, in 1987 the two men signed a treaty to eliminate intermediate-range nuclear missiles. After his departure from the White House in 1988, Reagan continued as the elder statesman of the Republican Party through his last public appearances in 1994.

Tomorrow, Friday, June 11, 2004, has been declared a national day of mourning in honor of former President Reagan. I ask that all CFC employees join me in observing a moment of silence. Each manager should lead the moment with his/her team, which will be observed at precisely 12 noon EDT (11am CDT, 9am PDT), concurrent with the 21-gun salute held in his

honor in Washington, D.C. Please also join me in extending our thoughts and prayers to the Reagan family in their time of grief. Thank you.

**1157. — Stephen Ellis** *12 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Anger on Reagan*

The final chapter of Kenneth Anger's Hollywood Babylon II (1984)

Cut off his legs!
- SAM WOOD

Hedda and Louella and everyone in Hollywoold considered Jane and Ronnie the cutest and nicest and happiest young married couple in town. Their divorce in 1949 set off shock waves of disbelief. Curiously enough it was the only divorce in history in which two Warner Bros. movies could have been named as co-respondents. In 1948, Reagan had told Hedda Hopper: "If this comes to a divorce, I think I'll name Johnny Belinda co-respondent." Wyman's star was rising higher and higher; his was plummetting. She had an Oscar, he didn't. Wyman won her Academy Award for her superb performance as a deaf-mute in Jean Negulesco's 1949 Johnny Belinda. Once, when the couple was dining out, the waiter turned to Reagan and asked: "And what will Mister Wyman have?"

The only sensitive and meaty performance of Reagan's entire film career was as amputee Drake McHugh in Sam Wood's 1942 King's Row. It was his all-time favorite movie. He inflicted the picture, time and again, on dinner guests at their house. Wyman remarked: "I just couldn't watch that damned King's Row any more." During the divorce proceedings, she contented herself with testifying that we was too absorbed in politics.

Our First Couple met cute - significantly, in a political context. Reagan first met the prudish and conservative young actress Nancy Davis when he helped her clear herself of the suspicion of Communist affiliations. Her name had turned up on the witch-hunter's lists. At that time, Reagan was the liberal President of the Screen Actor's Guild. Their first date took place when he invited her to dinner and informed her that she had been cleared - it was another Nancy Davis who was listed as a Commie. They continued dating. The following year, Nancy gave the most uplifting performance of her tiny film career when, as the pregnant housewife in The Next Voice You Hear, she heard the voice of God on the radio. The next logical step was to marry Ronald Reagan. They were wed in 1952.

Ronnie is getting mighty fed up on those swell guy roles he's been getting. He wants to play a meanie for a change. - RUTH ROMAN, Movieland, April, 1950

Ronnie had been a leftish Democrat during his early career; if he became a Republican, and has since proven himself the country's most right-wing President since McKinley, the thanks may be in large part due to Nancy. Patricia Neal, who starred with him in three films at Warner's, opined: "When I knew Reagan he was very liberal. And I think he was liberal until he met his present wife."

Nancy regarded her stepfather, the Chicago surgeon Dr. Loyal Davis, as her real father. This gentleman is said to have been "intolerant of minorities." When Nancy was in Chicago in 1980 for a campaign fundraiser, she spoke to her husband on an amplified phone hook-up and told him, while the assembled press listened, how much she wished he could be there, to "see all these beautiful white people."

The only premiere I can think of this month was Bedtime for Bonzo at the Carthay Circle which was somewhat marred by the accidental death of its chimpanzee star the day before. - GRACE FISCHLER, Motion Picture, June 1951

Subsequent to his second marriage, Reagan's career was confined to a handful of B turkeys. In 1954, he began a new career on television. Ann Sheridan says: "I remember Ronnie telling all of us not to join TV because it was the enemy of the movies. Next thing, he was on G.E. with his contact lenses reading the commercials." In 1961, he spoke at a fundraiser for the re-election to Congress of John Rousselot of the John Birch Society. In 1962, Reagan became a full-fledged Republican. That same year, he was fired from the General Electric Theatre

because his off-the-tube political speeches were too far to the right even for that company's comfort.

He was a silly young kid. Everyone called him Little Ronnie Reagan.
- BETTE DAVIS

After his election as Governor of California, he promptly fired two of his staff members at Sacramento when he learned that they were gay. Reagan considers homosexuality "a tragic illness" which should remain illegal. "In the Bible," he told author Robert Scheer, "it says that in the eyes of the Lord, this is a great abomination." In the eyes of many Californians, his career as Governor was an even greater one.

When the Reagans set up housekeeping in the White House, they removed the portrait of Harry Truman, replaced it with Calvin Coolidge, and, affairs of state permitting, set about inviting globs of Old Hollywood Cronydom to drop in and dine off Nancy's fancy Graustarkian plates. The wizened happy few have included Charlton (Moses) Heston, Jimmy Stewart, gung-ho tough-tittie anti-Commie Ginger Rogers, Shirley Temple, and Claudette (Cleopatra) Colbert, who was said to be among the first to advise the President to invade Grenada—she was far from delighted at the propect of an island full of Reds so near to her palatial Barbados estate. When President Ronnie calls, the old glamor pusses jump: ex-Democrat Frank Sinatra, Audrey Hepburn, and that evergreen ski-nosed pillar of reaction, Bob Hope. (One pious old star caused a tizzy when her colostomy can, concealed in the folds of her evening gown, set off security alarms.) It's a bit like the last volume of Proust, The Past Recaptured, in which all of the appealing creatures we had previously met in their younger heydays reappear at a party—as barely recognizeable gargoyles.

Reagan is a major concern. I think we're headed for disaster . . . . I listen to a Reagan speech and want to throw up. - HENRY FONDA, Playboy, Dec. 1981

Alexis Smith enjoyed the signal honor of being the sole emissary from Tinseltown at an October 1982 White House State Dinner in honor of President Suharto of Indonesia. Alexis dined on beef bearnaise and molded pear sherbet, breaking bread with the statesman whose regime established itself by means of execution of an estimated half-million human beings, whose Death Squads have summarily killed over 4,000 inhabitants of his capital in recent months, and who is practicing genocide in East Timor.

I never worked with Ronald Reagan. I'm not happy he's President. I was willing to give him a chance, but he's destroying everything now I've lived my life for. -MYRNA LOY, Legends of the Silver Screen, 1982

The ingratiating star of Swing Your Lady and The Cowboy from Brooklyn has slashed government programs that benefitted the poor, depriving thousands of the country's underpriviledged children, so we can afford more nuclear bombs, while his cuts in corporate taxation have ensured that his rich supporters will get richer. His anti-environmental stance has made his the most "toxic" administration in American history. (In a 1979 radio speech, Reagan maintained that most air pollution is caused, not by chimneys or auto exhasuts, but by plants and trees.)

He has shattered the detente carefully built up by previous administrations and reinstated Uncle Sam as the world's policeman, using the CIA to foment war against Nicaragua; he instituted an unprecedented stifling of the press during his invasion of Grenada.

He has insulted vast numbers of loyal citizens by reiterating that the anti-nuclear power movement is communist inspired. His "devil theories" on the Soviet Union have put us on a collision course with Russia. In the light of his appalling nuclear policy, the titles of several of his movies take on a peculiarly somber afterglow---Accidents Will Happen, The Killers, Dark Victory, and Nine Lives Are Not Enough. Hollywood Babylon is moribund, dead, defunct, croaked, crowbait, finito, Kaput, Kaputissimo!---with Reagaan at the helm, we're already watching the trailer of the ultimate picture show: Hollywood Armegeddon.

**1158. — Stephen Vincent** *12 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Nancy Reagan, and the humor of Ronnie*

I cant say how many therapist friends I have spoken to this week who have described the amount of Reagan nausea that has come into their offices. I don't want to think this is a purely California experience though our memories of this red baiting, race baiting, anti-University, anti-public support of anything Governor do go back further than the list of things he did for the benefit of the national corporate dribble up rich and the right wing (though he brought many of his California cronies - Ed Meese and Cap Weinberger - among them to Washington.) Instead of Iraq being 45 minutes away from bombing the USA and Europe into oblivion it was those Communist Sandanista's who were a 90 minute or whatever drive from wiping out Texas. Of course, many of the sons of Ron - Negroponte, etc. - in Bush's brains today.

So we get the funeral with the 300 page Reagan Estate manual in which ex Senator Danforth (who brought us all on his prayer full knees the Supreme Court appointment of Clarence Thomas) is the minister, capped off by Maggie Thatcher's elevation of Ronnie to the Prince of Peace, doing everything but making the claim that our actor had become Jesus reclaimed.

Of course the Bush Administration supported and maximized the final rites in which they (too) could be immersed in this do no wrong to no man Christian halo - don't we all look beautiful in the radiance of God. Which was - at least from this perspective - one hell of a way to put a religious missile shield between this leadership and the ever growing, transparent relationship to the torture of prisoners in Quantanamo, Iraq and Afghanistan. Of course, those aren't Christians and so, what say, not to worry. Personally, if I were them - looking at the polls, let alone the investigations - I would be worrying a lot.

Please excuse my rant, but what an ill making week!

Stephen Vincent

*"Now that Nancy Reagan has become our national Queen Godmother, a few notes for those not old enough to remember.*

*Ronnie and Nancy presented themselves as the embodiment of American family and moral values. She was, however, pregnant when they got married. No scandal there except for the hypocricy.*

*The first act of Ronnie's adminsitration was Nancy ordering a couple of hundred thousand dollars of new tableware for the White House. A small sum, but at the time, during a recession, and at the debut of a self-declared fiscal conservative, it seemed anodd symbol.*

*It's the custom of First Ladies to wear in public the creations of American couture houses, to advertize the industry. The couturiers lend them for the purpose—the gowns usually go for many thousands. Nancy decided not to return them, until there was a public outcry from the industry.*

*Ronnie's appointment schdule was determined by Nancy's astrologer.*

*Now to the presidential humor. George Bush Sr. got a laugh at the cathedral when he recounted that he asked*

*Ronnie how a meeting had gone with South African Bishop Tutu. "Soso," Ronnie answered. Of course at the meeting Tutu pleaded with Ronnie to have the US join the rest of the world's democracies in imposing sanctions on the South African apartheid regime. To no avail. Does this add to the humor?*

*Mark"*

**1159. — Alan Sondheim** *12 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

The only good thing is that this happened early, way before the election. The ruckus and fuss will die down.

Reagan and the Bushes are close to one and the same but Reagan did it

**1160. — maxpaul** *13 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

Speaking of the Prince of Peace, I've been waiting all weekend for Ronnie to rise from the dead. Maxine Chernoff

**1161. — Mark Weiss** *13 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

My timing may be off, Maxine. Wasn't he buried just yesterday? Which means he doesn't rise till Tuesday.

Unless somebody remembered to put a stake through his heart, of course.

I imagine that the former presidents at the Cathedral were taking notes of does and don'ts for their own obsequies.

Mark

**1162. — Maria Damon** *13 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

Oh Please, God, No. There have been many movies about that, in fact it's a whole genre, called the Horror Movie. In fact his regime could be called the prolonged night of the living dead.

**1163. — maxpaul** *13 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

I thought a "cowboy" such as he might rise more quickly.

**1164. — Roger Day** *14 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

The gipper redux: http://bush-zombiereagan.com/

Sent by: UB Poetics <POETICS@LISTSERV.BUFFALO.EDU>
To: discussion group
cc:
Subject: Re: Nancy Reagan, and the humor of Ronnie

"*Thatcher's elevation of Ronnie to the Prince of Peace, doing everything*"

**1165. — Rachel Loden** *14 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

*reagan ascending into hollywood (redux)*

My Angels, Their Pink Wings

Who, if I pitched a hissy fit, would even blink a powdered eyelid
among the angelic orders? The night sky is indifferent and glittery with facts.
A third millennium giddily boots up and Lenin, firm and pliant
from his glycerine bath, waits for kisses in the glass sarcophagus. But I too
wish to call a meeting of the Committee for the Deathless Beauty
of the Tsar, the standing Congress for the Recarnation of the President. I too
wish to lie in state inside the Hall of Pillars, in the echoes of the Capitol
Rotunda, cooing to my tricky one, crooning to my trembling Republic.

http://jacketmagazine.com/16/ov-lode.html

Rachel Loden

**1166. — Mark Weiss** *14 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Nancy Reagan, and the humor of Ronnie*

At cock's crow, Max, at cock's crow. The next sound you hear will be the rolling away of the stone.

**1167. — Kevin Hehir** *2 Jul 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Reagan Pyramid Nears Completion (The Onion)*

The Onion - June 29, 2004 http://www.theonion.com

Reagan Pyramid Nears Completion

SIMI VALLEY, CA—Slave manpower was doubled this week in an effort to ensure that erection of the gigantic Reagan Pyramid remains on schedule to be completed in time for the 40th president's mummification and ascension into the Afterworld.

Swift completion of the towering structure is "of paramount priority," according to Republican Party insiders.

"Only the most gigantic tomb ever created will be worthy of the Great Communicator," former Reagan Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger said. "As his mortal subjects, it is our holy duty to provide Reagan with a burial commensurate with his stature, in order that he may enter the Realm of Death bedecked with raiments and honors so that he may take his rightful place beside the mighty Sun God, Ra."

According to project overseer and Reagan Attorney General Edwin Meese, the 118,000-ton pyramid, which is visible from a distance of more than 40 miles and has already cost the lives of some 50,000 slaves, will serve not only as Reagan's conduit to the Empire of the Gods, but also as an earthly repository of the deified Republican's vast wealth.

"Buried with Reagan will be his finest treasures," Meese said, "including 2,500 MX intercontinental ballistic missiles, 15 stealth bombers, a golden chalice of jelly beans, and his most prized servant, former president George Bush Sr."

Bush told reporters, "It is my honor and duty to have my sinus passages ceremonially packed with sand before my still-living, pain-racked body is forever locked with my leader's within the Great Reagan's final resting place. Let us all praise Osiris."

Reagan's mummified husk will be placed in the burial chamber as intact as possible. To this end, Reagan's internal organs were removed shortly after his death and preserved, encased in ornate protective ceramic vessels and sealed in beeswax.

"This is the spleen that brought down the Evil Russian Empire," Reagan Chief of Staff James Baker said, holding aloft several of Reagan's just-removed innards. "And these are the lungs that ended the Great Iran Hostage Crisis, caused by his weak predecessor, Carter I. Hail Reagan."

According to reports, the massive burial monument staggers the imagination of all who behold it in its sheer splendor and majesty. Exquisite engravings, inlaid with gold and silver leaf and precious jewels, depict the cycle of the Reaganic Creation Myth, with the deified Reagan symbolically castrated by his mother, giving birth to the sun and moon, and then being dismembered by Set, his scattered bodily fragments forming the stars of the night sky.

Despite the great sanctity of its Inner Chamber, the Reagan Pyramid may attract Hittite raiders bent on desecrating it and robbing it of its vast treasuries of gold, jewels, fine dyed cloth, rare Hollywood movie stills, and a parchment from A.D. 1982 depicting a $1.3 trillion Defense Department budget increase.

"Thieves and infidels must not violate the Great Reagan's sanctity!" Reagan high-priest Michael Deaver said. "All those who tread these halls without the Seven Keys of Sununu will die victims of the dreaded Curse of Reagan's Tomb!"

He later added, "Mwah ha ha ha ha!"

The tomb will also be protected from Hittite marauders by a fleet of overhead stealth bombers, biological and chemical warfare installations surrounding its base, and a $200 billion orbital "Star Wars" defense system.

Though the tomb itself will be off-limits to all non-divine earthly beings, the general public will be allowed access to a nearby altar and a bronze idol of Reagan, where Republican pilgrims may come to worship the former president and petition his intervention in prayer.

A gigantic statuary portrait of the president, standing more than 100 feet high, will also gaze down on worshippers from a gigantic pedestal adorned with the inscription, "I Am Ronald Wilson Reagan, King Of Kings. Look On My Works, Ye Mighty, And Despair."

**1168.** **— Ishaq** *4 Jul 2004* **↑ Register**
*on the 4th u lie (4th of july) {poem}*

on the 4th u lie (4th of july) {poem}
To all sisters and brothers who can see the farce of july...
one love,
cesar a. cruz - teolol

on the 4th u lie (4th of july)
dedicated to the truthsayer Phil Goldvarg (r.i.p.)

warning: the america we currently live in may deem anything that
questions itself unpatriotic and deem it as a terrorist threat under the
patriot act

suggestion: read it loud, scream it

on the 4th of july
you tell more than just 4 lies
passing off
reagan as a hero
is america suffering
stage 3 of alzheimer's
or did we forget bloodshed
in south central america
by u.s. trained contras
while
nancy told us to
'just say no'
and her husband
was bringing in more coke
with his new best friend noriega
now that's no joke

on this 4th of july
you tell more than just 4 lies
claiming you
brought democracy to iraq
yet all they've seen is body bags
as you jack
their oil their lives
and at home tell us
red white & blue lies

it must be easy
making everyone pledge allegiance
from kinder to 12th grade
while recruiting killers
in preschool
with army dot com videogames
you getting' desperate
and we see it

see on this 4th of july
we can see through your lies

you play
patriot games
with americans
making us believe
our vote matters
when democrat or republican

> the rich run the country
> while the poor die defending it
>
> america needs poverty
> and wants poverty
> america needs homelessness
> and wants homelessness
> america yearns for skid row
> and needs skid row
> cuz' without it
> there wouldn't be people
> desperate enough to
> take anything you dish out
> and not revolt
> we would be desperate enough
> to live in slums
> to eat out of trashcans
> to work to be a slave
> to be in debt to visa
> to be the prostitute of the i.r.s.
> to accept crumbs
> to be a second class citizen
> or even an illegal alien
> to kill in your name
> to die in your name
> to be slave in your name
>
> but not in my name
>
> see america
> on this 4th of july
> we can see through ur' lies
> and no matter how pretty
> is the disguise
> or how high the fireworks rise
> i pray and build
> for your demise
>
> i say it again
> i pray and build
> for your demise
> and for the truth to rise
> . . .
> césar a. cruz- teolol,
> 2004, on the 4th of ur lies
>
> peep more at www.CesarCruz.com/ <http://www.CesarCruz.com/>
>
> <http://us.rd.yahoo.com/mail_us/taglines/mobile/*http://mobile.yahoo.com/maildemo> Get it on your mobile phone.

# Bern Porter

1911–2004

*9 messages · 3 hands*

*American physicist who worked on the Manhattan Project and on the Saturn V, repudiated the first after Hiroshima, and spent the rest of a long life making* Founds *— single-page collages cut from advertisements, manuals and charts; he published Henry Miller and Kenneth Patchen, and ran a school for drop-outs in Belfast, Maine. He was ninety-three. The notice runs the life together into one unpunctuated clause — the atomic bomb, the leaving of it, the money spent on Hiroshima — and then stops. mIEKAL aND answered with a bibliography.*

**1169. — Craig Allen Conrad** *8 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

*poet BERN PORTER dead at 93*

Bern Porter died yesterday morning at the age of 93 in his home in Belfast, Maine

his extraordinary life, from helping to build the atomic bomb, to leaving the project when he realized what he was doing, to spending every last penny he owned to help rebuild Nagasaki and Hiroshima...to never touching numbers again. to turning the angle to poetry, for life.

when Sheila Holtz first moved to Maine to edit the bi-monthly Bern Porter International, an old friend of mine was upset about Sheila's decision. he had no interest in reading Porter's poems or reading his magazine, "just THINK of all those lives destroyed because of his work! fuck his poetry!" but i disagreed then, and will always disagree with that argument.

at one point Sheila Holtz and i spoke of possibly interviewing Bern for PhillySound, but Bern was phobic and ignorant of technology, deliberately so after WWII

in fact he never quite understood that when i called his house in Maine to speak to Sheila, that i was paying for the call, and he'd yell, "THIS IS COSTING ME DAMMIT!" and he'd hang up on me. sometimes it took me more than a week to get ahold of Sheila.

this is not something i'm sharing in order to laugh at Bern. i'm telling it because the man was a genius, but because of the greed and power in some men in this world, this genius was used in ways the man had never intended, and left him sick with its results, to shun his own intellect of numbers...

with the story of Bern Porter, no one need ever wonder again what the strength of poetry can be

here are some online links to his work, and life:

http://www.ubu.com/historical/porter/porter.html

http://www.patsfallgraphics.com/pages/porter.html

http://www.phys.psu.edu/~endwar/porter.html

http://www.mainepoetry.com/bern.html

http://www.phys.psu.edu/~endwar/porter2.html

http://www.getty.edu/research/conducting_research/finding_aids/porter.html

http://www.xraybookco.com/chapbooks/chapbooks_bern.html

—for THE PHILLY SOUND: New Poetry click here: http://phillysound.blogspot.com/

for the 9for9 project click here: http://poets9for9.blogspot.com/

for BANJO: Poets Talking click here: http://banjopoets.blogspot.com/

"I believe in compulsory cannibalism. If people were forced to eat what they killed there would be no more war." —Abbie Hoffman

"This is a good world... And war shall fail." —Kenneth Patchen

**1170. — mIEKAL aND** *8 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Fwd: Bern Porter( February 14, 1911-June 7, 2004)*

Begin forwarded message:

*"sad news... Bern Porter passed away peacefully in his sleep about 4am, this Monday morning. May he rest in peace. Thank you for your responses. I do not know what is happening about burial, etc at this time."*

**1171. — mIEKAL aND** *8 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: poet BERN PORTER dead at 93*

As well as publishing a number of his books including the infamous LAST ACTS OF SAINT FUCK YOU, XEXOXIAL EDITIONS has a book of interviews called HOLD ON TO YOUR HAT at the printer. Interviews by mIEKAL aND, Dick Higgins, & Phobrek Hei & some great photography of him at his home by Amy Hufnagel. Should be available in about a month or so. I'll try to post a few excerpts over the next few days.

mIEKAL

**1172. — Joel A Lipman** *8 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

Spiders — Before it's scrubbed clean, assuming that will happen, if you can go to Belfast and walk through Bern's yard, his outside gallery, you will find yet another astounding expression of his life and integration of SciArt and founds. I have about 30 non-digital photographs of objects taken there about 5 years ago, preparation for a documentary book that never was completed.

Bern was unique. I had the good fortune to visit him in Belfast a few times, sponsor him in Toledo and open my home to him. A complex artist and one who's story will be difficult to adequately capture in this wasteful, petty, acquisitive culture. He changed my life. Joel

**1173. — mIEKAL aND** *9 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Fwd: [ubuweb] Bern Porter*

Begin forwarded message:

*"Cheers all.*

*Poignant to hear of Bern Porter's passing amidst the rightwing hoopla about Reagan.*

*I was honored, over 30 years ago (! yikes, showing much age here) to publish some of Bern's work in the special issue of TOOTHPICK, LISBON & THE ORCAS ISLANDS that I edited (it was Michael Wiater's magazine out of Seattle) in mid 1973. (A very early collection of proto-so-called language poets, conceptual artists, etc.). And I remember asking him (as I did with everyone I solicited) to send me a very large amount of material which I promised to make immediate decisions about, to select a few pages. I was 25 and didn't know personally any of the people I was publishing — except a few peers through the mail — so I was pleased to get material at all. I remember, for instance, Jackson MacLow sent me about a hundred pages of pieces that were computer-generated. But Porter sent a huge box of photocopies, I'd say 3 or 400 pages in all. It was a grand bounty, completely unexpected. I can only imagine how much unpublished material there is extant now. This is just one miniature part of the intersection of the continuing avant-garde with all of us (okay, I exaggerate) youngsters. But somehow evocative of what the situation was like in the early 70s, as the baby-boomers were sizing up the lay of the aesthetic land — & committed to including all manner of radical and uncategorizable work (well*

*beyond works of people like Stein or Zukofsky or Oppen or Eigner or Loy or others who would later sustain academic canonizing efforts). A wonderful heritage of care, attentiveness, and bold adventure.*”

**1174. — mIEKAL aND** *10 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
*DOWNLOAD THE LAST ACTS OF SAINT FUCK YOU*

Help Celebrate the Life & Art of Bern Porter (1911-2004)

Download this & perform this text for any audience that will listen.

The Last Acts of Saint Fuck You by Bern Porter (originally published by Xerox Sutra Editions , 1985)

from the book:

O

The obfuscating of patrons The obligating of commoners The obsessing of jealots The obtunding of blades The occuring of misfortunes The orginating of grievances The overriding of objections

http://www.xexoxial.org/xerotronic_archives/

**1175. — Craig Allen Conrad** *16 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
*A Moment Of Bern Porter You Might Have Missed If You Didn't Realize....*

looking over an old journal from the late 90's, when i was roommates with Sheila Holtz, who eventually moved to Maine to edit Bern Porter International, i came across the following entry, something i had forgotten about:

avant garde poet/artist Bern Porter appeared as an extra in the 1996 film adaptation to Stephen King's novel THINNER (starring no one that i can ever recall seeing before, although Stephen King himself plays a nervous —and sexy, since he can't help himself— nerdy pharmacist)

about 48 and one half minutes into the film when we enter the dream sequence of the Gypsy Carnival, Bern Porter and Sheila Holtz are visible for about 1 and one half seconds while standing in the audience before the 106-year-old Gypsy King named Lemke. for the first half of the 1 and one half seconds we see them from behind, as a gypsy is picking Sheila's pocket. Sheila is then smiling and laughing when the rest of the 1 and one half seconds shows them from the front. they really should have given Bern a speaking role.

from dream sequence to dream, CAConrad http://phillysound.blogspot.com

**1176. — Joel A Lipman** *16 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
Spiders — Bern and Guglielmo Cavellini could have comboed big time. With Cavellini's available money and Italian showiness, and Porter's testy outward style and parsimonious manner of living and artmaking, they shared some interesting artistic parallels: almost always the focus on language found and imposed; alternate use of things; mail art; productivity, almost a kind of constancy; self-historification & archiving; immediacy to their own culture and long twentieth century lives. Does anyone know if they indeed ever met, ever collaborated? Joel

**1177. — Joel A Lipman** *16 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
Listserv — Forget greeting "Spiders" below, but the observation and question stands. Joel

## Ralph Wiley

1952–2004

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American sports journalist and essayist on race, known for blending street vernacular with literary reference at Sports Illustrated and ESPN;* Why Black People Tend to Shout *(1991). Died of a heart attack.*

**1178. — David Hadbawnik** *15 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

*RIP Ralph Wiley*

Sports writer and social commentator Ralph Wiley passed away from a heart attack yesterday morning at age 52. He came up covering the Oakland A's in the early 80s, wrote for Sports Illustrated, covering boxing, basketball, etc., and eventually wrote several books including "Why Black People Tend To Shout" and "Serenity: A Boxing Metaphor". He was one of the few sports writers who transcended sports and touched people of all ages and backgrounds. A memorial can be found at

http://sports.espn.go.com/espn/page2/story?page=me mory/wiley

DH

> “-
>
> *From: UB Poetics discussion group*
> *[mailto:] On Behalf Of*
> *Peter Quartermain*
> *I'll be away till 10 July. Urgent e-mails will be answered (slowly but eventually), perhaps by others (such as Meredith).*”

## Carl Rakosi

1903–2004

*10 messages · 9 hands*

*American poet and social worker, one of the Objectivists of Zukofsky's 1931 issue of* Poetry, *who then stopped writing for some twenty-six years and ran a family service agency in Minneapolis; an unsolicited letter from a young English poet brought him back. He was the last of the Objectivists and he was a hundred years old. Michael Heller's notice attaches the piece he had written for the centenary a year earlier, so the entry opens with a birthday tribute doing duty as an obituary.*

**1179. — Michael Heller** *25 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**

*(no subject)*

Very sad news to report. Carl Rakosi died yesterday evening at his home in San Francisco. He was 100 years old. Below is an excerpt from a piece published in the UK journal Jewish Chronicle that I wrote about him on the occasion of his 100th birthday.

CARL RAKOSI'S POETRY: REVERENCE AND ABUNDANCE

Carl Rakosi, one of our most valuable poets writing in English, will be one hundred years old this coming November 6th.

He continues to write and publish: a major collection of his poems, The Old Poet's Tale, came out in 1999, and a volume of poems is forthcoming.

Earlier this year, new work of his appeared in the London Review of Books and in The American Poetry Review, which published a sheaf of his recent poems along with a front cover photo and interview. Rakosi is the last living survivor of the

Objectivists, that small group of younger poets formed in the nineteen thirties around Louis Zukofsky under the tutelage of William Carlos Williams and Ezra Pound.

Its other founding members, all of

American-Jewish background, included not only Zukofsky, but such major American poets as Charles Reznikoff and George Oppen, who along with Rakosi reinvented American poetry not once but twice, in the early nineteen-thirties and again in the latter half of the century when their work was rediscovered by a new generation of younger poets.... Rakosi's poetry, in its great depth, humor and compassion, remains one of our most beautiful and enduring ceremonies of language.

His aim, as he writes in his lovely poem, The China Policy, is to turn the universe "into a poet's enclave."

His emphasis on clear seeing and accurate language gives his poems a texture that is alive at all points, seeming to lack nothing but our own responsiveness.

Our reading of his work, with its visions of utmost clarity, paradoxically draws us out of ourselves and transforms us momentarily, and momentously.

Exigent Futures: New and Selected Poems (2003, Salt Publishing

**1180. — Charles Bernstein** *25 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Carl Rakosi (1903-2004)*

Following up on Michael Heller's post about the death of Carl Rakosi, I attach a notice from Tom Devaney.

For more more on Rakosi, see his Modern American Poetry page —http://www.english.uiuc.edu/maps/poets/m_r/rakosi/rakosi.htm

********forwarded post from Tom Devaney

*"Poet Carl Rakosi died yesterday afternoon at the age of 100, after a series of strokes, in his home in San Francisco. He was with his family and they were reading Mark Twain and listening to music when he died. He was a friend of the Writers House and a personal friend as well. Carl Rakosi's 99th birthday celebration at the Kelly Writers House on October 30, 2002 (an audiocast) http://www.english.upenn.edu/~wh/rakosi.html The introduction from our October 30, 2002 audiocast: http://www.english.upenn.edu/~wh/crakosiintro.html Two days ago (Wed. June 23) I posted three poems by Mr. Rakosi on the PhillySound Blog: http://phillysound.blogspot.com/ All best, Tom"*

**1181. — Michael Heller** *26 Jun 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Addendum to earlier message re. Carl Rakosi*

*"This failed to get pasted on the original message: For approaching a mystery and for transcending which is the origin of human nature and where all value is as beauty is in the eye there is ceremony. So we must get on with the poem. from "As the Body of Mystery"—Carl Rakosi (1904-2004)"*

Exigent Futures: New and Selected Poems (2003, Salt Publishing

**1182. — Geoffrey Gatza** *29 Jun 2004* **↑ Register**
*Obituary: Carl Rakosi*

http://books.guardian.co.uk/obituaries/story/0,11617,1248964,00.html

Carl Rakosi

A protégé of Ezra Pound and member of the Objectivists in the 1930s, he took a 30-year break from poetry to work as a psychotherapist

Michael Carlson Monday June 28, 2004

*"The Guardian*

*Only one degree of separation links Carl Rakosi, who has died aged 100, with the poets of Victorian England, and that link is Ezra Pound. Rakosi made his mark in the Objectivist issue of Poetry magazine, in 1931, as a Pound protégé. But Rakosi and his fellow poets, George Oppen, Charles Reznikoff and Louis Zukofsky, were already moving past Pound's modernism, which seemed to them almost as moribund as the tradition it was trying to overthrow. Yet the Objectivists were primarily the children of Jewish immigrants, and that experience linked their work far more than any "objective" style. Neither were they allied politically with Pound. It is no coincidence that Rakosi and Oppen, both Marxists, each took a long break from poetry. Rakosi spent three decades as a social worker before being "rediscovered" by the British poet Andrew Crozier.*

*Rakosi was born in Berlin. A year later, his parents separated, and he spent six years with his mother's family in Hungary. His father moved to the US, working as a watchmaker in Chicago, where he befriended socialist thinkers such as Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebnicht. In 1910 Rakosi's stepmother came to Hungary to take Rakosi and his brother to America.*

*The family eventually settled in Kenosha, Wisconsin, and after starting university at Chicago aged 17, Rakosi transferred to the University of Wisconsin, where, surrounded by what he later described as "10,000 Babbitts", he edited the literary magazine.*

*After college he went to Australia as a mess boy, and worked with disturbed children in New York, which led him to return to Wisconsin to take a master's degree in psychology. For the next 15 years, he drifted: he began further degrees in law and medicine, taught English, and worked in a variety of jobs.*

*All the while he was writing poetry, which was published in magazines as prestigious as the Nation. In 1929 he changed his name, legally, to Callman Rawley, which he thought - in disguising his immigrant origins - would lead to quicker acceptance in literary circles. His writing was influenced strongly by the giants of American modernism: Pound's focus on the image, the musical language of Wallace Stevens, the inventive forms of ee cummings, and William Carlos Williams, whose spare lines and concern with everyday things helped redefine Rakosi's poetry.*

*Through correspondence with Pound, Rakosi was introduced to Zukofsky and the other Objectivists. Although the Objectivist issue of Poetry magazine linked them as a group, to Rakosi, Zukofsky's strict formal experiments and Reznikoff's "found poetry" were as different to each other as Oppen's pared down lines were to his own relaxed, almost casual rhythms.*

*The Objectivists did for American poetry what Henry Miller did for American fiction at the same period, opening it up and saying that the experience of being the child of immigrants is as worthy of being the subject of literature as that of the literary establishment. None of them, however, were accepted by that establishment. But in 1941, James Laughlin, another Pound disciple, with his own small press, published Rakosi's Selected Poems as an early New Directions book.*

*By then, Rakosi had earned an MA in social work at the University of Pennsylvania. As a Marxist, he became convinced poetry was not an instrument for social change. "I fell in love with social work, and that was my undoing as a poet," he said later, and for nearly 30 years he worked as a psychotherapist with disturbed children in St Louis, Cleveland, and Minneapolis.*

*Then, in 1965, Crozier, then a student of Charles Olson's at State University of New York-Buffalo got in contact with Rakosi, and his interest inspired Rakosi to begin writing again. In 1967, New Directions, by now a successful publisher, brought out Amulet, which included his older work alongside new poetry. This was followed by Ere-Voice (1971) and, from Black Sparrow, Ex Cranium, Night (1975). His Collected Poems was published by the National Poetry Foundation in 1986, and Poems 1923-1941, published by Sun and Moon Press in 1989, won a PEN award. Etruscan Books in this country has published new work, in Earth Suite (1997) and Old Poets Tale (1999).*

*Although Rakosi, in poems such as New Orleans Transient Bureau, 1934, captures the rhythms of real speech, as it affects the reality of daily life, he could be wry on a larger scale. His Americana series contains a brief poem called The Blank Page:*

*What's the matter? Have you nothing to say about America? Do you not dare be grandiose?*

*Unassuming and engaged, Rakosi had much to say about America. His poetry may be richer for his three decades of silence, but even in its reduced form, his body of work marked him out as a major modern poet.*

*His wife, Leah, predeceased him. He is survived by two sons. · Carl Rakosi, poet and psychotherapist, born November 6 1903; died June 25 2004*”

**1183. — Al Filreis** *1 Jul 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Carl Rakosi recordings*

Dear friends:

Recordings of the late Carl Rakosi reading ten of his poems are available here in downloadable MP3 format:

http://www.writing.upenn.edu/~wh/rakosi.html

The poems are:

1. Love America, Uncle Sam Needs You
2. Go Preach Christ
3. The Country Singer
4. Captain Paterson
5. from Three Cheers for the Star Spangled Banner: A Silent Movie
6. How to be with a Rock
7. Oh Sestina
8. from The Old Poet's Tale
9. To a Collie Pup
10. In What Sense I am I

These recordings of Carl Rakosi's poems have been made available as part of the PENNsound project. For more about PENNsound, see:

http://www.writing.upenn.edu/pennsound/

Al Filreis
Kelly Professor of English
Faculty Director, the Kelly Writers House
Director, the Center for Programs in Contemporary Writing

**1184. — Ron Silliman** *2 Jul 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Excellent obit on Rakosi in SF Chron*

The following needs to be on a single URL line.

http://www.sfgate.com/cgi-bin/article.cgi?file=/c/a/2004/07/02/MNGH07FRH M1.DTL

It's a nice piece, with some great photos (with Duncan, Enlsin & Basil King in '73 & a portrait from the 1920s).

**1185. — Harry Nudel** *2 Jul 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Carl Rakosi*

I'm particularly grateful to Geoffrey G & Ron S for provding the links to the Rakosi obits..since the NYTIMES...as was the case of John Weiners...hasn't bothered to acknowledge another poet's passing...

Reading the SF link...i was struck at how didactic the two poems given were..moral..talmudic..ol' fashioned.. to my taste & not...

More...the diff...of the Jewish poet in the Great A..exile...silence..name change...disquise from the father...& of couse, pound..& nun at the end...ere music

I have in front of me Rakosi's 1st book..TWO POEMS..NY 1931.. MODERN EDITIONS PRESS...the same title..same press as Paul Bowles 1st Book...

I;ve just ABE'd...12500.00... welcome to the USofA.. lives, fortunes, sacred honor... yisgadal...be...yisgadash...

drn...

**1186. — Steven Shoemaker** *2 Jul 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Excellent obit on Rakosi in SF Chron*

Reading the Chronicle piece moved me to write a brief note of my own, which I'll paste below. I love the picture with Carl, Enslin, Duncan, and King, with Carl holding forth and the whole scene looking like one of those slomo walkin' shots signifying groop coolness in recent "hip" flicks... s

Dear Julian Guthrie-Thank you for your sensitive tribute to Carl Rakosi. Your portrait brought back a flood of memories from the time I spent with him during a few memorable encounters.

I met him at the University of Virginia, when I was a grad student working on the Objectivist movement, and he was a wry and spry 88 years old.

We hit it off right from the start, and did an interview together that was eventually published in the journal Sagetrieb.

Soon after that first meeting, we encountered on another again, during a poetry conference at the University of Maine, Orono, where I had the pleasure of introducing him at a joint reading he did with Allen Ginsberg.

That was a great evening of poetry-vibrating the air with warmth, humanity, and excitement.

Always buoyant, Carl would always rise a little further on the occasions when he read his poetry. But even the casual chats I had with him in the school's dining hall, or in the hallways between poetry events, were notable for the liveliness and warmth of his manner.

He always had intelligent and insightful comments at the ready, but he also looked you in the eye and listened to what you had to say-a "good guy" indeed.

Like so many others, I'll sorely miss his presence (even though I hadn't seen him for years), but will turn with gratitude to the wit and grace of the poetry.

**1187. — Aldon L Nielsen** *9 Jul 2004* ↑ **Register**
*further on Rakosi*

Today's L.A. Times includes a Rakosi obit., which I paste in below

Also got the sad news yesterday of the death of Syreeta Wright in L.A. at age 58 from breast cancer — For you younger folk who don't know her, she was a tremendous singer/songwriter who co-authored several of Stevie Wonder's best early songs — Check out the Motown album STEVIE WONDER PRESENTS SYREETA for about the best of her own work

July 9, 2004 E-mail story Print

OBITUARIES Carl Rakosi, 100; Poet Was Admired for His Wry Wit and Insight

By Myrna Oliver, Times Staff Writer

Carl Rakosi, a prolific poet whose nonrhyming narratives were precise, perceptive and pithy commentaries on life as he witnessed it, has died at the age of 100.

Rakosi, cited as a major American poet by the National Poetry Foundation, died June 24 in his San Francisco home of unspecified causes associated with aging.

Marilyn Kane, his partner since the death of his wife, Leah, in 1989, said Rakosi had been in good health until the end and that only three weeks before his death had shipped off a batch of new poems to the New York Review of Books.

His work influenced younger generations of poets, including the Beats. Lawrence Ferlinghetti, poet and co-founder of San Francisco's City Lights bookstore, called Rakosi

"one of the poets that the Beat Generation poets read and admired for his unadorned presentation of objective reality."

Rakosi was especially known for his down-to-earth "Americana" series of poems and another called "Country Epitaphs," published in 1999.

In the latter, Rakosi's wry wit as well as insight on humanity sparkled in such lines as, "The widow Fairchild spoke into a headstone: 'At last I know where he is at night,' " or when the widow Benson similarly addressed her buried husband with, "Gone but not forgiven."

Rakosi became associated with what became known as the objectivists — a term coined by Louis Zukofsky — along with Zukofsky, George Oppen, Charles Reznikoff and others, when all of them were invited to contribute to a special issue of Poetry magazine funded by Ezra Pound.

"Objectivist writing," according to Contemporary Authors, "is characterized by the presentation of concrete images; direct treatment of the subject without ornamental verbiage; and insistence on a high degree of craftsmanship, such that the poem itself is an object deliberately constructed in a form appropriate to its content."

The term became "a bit of a nuisance," Rakosi conceded in a 2003 interview in the American Poetry Review, because it begs definition yet cannot be defined by the diverse work of the four poets. He said Zukofsky disliked being forced into coming up with the term, but when he asked whether Rakosi minded its use, "I wrote back: '... No, just as long as I get into the magazine.' "

Diane Wakoski, writing for the 1980 edition of Contemporary Poets, described Rakosi's work as "short and sprightly and not at all meditative, though seemingly made up of conclusions about the meaning of the world."

"It feels like the language of a man who has been active all of his life and now has comments about everything he has experienced, slightly wry and not at all uncritical, though delivered with friendliness," she wrote. "As a poet, he is a sort of gadfly, not taking on any epic subjects ... but stinging and buzzing about everything, a reminder that to live intelligently is never to relax or to leave unnoticed any slightly foolish thing — the poet as commentator on all of life."

Rakosi published more than a dozen books of poems, from "Two Poems" in 1933 through "The Old Poet's Tale" in 1999, even though his pen was stilled for about three decades beginning in the 1930s. After he married in 1939 and became a father, he needed to earn a living. He chose social work, and found it simply didn't mix with being a poet. Rakosi also attributed his hiatus to Marxist doubts about the social utility of poetry.

Born in Berlin on Nov. 6, 1903, Rakosi spent his early years in Hungary and in 1910 came to the U.S. with his father, a watchmaker, who remarried and raised him in Kenosha, Wis. He never again saw his mother, who died in Auschwitz.

Rakosi earned bachelor's and master's degrees in psychology at the University of Wisconsin and later another master's degree in social work at the University of Pennsylvania. After teaching briefly at the University of Texas in Austin, he settled into a career as a social worker, family counselor and psychologist.

Throughout that career, he was known by the name Callman Rawley.

"At the time," he once said, "there were very few foreign names in the press, and they were all factory workers. I thought I'd never get a job at a university with a foreign name."

He worked in Chicago, Boston, New York, New Orleans, Austin, San Antonio, St. Louis and Cleveland, and from 1945 until he retired in 1968 was executive director of the Jewish Family and Children's Service of Minneapolis.

Fortuitously, as he contemplated his retirement, Rakosi received a fan letter from a British student poet who was familiar with his early work and asked whether he still wrote.

"It was like a missive from another planet," Rakosi said in an interview with the American Poetry Review. "I had long assumed that nobody, I mean nobody, remembered my work anymore or even remembered my name. That [he] found my work so interesting meant that others of his generation might also. That knowledge rushed through me and propelled me into writing again."

Rakosi churned out volumes of poetry, publishing the bulk of his work during his latter decades.

The National Endowment for the Arts gave him awards and grants in 1969, 1972 and 1979. He received a distinguished service award from the National Poetry Assn. in 1988 and the PEN Award in 1996 for his book "Poems, 1923-1941," published the previous year.

In addition to Kane, Rakosi is survived by a son, George Rawley of Chico, Calif.; daughter Barbara Rawley of London; six grandchildren; and four great-grandsons.

The family has asked that memorial donations be sent to the Strybing Arboretum Society, 9th Avenue and Lincoln Way, San Francisco, CA 94122.

**1188.** **— Kimberly Bird** *10 Jul 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Carl Rakosi*

For those interested in Carl Rakosi's life and work:

I am finishing up the edits on the transcript of a 19-hour life-history interview with Rakosi that I conducted in the summer and fall of 2002 for the Regional Oral History Office (ROHO) at UC Berkeley. The transcript will soon be available through the Bancroft archive at UCB and Special Collections at UCLA and will eventually be on-line. Some of the video from this interview will be accessible through the ROHO website in the next few weeks (http://bancroft.berkeley.edu/ROHO/).

The interview covers his life as a poet and as a social worker with equal attention. Among the topics we discussed were the history of poetry in the U.S. in comparison to other countries, his affiliation with the Communist Party, his experiences in the Depression, his thoughts on the objectivists, the evolution of social work and the field of psychology, retreats at Yaddo, summer sessions at Naropa, the media's handling of the WTC catastrophe in historical context, and his criticisms of Bush and Sharon. One of the most developed and interesting trajectories that emerges in the interview was on the global history of Jewish people's experiences. He talked about the history of Jews in Hungary, his opinion of the differences among Jews from different parts of the world, his understanding of Hungarian Jewish humor, the contribution of Jews to societies, the genocide, the creation of Israel, and the history of anti-Semitism as it changed over the decades in the US.

Here are three excerpts from the interview on different topics:

When we were talking about lyric and meditative poetry, Carl brought up the idea of "sincerity." This is a term that Zukofsky used in his initial Poetry Mag. essay about the objectivists, and Carl sees this as a test of truly successful poetry.

"You're using metaphors a lot in that kind of poetry, and it's easy to fall into affectations of different kinds. You want to make it as dramatic as possible, so you push that. You want to make it as profound as possible, so you use words to express profundity. But also, what is important here, and that has to do more with sincerity—it has to be what you really feel, and not what you inherited from some book—without any affectation. It has to be honest. Probably the word honest would be a little better than sincerity—honesty. I think, in that sense, all of the Objectivists had that. I think they had it probably in part because they were immigrants or of immigrant background. They were serious. They weren't playing games; they weren't trying to be coy, like cummings for example. They weren't trying to be clever, which again is a kind of trickery of real intellect. They were just expressing what they were feeling, what they were thinking."

> On a different day we were discussing a news story about rebels in Chechnya holding people hostage in a theater. He was elated by the news.
>
> "The whole world is sort of changing back in some ways. I notice for example that the mothers and wives and sisters of people who had been imprisoned by... Saddam Hussein were out on the streets. Now, I never would have imagined that they would have dared to do that. Human nature, you can only push it that far, even in the most despotic situations. It is going to rise up. So, maybe we can be a little optimistic about what could happen now... The whole world situation has become so interesting, so complex. You never thought before that you could look at the whole world, and see what everybody everywhere is doing, and how they are being affected by each other. It has never happened before. So, we are into a new period in world history it seems to me, which affects each person individually, because he is aware of this. This is something new that is being brought into his consciousness. I wish young people were perceiving this in this country, because I noticed just in today's paper that the people who are voting are not young people—two to one, they're older people, in their forties. Two to one. Where are the young people? What are they thinking? Are they so cynical that they don't want to vote? Are they so absorbed in their own personal problems and lives that they are indifferent? Studies should be made of that. But anyhow, it's great to be alive."
>
> Having spent an afternoon with Carl going over his edits for this interview just a couple of months ago, I am still in a kind of shock that he has passed over. Of course it's ridiculous—he was heading into his 101st birthday but he showed no signs when I saw him last of illness or even of old age if you ask me. Around the time of his 99th birthday he realized that he was 3 times older than I was. He said "I don't know what it's like to feel ninety-nine. Well, a young person can't imagine what that could be... the whole thing is unbelievable. We'll say I'm not really ninety-nine."
>
> Finally, I am wondering if anyone can confirm, perhaps Michael Heller, the rumor that was floating around the National Poetry Foundation's conference in Maine that Carl's departing words were "Bush, that bastard." I'd appreciate knowing.
>
> Thanks,
>
> Kim

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## Ron Sukenick

1932–2004

*3 messages · 3 hands*

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*American experimental novelist and theorist of 'the death of the novel', co-founder of the Fiction Collective and American Book Review; 98.6 (1975). Died inclusion body myositis, a degenerative muscular disease.*

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**1189. — Joe Amato** *23 Jul 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Ron Sukenick, 1932-2004*

Dear All,

I've just received word that Ron Sukenick passed away yesterday morning after a long illness.

I first met Ron five years ago when I arrived on the CU-Boulder campus. Kass (Fleisher) and I got to know Ron and his wife, the scholar and Toulouse-Lautrec biographer Julia Frey, quite well in the short time before they relocated to Manhattan.

I knew Ron, then, in his later years, and he was always kind, generous and supportive of my work. I regard his ~Mosaic Man~ as one of the finest US novels of the past half-century.

I'll miss him, and I regard his passing as a great loss to the international writing community.

Best,

Joe

> **1190.** **— Joel Weishaus** *23 Jul 2004* ↑ **Register**
>
> Joe:
>
> I'm very sorry to hear this. A great loss the literary world.
>
> **1191.** **— Alan Sondheim** *23 Jul 2004* ↑ **Register**
>
> I agree; I knew Ron a bit through Alt-X, and found him both kind and supportive; this is very sad news.
>
> - Alan

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## Rick James

1948–2004

*6 messages · 6 hands*

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*American funk singer-songwriter born in Buffalo, self-styled king of 'punk funk' behind the crossover hit* Super Freak. *Died in California.*

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**1192.** **— David Baratier** *7 Aug 2004* ↑ **Register**

*another death*

I was informed yesterday
that Rick James
the former buffalo-ian / superfreak
died in California, specifically
in LA my LA friend said
but could not post it
since we are on EST
and I posted twice already.

Were
we on GMT
I am not convinced
that I could have posted
any faster.

Be well

David Baratier, Editor

http://pavementsaw.org

**1193. — William Allegrezza** *29 Aug 2004* ↑ **Register**
*new _moria_ and cfp*

the summer issue of _moria_ is finally online. www.moriapoetry.com

it contains poetry by: camille martin, a. di michele, deborah meadows, mark young, arlene ang, raymond biachi, kerri sonnenberg, claudia alonzo, skip fox, thomas taylor, ruth danon, james maughn, andrew lundwall and jeanie smith, and david huntsperger.

it also contains reviews on kari edwards, hal sirowitz, and nathaniel mackey by: eileen tabios, rodney robinson, and anny ballardini.

as always, i'm looking for poetry and reviews for the fall issue. plus, i'm really interested in receiving some poetic theory articles.

bill allegrezza www.moriapoetry.com

**1194. — Susan M. Schultz** *31 Aug 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Fwd: Tinfish Press News*

TINFISH PRESS is pleased to announce the publication of A Drag Queen Named Pipi, by Dan Taulapapa McMullin. (31 pages, $9). http://tinfishpress.com/hot_off_the_press.html

The world of A Drag Queen Named Pipi is both phantasmagoric and intensely real, populated by characters such as “Jerry,” who “always stays in the kitchen” because “that’s what fags in American Samoa do,” by the ocean, Moana, and by ghosts, real and remembered. This may be a “land of no return,” but it’s also a place where love is possible. Design by James Nakamura.

Dan Taulapapa McMullin is a Samoan American writer, filmmaker and painter. He will be reading with other Tinfish writers on October 7 at Native Books (evening reading), and in Kuykendall 410 on October 14 at 3 p.m. as part of the UH English department colloquium series.

from “Sinalela and the One-Eyed Fish”:

My name is Sinalela and this is my movie. I live in Samoa by a pool. Above the pool on the hillside is my mother’s grave. My father married again into a poor but important family. My stepmother was a queen and an ogre. My stepsisters Mealele and Graham were queens too. Everyone was a queen but me, I was just an ex-rugby player consigned to household duties.

Send checks to Tinfish Press, 47-728 Hui Kelu Street #9, Kaneohe, HI 96744 or check us out at www.tinfishpress.com, where you can use credit cards and see our other publications. Tinfish books and journal issues are also available through SPD (www.spdbooks.org).

aloha, Susan

_And then something happened_ is now out: http://saltpublishing.com/books/smp/1844710165.htm

http://tinfishpress.com http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/schultz/

**1195. — Ron Silliman** *9 Sep 2004* ↑ **Register**
*"even to fringe lyricists from San Francisco" (NY Times on Don Allen)*

September 9, 2004 Donald Allen, 92, Book Editor of Bold New Voices in Poetry, Dies

*“By WOLFGANG SAXON*

*Donald Merriam Allen, a poetry editor whose 1960 anthology of the era's contemporary and avant-garde poets remains a milestone in American letters, died on Aug. 29 in San Francisco. He was 92.*

*His death was announced by his friend and executor, Michael Williams.*

*Mr. Allen started compiling his landmark collection in 1958 as an editor at Grove Press. In "The New American Poetry: 1945-1960" he presented a new generation. It offered a sampler of 44 young voices arranged in five overlapping groupings, and was one of the first countercultural collections of American verse. The difference between the older traditional voices and the new was described by Robert Lowell as the difference between the "cooked" and the "raw."*

*There were the Black Mountain poets like Charles Olson, Robert Duncan and Robert Creeley; the San Francisco renaissance voices of James Broughton, Madeline Gleason and Lawrence Ferlinghetti; the beat generation of Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac and Gregory Corso; the New York poets like John Ashbery, Kenneth Koch and Frank O'Hara; and a fifth group of younger names without geographical definition, including Philip Whalen and Stuart Z. Perkoff.*

*Mr. Allen's handiwork caused a literary stir and upset the poetry establishment in particular. It spotlighted some large new talents culled from small magazines and lent a degree of respectability even to fringe lyricists from San Francisco and its environs.*

*What united them, Harvey Shapiro noted in his review in The New York Times in 1960, was their disdain for traditional great English and American poetry and poets. More disapprovingly, the critic John Simon wrote, "Mr. Allen's anthology divides all gall into five parts."*

*But the work endured and was reissued most recently by the University of California Press, where it remains in print. In 1975 Mr. Allen edited, with Warren Tallman, an updated companion volume to the 1960 anthology, "The Poetics of the New American Poetry" (Grove).*

*Donald Allen was born in Muscatine, Iowa, the son of a doctor. He graduated in 1934 from the University of Iowa, from which he also received an M.A. in English literature a year later. After postgraduate studies at the University of California at Berkeley, he moved to New York. He was an editor at Grove from 1950 to 1970, both in New York and later on the West Coast, where he was co-editor of Grove's Evergreen Review, which published Ginsberg's "Howl."*

*He translated four plays by Eugene Ionesco (Grove, 1958), and his versions of "The Bald Soprano" and "The Lesson" continue to be staged. He edited selections of writings by O'Hara, Olson, Kerouac, Mr. Creeley, Edward Dorn, Jack Spicer and others.*

*To promote his favorite writers he founded and managed two literary presses, Grey Fox and Four Seasons Foundation, which published the new poetry along with books on philosophy and Buddhism and gay and lesbian literature.*

*Mr. Allen is survived by a sister, Kathryn Payne of Charlottesville, Va.*

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**1196. — Ken Rumble** *14 Sep 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Desert City Poetry Series: September 18th: Joseph Donahue & James Brasfield in Chapel Hill, NC*

Please spread far and wide.....

Who: Joseph Donahue, author of _Incidental Eclipse_, the just published _In This Paradise_ out from Carolina Wren Press, and _Terra Lucida_, Duke English professor and collector of left-handed chainsaws.

Who: James Brasfield, winner of the PEN Award in Translation in 2000 for his work on _The Selected Poems of Oleh Lysheha_, NEA Fellow, Fullbright Scholar, undisputed holder of the spaghetti eating world's record for twenty years.

What: Desert City Poetry Series' 04/05 season, Oh yeah.

When: this Saturday, September 18th, 8pm, 2004.

Where: Internationalist Books, 405 W. Main Street, Chapel Hill, NC, .

Why: "Children will read about the letters / that spell the world: fire & water, earth & air ... Every true image / continues the creation." "Knock your head against the ice. / Before it's too late / break through, look / you will see a miraculous world."

See you there.....

*Internationalist Books: http://www.internationalistbooks.org

*Desert City Poetry Series: http://desertcity.blogspot.com

*James Brasfield: http://www.hup.harvard.edu/catalog/LYSCOL.html and https://www.bu.edu/agni/poetry/print/2002/56-lysheha.html

*Joseph Donahue: http://versemag.blogspot.com/2004/08/new-joseph-donahue-poem.html http://www.constantcritic.com/archive.cgi?rev=Jordan_Davis&name=Incidental%20Eclipse

Contact the DCPS: Ken Rumble: rumblek at bellsouth dot net

"THE ANATOMY OF NOSTALGIA"

*"by James Brasfield*
*The gray light that is dusk, the mist*
*that gathers at the end of August,*
*the sudden drop of warmth in the coming dark,*
*the stillness of an arclight over the dim road,*
*and farther still, lamplight at a window,*
*the curtains drawn--there, a woman*
*puts a small supper at the table, pours*
*flavored water from a crystal carafe,*
*an heirloom like a root toward the river.*
*The stewed apple slices have darkened from days*
*of floating in the green jar.*
*And the man pours himself a vodka,*
*the first of many, and cuts the bread.*
*Tomorrow remains so far off.*
*Its burdens are as yesterday's.*
*I know these things*
*from sitting at the table,*
*from walking the road. I know them*
*from a train passing through a town at night,*
*the wet streets, the dim station,*
*the streets again and another house*
*outside of town, the darkness everywhere*
*filling in the impossible space*
*a light is assigned, yet always a road*
*at dusk, the mist, the arclight*
*a hundred yards before the next,*
*and the road to a path through the forest,*
*a light at a window as if only*
*a light burned among the trees--*
*a candle on the chest of a corpse, at nightfall.*
*from _In This Paradise_*
*by Joseph Donahue*
*XXVIII*
*Are you the one whose*
*error has required you to be*
*a billow of moths, a sprig of gold*
*in the garden of a witch*
*a cut finger at the banquet,*
*the jewel forming from the blood*
*or the eel who says to the astonished boy*
*"I feel myself pierced and dispersed."*
*Any minute, you could be*
*the stag leading the lost soul,*
*or a spatter along a rail crying*
*out to your sister: "here I am."*
*Any minute you could be a lost spoon*
*or bones murmuring in the flowers:*
*"Some of us are in disguise,*
*& some of us have been eaten.*
*Some of us are touched by beauty*
*& cannot control our thoughts . . ."*
*Or ice glittering in the trees.*
*Or a gold leaf. Or a king walking*
*At evening through a blue orchard.*
*A moment ago, you were an old woman*
*with a fever, the ground opening at your feet,*
*hidden corridors aglow with torches.*
*Just now, you're a child hiding*
*in a house of murderers . . .*
*And do you glory in what you may yet be,*
*a hungry crow, a wisp of silk,*

*a cloud less than breath in a chill,*
*a village caked in volcanic ash?*
*Are you the whitening sky?*
*Are you robins at rest in a tree?*
*(They could be the wounds of Christ.)*
*Are your consonants a ring of clouds?*
*Are your vowels the dark hollows*
*where you look for your twin?*
*Are you the one locked inside*
*the tower of an evil will?*
*Are you the drunk suitor with*
*a blank map, set adrift in a boat?*
*Are you the true bride,*
*weeping in your collar of nettles?*
*If you break a branch, fall asleep in a tree,*
*will you be a snake until a beggar*
*cups water to your lips?*
*If you burn a gossamer veil,*
*or stain a peach-colored shawl,*
*or scatter the ashes in the ravine,*
*will you be a seed in a wind*
*flying across a desert?"*

**1197. — Tim Peterson** *21 Sep 2004* ↑ **Register**
*The Analogous Series: Simon Pettet*

The Analogous Series presents:

Simon Pettet

http://www.analogous.net/pettet.html

* * *

Friday September 24, 7:30 PM 45 Carleton St., room 111 Cambridge, MA

Simon will talk about James Schuyler's art writings and the concept of "parallel poetry". He will also read some poems and show material from _Talking Pictures_, his collaboration with photographer Rudy Burckhardt

* * *

Simon Pettet is an English-born poet, long-time resident of New York's Lower East Side. His Selected Poems is still available from Talisman House. He is also the author of two classic collaborations with photographer-filmmaker, Rudy Burckhardt, Conversations About Everything and Talking Pictures. He also compiled and edited The Selected Art Writings of James Schuyler for Black Sparrow. A limited edition, Abundant Treasures (poems accompanying hand-colored drawings by New York artist Duncan Hannah), was recently

---

## Donald Justice

1925–2004

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American formalist poet of loss and memory, longtime Iowa Writers' Workshop teacher, awarded the 1980 Pulitzer Prize;* Selected Poems *(1979). Identified in the notice as "Miami native and author of more than 10 books" and died in Iowa.*

**1198. — Maureen Robins** *9 Aug 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Another dead poet*

Unfortunately, an addition to the list of dead poets. Maureen Picard Robins

Posted on Sun, Aug. 08, 2004

DONALD JUSTICE

Writer won Pulitzer Prize for his poetry

BY KATHLEEN FORDYCE

Poet and Pulitzer Prize winner Donald Justice, a Miami native and author of more than 10 books, died Friday from pneumonia at a nursing home in Iowa. He was 78.

Justice not only wrote poetry, he traveled the country teaching his art at colleges and universities, including the University of Miami.

''He taught for many years and taught many well-known writers,'' said his wife, Jean Ross Justice. ``He was a very energetic and brilliant person.''

He won many awards for his work.

In addition to the Pulitzer Prize for Selected Poems in 1980, Justice won the Lamont Award in 1959, the Bollingen prize in 1991 and most recently the Lannen Literary Award in 1996, his family and friends said.

''His poetry was so marvelous,'' said Dee Clark, Justice's longtime friend and a Miami painter. ``One of the greatest qualities for me was the honesty of it.''

His friends say that no matter how many poems he wrote or books he published, he never changed.

''He was so loyal to his friends,'' Clark said. ``He became so well known, but he always kept in touch with us.''

Justice has published more than 10 books, including New and Selected Poems ,A Donald Justice Reader: Selected Poetry and Prose and Orpheus Hesitated Beside the Black River: New and Selected Poems 1952-1997 .

This month, his latest book, Collected Poems , will be released.

Born and raised in Miami, Justice graduated from Miami High and the University of Miami.

In 1946, he moved to North Carolina and earned his master's degree at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

That same year, he met Jean Ross, a short story writer also working on her master's. The couple married a year later and had one son, Nathaniel.

After they married, the couple moved back to Florida and Justice taught for several years at UM. During his tenure, he took a year off and studied at Stanford.

The Justices then moved to Iowa, where he earned his doctorate from the University of Iowa in 1954.

The couple lived in Iowa for a few years, but Justice still traveled quite a bit, teaching at different universities, including Syracuse University, the University of California, Iowa, Princeton and the University of Florida.

In the 1980s, they returned to Florida and Justice taught at UF for 10 years. The family then moved back to Iowa when Justice retired from teaching.

Justice is survived by his wife, son and many friends.

Services have not yet been scheduled.

---

## Czesław Miłosz

1911–2004

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Polish-American poet, essayist and Berkeley professor, 1980 Nobel laureate regarded among the great twentieth-century poets;* The Captive Mind *(1953). Died at his home in Kraków, aged 93; given a state funeral.*

**1199. — Patrick Herron** *14 Aug 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Czeslaw Milosz 1911-2004*

http://abcnews.go.com/wire/World/ap20040814_465.html

http://www.ibiblio.org/ipa/milosz/

---

## Bill Keith

1929–2004

*3 messages · 3 hands*

*American painter and visual poet whose calligrams and pictographs drew on African and African-American iconography.*

**1200. — mIEKAL aND** *5 Sep 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Bill Keith 1929-2004*

Bill Keith was born in New Rochelle, New York in 1929. He is a painter, collagist, poet and photographer who studied with Charles Alston and Roy De Carava. He founded the Malcolm X Art Center, directing it until 1975. His books include Wingdom (Runaway Spoon), Spatialisme (Writers Forum), Op Poems (Writers Forum), and Sphinx (Xexoxial Endarchy). In 1991 he curated with Karl Kempton Visualog IV,, an international exhibition of visual poetry.

___

Geof Huth on Bill Keith: http://dbqp.blogspot.com/2004/09/east-and-west-meet-in-bill-keith-1929.html

___

Stalking the Minotaur Selected Works of Bill Keith

Edited by Igor Satanovsky With forewords by Richard Kostelanetz and Bob Grumman, afterwords by John H. Bennett and Karl Young

Koja Press, Winter 2004

6"x9", 84 pages, color cover ISBN 0-9707224-6-X

$15

http://www.kojapress.com/keith.htm

___

Selected Openings from Pictographs

> *"by Bill Keith Bill Keith's work ranges widely. In visual poetry, running from spontaneous collage for the mail art network to Op Art to Lettrisme and Spatialism to pieces using traditional motifs. Cognate activities include founding and directing the Malcolm X Art Center and curating shows of visual poetry and other arts. We have a special affinity for his work as co-curator with Karl Kempton of Visualog IV, but other projects expand in different directions. http://www.thing.net/~grist/lnd/kaldron/b-keith.htm ___ Bill Keith and Pierre Garnier: Viva Africa!—Writers Forum, 89a Petherton Rd., London N5 2QT. 64 pp., $10. A "sssssssssonic" snake formed of the letters of its name that slithers through a field of s's, and other visual poems by Bill Keith mixed with conceptual illumages by Pierre Garnier that often restate nearby poems of Keith's, and always continue the book's celebration of Africa as Eden/ heart/hearth/art-source (often with drawings of the map of Africa). This book expresses all the whir & magic of verbo- visual creativity at its best. A must for all who appreciate pluraesthetic art."*

I've got an extra big pile of Bill Keith's issue of Xerolage titled "SPHINX" in stock. There's a bit of a description by Richard Kostelanetz about it here: http://www.xexoxial.org/xerolage/x23.html

I'll send anyone a free copy if you send me an 8.5x11 SASE with about 4 stamps on it to:

XEXOXIAL EDITIONS 10375 Cty Hway A LaFarge, WI 54639

> **1201. — Lawrence Upton** *5 Sep 2004* ↑ **Register**
>
> That's too bad
>
> I met Keith a couple of times through the wf workshops. A lively man who did his thing to what seemed like the nth degree.
>
> Before anyone asks, we don't have any of his titles in print at writers forum
>
> ___
>
> 6"x9", 84 pages, color cover ISBN 0-9707224-6-X
>
> $15
>
> http://www.kojapress.com/keith.htm
>
> ___
>
> **1202. — Bob Grumman** *7 Sep 2004* ↑ **Register**
>
> I was really hit hard by the news of Bill's death. He was a good friend of mine though I only met him in person once. Multi-talented, he was the kind of artist not funded by NEA, regardless of the administration—and a vigorous champion of others' work.
>
> —Bob G.
>
> Win 1 of 4,000 free domain names from

# Jacques Derrida

1930–2004

*85 messages · 39 hands*

*French philosopher, born in Algiers, who published* Of Grammatology, Writing and Difference *and* Speech and Phenomena *in a single year, 1967, and gave deconstruction to a generation of literature departments. He was seventy-four and died of pancreatic cancer in Paris. Two obituary threads ran here in parallel for a fortnight, one of them devoted to how badly the New York Times had understood him. Eighty-five messages, thirty-nine hands: more than the list gave any poet that decade except Creeley.*

**1203. — Steve Evans** *9 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Jacques Derrida, 1930-2004*

Le Monde reports that philosopher Jacques Derrida died last night of cancer of the pancreas. He was 74.

The obit is here

http://www.lemonde.fr/web/article/0,1-0@2-3382,36-382445,0.html

**1204. — William James Austin** *9 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

In a message dated 10/9/04 11:41:55 AM, writes:

*"<< Very very sad. Though expected. Derrida impacted my life and work. -Joel >> Many of us are saddened by the passing of this genius. Yes, genius. More than anyone else in the philosopical and literary disciplines, Derrida informed the second half of the 20th century. I can't imagine what my own work might look like without his influence. Fare thee well, Jacques. Best, Bill WilliamJamesAustin.com kojapress.com amazon.com b&n.com"*

**1205. — Brigitte Byrd** *9 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

C'est un bien triste jour. A genius, he was, and I shall mourn his loss.

Brigitte

Read only the mail you want -

**1206. — Ken James** *9 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Derrida obit in NY Times*

If anyone reading this has the spare time and energy to get really mad, read the obit on Derrida for the NY Times by Jonathan Kandell. It is... truly a piece of work.

**1207. — Adeena Karasick** *9 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

do you have a url for this? i am so deeply saddened by this news. i did my doctorate on him. he was such a big part of my poetic/thinking praxis... thanks, adeena

**1208. — Ken James** *9 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

You can find the NY Times obit at

http://www.nytimes.com/2004/10/10/obituaries/10derrida.html

But again, a warning: don't read it until you're ready to be very angry.

**1209. — Christophe Casamassima** *9 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Derrida and the gift of death*

Can someone please post the obit from the ny times? I've not a subscript and never can get to read the goodies.

Thanks,
Chris

Graffiti.net free Check out our value-added Premium features, such as a 1 GB mailbox for just US$9.95 per year!

Powered by Outblaze

**1210. — jnschust** *10 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Jacques Derrida, 1930-2004*

To All, this is something I wrote earlier today and a friend asked me to send it to the Poetics list:

The news/obit stories I've read in English from the BBC, AP, AFP and the New York Times have been unfortunately a bit ridiculous. They chose to focus on Derrida the scandal or the tidbits of his home life. Probably many on this list have read and heard enough of Derrida to decide in their own minds what kind of influence he had. I just want to say a few things in tribute.

First, and most importantly, Derrida is a philosopher. I won't make a big deal about the distinction between philosophy and theory, but it is best said of Derrida's work that it is a commitment to truth, ethics, and being, the three great philosophical worlds (it would be too sad to see it simplified into the incredibly boring "theory that everything is textual"). Derrida's contribution was to put all these into the "commmunity of the question" - which in an somewhat anarchic way meant to question everything, though (differing from anarchy, or the idea that the text has endless meaning) under the auspices of care and a communal connectedness of thinking. He called his philosophy "an-arche" in that it rejected firm origins or predetermined lines of thought. Instead, he took deeply serious the meaning of philo-sophia as friendship and love. It is not an accident that Derrida has written touching elegies on just about all the philosophers of France of his generation (Althusser, Barthes, Levinas, Deleuze, etc.). Actually just about all of Derrida's books are written in a kind of communal dialogue with a particular philosopher or writer - he found a way of writing *with* and *among* others that was not based on "critique" nor on strict methodological pre-programs. That his work became both a method and a convention of critique in America drained much of the generosity of his thought and reduced it to fads and ironies.

Though I probably would never have heard of him if it were not for this very fad. So I read him with much pleasure for both the poetry and the philosophy that he insisted on thinking together. I was a sophmore at Penn (1995) when I first read him and I could not really understand much of what he was saying, but I felt charged and wanted to know more — who can ever say no to that?

A few years later, in Spring 2000, I was in Paris and had built my language skills up enough to go to his seminar at the Ecole des hautes etudes. The seminar was on "the death penalty". There were a few hundred persons there. Unless I arrived early I had to stand in the back for the 2 hours or so. Derrida spoke about the uses of technology in administering death and spoke for a long time about the significance of the guillotine for the revolution. He would later speak for a while about Kant and other opinions of philosophers on the death penalty. He insisted that there will be an end to the death penalty in the near future but wanted to ask how this would change our thinking — would we continue to understand death as a kind of "penalty" or "pain" in general? He had upper level students present their own papers. It was a pretty straightforward event, nothing earth shattering. I was somewhat disappointed. I was maybe expecting something more, more dramatic, but he was more patient and more curious than that. I saw him speak a few other times on various topics at one-day events in Paris. He had plenty to say but was not yelling or berating. He spoke eloquently and kindly, not much more.

Ok, he had his disciples with him wherever he went. And he was obviously into his own fashion. Sometimes it was off-putting. After a while I stopped going to his seminars and went to hear other philosophers that were working in other traditions. That was ok, there were many other features of philosophy to learn about, and I needed the change.

Paris is a city that loves its philosophers. They are on tv and the radio and in the newspapers every day. Most philosphers pick a few areas of expertise, also many rise thru the ranks by charging other philosophers with this or that falsity. A few philosophers take the care of thinking a bit more to heart. Derrida is one of the rare philosophers to have such a range of thought, a way of welcoming many different issues, styles, and cares in his work. His work above all focused on two major paradoxes or "impossible possibilities" as he liked to call them: how to question reason (or being, or ethics, or X) while remaining inside reason; and how to welcome and to give without expecting or enforcing a gift or thanks in return. There is no more generous thought than that.

If you want to reduce deconstruction to one phrase, this is what I would offer: how do you think and write otherwise, since otherness thinks and writes through you?

-Joshua Schuster

Also just want to include the text of the Le Monde interview in which Derrida seemed to be saying goodbye.

Jacques Derrida : "Je suis en guerre contre moi-même" LE MONDE | 18.08.04 | 13h03 • MIS A JOUR LE 09.10.04 | 17h05

**1211. — David Larsen** *9 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Defeat = Victory*

It's been a while, like over a year since the last dust-up over semiotics on this list. Since then I have had cause to remember my remarks to one "Derek R" (who might be posting now as "derekrogerson"), because my ideas on the subject have undergone some big changes. Derrida's passing seems a good occasion to offer Derek my concession, and announce that I can no longer uphold the principle of the post-Hellenic "sign" as the sole basis for cognition and knowledge. No mystical grounds for this, just good sound philology and multiculturalism. Forgive me if I don't go into detail.

So sorry about Derrida. I didn't know he was ill. I hope he didn't suffer. LRSN

**1212. — Don Summerhayes** *10 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Derrida obit in NY Times*

What's to be angry about? Only fools like us bother with 'slippery philosophies'. I've been hearing this crap for decades. You too. Merci beaucoup, Maitre!

**1213. — Anny Ballardini** *10 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
Here it is: http://www.nytimes.com/2004/10/10/obituaries/10derrida.html?oref=login&hp

an excellent article, I agree,

**1214. — Harry Nudel** *10 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*autumn....*

derrida rodney

dangerfied derrida

'dirty jew' no respect

de rien.....

toooo dawn....Yankeees Win.....Yankeeeeeees win....drn...

**1215. — William James Austin** *10 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Derrida's obit in the NYT*

Kandell rescues the controversy from the grave. I wouldn't mind so much if he were merely documenting the usual "traditionalist" diarrhea. We all know that Derrida's assault on the tower made many ill. But Kandell's own position — his use of words such as "fashionable," "slippery," "murky" — makes clear his disdain for Derrida's methodology and for French intellectualism in general. He applies such words in equal measure to Existentialism and

Structuralism. Clearly, given the current political situation, its "fashionable" to attack the French.

It may be argued that Deconstruction exposed the "murkiness" of language. However, there is nothing murky about Deconstruction. That so many traditionalists have found the methodology difficult to follow remains an indictment of their own intellectual powers — plain and simple. Deconstruction "represents" (in the street use of that term) ceaseless interrogation. It does nothing —absolutely nothing — to disturb comfortable hierarchies, whatever the may be at any one time, any one place. It merely investigates/exposes the contingencies of such hierarchies. They remain in place within reason, within metaphysics, apparently fixed/absolute, precisely because they are not. If physicists tells us that solid objects appear that way only due to forces generated by electrons, they are applauded. No one claims that this explanation is "murky." When Derrida asserts that the solidity of language is similarly in question, all hell breaks loose.

It won't work. Derrida may have passed on, but he is not going away. The history of philosophy has depended for its forward movement on philosophers' discovering logical inconsistencies in their predecessors. To my knowledge —despite traditionalist weeping and gnashing of teeth — despite the not so well concealed fear that the god of their metaphysics feels threatened — no one has debunked Derrida's project.

And that's that.

Best, Bill

WilliamJamesAustin.com
kojapress.com
amazon.com
b&n.com

**1216. — Hilton Obenzinger** *10 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Derrida obit in NY Times*

The NY Times obituary raises the issues of de Man and the Nazis, but the one quote of de Man's writing as evidence of his collaboration is this:

"A solution to the Jewish problem that aimed at the creation of a Jewish colony isolated from Europe would entail no deplorable consequences for the literary life of the West."

Ironically — or perhaps not — this makes de Man sound like a Zionist.

Hilton Obenzinger

**1217. — Brigitte Byrd** *10 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Jacques Derrida, 1930-2004*

C'est un bien triste jour. A genius, he was, and I shall mourn his loss.

Brigitte Byrd

**1218. — Joe Amato** *10 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Derrida obit in NY Times*

well---aside from the way derrida handled the de man scandal (i.e., i didn't like the way he handled it, all in all), there's little question to my way of thinking that he was one of the major thinkers of our time...

and it's a little difficult to draw that conclusion from the lamentable nytimes obit... the obit seems to mirror our (u.s.) public domain in many ways, with its pooh-poohing of complexity and difficulty and philosophical richness... "if only things were simpler"... if only... by which i don't mean to suggest that i've been taken by all of derrida's writings, or that i understand entirely what he's about at all moments, or any of that... but that he is someone with whom conscientious thinkers have had, sooner or later, to contend, at some level---as things stand, i would find this latter indisputable...

foucault btw died twenty years ago this year... i remember this in part b/c twenty years ago this year, i decided to return to grad school... so today i find myself reflecting on these past twenty years, a period now flanked by the deaths of these two important figures...

best,

joe

**1219. — Marcus Bales** *10 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Derrida's obit in the NYT*

But you've debunked it right here: saying that the contingencies remain fixed precisely because they are not fixed is nice, simple, straightforward nonsense, like saying red is blue precisely because it is not. To analogize Derrida's writing to physics is to make a predictable, and lamentable, mistake. Art is not science.

Marcus

**1220. — andrew loewen** *10 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

Irrespective of the humanities/sciences binary (itself), tell David Chalmers that philosophy and science don't overlap.

Meanwhile, what truly strikes me as nonsense is the analogy between Bill's point about deconstruction and this cockamamie 'red is blue precisely because it's not' rogue's herring.

Your pal,

Andrew.

**1221. — Joel Weishaus** *10 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

Bill:

I'm sure you overlooked the inconsistency in your argument, and didn't mean it that way.

That aside, language is used in the everyday realm, while particle physics isn't. That's why writers are more dangerous than physicists, except maybe physicists with Edward Teller's beliefs. Deconstruction is laughed off by the popular press because they fear it. After all, journalists have the illusion that what they say is factual, although anyone who has attended an event that was in the news knows that there's always a gap between what they saw and what was written or broadcasted, just like there's no direct line between signifier and signified.

**1222. — Barrett Watten** *10 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Defend Derrida!*

The New York Times obituary inspired me to write, sooner rather than later

**1223. — William James Austin** *10 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Derrida's obit in the NYT*

In a message dated 10/10/04 2:10:29 PM,  writes:

*"<< But you've debunked it right here: saying that the contingencies remain fixed precisely because they are not fixed is nice, simple, straightforward nonsense, like saying red is blue precisely because it is not. To analogize Derrida's writing to physics is to make a predictable, and lamentable, mistake. Art is not science.*

*Marcus >>*

*C'mon, Marcus.*

*Read carefully.*

*I wrote that the "hierarchies" (the plural noun closest to the pronoun "they," and therefore its reference) remain in place "within reason, within metaphysics," "apparently fixed/absolute."*

*Your rendition of the red/blue thing is nonsense because you've constructed it as such. That example has nothing to do with what I said.*

*So let's try another, very simple, example.*

*The number "1" leads a hierarchy in which it occupies the first position.*

*But that apparent privilege is possible only because the other numbers simultaneously exist with the system.*

*The number "1" would obtain no privilege as "first" if there were no other numbers. "First" would be meaningless in that case.*

*The meaning of "first" is possible only because second, third, etc., come simultaneously into play.*

*Ergo, first is apparently first because it is not first.*

*No term can "mean" outside of a language system.*

*It is therefore also sensible to say that the system occupies each term.*

*Without a system of contingencies, there can be no apparent fixity.*

*The identity of red is contingent upon blue which in turn is contingent upon ... you get the picture.*

*There is no red without blue since blue is within red; "blue" is part of a language system which occupies "red" in order for "red" to mean as "red."*

*We are not talking here about how light bends. We are talking about how bent light becomes meaningful for us, how language makes bent light meaningful so we can identify it, think about it, talk about it. "This aspect of "differance," long concealed by the absolutism of metaphysics (perhaps we may blame Plato, Aristotle, et al), Derrida exposes.*

*We cannot escape metaphysics, but we can understand why and how such thinking is possible, even necessary.*

*I don't think this is difficult.*

*But Marcus, ya gotta be fair to what I write.*

*What can I say about your absolute distinction between art and science?*

*Is philosophy art?*

*Derrida was a philosopher, so I'm not getting your point. Since, for both philosophy and science, mathematics/logic is crucial, I'll grant only that the comparison is indeed predictable.*

*How can it be otherwise? It's worth pointing out that science — its meaningfulness (empirical or otherwise) — occurs only in language.*

*As far as we can tell, there is no science in a goldfish's world.*

*You can take it from there.*

*By the way, I know two Professors of Physics from Cambridge who are very sympathetic to the notion that art and theoretical science have more in common than not (given the limitations of Empiricism at the subatomic level), and who greatly admire Derrida.*

*So "absolutisms" such as "art is not science" are always open to interrogation, to deconstruction.*

*Anyway, I've said enough.*

*I had no intention of saying this much.*

*The obit portrays Derrida in a less than flattering light, to be sure.*

*As far as I'm concerned, Kandell took the event of Derrida's death to minimize a brilliant man's achievement. I am not bothered by Kandell's hauling out a litany of worn out, rather conventional confusions.*

*That's reportage.*

*It happened.*

*It is part of Derrida'a story.*

*I am bothered by Kandell's personal bias which should have no place in an obit.*

*Oh well, I'll live.*

*And so will Derrida.*

*Best, Bill*

*WilliamJamesAustin.com kojapress.com amazon.com b&n.com*”

**1224. — Minky Starshine** *10 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

Morning specter. An appearance. Pulling an other towards. Justice. Derrida heard the radio-captured battlefield, recognized a name, understood language. At last, in death, the

guarantee of singularity. As violent as the naming when born, his name in death which undoubtedly is.

Deborah Poe

ETYMOLOGY ABSTRUSE

Latin abstrsus, past participle of abstrdere, to hide : abs-, ab-, away; see ab-1 + trdere, to push; see treud- in Appendix I

**1225. — Joe Amato** *10 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Defend Derrida!*

thanks for that piece, barrett... not that i've ingested it wholesale (that would take more time), but in reading through rather quickly, i can say that i have similar reservations re the sweep of derridean thought, and that derrida's work should nonetheless be defended as an important contribution to intellectual openness and integrity, and (if i may) as a gesture toward the requisite poiesis of the critical function, w/o which, as ihab hassan observed so long ago, that function can so easily become "a spite of mind"...

best,

joe

**1226. — Mark Weiss** *10 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Derrida's obit in the NYT*

I'm really an innocent in these matters, but it seems to me there are some holes in your logic. I have no idea if these reflect similar holes in Derrida's, as I've read precious little of him.

To demystify, how about "'first' is a hierarchical distinction. It would not be possible without the simultaneous existence of that within which it is distinguished." Easy as pie. How about "first is apparently first because it is not first" achieves mystification of the obvious (for what purpose?) by mixing without explanation two meanings of the letter combination "first": as a combination of letters, and as a statement of priority within a hierarchy. So it's a pun. One likes that sort of cleverness or finds it annoying. Chacun a son gout.

As to "blue," suppose instead we were to say "light of a wavelength (or "reflected light of a wavelength) of 475 nm?" Still to be sure within language, but no longer a statement of comparison—if "red" didn't exist 475 nm would.

I understand what your physicist friends meant—I've had the same conversation. The difference is that the physicist's intuitive reach remains useful only until it's shown to be inconsistent with the phenomena it attempts to describe. Art as we generally understand it is not susceptible to proof or disproof in the same sense.

Mark

**1227. — Adeena Karasick** *10 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*NYT obit text*

Read it and weep

Jacques Derrida, Abstruse Theorist, Dies at 74

*"By JONATHAN KANDELL*

*Published: October 10, 2004 Jacques Derrida, the Algerian-born, French intellectual who became one of the most celebrated and notoriously difficult philosophers of the late 20th century, died Friday at a Paris hospital, the French president's office announced. He was 74.*

*The cause of death was pancreatic cancer, according to French television, The Associated Press reported.*

*Mr. Derrida was known as the father of deconstruction, the method of inquiry that asserted that all writing was full of confusion and contradiction, and that the author's intent could not overcome the inherent contradictions of language itself, robbing texts - whether literature, history or philosophy -of truthfulness, absolute meaning and permanence. The concept was eventually applied to the whole*

*gamut of arts and social sciences, including linguistics, anthropology, political science, even architecture.*

*While he had a huge following - larger in the United States than in Europe -he was the target of as much anger as admiration. For many Americans, in particular, he was the personification of a French school of thinking they felt was undermining many of the traditional standards of classical education, and one they often associated with divisive political causes.*

*Literary critics broke texts into isolated passages and phrases to find hidden meanings. Advocates of feminism, gay rights, and third-world causes embraced the method as an instrument to reveal the prejudices and inconsistencies of Plato, Aristotle, Shakespeare, Freud and other "dead white male" icons of Western culture. Architects and designers could claim to take a "deconstructionist" approach to buildings by abandoning traditional symmetry and creating zigzaggy, sometimes disquieting spaces. The filmmaker Woody Allen titled one of his movies "Deconstructing Harry," to suggest that his protagonist could best be understood by breaking down and analyzing his neurotic contradictions.*

*A Code Word for Discourse*

*Toward the end of the 20th century, deconstruction became a code word of intellectual discourse, much as existentialism and structuralism - two other fashionable, slippery philosophies that also emerged from France after World War II - had been before it. Mr. Derrida and his followers were unwilling -some say unable - to define deconstruction with any precision, so it has remained misunderstood, or interpreted in endlessly contradictory ways.*

*Typical of Mr. Derrida's murky explanations of his philosophy was a 1993 paper he presented at the Benjamin N. Cardozo School of Law, in New York, which began: "Needless to say, one more time, deconstruction, if there is such a thing, takes place as the experience of the impossible."*

*Mr. Derrida was a prolific writer, but his 40-plus books on various aspects of deconstruction were no more easily accessible. Even some of their titles - "Of Grammatology," "The Postcard: From Socrates to Freud and Beyond," and "Ulysses Gramophone: Hear Say Yes in Joyce" - could be off-putting to the uninitiated. "Many otherwise unmalicious people have in fact been guilty of wishing for deconstruction's demise - if only to relieve themselves of the burden of trying to understand it," Mitchell Stephens, a journalism professor at New York University, wrote in a 1994 article in The New York Times Magazine.*

*Mr. Derrida's credibility was also damaged by a 1987 scandal involving Paul de Man, a Yale University professor who was the most acclaimed exponent of deconstruction in the United States. Four years after Mr. de Man's death, it was revealed that he had contributed numerous pro-Nazi, anti-Semitic articles to a newspaper in Belgium, where he was born, while it was under German occupation during World War II. In defending his dead colleague, Mr. Derrida, a Jew, was understood by some people to be condoning Mr. de Man's anti-Semitism.*

*A Devoted Following*

*Nonetheless, during the 1970's and 1980's, Mr. Derrida's writings and lectures gained him a huge following in major American universities - in the end, he proved far more influential in the United States than in France. For young, ambitious professors, his teachings became a springboard to tenure in faculties dominated by senior colleagues and older, shopworn philosophies. For many students, deconstruction was a right of passage into the world of rebellious intellect."*

**1228. — Joel Weishaus** *10 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Derrida's obit in the NYT*

Bill:

You may want to read Christine Froula, "Quantum Physics/Postmodern Metaphysics: The Nature of Jacques Derrida." Western Humanities Review Vol 39 #4 Winter 1985. pp.287-313.

**1229. — Alan Sondheim** *11 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*of J-D and of*

of J-D and of
Rav, Reb, Rabbi, of which of
no one passes death, passes along death of
Lyotard towards the end of his life of
what we _do_ is mourn of
he is part of the air, part of the speech, part of the ear of

and of which, Karl Kraus, palimpsest of

the therapeutic of reading, delight in the true-real complexity of the world, which we are always already given, always already there

Rosset's idiocy of the real, Sartre's family idiot, Flaubert's Bouvard and Pecuchet of

he in-forms my work, Dan Graham would say of others, but is it true, as well, to Vito Acconci, at which point I would be reading Weyl, Minsky, Wittgenstein of

Derrida and plasma and the paysage wounds of speech of

of the language of words and their talisman and of death, quietude of

wounds of misrecognition which still tremble in alterity's face of

in these dark times the complexity of the world shone with a dull glitter almost ray-traced, splines just beneath the surface of

jahrzeit, yahrzeit of the day one of

of the morning of day one of

crying and writing, chiasm of

and the fascism of the punctum, the binary operation of absorption, the singularity of the older wounds of

are we reading the Derrida of

are we reading Derrida

particle physics and emanants of plasma, of the disarticulations of

will we be writing of

claiming and losing a Jew, of what justice structuring the meta-forms of claim, and clearing a path of leaves, autumnal, and plains and meadows of infinite paths, and protean behavior and stochastic walks of

the love and meanness of america

murmuring of the world of the generation of 68 of the world and as with Byars, unanswered questions and their permanency and the problematic of their permanency of

will have already spoken of

and of

and of

–

**1230. — steve dalachinsky** *11 Oct 2004* **↑ Register**
*Fw: Re: new series*

had the pleasure of hosting chris cassamassima and some great writers he brought like my new leloved friend deborah poe and amy king and those furniture press books are beautiful here's a poem i write for s=chris and w/ a nod to derrida as well whom i met two or 3 times and wrote a long poem for while he gave a lecture on abraham and issac in french i don't understand french but got a partial drift and composed an inspired 3 page poem on the spot one day i hope i'll type it up then i heard him give a talk on artaud when artaud dropped back into the limelight for a second in english at drawinhg center great i suggest all see the documentary on him that came out a couple of yrs ago THE OTHER is always there watching
----- sd

revisionist's dream (for c.c. & j.d.)

1.
he was fat and had glasses
but actually he wasn't
/didn't

dec(l)oration like wall/
paper

a poesie that struggles w/real
(i)ty & make be-
lieve (ether / ither or
) nadnerb allliances were .....

platitudinal plated noodles

we entered into the backyard

a make believe reality
the memory of significant unmemoried events
unmemorable non-events that have occurred
tho one was not present
x periential or to experience them i.e.
TREE FALLING.....etc
where the other who the other is

belated excavations

an archaeology of new found antiquities
or pollutants or hit bodies
sludge
revision as process
not as task
de/liberate deletism
nadnerb alliances
penguinisms

slight man
where art for thou sands?

2.

i ran
you ran
he ran
she ran
we ran
they ran

i rock
you rock
he rock
she rock
we rock
they rock

dalachinsky nyc 10/09/04

**1231. — Harry Nudel** *11 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*autumn....*

Derrida

'john stuart mill nil nil nil'

eatin' spaghetti while chewing bubble gum

NOT
anti-intellectual
anti-academic

the yellow brick
rd

is
ll.aa.nn.gg.uu.aa.gg.ee

cher maitre

'you talk talk
too much
& you talk
all the time'

oz i was sayin'

=late at nite...early in the morn= beauty then...drn....

**1232. — steve dalachinsky** *11 Oct 2004* **↑ Register**
*Re: Derrida obit in NY Times*

makes the man sound like an anti-intellectual anti-semite to me

as if the west could ever do w/out US

anyway i was sittin with dr n the other summer/into/fall transistional wow blue afternoonday trying to sell our wares on the street when i noticed he was reading a book by james stevens called strict joy macmillian 1931 a little collection when he got up i went over to where he sat and read thru it a shitload of interesting rhyme schemes a few decent lines and meters but for little ole uneducated me rather bad stuff i thought perfect for POETRY more pablum (how do ya spell that/?) and said so to dr n who replied that he rather liked the stuff

any way this sucker had 13 books out by 1931 including a collected and i imagine all on macmillan wow i said no hope then no hope now well actually more now than then but maybe not certainly was no this is my beloved by benton one of the first mainstream books i found as a kid that i actually liked it was those firey opening lines right on the tip of my..... ah i was a romantic lad

well ole stevens inspired the following based on a few of his lines

strict sorrow - variations on james stevens
.....''ice trapped in ice'' - j.s..

Bush calls to Bush
glory of green hearts
green kids
wish to wish
eye - ear - sense of touch
by eye for eye ear with/
out resolve or wisdom
fit

the power they give that
that lazy crazy imbecile
bid all we have of fear

he unawake behind the...
behind the barrack wall

**1233. — Alan Sondheim** *11 Oct 2004* **↑ Register**
*as if derail in mourning*

as if derail in mourning

as if, what derailed for example a derrida? Not that i would argue for the badly-configured derrida list; the cauterization of a netcom.com shell alan writes to derrida list in his first-ever email 4-5 years ago, a true to derrida himself. there will be others laughing at me. perhaps they will not allow derrida to see my writing. perhaps yes to have a good laugh at sent to derrida. perhaps he will be kind. i will see. i will wait. now turned to me from derrida-l or l-derrida, that's all! i read my Postal! i wait patiently for derrida's reply to me about my Postal on derrida-l or l-derrida, and i'm so excited! i await you o great derrida of derrida-l l-derrida!

i am so scared because i'm sure! maybe didn't read my Postal! i no longer write derrida-l or l-derrida. i move on! i am no longer scared tooovooo to write, and when i you, be you on net-l, l-net. i'll tooovooo be derrida tooovooo your derrida! ddowden deepsea derek derrida diac: diane dmkha don drift, ellen file film derrida-oo-jen-oo-kebara-oo-mt-oo-myouka-oo-nyc-oo- they don't want or don't like. there is little more to go on, derrida take cemetery herodotus derrida defuge and wryting decathecting herodotus derrida defuge and defuge the center no longer cemetery herodotus derrida defuge and wryting defuge because of exhaustion sets in i may rely on defuge derrida dhtml from deconstruction defuge derrida dhtml some protocols slough at the meplease defuge set in that you construction defuge derrida cyberspace decathexis deconstructed de construction defuge derrida derrida defuge and wryting hy archiveinternetma exhaustion defuge deconstructed de construction defuge derrida dhtml the walk > he read with the force of the rav derrida Saving the Text, Literature/Derrida/Philosophy.) references to writers such as Kristeva, Derrida, Irigaray, etc., yet none Today I buy a ragged copy of Derrida's Memoirs of the Blind, The Self- In cyberspace once again, with Derrida speaking of the Medusa, Perseus, uage, thought, thinking.

This combines, say, Minsky and Kristeva, Derrida I got to tell you about "differance." Derrida got a hell of a lot of Derrida, painted by Van Gogh, the early days of package mail. Balthus.. would have lost in avalanche, Derrida in sandstorm, Kristeva in flood. ing idiot. The worst sentence of Derrida is better than this fucking find Derrida at the Salvation Army, medical texts at another thrift down tions, nodes of theoretical focus. Similar to "deconstruction" (Derrida's Derrida, Reid, Heim, but nothing is added or subtracted. Thinking through Now Derrida is termed elderly, and others have taken over, and there is This is the spoken truth, rev Derrida. that matter Derrida, Lacan.

But diff here is restrained; what it produces Now I will send off a missile or missive (Derrida); from _now on,_ every- which becomes clear-cut and no wonder everyone gets upset with Derrida elsewhere as France (yes, Kristeva and Derrida only half-way in and out

Derrida's thin tent where you can see the thin bows strung across skins
Derrida and Mayakovsky traded secrets of the wind
###—###||Rev Derrida

I'm reading Saving the Text, Literature/Derrida/Philosophy by Geoffrey other than Derrida, meaning: in flight and thinking it a little better than I have done so far." - Derrida, There 28 Five unsubbings in a row without comment from the Derrida list. 30 Hacking with an Australian message on the Derrida list. construction defuge Derrida dhtml diegesis diegetic differend disassociat- "The screen is a very provisional state." (Jacques Derrida) on side 3. side 4. who do you like. Wittgenstein, Derrida hard but impor- itself has remained inviolate. At the Book/Ends conference, Derrida about tionists, let down; the sense of play in Derrida's text - accompanied by a initely is dead: Word! Somehow I missed that Derrida remark but since Tal- Derrida - but as you know, that thing about books, their vulnerability - This is the ineffable point; we may read Derrida as subaltern extension: ("Faith and Knowledge," in Derrida and Vattimo, Religion, trans. Weber.) Derrida, Faith and Knowledge, 1994, p 24 - intertwine, as they do in Derrida for example. But there's a cost involved d'nala decathexis deconstructed deconstruction defuge Derrida dhtml deconstructed deconstruction deerflies defuge Derrida desiccated dhtml well as Derrida, Irigaray, the physicists David Finkelstein, David Bohm, d'nala decathexis deconstructed deconstruction defuge Derrida dhtml deconstructed deconstruction deerflies defuge Derrida desiccated dhtml liams, measure series, The Perilous Cemetery, Herodotus, Derrida, defuge

contemporary thinkers such as Derrida, Foucault and ...
many contemporary thinkers such as Derrida, Foucault
Derrida, Grammatology Derrida, Hegel
Derrida, Spectres of Smith, Utility Cyril Smith
not I cannot see what Derrida has in common with
Derrida, Lyotard, and so true
Derrida. A Derrida Reader. [ ] Karl

to J. Habermas Jacques Derrida Derrida
Jacques Derrida. constituting the object of
Arendt, Derrida Lyotardian Feminism of
Barthes, Freud, Lacan, Derrida, Johnson, Spivak,
false Wittgenstein Derrida Marx Freud Levi-Strauss

e.txt:deep to this day; Derrida, a Jew, is another guide. Marx himself, origin." (DERRIDA BISCOP) A MISSILE OR A MISSIVE FROM DERRIDA. N. KILLS DERRIDA. N. KILLS ALAN. SHE DERRIDA SAYS: IT'S JUDGEMENT THAT DEFEATS US. JULU CANNOT HEAR. DERRIDA IS BATTERED WITH N.'S BONES. N. SCREAMS: IT'S DERRIDA

—

**1234. — Harry Nudel** *11 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*autumn....*

gimme a coffe black at Big Mc

atta boy strict joy

da reada da reada kant read ya

o boy strict joy

dawn aches those ol' bone blue shakes

whata boy strict joy

derrida derrida deconstruct your ma

oh boy oh boy you gotta go fa'

to outgoy the goy o strict joy....

apologies to James Stephens....strict joy...drn...

**1235. — Ron Silliman** *11 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Silliman's Blog*

http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/

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**1236. — Aldon L Nielsen** *11 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Derrida obit in NY Times*

Hilton —

I suspect you've read enough of the reprinted DeMan pieces to know that there were other quotes that might have made a better case — Still, I remain intrigued by the use that is made of DeMan in these contexts — It seems OK to continue to quote from and support, say, Tate in certain quarters (often the same quarters in which Derrida is condemned) without ever coming to grips with his eyelash singing racism — The Agrarian support of segregation is seldom produced as a reason to dismiss the New Criticism

**1237. — William James Austin** *11 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Derrida's obit in the NYT*

In a message dated 10/10/04 3:13:30 PM, writes:

"*<< Bill: I'm sure you overlooked the inconsistency in your argument, and didn't mean it that way. That aside, language is used in the everyday realm, while particle physics isn't. That's why writers are more dangerous than physicists, except maybe physicists with Edward Teller's beliefs. Deconstruction is laughed off by the popular press because they fear it. After all, journalists have the illusion that what they say is factual, although anyone who has attended an event that was in the news knows that there's always a gap between what they saw and what was written or broadcasted, just like there's no direct line between signifier and signified. -Joel >> Yep and yep. Thanks Joel. I did believe that the inconsistency was caused by a misread pronoun reference. However, since the "They" begins a sentence, I really can't blame anyone for misreading. The reference is, at best, vague. I probably should have written "They [the hierarchies] remain in place" for the sake of clarity. My bad. Best, Bill Wil-liamJamesAustin.com kojapress.com amazon.com b&n.com*"

**1238. — Kevin Hehir** *11 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
What i found interesting in the Times bit was the capitalization of East Coast universities in this passage:

"By the late 1980's. Mr. Derrida's intellectual star was on the wane on both sides of the Atlantic. But he continued to commute between France and the United States, where he was paid hefty fees to lecture a few weeks every year at several East Coast universities and the University of California at Irvine"

Er, excuse me but your ideological subtext is showing.

Actually, I was taught and turned on to this stuff by European profs when doig a comp. lit degree. One Romanian told me that Theory was better than sex. And he fucked everybody.

Actually what I'm going to find and read again is Nietzsche's "On Truth and Falsity". I recall that as a forerunner to deconstruction proper (but then again Pseudo D the Aeopagite plants the seeds.)

That all said, I'm appreciating the reflections posted here.

bests, kevin

**1239. — Marcus Bales** *11 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
wrote:

Even admitting that the "They ..." could refer either to contingencies or hierarchies, and that you intended that "They" to refer to hierarchies, not contingencies, it still seems to me that it is well within the spirit of Derrida's notions, and his multiple muddle expressions and withdrawals from expressions of them, to say that deconstruction investigates the contingencies that remain fixed precisely because they are not fixed.

Further, though, and perhaps even more in the spirit as well as, perhaps, closer to something like the letter of Derrida's muddy exposition, your intent to mean whatever you intended to mean is worthless in the face of my, the reader's, interpretation of what you said. You are merely the writer, and your opinion is as nothing compared to the reader's real creation of the real meaning, for the reader, of the meaning of the text. That is to say, you see, that

whatever >I< say you mean is really what you >do< mean, because according to the very ideas you're trying to expound, your exposition is meaningless in the face of my interpretation of it. This sort of humpty-dumpty-ism is way beyond recursion and well into the heart of nonsense.

Be that as it may, though, I'll take you to mean, as you now say you intended, that it is the hierarchies "that remain fixed precisely because they are not." Unfortunately for your argument, and for clarity too, this still makes no sense. It's hard to see how hierarchies, however comfortable, can remain fixed "precisely because they are not [fixed]" — or how anything else outside the quantum realm could, either. Even if you, or Derrida, or you both mean this to be taken metaphorically as an allusion to the quantum realm, the analogy fails dramatically since there is no fit analog between real human hierarchies and theoretical natural-quantum effects. Even if that's what you mean, it's simply a bad analogy, a bad metaphor, since the kind of uncertainty physicists speak of in the quantum world is simply non-existent in the human world. No matter how persuasive you think you are, or how right you think deconstruction theory to be, you simply cannot argue the bullet into not killing you by citing the fact that it is more air than material, and that knowing its speed makes knowing its location only a probability.

The meaning of "first" is ostensive: we understand "first" to be meaningful within the context of the language we speak only where there is in fact a hierarchy and a number — and "first" is not necessarily a privileged position, either. Something can be, and often is, "first" merely because it is closest, not because it is biggest or best. Other times it's ironic, as in "I'm your first father" where a child has had no other father, or "I'm your first cousin" where not only is the relation between the two that of "first cousins" but they are each the others' first first cousin, and the dropping of the repetition is a form of word-play. What words mean is contextual, not absolute. Even in math and science the position of the number creates the meaning of the number, not merely the writing of it.

There is no apparent fixity. There is only flux and contingency, context and relation. What creates meaning is the ordering of the contingency, the recognition of relation, the significance of the context, the flow of the flux. This view was ancient millennia before Derrida was born — it is nothing of Derrida's, and Derrida added nothing to it but confused terminology and muddled verbal messes that he pretended explained because, by being such bad examples of explanations, they demonstrated the difficulty of explaining the difficult.

Concealed from whom? It takes no muddling about by Derrida to "expose" such an obvious thing. Besides, Plato spent his philosophic career writing dialogs that specifically and explicitly go on and on and on and on about how what we perceive as "real" things are mere shadows of "ideal" things to which they are only and merely relational and relative and approximate. Where do you get this "blame it on Plato" business?

Further, "red" and "blue" describe light of particular wavelengths whether there is light from other wavelengths present (or even existent) or not; and ultraviolet and infrared exist whether we can see them or not, as any sunburn sufferer can tell you after spending too much time exposed on a cloudy day. The words we use are conventions by which we try to coordinate our perceptions with those of others. People who cannot see red still see shades of grey that they can, with experience, learn to call "red" even though they see nothing like what people who see red see. For such people "blue" exists even though "red" does not, and even though they've learned to call some shades of grey that they cannot see as red "red".

Who was trying to escape metaphysics? Quantum mechanics is metaphysics when you come right down to it. Is the cat alive or dead? Is it the speed or the position that we know, or want to know?

Art and science are terms we use to describe what we describe in context, and the contexts change. Metaphorically anything can be an art: "the art of bridge-building", but it's only a metaphor — though in a time before the principles of engineering were understood, or during a time when they were not well understood, bridge-building certainly depended more

on intuitive understandings of the problems of materials and stresses than on calculations about them.

Art is about the relations between and among people; science is about the relations between and among things — but don't deliberately misunderstand me, and try to make it out that I've said there is no relation between people and things!

The smallest amoeba, much less a goldfish, has to grasp principles such as traction, friction, repulsion, grasping, and the like simply to move and ingest and excrete. Is there science in a goldfish's world? There certainly is, for successful goldfish who survive to reproduce. They have to learn to avoid predators and attract mates and find food. Would you rather call that art? Instinct? What?

The notion that art and theoretical science have more in common than not is a metaphorical argument, not an assertion that art and science are the same, as "poetry in motion" is a metaphor, and not an assertion that someone's movement is actually poetry. This perennial conflation of the metaphoric with the non-metaphoric, whether deliberate or mistaken, is the source of a great deal of confusion in discussions of this kind. Just because someone uses the word "red" doesn't mean they're a Communist; and just because someone uses the word "art" doesn't mean they're an artist.

Marcus

**1240. — Hilton Obenzinger** *11 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Derrida obit in NY Times*

Aldon,

It's just so odd that of all the things they quote, it's something that is actually quite ambiguous — or at least can be directed towards Zionists for their own metaphysical adherence to separatist mentality, since it is a statement that could easily have been said by Jabotinsky or the young Begin. Talk about slippage!

Yes, Tate is a good example of selective blindness.

All of this to underscore that there are two Derrida discussions. There is the intellectual discussion and debate over his legacy — about which there are all sorts of fruitful positions — and then there is the official discussion, which revolves around suspicion and outright hostility of intellectuals in general and of the French in particular (despite the fact that as an Algerian Jew Derrida was himself an ambiguous Frenchman).

Hilton

**1241. — Mark Weiss** *11 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Derrida's obit in the NYT*

All newspapers have style sheets. The Times' style sheet capitalizes East Coast and West Coast equally, treating them as proper nouns.

Mark

**1242. — Joe Amato** *11 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
yknow marcus, your zeal in attempting to dismiss derrida's value outright seems a bit... overzealous (you use a variation of "muddled" three times, i think)... esp. in that you show such little interest in taking issue with specific derridean texts... you seem to be more interested in making categorical pronouncements about art, science, and so forth... take, for instance

"Art is about the relations between and among people; science is about the relations between and among things...."

i can imagine a significant amount of pixels devoted to debunking that chestnut alone...

but i'm not posting to get into this with you — not really... i think rather that i'd like to float here what my former colleague, the late ron sukenick once wrote about theory generally:

that, if nothing else, theory had "made literary life, on the whole, a lot more interesting"... and of course, as a primary exponent of continental theory, derrida was among those whom ron had in mind...

hasn't theory made literary life a lot more interesting, finally?... or would you rather that we return to the 50s version of literary criticism? (i reserve a soft spot in my heart for frye, actually)... or would you rather that we sidestep literary criticism and theory wholesale?... i'm just not certain i understand what it is about derrida, or his oeuvre, that bugs you so...

peace,

joe

**1243. — David Larsen** *11 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

This is the point that should carry the day. The Well-Wrought Urn and all that? >shudder< Big props to Empson and all, but as a U.S.-born grad student I'd have to say that American academics would be drooling idiots without our French masters. And I don't even speak French, or have any French friends. Except for: Jake Derrida Mike Foucault Pete Bourdieu "Knuckles" Deleuze Et Al LRSN

**1244. — William James Austin** *11 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

Hi Marcus,

Whew! What a rant! A couple of points.

You confuse deconstruction with reader response theory. If you want to mock Derrida with Stanley Fish, fine. But your rebuttal is hardly "closer to the letter" of Derrida's, or my, exposition.

<I< say you mean is really what you >do< mean, because

according to the very ideas you’re trying to expound, your exposition

is meaningless in the face of my interpretation of it. This sort of

humpty-dumpty-ism is way beyond recursion and well into the heart of

nonsense.>>

Huh? Where in my remarks, or Derrida's, is the reader's whim privileged? Nowhere does Derrida claim that texts are meaningless. Quite the opposite, ther e is nothing but meaning. If you are suggesting (hard to tell) that authorial intention trumps the text, I believe the Intentional Fallacy took care of that one way back when. Check the New Criticism.

With regard to Quantum Physics and art, unless you believe that words correspond, without any sort of mediation, to objects in the world, you must grant that all knowledge is metaphorical. So much for that. The issue of the Quantum vs. Art I have dealt with in another post.

Your point about Plato's shadows doesn't fly. As most religions claim, the material world is fallen, and certainly in relation to god. Nevertheless, god is absolute. The Ideal? Final Cause? Plato and Artistotle were both absolutists. That's the point. That's where I get it. By the way, Plato also claimed that a man's most authentic conversation with himself takes place outside of language. If you can find a way to talk to yourself without language, let us know.

And with regard to my comment that Derrida exposes what is concealed in metaphysics. <

Really? That's good to know. But then why all this debate? If Derrida and deconstruction are so obvious, why all the antagonism? Why that nasty obit?

Feel better. Best, Bill

WilliamJamesAustin.com
kojapress.com
amazon.com
b&n.com

**1245. — David Larsen** *11 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

And now I'm reminded that Empson was British, so score one for their side LRSN

**1246. — Maria Damon** *11 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Derrida obit in NY Times*

sez who? it's one of *my* reasons.

**1247. — Maria Damon** *11 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Fwd: URGENT/ RESPONSE TO DERRIDA OBITUARY*

If you wish to add your name to the letter, you will find the info below. Please circulate it to whomever might be willing to sign

...

I'm sure you've seen the scurrilous and disrespectful obituary for Derrida that the NY Tiimes published today (in case you have not, here is the link and it is pasted below: http://www.nytimes.com/2004/10/10/obituaries/10derrida.html ). We are shocked, and very concerned that this may be just the beginning of a flood of ignorant and vicious assessments of Derrida's life and work in the popular press, and elsewhere. We have written a letter to the editors of the NY Times, and we hope you will be willing to add your name to it. If so, please write your name and affiliation below, and send it back to so we can send it to the the Times as soon as possible. If there are other people you think would be willing to sign (especially outside of academia), please let us know.

Sincerely,

Sam Weber Ken Reinhard

Northwestern UCLA

To the Editor:

Jonathan Kandell's obituary article on Jacques Derrida, published in the NYT of October 10th, is as mean-spirited as it is uninformed. To characterize Derrida, one of the most important philosophers of the twentieth century, as an "Abstruse Theorist" who is "notoriously difficult," is to employ criteria, such as simplicity or transparency, which would disqualify virtually all the significant thinkers of the past century, including Einstein, Wittgenstein, and Heisenberg.

Worse, with scarcely concealed xenophobia, Derrida's work, and deconstruction generally, are described as yet another of those "fashionable, slippery philosophies that S emerged from France after World War II," which "many Americans, in particular," felt were "undermining many of the traditional standards of classical education" as well as encouraging "divisive political causes."

In fact, Derrida's writing has been focused on the major works of the Western Tradition, from Plato, Aristotle, and the Bible to Shakespeare, Kant, and the Declaration of Independence - none of which he ever suggested we should discard as the products of "dead white men," as Mr. Kandell implies.

As for political causes, Derrida was a tireless critic of apartheid and racism in all its forms.

While he asserts without further evidence that "literary critics" under the baneful influence of deconstruction allegedly "broke texts into isolated passages and phrases to find hidden meanings," Mr. Kandell himself does precisely this when he quotes several isolated statements without ever trying to indicate their possible context. They then are designated as "typical of Mr. Derrida's murky explanations of his philosophy." (One of the quotes he attributes to Derrida, "O my friend, there is no friend," is in fact from Aristotle!).

In short, this text confirms one of the few sensible quotes it contains: "Many otherwise unmalicious people have in fact been guilty of wishing for deconstruction's demise-if only to relieve themselves of the burden of trying to understand it."

Whether Mr. Kendall's article is "unmalicious" we will leave to others to decide. There can be no question, however, that his article does everything it can to "relieve" readers "of the burden of trying to understand" Jacques Derrida and deconstruction, by announcing the demise of both.

Although a newspaper article may not be the best place for sustained discussion of difficult topics, The New York Times has done itself and its readers a disservice in publishing such an unbalanced and unqualified article as its official obituary. It can only be hoped that in the future it will make its pages available to other, more informed points of view.

Sincerely,

Samuel Weber, Avalon Foundation Professor of Humanities, Northwestern University

Kenneth Reinhard, Associate Professor of English and Comparative Literature, UCLA

Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak, Avalon Foundation Professor in the Humanities, Columbia University

Eric L. Santner, Philip and Ida Romberg Professor of Modern German Studies, The University of Chicago.

[ The letter continues by pasting the Kandell obituary printed whole earlier in this entry; it is omitted here. ]

*"Zrinka Stahuljak Assistant Professor, French Modern Foreign Languages and Literatures Boston University 718 Commonwealth Avenue Boston, MA 02215 — Bruno Chaouat Assistant Professor of French Department of French and Italian 260 Folwell Hall University of Minnesota, Twin Cities"*

**1248. — jnschust** *11 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*great Derrida tribute in Le Monde*

Please see the incredibly touching 10-page tribute to Derrida in today's Le Monde, with many kind articles, a beautiful elegy from Jean-Luc Nancy, and even a glossary of key terms; check out the pdf file on their website:

http://medias.lemonde.fr/medias/pdf_obj/sup_pdf_derrida_111004.pdf

-Joshua Schuster

**1249. — Alan Sondheim** *12 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Derrida's shoes and voice*

Derrida's shoes and voice

Derrida's shoes http://www.asondheim.org/portal/.nikuko/shoes.jpg Derrida's voice http://www.asondheim.org/portal/.nikuko/voice.jpg

–

**1250. — Murat Nemet-Nejat** *12 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

In a message dated 10/12/04 12:59:32 AM, writes:

*"Derrida's shoes and voice Derrida's shoes http://www.asondheim.org/portal/.nikuko/shoes.jpg Derrida's voice http://www.asondheim.org/portal/.nikuko/voice.jpg"*

Alan,

Are these really his shoes, did he wear loafers or their aura deceptive?

My best to Azure,

Ciao, Murat

**1251. — Alan Sondheim** *12 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

These are really his shoes, and his voice was emanating from the loudspeaker.

**1252.** **— Patrick Herron** *12 Oct 2004* **↑ Register**
*Capital C Coast*

The AP Stylebook says so as well. Little coincidence.

Patrick

At 08:20 AM 10/11/2004, Kevin Hehir wrote:

> *"then again Pseudo D the Aeopagite plants the seeds.)*
> *That all said, I'm appreciating the reflections posted here.*
> *bests,*
> *kevin"*

**1253.** **— Harry Nudel** *12 Oct 2004* **↑ Register**
*Derrida....*

while you're lettter writing, there's a further acerbic critique of Derrida on the 1st Arts & Leisure page of today's NYTIMES...by the cultural critic, Edward Rothstein...

"we do not know in fact what we know..."

for those of us old 'nuf 'to have lived thru..existentialsim.. being and i mean nothingism.. structuralism and post post modernism...remember Sartre..nobody does...

the reaction against derrida is not anti-intellectual....it is anti academic...a very very different thing...the prof class and its acolytes...a class that couldn't figure out someone was trying to kill them.. if they bombed & shot at them...

is it derrida you're defending or yrslvs

deconstructionists deconstruct....

drn...

**1254.** **— Pierre Joris** *12 Oct 2004* **↑ Register**
*Derrida Interview on PNAC*

An interview on political matters & the US War in Iraq, probably one of the last JD gave:

http://www.indymedia.be/news/2004/04/83123.php

**1255.** **— Kevin Hehir** *12 Oct 2004* **↑ Register**
*Re: Capital C Coast*

this is interesting. What an American reader notices as a stylistic convention an international reader picks up as a reinscription of regional bias.

For me this capitalization loads the term with semantic cargo that aligns term with Eastern Intellectual or conversely Big Business. Hasn't the East Coast always occupied a place of distrust within America?

**1256.** **— david.bircumshaw** *12 Oct 2004* **↑ Register**
*Re: Derrida....*

Harry Nudel wrote:

> *"remember/"*

Sartre..nobody does...<

Well, Harry, BBC Radio 4 last week had a 45 minute discussion programme devoted entirely to Sartre (well, almost entirely, Camus elbowed his way in at one point) and in my mind that doesn't quite qualify for the status of being 'forgotten'. I can't and won't comment on any US internal politics, academic or otherwise, involved in the reception of Derrida on yr shores, it's hard enough to figure out what goes on in this 'tight little island' let alone anywhere else.

Best

Dave

David Bircumshaw

Spectare's Web, A Chide's Alphabet & Painting Without Numbers

**1257. — Joe Amato** *12 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

drn's point, viz., that reaction against derrida is anti-academic/professional rather than anti-intellectual, has some merit...

but then we'd have to ask whether this variant of anti-professionalism is warranted... if we need a good physician, we find one (IF we can afford one, that is)---we rarely question the professional value of competent physicians when we go under the knife... ditto for a good lawyer, etc...

naturally, to really get at this would take us into a discussion of the roots of (u.s.) intellectual labor, as so much of same---not all of course, but so much of same---has, over the past three or four decades, been squeezed by economic and cultural forces into university confines... i don't believe one can speak any longer of a thriving intellectual community (again, in the u.s.) that operates entirely outside of the university sphere (not least b/c so many of us now hold college degrees)... i'd like to be proved wrong about this, but i think it unlikely... i do think---and i have read the counterarguments, yes, but---i do think intellectual labor in the u.s. is generally given short-shrift by the u.s. public... how and why that anti-intellectualism has been transposed so disparagingly onto an entire profession---despite the lip service so often paid to teaching (which doesn't generally mean postsecondary teaching, of course)---is probably beyond the confines of a listserv discussion, esp. one that so often reveals itself to be so contentious over trifling matters...

there is a difference in any case between understanding the reaction to derrida in such terms and endorsing it in such terms... and for the record, i knew it wouldn't be long before sartre was trucked out in preemptive, 'been there done that' terms (i should have placed bets)... which i don't accept for an instant, as any close reading of any of derrida's texts from the 60s will verify (and sartre is still present in so many discussions, for that matter)... also, for the record, i've only been able myself to get through "differance," "white mythology," "structure sign and play," and parts of ~the ear of the other~ and ~disseminations~ with anything approaching readerly consistency... but then again, i can't read past the first few pages of minkowski's "space and time" and yet i seemed to do ok in college physics and as an engineer for seven years, so i suppose most of us work with a more applied notion of such ideas in any case...

all of which is perhaps to say, i don't claim myself to be a theorist...

again, i would like someone to explain to me how they fancy the past 40 years of work in literary criticism specifically w/o the poststructuralists (etc.)... we can call this an exercise in counterfactual history, if you like... either that, or explain to me why we ought not to pay any heed to the litcritters and theorists, which latter attitude has clearly fueled the animus to derrida et al. in creative writing circles, of this much i'm certain...

best,

joe

**1258. — Harry Nudel** *12 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Derrida...*

i like Joe Amato's remarks... i brought Sartre up....as a matter of style not substance....

the problems Derrida poses
for the non-specialist..i'm way
out of my league...is a) political...the
Academic World like Fox News is
a special interest network...b) for the

non-French reader..Derrida's trans- lang is pompous and more importantly ugly...

there are many brilliant people on this lsit who find D....a fascinating..,i'll take their word for it....& hope to get to read some on a long lazy summer day...when my over caffinated..over netted....over 9-11 mind.....can absorb it.....

drn...

**1259. — Aldon L Nielsen** *12 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Derrida....*

At 10:39 AM 10/12/2004, you wrote:

"*remember/ Sartre..nobody does...<*"

Derrida studied Sartre in his youth at the Lycee in Algeria

I studied Sartre with Peter Caws here in the USA

While it may be the case that neither Sartre nor existentialism appears with much frequency in contemporary literature courses, he is hardly forgotten on these shores

a quick google of Sartre turns up considerable recent traffic — even the Sartre Cookbook!

**1260. — Ravi Shankar** *12 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
I just had an interesting discussion with an admittedly caustic friend who asserted his opinion that - in so far as you can project states of mind onto people you don't personally know and of course you can't - Derrida must have died unhappily, while Bourdieu died happily, because the former's ideas were grounded in a need for political and social change that was ultimately left unfulfilled, while the latter did in fact enact some measure of transformation when it came to free-market orthodoxy and the pressures of global capitalism, ceding certain lasting concrete effects that will prove to have more heft than the most clearly articulated theoretical positions. Any validity to this stance? My only thought is that when Bourdieu writes, "The most successful ideological effects are those which have no need for words, and ask no more than complicitous silence," Derrida did not succeed, though ultimately I celebrate both thinkers as genuinely profound and revolutionary.

There's actually a tribute to Derrida on NFL.com (be warned - it involves a fair bit of scrolling), which is either an amazing aberration or another sign that the world's ending:

<http://www.nfl.com/nflnetwork/story/7786742

-RS

********** Ravi Shankar Poet-in-Residence Assistant Professor CCSU - English Dept.

**1261. — Jerrold Shiroma** *12 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
nice to know i'm not the only one on this list that looks at nfl.com

Ravi Shankar Poet-in-Residence Assistant Professor CCSU - English Dept.

**1262. — mIEKAL aND** *13 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
I'm stumped, the connection between Derrida & NFL gossip is? How many people reading NFL.com would even know who Derrida is apart from Ravi and Jerrold?

On Tuesday, October 12, 2004, at 07:31 PM, Jerrold Shiroma [ duration press ] wrote:

**1263. — derekrogerson** *13 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*How many Frenchman can't be wrong?*

If anything could be consider 'truth' it would have no connection with the rest for indeed we know that "'truth needs no sign" (this is the very condition of 'truth') that it is independent and does not lack anything to complete itself — it is true (sapere aude!).

Derrida was not at work to uncover the truth, but solely to uncover the meaning.

This is why we are right when we point to deconstruction and say it is contradictory and without so-called 'sense' or even 'reason'... because the chief property of deconstruction is disavowal of the imposed order — which is to say it is a potential to openness:

Any text is merely a 'sign' (something imagined), and NOT the actual thing signified (the text/thing itself).

The point Derrida is trying to get at with the idea and practice of deconstruction is the fulfillment of revelation — namely to remove the 'construction' aspect of understanding (something imagined) and open oneself up the underlying possibilities — to bring things down-to-the-foundation as it were (think 9/11) and to 'level with it' and see clearly without self-imposed constructions.

Derrida is only willing to use material which is actually available, not the fantasy of a construct. Now certain people will say that this is crazy and that many things are not possible (ah!) but Derrida's deconstruction proves this to be untrue. He removes the fallacy of self-satisfied achievement — the self-made man is thrown back to openness.

From the beginning is the surest way of interpreting anything (ie. through the thing itself).

So we must remember, as Derrida did, that every text is polluted by the prejudges of its age — what the text desired, at that time, to signify or represent by symbols. From this we must understand that what is signified can only be equated solely by means of examination of the signification itself (which is to say meaning is inferred in relation to context, and context is diverse).

Therefore we must say that one should not dare to derive anything from anything which is not that thing itself. Derrida was consumed -only-with the preservation of meaning.

The aim of deconstruction is to avoid attempting to know 'in part' what is in essence 'whole' ("il n' y a pas de hors-texte"). This is a way to see things from a very wide angle which does not include any boundaries, no 'pre' or 'post' or 'post-post' anything!

Subject has no authority. Things are what they are (without quality):

> It was evening all afternoon.
> It was snowing
> And it was /going/ to snow.

The sound of any speech/writing etc. is full of the same wind that is blowing the same bare place.

the one and itself

> -- Derek

**1264. — Lucas Klein** *13 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Derrida....*

"How many people reading NFL.com would even know who Derrida is apart from Ravi and Jerrold?"

This seems like a pretty narrow preconception of who follows football. Ravi & Jerrold aren't the only proof that people who follow football might know more than just a little about Derrida: the fact that it's there on the website shows that the NFL.com people think fans either do or should know something about Derrida. And while the guy who writes the NFL.com news is no expert, and called Derrida gibberish (like Marcus), he also gave less credit to Derrida's critics.

In fact, I think the two brief paragraphs on Derrida were pretty great: for those who don't know much or anything about Derrida, it gives a good indication of his importance, difficulty, and controversial position, without being afraid to get philosophical in its few sentences. For those who do know something about Derrida, it isn't afraid to express an opinion, while still being more respectful than the New York Times.

On top of that, there's this:

"What struck yours truly about Derrida's passing is that, as the Times reported, his death "was announced by the president of France." Could you imagine any recent president of the United States announcing the death of an intellectual? Of a talk-show host, maybe. France is the one place in the world a person can still become celebrated merely by thinking."

Well, France and the NFL website, evidently. The problem, I think, is about underestimating the people. The French gov't doesn't underestimate the intellectual concerns of its citizens. Americans, though, are underestimated by our government, our newspapers, and even some of us on the Poetics List. The NFL may just save us all.

**1265. — Kazim Ali** *13 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*questions about Derrida*

Can someone tell me which different genres Derrida wrote in—other than critical essays? Did he also write novels or screenplays or any thing else like that?

When I was in grad school I read things like "On Grammatology" "Memoirs for Paul DeMan" etc. Are there other lesser known weirder works anyone would like to pass on?

Thanks,

Kazim

Y! Messenger - Communicate in real time. Download now. http://messenger.yahoo.com

**1266. — david.bircumshaw** *14 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Derrida....*

Further to a point I attempted earlier, that is, as a non-US person I can't comment with any authority on internal political (academic or not) particularities of said US, I'm delighted, tickled and fascinated by the exchange between Mark and Joe. One thing I notice, as a kind of shading, in the discussions and diatribes and debate that has followed (on this list) Derrida's departure to other shores and tenures is the way Derrida is seen as 'French', a presumably homogenous identity, whereas what is 'US' breaks down, like a cloud of bees, into a swarm of specifics and separates that to the outsider seem all the same. The combination of insularity and global aspirations of the US, of its culture, fascinate me. Of course, being British, and even English, I am naturally superior and above everything, although my own particularity can be easily found at a convenient point (in a locked and keyless box) within an irregular triangle drawn between John O'Gaunt (it really exists) and Wigston Parva in Leicestershire and Wooten Wawen in Warwickshire. A sign nearby says 'Beware of the Vowels'.

Anyhow, loving all this

All the Best (with seriousness and a grin)

Dave

David Bircumshaw

Spectare's Web, A Chide's Alphabet & Painting Without Numbers

http://homepage.ntlworld.com/david.bircumshaw/

**1267. — Aldon L Nielsen** *14 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

David —

I'm not sure what you mean by "Derrida's departure to other shores and tenures is the way Derrida is seen as 'French', a presumably homogenous identity." His first departure to an other shore and university was TO France FROM Algeria — his origins as a Francophone Algerian Jew would seem to argue against the homogeneity of French identity, non?

**1268. — Lucas Klein** *14 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

"Instability of language" in action:

I think "departure to other shores and tenures" means "death".

**1269. — david.bircumshaw** *14 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

Absolutely agree with you, Aldon, as a matter of fact, what I was attempting, no doubt imperfectly, was to say how Derrida is figured, as it were, both for and against, as being 'French' i.e. intellectyouall. It seems to me that is a kind of blob image. Myself, I am neither for nor against Derrida, I don't know his works well enough, what I have seen I've found quite stimulating, but there again I'd echo Dr Nudel's remark about rotten translations, they are a barrier, my modest French is not sufficient for the originals. I am very wary of academic-political issues in any areas of discussion these days, I'm not an academic myself, I find myself ending up with said entity of late, and I don't know the rules of whatever games that, in such contexts, can be played. That isn't meant as a slur on academe, far from it, I like you profs.

But remember, there is such a thing as poetry, and even poets, in their slanted hats, that pre-exists theory, and that poetry, rather than theory, to paraphrase an earlier post, comes very close to sex in its gorgeous desirability, its promiscuity, its devotion, its broken promises, its infatuated love.

And you can't get a grant, a position, a credit, a tenure on that!

Maybe a pat on the back if you're lucky!

All the Best

Dave

David Bircumshaw

Spectare's Web, A Chide's Alphabet & Painting Without Numbers

**1270. — charles alexander** *14 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

*derrida*

The NY Times has done a good service, perhaps helping undo the Jonathan Kandell piece on Derrida. This one, by Mark C. Taylor, can be found here if you are a subscriber:

http://www.nytimes.com/2004/10/14/opinion/14taylor.html?oref=login&th

or here it is:

What Derrida Really Meant

*"By MARK C. TAYLOR*

*Along with Ludwig Wittgenstein and Martin Heidegger, Jacques Derrida, who died last week in Paris at the age of 74, will be remembered as one of the three most important philosophers of the 20th century. No thinker in the last 100 years had a greater impact than he did on people in more fields and different disciplines. Philosophers, theologians, literary and art critics, psychologists, historians, writers, artists, legal scholars and even architects have found in his writings resources for insights that have led to an extraordinary revival of the arts and humanities during the past four decades. And no thinker has been more deeply misunderstood.*

*To people addicted to sound bites and overnight polls, Mr. Derrida's works seem hopelessly obscure. It is undeniable that they cannot be easily summarized or reduced to one-liners. The obscurity of his writing, however, does not conceal a code that can be cracked, but reflects the density and complexity characteristic of all great works of philosophy, literature and art. Like good French wine, his works age well. The more one lingers with them, the more they reveal about our world and ourselves.*

*What makes Mr. Derrida's work so significant is the way he brought insights of major philosophers, writers, artists and theologians to bear on problems of urgent contemporary interest. Most of his infamously demanding texts consist of careful interpretations of canonical writers in the Western philosophical, literary and artistic traditions - from Plato to Joyce. By reading familiar works against the grain, he disclosed concealed meanings that created new possibilities for imaginative expression.*

*Mr. Derrida's name is most closely associated with the often cited but rarely understood term "deconstruction." Initially formulated to define a strategy for interpreting sophisticated written and visual works, deconstruction has entered everyday language. When responsibly understood, the implications of deconstruction are quite different from the misleading clichés often used to describe a process of dismantling or taking things apart. The guiding insight of deconstruction is that every structure - be it literary, psychological, social, economic, political or religious - that organizes our*

*experience is constituted and maintained through acts of exclusion. In the process of creating something, something else inevitably gets left out.*

*These exclusive structures can become repressive - and that repression comes with consequences. In a manner reminiscent of Freud, Mr. Derrida insists that what is repressed does not disappear but always returns to unsettle every construction, no matter how secure it seems. As an Algerian Jew writing in France during the postwar years in the wake of totalitarianism on the right (fascism) as well as the left (Stalinism), Mr. Derrida understood all too well the danger of beliefs and ideologies that divide the world into diametrical opposites: right or left, red or blue, good or evil, for us or against us. He showed how these repressive structures, which grew directly out of the Western intellectual and cultural tradition, threatened to return with devastating consequences. By struggling to find ways to overcome patterns that exclude the differences that make life worth living, he developed a vision that is consistently ethical.*

*And yet, supporters on the left and critics on the right have misunderstood this vision. Many of Mr. Derrida's most influential followers appropriated his analyses of marginal writers, works and cultures as well as his emphasis on the importance of preserving differences and respecting others to forge an identity politics that divides the world between the very oppositions that it was Mr. Derrida's mission to undo: black and white, men and women, gay and straight. Betraying Mr. Derrida's insights by creating a culture of political correctness, his self-styled supporters fueled the culture wars that have been raging for more than two decades and continue to frame political debate. To his critics, Mr. Derrida appeared to be a pernicious nihilist who threatened the very foundation of Western society and culture. By insisting that truth and absolute value cannot be known with certainty, his detractors argue, he undercut the very possibility of moral judgment. To follow Mr. Derrida, they maintain, is to start down the slippery slope of skepticism and relativism that inevitably leaves us powerless to act responsibly.*

*This is an important criticism that requires a careful response. Like Kant, Kierkegaard and Nietzsche, Mr. Derrida does argue that transparent truth and absolute values elude our grasp. This does not mean, however, that we must forsake the cognitive categories and moral principles without which we cannot live: equality and justice, generosity and friendship. Rather, it is necessary to recognize the unavoidable limitations and inherent contradictions in the ideas and norms that guide our actions, and do so in a way that keeps them open to constant questioning and continual revision. There can be no ethical action without critical reflection.*

*During the last decade of his life, Mr. Derrida became preoccupied with religion and it is in this area that his contribution might well be most significant for our time. He understood that religion is impossible without uncertainty. Whether conceived of as Yahweh, as the father of Jesus Christ, or as Allah, God can never be fully known or adequately represented by imperfect human beings.*

*And yet, we live in an age when major conflicts are shaped by people who claim to know, for certain, that God is on their side. Mr. Derrida reminded us that religion does not always give clear meaning, purpose and certainty by providing secure foundations. To the contrary, the great religious traditions are profoundly disturbing because they all call certainty and security into question. Belief not tempered by doubt poses a mortal danger.*

*As the process of globalization draws us ever closer in networks of communication and exchange, there is an understandable longing for simplicity, clarity and certainty. This desire is responsible, in large measure, for the rise of cultural conservatism and religious fundamentalism - in this country and around the world. True believers of every stripe -Muslim, Jewish and Christian - cling to beliefs that, Mr. Derrida warns, threaten to tear apart our world.*

*Fortunately, he also taught us that the alternative to blind belief is not simply unbelief but a different kind of belief - one that embraces uncertainty and enables us to respect others whom we do not understand. In a complex world, wisdom is knowing what we don't know so that we can keep the future open.*

*In the two decades I knew Mr. Derrida, we had many meetings and exchanges. In conversation, he listened carefully and responded helpfully to questions whether posed by undergraduates or colleagues. As a teacher, he gave freely of his time to several generations of students. But small things are the measure of the man. In 1986, my family and I were in Paris and Mr. Derrida invited us to dinner at his house in the suburbs 20 miles away. He insisted on picking us up at our hotel, and when we arrived at his home he presented our children with carnival masks. At 2 a.m., he drove us back to the city. In later years, when my son and daughter were writing college papers on his work, he sent them letters and postcards of encouragement as well as signed copies of several of his books. Jacques Derrida wrote eloquently about the gift of friendship but in these quiet gestures - gestures that served to forge connections among individuals across their differences - we see deconstruction in action.*

*Mark C. Taylor, a professor of the humanities at Williams College and a visiting professor of architecture and religion at Columbia, is the author, most recently, of "Confidence Games: Money and Markets in a World Without Redemption."*

**1271. — Aldon L Nielsen** *14 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Derrida....*

I wondered about that, but then how is it that "death" is the way he is seen as French????

**1272. — Robert Corbett** *14 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

i have to say that i think Greg Easterbrook, author of said column, is a total, not to put too fine point on it, dork, and his compliment of Derrida is rather back-handed. i know what the NFL is, thank you, which means the recent victories of the Pats in the Super Bowl means something to me, but i would never look at NFL.com. in any case, let's admit that those write and read about sports are probably closer in outlook to your average sensitive literary male. so knowing about New England's spread against the Seahawks and Derrida aren't necessarily signs of subverted masculinity.

i do however track college basketball fervently. still don't know why football is _the_ American sport for guys. go see a martial arts tournament sometime and you will realize that football players are mostly one trick ponys. that and it does terrible things to ankles, knees, and health in general.

**1273. — Harry Nudel** *14 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Fw: Derrida.....*

like Charles Alexander... the sexier half here...likes the NYTIMES article...

vituprative moi....cogito pense... that it makes Derrida out to be a fuzzy ecumenical lib'ral figure...

what's outside isn't inside... so call it a ball...or let somebody else ref the game...

which may be neither good nor mal... but quel tel...

drn....

**1274. — Ravi Shankar** *14 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Derrida....*

Go Steelers! And I'll admit having a twinge of man-crush on Tiki Barber. Though like Derrida himself, I grew up on la juga bonita and still have a nose for the net. Sport is like nationalism distilled to certain prescheduled broadcasts where anything can happen. a phenomenon that reacts directly with a subjective psyche's attention and esteem. The angst of the Sox fan is palpable here in CT, no less than the paranoia of someone who believes in superstitions for their team, which ultimately becomes a fallacious extension of the self. Perhaps, to give props, "the accused is thus someone who re-establishes contact between the corpora and the ceremonies of several dialects." The ceremony of sport is in part the dialect of capital, but there's still something gracile and unexpected about a volleyed ball hit with the instep onto someone's head that redeems the whole lot in my mind.

A friend sent me this link with all of Derrida's audio/video appearances:

<http://www.hydra.umn.edu/derrida/media.html

RS

********** Ravi Shankar Poet-in-Residence Assistant Professor CCSU - English Dept.

**1275. — Jerrold Shiroma** *14 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

ah, nice to know you have me pegged so perfectly as an 'average sensitive literary male', Robert.

**1276. — Pamela Lu** *14 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: questions about Derrida*

I'm rather fond of an essay/"memoir" he wrote (in the 1980s I believe) about his experience as a "greasy foreigner" professor (the phrase is his own) at UC Irvine. Lots of tongue-in-cheek observations about being the Other in a surreal, manicured, Reagan-conservative suburb (read: "Foreign intellectual, stay away from our women!") leading to a rambling review of a

local art installation piece dealing with race & violence. After stumbling through difficult bits of his more famous essays in school, I was actually thrilled to see him, in a relatively "light" moment, venting off on Southern California and getting very personal about it. Proof that the man had a real sense of humor as well as a radical mind.

Thing is, I can't remember the title of this book. Can anyone?

-Pam

Date: Wed, 13 Oct 2004 18:43:00 -0700

From: Kazim Ali

Subject: questions about Derrida

Can someone tell me which different genres Derrida

wrote in—other than critical essays? Did he also

write novels or screenplays or any thing else like

that?

When I was in grad school I read things like "On

Grammatology" "Memoirs for Paul DeMan" etc. Are there

other lesser known weirder works anyone would like to

pass on?

Thanks,

Kazim

**1277. — Lucas Klein** *14 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Derrida....*

I think the full sentence is:

So the clause in question is:

"One thing I notice is the way Derrida is seen as 'French'".

and not:

"Derrida's departure to other shores and tenures is the way Derrida is seen as 'French'".

But then, every sentence contains the seeds of its opposite.

**1278. — Pamela Lu** *14 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: questions about Derrida*

Apologies, I mixed up my memory of deconstructionists who were imported by Irvine — the book I'm thinking of is Pacific Wall by Lyotard, not Derrida. A fascinating read though, nonetheless. Especially in light of the parallel list discussion regarding university intellectuals and their "local color"... -Pam

**1279. — david.bircumshaw** *15 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Derrida....*

Yup, the point was the way Derrida is seen as French.

The discussion, airing, wrangles etc, on this list have of course followed on, been prompted by, the fact of, the event of, his death, but for the most part, notwithstanding his being Algerian, his being a Jew, he is seen, pro and contra, as 'French' and thereby invoking, raising the spirits, of whole sets of values like:

French=intellectual, pertaining to the general, sophisticated, clever, non-Anglo, possibly unhygienic, not a devotee of gridiron (all these are good points)

and

French=intellectual, pertaining to the general, sophisticated, clever, non-Anglo, possibly unhygienic, not a devotee of gridiron (all these are bad points)

I'm not trying to suggest that any listee actually reproduces either of these sets of caricature, rather trying to say, I hope clearly, that there is a certain ambience, a 'feel', to the debate that swings around these poles.

All the Best

Dave

David Bircumshaw

Spectare's Web, A Chide's Alphabet & Painting Without Numbers

**1280. — Aldon L Nielsen** *15 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

Yeah — I'm pretty much with Dave on this — My original point (lost in my temporary collapse of ability to read suspended clauses etc.) was that Derrida's life should trouble any visions of "French" as a homogeneous category even prior to his philosophical troubling of such categories —not that his life forms a "ground" for reading his texts — but the texts themselves touch upon this — especialy the great MONOLIGUALISM OF THE OTHER and the Derrida part of the Derrida/Bennington collaboration volume

**1281. — david.bircumshaw** *16 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

especialy the great MONOLIGUALISM OF THE OTHER <

Excellent emphasis, Aldon. I think we have something now inhabiting a nutshell!

Best

Dave

David Bircumshaw

Spectare's Web, A Chide's Alphabet & Painting Without Numbers

**1282. — Robert Corbett** *16 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

I meant it as a compliment, but I rescind if not so taken. Go Pats.

**1283. — Jerrold Shiroma** *16 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

ahhh...misunderstood. go Eagles.

**1284. — Joe Amato** *17 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

*and just when you thought it was safe to go outside...*

http://www.nytimes.com/2004/10/17/weekinreview/17eaki.html

The Theory of Everything, R.I.P.

*"By EMILY EAKIN*

*Published: October 17, 2004*

*WITH the death on Oct. 8 of the French philosopher Jacques Derrida, the era of big theory came quietly to a close.*

*He had been among the last of a generation of thinkers, mostly male and invariably French, whose sweeping claims about the nature of language, existence and reality transfixed scholars on both sides of the Atlantic and, for several decades, beginning in the 1960's, turned humanities departments into hotbeds of productivity and debate.*

*Mr. Derrida outlived fellow theorists Louis Althusser, Roland Barthes, Pierre Bourdieu, Michel Foucault, Jacques Lacan and Gilles Deleuze, but signs of theory's waning influence had been accumulating around him for years. Since the early 1990's, the grand intellectual paradigms with which these men were prominently associated - Marxism, psychoanalysis, structuralism - had steadily lost adherents and prestige.*

*The world had changed but not necessarily in the ways some of big theory's fervent champions had hoped. Ideas once greeted as potential catalysts for revolution began to seem banal, irrelevant or simply inadequate to the task of achieving social change.*

*Deconstruction, Mr. Derrida's primary legacy, was no exception. Originally a method of rigorous textual analysis intended to show that no piece of writing is exactly what it seems, but rather laden with ambiguities and contradictions, deconstruction found ready acolytes across the humanities and beyond - including many determined to deconstruct not just text but the political system and society at large.*

*Today, the term has become a more or less meaningless artifact of popular culture, more likely to turn up in a description of an untailored suit in the pages of Vogue than in a graduate seminar on James Joyce.*

*But even as theory, or at least its distinctive vocabulary, was seeping into everyday life, some scholars were renouncing it, as Frank Lentricchia, an English professor at Duke University, did in a 1996 essay in Lingua Franca magazine. Theory, he argued, had all but supplanted literature in English departments, reducing the literary canon to a litany of political and social wrongs, "a cesspool," as he put it, "of racism, poverty, sexism, homophobia and imperialism." Other scholars quietly abandoned big theory - writing at its most general and abstract - for more personal projects, producing memoirs and even novels.*

*A 2003 symposium on the future of theory hosted by the editors of Critical Inquiry, an academic journal, captured the bleak mood. When a student in the audience asked the panelists, more than two dozen distinguished scholars, what theory was good for, the answer came back amid much hand-wringing over the Bush administration and the war in Iraq: very little.*

*That same year, the British professor Terry Eagleton, who made his name as a Marxist literary critic, published "After Theory," in which he declared: "We are living now in the aftermath of what one might call high theory, in an age which, having grown rich on the insights of thinkers like Althusser, Barthes and Derrida, has also in some ways moved beyond them."*

*Why did big theories flourish, and why are they now in retreat? The most likely explanation involves politics. In this view, the rise and fall of theory paralleled the changing fortunes of the left. "The fate of major theories was very much bound up with a political moment," Mr. Eagleton said in a telephone interview. "The heroic period for that theory was the 1960's to the 1980's, a period in which the left was on the up." More than simply tools for analyzing literary or philosophical texts, theory was seen as a political weapon with which to challenge the status quo. As the English professor Stanley Fish put it in a telephone interview: "There was a general desire for there to be a political payoff for theoretical formulations. The hope was to revolutionize the world."*

*In the case of deconstruction, the idea that hidden power hierarchies and agendas could be exposed through careful close readings had tremendous political appeal. Analyzing Mr. Derrida's rise to stardom in a 1987 article, "How to Become a Dominant French Philosopher: The Case of Jacques Derrida," Michèle Lamont, a sociologist at Harvard, argued that among other things he "provided just the theoretical position that met and matched the political climate."*

*Then the political climate changed, and big theory's fate was sealed. The Berlin Wall came down, and the Soviet Union collapsed. Advances in neuroscience upended Freudian assumptions about the brain, and psychoactive drugs replaced psychoanalysis. And for the most part the social revolutions that big theory had seemed to portend did not take place.*

*Today, humanities departments are quieter places than they were when Mr. Derrida's ideas first caught on. The insights - especially the powerful idea that language is not a transparent medium for representing reality but rather a cultural system that shapes our values and beliefs - are here to stay. But these days, few scholars are producing discipline-transcending, paradigm-breaking new work.*

*The emphasis has shifted to what Ms. Lamont in a telephone interview called "finely grained, empirical research." She added, "There are not many huge theorists to be hired out there."*

*But that may not be such a bad thing after all. In retrospect, Mr. Fish said, it was a mistake to believe that theory could change the world. "Once theoretical questions cease to be questions in the realm of philosophy and become questions about how to live our lives, that places a great burden on theory," he said. "No theory can make good on that promise. It's the difference between the claims one can legitimately make and the claims that one probably should not make for theory. On the one hand you can say, as a theorist, 'Follow me, and I will show you an answer to an important, vexing and longstanding question.' Or you can say, 'Follow me, and I will lead you to the promised land.' ''The first is, of course, the appropriate claim and necessary claim made by scholars and theorists. The second is the language of prophets or even of gods. And theorists, thankfully, are neither prophets nor gods."*

**1285. — Ron Silliman** *18 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Silliman's Blog -- 200,000th visitor arrives this week*

http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/

RECENT TOPICS:

A new bookcase -what it says about what I'm reading

The best review I've had in years thanks to Magdalena Zurawski

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R.I.P. Jacques Derrida

What we think we know when we read a poem -height, race, girth & other variables of the poet

Bookstores & the future of poetry distribution

Kenneth Irby & a lesson on age differences -"location, location, location"

The Free Speech Movement @ 40 -Berkeley celebrates a history of rebellion

"Santa Cruz Propositions" -Robert Duncan as topical poet

Hats off to C.D. Wright!

http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/

**1286. — richard.tylr** *24 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Robin Blaser etc*

Its ok me not being able to get ot things - I remember reading about Wallace Stevens and how he got genuine pleasure from art exhibition books and catalogiues even postcards from Europe etc - I suspect he got a pleasure in NOT being at the place...a strange concept - of course a "foreign" place can be great - very stimulating - but the fact of not being able to go can be desire deferred if you like (something complex al a Lacan or Derrida or whoever)...but I wanted to impart that I am (or will when I have more time) looking more attentivlely at what women poets are doing and and others I must confess I previously wouldnt read a book about women poets (I had read Lyn Keller's book on Ashbery, Merrill and Creeley etc )... I preferred (previously) to read criticism/poetry that ignored gender implications) but I encourage those who are or have been (like me) a bit (annoyed? a little set in (my) (their) ways? ) to open up - but maybe I am in the minority (in making it a policy to treat all poets as simply poets (that works up to a point ...but ultimately it always gets more ocmples and more "political " that that....

(Clear as mud everyone thinks!).....

I hope people can se how this all connects back to the announcement of the Robin Blaser reading!! )))

.....Alan Sondheim is not inhibited in this way and seems to move through the various"waves" of language with no difficulty - its almost if Alan is driven by a creative demon - but his "personal" or "hurtful poems seem to alternate with the "technical "or "constructed" (constructivist) pieces ..but as with many works in progress (progress or perpetual motion?) it as if we are looking at a river - gazing at a river and can see the water seem to move before us but cant see the whole river..cant unless we track back and walk around (that is we can enjoy or be fascinted by the river of poetry but to get more joy from the greater project we need to learn how to read the poet concerned , thus know a lot more about the poet and the poem (all this while we remember that the author may be dead (a la Barthes)....

So while I 'm here I see mention of Robin Blazer, Creeley, some poems, some more of Sondheim, and so on: as I said it doesnt matter I cant get tothe US or England or wherever - its not a place I want to be in just now (if I win "Who wants to Be a Millionnaire?" and there is a radical change in the US political climate I wold love to vist again) and I am looking more to NZ for ideas inspiration etc BUT I still want to hear something of what's afoot off shore....in Uncle Sam or Blighty or even further afield - lol

*"-Thanks, Richard. I wrote that plea, which was very much meant for the local audience in Tucson, and forwarded here, very quickly & zipped it to friends, one of whom put it on the poetics list. One error in it is that it wasn't Duncan's essay that was rejected, but his poem, "African Elegy," after his essay, "The Homosexual in Society" had been published by the journal Politics. I know Lyn Keller and admire her*

> *book that you mention. Charles At 11:41 PM 10/23/2004 +1300, you wrote: I would like to hear Robin Blaser read - but as I'm in Auckland. NZ, I cant - but its interesting the connection with Spicer and Duncan (ironic his essay was rejected as many many of the great poets (and musicians atirsts etc etc) are homosexual) - I will get a copy of Robin's poems from the"*

**1287. — Ron Silliman** *25 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Silliman's Blog - Where Goest Cole Swensen?*

http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/

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Cole Swensen's Goest nominated for the National Book Award

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R.I.P. Jacques Derrida

What we think we know when we read a poem -height, race, girth & other variables of the poet

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# Christopher Reeve

1952–2004

*1 message · 1 hand*

> *American actor, film* Superman*, paralyzed in a 1995 riding accident and thereafter a leading spinal-cord-research activist. Died cardiac arrest, nine years after the equestrian accident that left him quadriplegic.*

**1288. — Geoffrey Gatza** *11 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Christopher Reeve dies*

Christopher Reeve dies

http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/health/3732526.stm

Sadly, Geoffrey

Geoffrey Gatza

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 (*) /  (*)
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# Paul Nitze

1907–2004

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American Cold War strategist and arms-control negotiator, principal author of* NSC 68, *serving administrations from Truman to Reagan. Died in Washington, aged 97.*

**1289. — Joe Brennan** *21 Oct 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Paul Nitze, 97, Dies, Proving Once Again That The Good Die Young:*

Click here: The Assassinated Press http://www.theassassinatedpress.com/

Military-Industrial Cold War Shill, Paul Nitze, 97, Dies, Proving Once Again That The Good Die Young: For Decades Nitze Picked The Public's Pocket With Cold War Hysteria And Official Lies: Old Line Whore To Power's Snout Slips From The Public Trough: A Thousand Washington Porkers Vie For Nitze's Place At His Money Teat, Wedged Between George Schultz And Lloyd Bentsen: GAO Estimates That If Cold Warrior, Paul Nitze, Had Been Killed At Birth It Would Have Amounted To A Tax Cut Of $216,000,00 For Every Man, Woman and Child Living In the U.S. Between 1953 And 1981; Nitze Prevented 289,000 More Millionaires From Being Created By U.S. Economy By Concentrating Wealth In A Relative Few Through His Cold War, Military-Industrial Canards:

> *"By BERRY BERRY SCHREWED They hang the man and flog the woman That steal the goose from off the common, But let the greater villain loose That steals the common from the goose. ".....at a time when I am speaking to you about the paradox of desire — in the sense that different goods obscure it — you can hear outside the awful language of power. There's no point in asking whether they are sincere or hypocritical, whether they want peace of whether they calculate the risks. The dominating impression as such a moment is that something that may pass for a prescribed good; information addresses and captures impotent crowds to whom it is poured forth like a liquor that leaves them dazed as they move toward the slaughter house. One might even ask if one would allow the cataclysm to occur without first giving free reign to this hubbub of voices...."*

---

# Ernie Garven

d. 2004

*3 messages · 3 hands*

*Nothing about this person could be verified outside the archive. The notice says: “The poetic heir to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Ernie Garven, the man who penned the Hamms Beer jingle (see below) has died.” Died at his home in Rotonda West, Fla.*

**1290. — Gabriel Gudding** *23 Nov 2004* ↑ **Register**

*OH MY GOD -- The Writer of the Hamms Beer JINGLE has DIED*

The poetic heir to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Ernie Garven, the man who penned the Hamms Beer jingle (see below) has died. I refer you to Longfellow's "The Song of Hiawatha" to understand the import of Mr. Garven's death.

"Nov 16, 2004 10:15 am US/Central

> *“St. Paul (AP) Ernie Garven, who penned that catchy Hamm's beer jingle about the "land of sky-blue waters" even though he didn't drink beer, died last week at his home in Rotonda West, Fla. He was 90.”*

**1291. — mIEKAL aND** *23 Nov 2004* ↑ **Register**

A deathblow to wisconsin beer drinkers.... This jingle & its accompanying scrolling beer lights are a big part of my early memories, they were very common in houses in Wisconsin Rapids in the 60s plus the jingle played repeatedly & every day on the radio & for years... mIEKAL

who has a whole born again appreciation of alcoholic beverages after being in Romania for a month.

**1292. — Haas Bianchi** *23 Nov 2004* ↑ **Register**

ooo I love HAMMS the loss of Mr Garven is indeed sad perhaps he should win the Bollingen Prize?

R

Raymond L Bianchi chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/ collagepoetchicago.blogspot.com/

> *“-----Original Message-----From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:]On Behalf Of Gabriel Gudding The poetic heir to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Ernie Garven, the man who penned the Hamms Beer jingle (see below) has died. I refer you to Longfellow's "The Song of Hiawatha" to understand the import of Mr. Garven's death. "Nov 16, 2004 10:15 am US/Central St. Paul (AP) Ernie Garven, who penned that catchy Hamm's beer jingle about the "land of sky-blue waters" even though he didn't drink beer, died last week at his home in Rotonda West, Fla. He was 90. "From the land of sky blue waters (waters), "From the land of pines, lofty balsams, "Comes the beer refreshing, "Hamm's, the beer refreshing." <http://wcco.com/localnews/local_story_321111655.html>http://wcco.com/localnews/local_story_321111655.html”*

# Christophe Tarkos

1964–2004

*3 messages · 2 hands*

*French poet and performer who renewed French poetry through improvised readings and his 'pâte-mot' language work, co-founding Poèzie Prolétèr and Facial;* Pan *(2000). Died brain tumor, in Paris, aged 41.*

**1293. — Charles Bernstein** *2 Dec 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Christophe Tarkos (1964-2004)*

I am sorry to pass on the sad news of the death, on November 30, of Christophe Tarkos, the energetic and performance-oriented French poet who did so much to enliven new French poetry over the past decade. Christophe, who had been ill for several years, was 40.

Stacy Doris & Chet Weiner edited a selection of his writing for Roof Books (2001): Ma langue est poétique, Selected Writing.

Our poetry has suffered a blow. But Tarkos's work already shows a means for recovery.

Charles Bernstein

**1294. — Charles Bernstein** *5 Dec 2004* ↑ **Register**

Here are the French obituaries for Christophe Tarkos

Le Monde 4 décembre 2004 CHRISTOPHE TARKOS; CARNET DISPARITIONS

CHRISTOPHE TARKOS, poète, est mort mardi 30 novembre des suites d'une tumeur au cerveau.

Né le 15 septembre 1964 à Marseille, Christophe Tarkos était l'un des représentants les plus inventifs de la dernière génération des poètes français.

Il avait fondé une revue, Poézi prolétèr (avec Katalin Molnar) et co-dirigé une autre publication, Quadermo.

C'est au milieu des années 1990, qu'il commence à publier des livres inclassables, machines textuelles en folie qui explorent quelques possibilités et irrégularités du langage.

L'essentiel de son oeuvre est alors édité chez Al Dante et chez POL ( Caisses, 1996 ; Le Signe =, 1999 ; PAN, 2000 ; et Anachronismes, 2001).

Poète du flux et de l'intensité verbale, Tarkos, se présentait lui-même comme « fabricant de poèmes et de lectures par improvisation... ». « Il n'y a pas de vide... », écrivait-il également. De fait, sa poésie en prose, ou sa prose poétique est saturée par tous les signes et objets de la modernité la plus prosaïque. Associé et encadré par l'esprit de géométrie (visible sur la page imprimée), le flux verbal met en lumière une aventure presque autonome du langage.

Valère Novarina, Olivier Cadiot, et plus loin Gertrude Stein sont quelques unes des références implicites et des modèles de Christophe Tarkos. A son propos, Christian Prigent écrivait dans Le Monde en mars 1999 : « Peu d'écrivains savent nous introduire avec un aussi imparable mélange de tendresse subtile et de cruauté pince-sans-rire au malaise de la langue qui passe comme une lame entre le monde et nous (...) Avec les textes de Tarkos nous voyons à nouveau la langue infidèle refluer sur le sable instable du réel. »

3 décembre 2004

Eric Loret

Mort de Christophe Tarkos, héraut de la nouvelle poésie. L'auteur français discret, né à Marseille, a succombé à 40 ans à une tumeur au cerveau.

"Tue-moi tue-moi ne me laisse pas crever de rien ne me laisse pas mourir sans que personne ne me touche par simple flocalisation ne me laisse pas finir à cause de rien je ne suis pas rien." C'était à l'initiale de Caisses, en 1998, on venait de découvrir Christophe Tarkos qui publiait en revue depuis longtemps et des livres depuis trois ans. On apprendrait plus tard qu'il était malade, tumeur au cerveau, hôpital psychiatrique. On verrait ses performances, visage d'ange et voix titubante. "Ma maladie est de parler, et le guérissement de ma maladie est de parler", lisait-on dans son dernier livre, Anachronisme, de janvier 2001. Et puis, dans la nuit de lundi à mardi, "Christophe Tarkos est mort". La phrase refuse de s'ancrer dans le réel. On a beau la répéter, elle flotte, incompréhensible.

Le temps de lire. La plupart des gens apprendront l'existence de Tarkos avec sa disparition. Ce sera le temps d'aller le lire, l'entendre (1). De découvrir le premier "suicidé de la société" de cette jeune génération de poètes: Katalin Molnár (avec qui il fonda la revue Poézi Prolétèr), Nathalie Quintane, Charles Pennequin... Poètes qui font des trous dans la langue, serrent l'insignifiance au kiki, le tout dans un "affreux comique" pour reprendre l'expression de Christian Prigent. On riait jaune aux "salades" de Tarkos, à ses "compotes" et ses "petits bidons" montés en boucle, pétris ensemble pour former ce qu'il appelait la "pâte-mot", "substance de mots assez englués pour vouloir dire [...] il y a un certain nombre de composés qui peuvent être mis en tas, la compote, la neige, les nuages, la merde, la confiture, et le mélange de ces composés entre eux, eux est pâte-mot, eux est heureux, eux voient, eux peuvent prendre place".

Dans le même livre-manifeste, le Signe =, il posait que "le signifiant = le signifié", à fleur de voix et de corps. Laurent Cauwet, qui dirige les éditions Al Dante, se rappelle que Tarkos ne venait jamais le trouver avec un manuscrit fini, mais avec des "propositions" et que le livre se construisait par montage et réécriture.

Humaine misère. Parmi cette génération aux prises avec le nom des choses, Tarkos, né en 1964 à Marseille, se distinguait peut-être par des accents sinon plus personnels, du moins plus fragiles, urgents, un travail de sape et reconstruction accéléré, clownesque et à tâtons, assumant tout entier notre humaine misère afin que nous puissions "prendre place" : "J'ai l'impression, presque l'assurance que je ne suis pas loin, que c'est disons par là, autour, que c'est en essayant à plusieurs reprises de me mettre la main dessus que j'y parviens quelquefois."

(1) http://tapin.free.fr/sons/peigne.rm www.editions-cactus.com/auteurs/tarkos/son

Les principales oeuvres de Christophe Tarkos sont disponibles chez P.O.L. et Al Dante. D'autres textes se trouvent chez des éditeurs tels que Aiou, S.U.E.L. ou Ulysse fin de siècle.

**1295. — Mickey O'Connor** *5 Dec 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Tarkos*

Sad news indeed, Charles, thanks for the sad news. I was just reading Tarkos's one English translation book, MA LANGUE EST POETIQUE by Roof Press

and returned it to the library. Terrific writer, 40 years old, sad news.

mickey

# Jackson Mac Low

1922–2004

*24 messages · 15 hands*

*American poet, composer and performance artist who brought chance operations into poetry — cards, dice, random digits, and the diastic method that spells a seed text letter by letter out of a source — and was there at the start of Fluxus;* The Pronouns *(1964),* Stanzas for Iris Lezak *(1972). He was eighty-two and died after a stroke. Barrett Watten forwarded Anne Tardos's message with a sentence explaining why he thought it was public business. Bernstein answered with a poem about kinds of light.*

**1296. — Barrett Watten** *8 Dec 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Jackson Mac Low*

Anne Tardos has just written that Jackson Mac Low died this morning. It seemed to me immediately that this was of great public consequence, and personal sadness. This was her message:

Dear Friends,

We are sad to announce that Jackson Mac Low died this morning at 11:30 a.m. at Cabrini hospital in New York from complications after a stroke he suffered on November 4th. He was 82.

There will be no funeral, but he will be buried at Cedar Park Cemetery in Oradell, NJ.

A memorial will be held in the future.

Anne Tardos Mordecai-Mark Mac Low Clarinda Mac Low

**1297. — Charles Bernstein** *8 Dec 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Jackson Mac Low (1922-2004)*

Jackson Mac Low
a signal force in 20th century poetry
died this morning
*

Let me choose the kinds of light
to light the passing of my friend
.....
[the] black light of absence
... revelatory light that is no light
the unending light of the realization
that no light will ever light your bodily presence again

Now your poems' light is all
The unending light of your presence
in the living light of your voice

(from 32nd Light Poem for Paul Blackburn)

**1298. — Haas Bianchi** *8 Dec 2004* ↑ **Register**

this is a great sadness...

Raymond L Bianchi chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/ collagepoetchicago.blogspot.com/

> *"From: UB Poetics discussion group*
> *[mailto:]On Behalf Of Charles Bernstein*
> *Jackson Mac Low*

*a signal force in 20th century poetry*
*died this morning*”

Now your poems' light is all
The unending light of your presence
in the living light of your voice

(from 32nd Light Poem for Paul Blackburn)

**1299. — mIEKAL aND** *8 Dec 2004* ↑ **Register**
*The Why not? brings faith*

The Why not? brings faith

Career assists on taking care of committing good when intercepted aboard flagship This week was dominant focus on Jackson from the mesh the talents On Mad for the orphaned Big Jump Even with historical standards. Zips unable to capitalize absence, from the field, including a Choral rebound. Jackson tipped by video-shot Eagles showing improved involved mouthed surprisingly, Some Low, Some retired Constitution in its artificially international Settlement likely pulled and rocked while too little - low country takes THE film not available on an atmosphere transaction Instead Jackson pulled the giant key next door. The Why not? brings faith to This edition of the more mobile Agenda - that record has said second trombone OF SWAMI Downriver Outside on famous CatTracks With a can't they find a somewhere?

for Jackson Mac Low (1922-2004)

**1300. — Nick Piombino** *9 Dec 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Jackson Mac Low*

I have never encountered any person of more intense internal confrontation with the reality of social experience on the' one hand, provoking a concomitant sense of personal political responsibility, and the desire and ability to focus continuously on the reality of internal thought and experience, at the other pole, as it is or could be encompassed in or by forms of verbal expression. A powerful current connected these poles in the writing of Jackson Mac Low, sparking an immensely powerful, dense, astoundingly continuous stream of beautiful, haunting, complexly evocative and inventive poetic objects. All of this from a person of incomparable modesty and humility, yet unmatchable humor and vivacity, particularly in performance of his own or others' poetic or artistic works.

Although his works will surely forever continue to nourish, his human presence will be sorely missed and its memory cherished by all who knew or were touched by him.

"Time will be wasted
but honesty
whether in light from an Argend lamp
or arc light
or Aufklarung
is the
best
policy?

Tragedy.

Idiocy.

Honesty?

An aureole springs around a formerly hated form.

You must stay alive."

Jackson Mac Low
born September 12, 1922
died December 8, 2004

[from 14th Light Poem: For Frances Witlin- 10 August 1962]

(Black Sparrow Press, 1968)

On 12/9/04 12:01 AM, "mIEKAL aND" wrote:

**1301. — Charles Bernstein** *9 Dec 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Jackson Mac Low (1922-2004)*

Jackson at Sunset —

http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/maclow/sunset.html

**1302. — Pierre Joris** *9 Dec 2004* ↑ **Register**

Jackson Mac Low's departure is a great loss indeed. The radiant yet earthy energy with all its lovely curmudgenius knots, the absolute clarity of the man's human, social, political engagement with this world in this world, relentless, day after day working to change this world despite what his friend John Cage had said about that desire, and just as relentless, day after day, the light of the poems — ah, who will write the light poem for Jackson?

Here is some of what Jerome Rothenberg & I wrote about Jackson in the "commentary" of the Millennium book:

All light is relevant to each light / & each light to every light / &

each light to each light / & every light to each light / & all light

to every light / & every light to all light / & each light to all light

/ & all light to all light.

Is that lucid?

Yes.

(JML)

Mac Low stands with John Cage as one of the two major artists to have brought systematic chance (aleatoric) operations into our poetic & musical practice since the Second World War. The resulting work raises fundamental questions about the nature of poetry & the function of the poet as creator. It also sums up & greatly extends the experiments of many earlier avant-garde poets, not only with !objective chance! but with the introduction into poetry of asymmetric structure, serial techniques, & simultaneity of performance, along with a continuing use of traditional & improvisational methods of composition. All of this has finally brought a recognition by many (Cage among them) of Mac Low as the principal experimental poet of his time...

Pierre

p.s. note new zip code in snailmail address below: ========== "As democracy is perfected, the office of president represents, more and more closely, the inner soul of the people. On some great and glorious day the plain folks of the land will reach their heart's desire at last, and the White House will be adorned by a downright moron." — H.L. Mencken (1880-1956)

**1303. — Halvard Johnson** *9 Dec 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Poems by others: RIP Jackson Mac Low (1922-2004) "RadioTurnbuckle"*

Radio Turnbuckle

Destiny twinned and paid therapeutic counselors like a human being getting better and doesn't bind people or make them clean toilets. Very few people are free and when one of them gets you you can look at it this way somewhat. His religion is not taken away from him and he's given financial help until just before the beginning of the religion. He did know him and taught him how to drive. They still held their jobs.

And never went back. They wouldn't allow them radios and precipitated a great to-do, aware of the real problems. Do you remember that? He'd had a lobotomy and were worth their weight in gold and three meals a day, exactly how they were used. Es-pecially. I was teaching them how to live and were faced with being sterilized, hopelessly crippled, a clock hung around your neck. See it.

You were in perpetual humiliation all the time, how he would ask astute questions. He was never attacked, benevolent and all that great. His clay feet triumphed all the time. Regardless of whether your column is syndicated, exclusively written and very good to talk to where there's self-interest at work, you have to look at those things. An interesting thing is happening and did not survive forced changing and transferring.

Liable for the defendant's costs, amongst the papers, designed to cost money, and will constantly keep under threat, he had a very interesting career. You'll have to bear some of the costs. He was treated with kid gloves. Afraid of the legend, he went to incorporate, al-legedly high-class and all in capital letters. Who had the snake? He's out of there now. Did they escape? They still had a large facility. They considered him a martyr and lost that one. He may well yet.

He's been sent and it really doesn't matter. I'll put it this way to mobilize all the members against one another. They begin to ferret out the most effective form of mind control, baring your soul and its gets very aggressive. They enjoy intimacy and everybody gets a turn. I managed to slide and was just in for the darlingness at a weak moment in a part of the whole process. This is very rough. It's so hard and all-encompassing. Engineered to a degree, they left.

They had to go on and went through a stage. We do this and then after that they forget it. You find out shortly afterward. No, I haven't. I've seen so many people absorbed and they gave remarkably convincing speeches to try that first. They tend toward that sort of thing, refilled with the good stuff and real informed decisions, very involved with all sorts of symbols. Going through a ritual again and again, they learned their therapeutics.

He remains permanently and they go there. They are made dependent. I know someone. I know several people who fall down a big step forward. It makes participation more exciting. There's no such thing as an in-between if it's all involved with poison. Everybody else was quoted. They were battling Satan. A relation would never go into any details. You move up first. It's what you know and it is very hard for them. Your whole life is a problem.

A thrill from Christian Scientists can tell you one experience if you leave it alone. I just can't. It's really fine. If you are exactly the same, can I say the one thing I'll be back to in a little while? I wouldn't be thinking about it. Where is it coming from? Body and soul have no foundation and have tumbled from of old. When you take up the exact wording, more will be seen. They talked about it and were lonesome

22 June 1982 New York

—Jackson Mac Low

fr. *Bloomsday* [Barrytown, NY: Station Hill, 1984]

Hal

Halvard Johnson

**1304. — Joseph Bradshaw** *10 Dec 2004* ↑ **Register**
*NY Times Mac Low Obit*

Jackson Mac Low, 82, Poet and Composer, Dies

*“By MARGALIT FOX*

*Published: December 10, 2004*

*Jackson Mac Low, a poet, composer and performance artist whose work reveled in what happens when the process of composition is left to carefully calibrated chance, died on Wednesday at Cabrini Medical Center in Manhattan. He was 82 and lived in Manhattan.*

*The cause was complications of a stroke that he had last month, according to the Academy of American Poets, which announced his death.*

*The author of more than two dozen books of poetry, as well as musical compositions, plays and multimedia performance works, Mr. Mac Low was a seminal figure in the American experimentalist movement of the 1950's and after. A founding member of the avant-garde group Fluxus, he collaborated frequently with the composer John Cage. In recent years Mr. Mac Low often worked with his wife, Anne Tardos, a poet, artist and composer.*

*What united Mr. Mac Low's output was a fascination with randomness and with the limitless combinatorial possibilities of language. "The sense of words as being primarily in a circumstance that's limiting -sentencing them to sentences - he did not take kindly to that," the poet Robert Creeley said in a telephone interview yesterday.*

*Mr. Mac Low's poems, like his musical compositions, did not so much blur the boundary between language and music as render it invisible. He prized words not simply for their meaning (he worked as an etymologist as a young man) but as movable fragments of pure sound.*

*Sprung from their sentences, shuffled and reassembled, Mr. Mac Low's words became layered acoustic collages, meant to be performed aloud. Constantly shifting, always evolving, rarely the same twice, his poems laid bare the machinery of poetry-making itself.*

*In Mr. Mac Low's work, structure depended on chance. He composed some poems by shuffling index cards containing words and phrases. For others he used random-number tables and, in later years, computer programs.*

*Some sprang from a roll of the dice. "7.1.11.1.11.9.3!11.6.7!4.,a biblical poem" was the first in a cycle, begun in the mid-1950's, that was rooted in the Hebrew Bible. The poem comprises not only words (spoken aloud by one or more performers) but also rhythmic silences (represented by "/__/").*

*Mr. Mac Low prefaced the poem with two pages of instructions describing the various possibilities for reading it. (The title represents the number of words and silences in each line, which he determined with dice.) When read aloud by multiple performers, each going at a different pace, the poem evokes the wash of murmuring of Orthodox Jews at prayer.*

*Jackson Mac Low was born in Chicago on Sept. 12, 1922. After receiving an associate's degree from the University of Chicago in 1941, he earned a bachelor's degree from Brooklyn College in 1958. He was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1985 and in 1999 received the Wallace Stevens Award, which carries a $100,000 prize, from the Academy of American Poets.*

*Mr. Mac Low's first marriage, to Iris Lezak, ended in divorce in 1973. Besides Ms. Tardos, whom he married in 1990, he is survived by two children from his first marriage, Mordecai-Mark and Clarinda, both of Manhattan, and one grandchild.*

*His other work includes "Two Plays: The Marrying Maiden and Verdurous Sanguinaria" (1999), "Pieces o' Six: Thirty-three Poems in Prose" (1992) and the CD "Open Secrets" (1993).*

*In a 1999 lecture, Mr. Mac Low described what he called his "ways of working." "They are almost always ways in which I engage with contingency, and in doing so I am often, to a large extent, 'not in charge' of what happens while I do so," he explained. "They often surprise me, and they almost always give me pleasure and seem to give pleasure to others."*”

**1305. — Halvard Johnson** *10 Dec 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Poems by others: Jackson Mac Low, "Unmanifest"*

Unmanifest

What the maker of a manifesto does not comprehend or acknowledge is the basic unmanifestness from which and within which each manifes-tation takes place. It is this neglect or ignorance that calls forth repug-nance when a manifesto is proclaimed or published, especially one regarding art. As if what comes to being in and as the work of art could ever be totally manifest or even manifest at all without its abiding steadfastly in the unmanfest! A work of art is a manifesto only insofar as it is its own antimanifesto.

21 June 1983 New York

Jackson Mac Low (1922-2004)

fr. *Bloomsday* [Barrytown, NY: Station Hill, 1984]

Hal

Halvard Johnson

**1306. — Barrett Watten** *10 Dec 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Jackson Mac Low in Virtual Space*

Beginning of writing on Jackson Mac Low:

http://www.english.wayne.edu/fac_pages/ewatten/post11.html

Also recently completed as part of "1-Year Plan":

"Blue States: Reading the Election with Kenneth Fearing"

http://www.english.wayne.edu/fac_pages/ewatten/post07.html

"Diasporic Avant-Gardes": introductory remarks at the conference at UC Irvine:

**1307. — Nick Piombino** *10 Dec 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Jackson Mac Low*

Jackson Mac Low: A Few Images

on ::fait accompli:

http://nickpiombino.blogspot.com/2004_12_05_nickpiombino_archive.html#110269
406985224211

**1308. — Ron Silliman** *12 Dec 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Mac Low obit in LA & Seattle papers*

This ran in the LA Times & The Seattle Times (where I saw it)

Ron

Sunday, December 12, 2004, 12:00 A.M. Pacific

Permission to reprint or copy this article/photo must be obtained from The Seattle Times. Call  or with your request.

Close-up Mac Low challenged poetic convention by performing his work

*"By Mark Swed Los Angeles Times*

*Jackson Mac Low, 82, a prolific poet who questioned the nature of poetry and become a pioneer in liberating language from logic and lifting it into the realm of sound and performance, died Wednesday at Cabrini Hospital in New York City. He had suffered a stroke last month.*

*A typical first response to encountering Mac Low in print or at the podium was one of mystification. Words and nonsense syllables unconnected by syntax might splay across the page every which way. He could write sentences that ran on for pages. Modest, shy, seemingly uncertain, he performed his poems as if they were inexplicable music, the weird intoning and droning of utterances coming from somewhere deep and strange inside him.*

*Inspired by composer John Cage, with whom he studied in the 1950s, Mac Low used chance operations in making his art. Influenced also by Buddhist practice, he attempted to free his ego from his words, to take away his intentions from his art. Yet in defying the expected nature of poetry, Mac Low could be a peculiarly mesmerizing figure. "He really went his own way," Marjorie Perloff, an author of several books on progressive poetics, said Thursday. "But he was one of the few people who could combine music and word, and he was a true forerunner in the areas of conceptual art, sound poetry and performance art."*

*From the very start, Mac Low challenged convention. Born in Chicago in 1922, he was educated at the University of Chicago and Brooklyn College. His first interest was music, but by 1938, he was already writing poems with lines such as "Gay cake gotta gay cake go gotta gay cake," and later he sometimes described himself as a "composer of poetry."*

*Besides poetry and music, Mac Low was actively interested in theater and had a close association with the experimental Living Theatre in New York City during the 1950s and '60s. And in doing so, he didn't so much break genres as ignore them altogether. Hence, he could provide music for a Living Theatre staging of W.H. Auden's poem "The Age of Anxiety" or write his own play, "The Marrying Maiden," meant as text for Cage's music.*

*His interest in theater, performance, music and Cage - as well as his involvement with anarchist thought - also made him a key figure in Fluxus, the neo-Dada art movement of the early '60s. It was then that Mac Low came into his own as a performer of his works.*

*Although he published 27 books, it is as a performer that Mac Low may best be remembered. However abstract the processes he tirelessly invented to produce his work, however artificial the poetry might look as printed text, it always came to life when he read.*

*A tireless advocate of sound poetry, Mac Low held teaching posts at Mannes School of Music (1966) and New York University (1966-73) and lectured widely. Among his many honors was the $100,000 Wallace Stevens Award from the Academy of American Poets in 1999.*

*Mac Low is survived by his second wife, the poet Anne Tardos; and two children, Mordecai-Mark Mac Low and Clarinda Mac Low, from a previous marriage to painter Iris Lezak.*"

**1309. — Ron Silliman** *13 Dec 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Silliman's Dry Blog*

http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/

RECENT TOPICS:

Carla Harryman's Open Box: poetry vs. flash poetry (Brian Kim Stefans, failing the Blake Test)

Alcohol & poetry: Better to read Jack Spicer than BE Jack Spicer (on 20 years without a drink)

Jackson Mac Low
1922 - 2004:
seeing, hearing, feeling language
with the most open mind

57 "notable" books of poetry
as chosen by the NY Times
1997 - 2004
listed by publisher

Why the NY Times
has never had a comics section

The Poker 5:
New poems by Jack Spicer
in a journal that is an "how to"
lesson in editing

What Gertrude Stein, Sandra Gilbert &
"Puff the Magic Dragon"
have in common -
The Berkeley Poetry Walk

Our inner typewriter(s)

Typing the poem as a mechanism for understanding

Pinsky's William Carlos Williams -
What's wrong with this picture?

Muriel Rukeyser & the Objectivists?

The blogroll reaches 400

An image from another time

The hidden poems in the work of
Elyse Friedman

Thomas Jefferson as polymath -
step inside Monticello

http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/

**1310.** **— Joe Amato** *18 Dec 2004* **↑ Register**
*mac low and berlin...*

very sorry to hear of jackson mac low's passing, a great loss to poets everywhere... i met the man only once, wish it could have been more than once...

and sorry too to hear that lucia berlin, a former colleague, has passed away... lucia was a great coworker, a warm and supportive presence, and a helluva writer...

best,

joe

**1311.** **— Ron Silliman** *20 Dec 2004* **↑ Register**
*Silliman's Blog*

http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/

RECENT TOPICS:

Riding writing:
poetry & time -
"snail's trace in the moonlight"

What is character?
Walter Mosley's
Socrates Fortlow

What is the Philly Sound?
Furniture Press' new run
of "book-thingees"

Devin Johnston
& the poetics of stillness

Sociology of the
"open" reading

Carla Harryman's Open Box:
poetry vs. flash poetry
(Brian Kim Stefans,
failing the Blake Test)

Alcohol & poetry:
Better to read Jack Spicer
than BE Jack Spicer
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Jackson Mac Low
1922 - 2004:
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57 "notable" books of poetry
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listed by publisher

Why the NY Times
has never had a comics section

The Poker 5:
New poems by Jack Spicer
in a journal that is an "how to"
lesson in editing

What Gertrude Stein, Sandra Gilbert &
"Puff the Magic Dragon"

have in common -
The Berkeley Poetry Walk

Our inner typewriter(s)

Typing the poem as a mechanism for understanding

http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/

**1312. — charles alexander** *21 Dec 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Guardian obit for Jackson Mac Low*

Charles,

Is the "Ian Tyson" referred to in this obituary really the "country singer Ian Tyson" as the article claims — or is it the British artist (including book artist) Ian Tyson, with whom Jackson collaborated with on a few occasions?

Charles

At 10:20 AM 12/21/2004 -0500, you wrote:

"*http://www.guardian.co.uk/obituaries/story/0,3604,1377151.html*"

charles alexander / chax press

fold the book inside the book keep it open always
read from the inside out speak then

**1313. — Charles Bernstein** *21 Dec 2004* ↑ **Register**

In response to Charles Alexander's question about which Ian Tyson: that's a funny mistake in the Guardain review.

It's not Ian Tyson, the Canadian folk singer from "Ian and Sylvia" (aka Mitch of "Mitch & Mickey" in *A Mighty Wind*?), but Ian Tyson the British book artist (see, e.g., http://ucsdnews.ucsd.edu/newsrel/arts/IanTyson.asp) who had collaborated with Jackson.

**1314. — charles alexander** *22 Dec 2004* ↑ **Register**

Hopefully it will be changed. I contacted the Guardian and informed them.

fold the book inside the book keep it open always
read from the inside out speak then

**1315. — Ron Silliman** *27 Dec 2004* ↑ **Register**
*Silliman's Blog: MLA week*

http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/

RECENT TOPICS:

Another great Canadian poet you haven't heard of ... yet: Mark Truscott

MLA Off-Site Monster Reading: Time, Place, Names

Writing poetry in reverse: a note from Norway

Red Grooms: A great ruckus from meticulous craft

The Blake Test: Poetry, Vispo, language & time

The role of the blog

Riding writing:
poetry & time -
"snail's trace in the moonlight"

What is character?
Walter Mosley's
Socrates Fortlow

What is the Philly Sound?
Furniture Press' new run
of "book-thingees"

Devin Johnston
& the poetics of stillness

Sociology of the
"open" reading

Carla Harryman's Open Box:
poetry vs. flash poetry
(Brian Kim Stefans,
failing the Blake Test)

Alcohol & poetry:
Better to read Jack Spicer
than BE Jack Spicer
(on 20 years without a drink)

Jackson Mac Low
1922 - 2004:
seeing, hearing, feeling language
with the most open mind

57 "notable" books of poetry
as chosen by the NY Times
1997 - 2004
listed by publisher

http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/

**1316. — Craig Allen Conrad** *4 Jan 2005* ↑ **Register**
*without a doubt the SEXIEST poem of 2004*

hands down

the sexiest poem of 2004

is "Girly Man" by Charles Bernstein and I don't just mean the poem but the reading of the poem as well

if there were separate awards for poem and reading of poem Bernstein and his poem would win both

when reading the poem at the MLA reading in Philadelphia he dedicated its reading to the memories of Gil Ott and Jackson Mac Low

in New York at the Poetry Project's New Year reading he dedicated the reading to Jackson Mac Low

both times, as a listener, I dedicated my ears to let it be heard and told to the living, everywhere

if Bernstein never inspired you
ever before
you would not be able to say so after hearing

and I wish (like all wishing idiots) that I could have
had the MANY fools who know nothing about
Language Poetry but claim to know it well and
claim to hate it---I wish they could have heard
what I heard

talking this evening with my friend Matt McGoldrick,
he and I agreed that the reading in Philadelphia had
much more punch and excitement

but 2004 was the sexy year for The Girly Man
thank you Mr. Bernstein

CAConrad
http://phillysound.blogspot.com

**1317. — amy king** *4 Jan 2005* ↑ **Register**

Can you post the poem? Where can we find it if not?

**1318. — Larry Sawyer** *5 Jan 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Re: SEXIEST poem of 2004*

Bernstein's "The Ballad of the Girlie Man" in milk magazine, volume six

http://www.milkmag.org/CHBERNSTEIN6.html

Best,

Larry Sawyer, editor milk magazine www.milkmag.org

Can you post the poem? Where can we find it if not?

**1319. — UbuWeb** *18 Jan 2005* ↑ **Register**

*__ U B U W E B __ Recent Additions :: Winter 2005*

__ U B U W E B __ http://ubu.com

Recent Additions :: Winter 2005

--- RECENT FEATURES ---

The Great Bear Pamphlets

UbuWeb is pleased to host the entire run of the legendary chapbooks produced by Something Else? Press from 1965-1967. Long out-of-print and rarely seen, UbuWeb has reformatted all twenty titles into new PDF editions. Featuring titles by: Allan Kaprow, Bengt af Klintberg, David Antin, George Brecht, Philip Corner, Robert Filliou, Al Hansen, Dick Higgins, Alison Knowles, Jackson Mac Low, Various Manifestos, Claes Oldenburg, Dieter Roth, Jerome Rothenberg, Luigi Russolo, Wolf Vostell, Emmett Williams, The Zaj Group, John Cage and others.

Gregory Whitehead: A 20 Year Survey

A comprehensive twenty-year survey of MP3s, comprised of 52 tracks, varying in length from a few minutes to over an hour. Several of the pieces are heard here for the first time; others were commissioned by the BBC, NPR and New American Radio; many are live air-checks and full-length radio-plays. Also included in this survey are several pieces of writing by Whitehad on the subject radio, ranging from interviews to manifestoes.

The Tape-beatles, Public Works, PhonoStatic Cassettes

UbuWeb announces the launch of the Public Works archive, consisting of digitial transfers of dozens of cassettes, LPs, and CDs into MP3s. The Tape-beatles are a collaboration of varying membership that make music and audio art recordings, "expanded cinema" performances, videos, printed publications, and works in other media. They work under the aegis of Public Works Productions. PhotoStatic was a magazine, a periodical series of printed works, that focused on xerography (photocopy) as a creative medium. Founded in 1983, the title continued in some form until as late as 1998. A companion publication on audio cassette was dubbed PhonoStatic, with the inaugural issue appearing in 1984. In all, ten cassette issues were released at roughly six-month intervals, culminating with the "Audio Collage" cassette in 1989. The complete PhonoStatic cassette archive is available on UbuWeb.

The Dial-A-Poem Poets

The latest additions to UbuWeb's collection of legendary downtown New York LPs produced in the 70s and 80s by John Giorno include: You're The Guy I Want To Share My Money With, William S. Burroughs / John Giorno, A Diamond Hidden in the Mouth of a Corpse, and John Giorno & Anne Waldman. Artists on these discs include: Laurie Anderson, John Giorno, William S. Burroughs, Anne Waldman, Hüsker Dü, Cabaret Voltaire, David Johansen, Diamanda Galas, Jessica Hagedorn, David van Tieghem, Coil, Michael Gira, and Sonic Youth. (MP3)

Live To Air: Artist's Sound Works (1982)

"Live to Air" comprises an international compilation of artists' sound works. Forty-five artists were invited to make a work for the context of Audio Arts Magazine with an approximate duration of five minutes. Originally produced on three Dolby cassettes, this out-of-print compilation includes artists such as Dan Graham, Vito Acconci, Barbara Ess, Art & Language, Lawrence Weiner, Jack Goldstein, Dieter Roth, Tom Marioni, Les Levine and Marina Abramovic and many others. Includes scans of original liner notes and artwork.

Yves Klein "Selected Writings, 1928-1962"

Originally published by the Tate Gallery in 1974, this collection of aphorisms, stories and photographs documents the trajectory of a lifetime's worth of thought from the great French conceptual artist. From the introduction: "Klein's work lends itself very well to this mode of presentation. Although immensely varied in its means it seems to divide into sections naturally and with unusual clarity as if it were the chapters of a book, each chapter pressing home one particular point. This characteristic does not, of course, rob Klein's art of subtlety, mystery or ambiguity-quite the reverse; it is perhaps the result of his trenchant, often theatrical or ritualistic modes of expression. Certain of his activities have, therefore, a quality which makes them at once memorable, mythical and self-defining. At the same time they are all concerned with a single constellation of ideas."

Andreas Ammer: Selection of Hörspiele, 1993-1999.

Originally produced for German radio (Westdeutscher Rundfunk, Bayerischer Rundfunk, WDR3). Includes two collaborations with FM Einheit: Radio Inferno (1993) and Crashing Aeorplanes and three collaborations with Console: Heimat & Technik Das Heidegger-Bootleg (2000) The Official Olympic Bootleg (2000) and Bugs & Beats & Beasts (1999).

Gertrude Stein's "Geography and Plays"

In an ongoing celebration of the roughly 100th anniversary of Gertrude Stein's Geography and Plays, softpalate (www.softpalate.org) has matched various sound artists (audio artists, performance artists, soundtext artists, composers, radio producers, soundpoets, DJ's, re-mix artists, turntablists, etc.) with texts from Geography and Plays. Included here are the first five plays as realized by Warren Burt, John Wanzel, Students from Bella Vista Elementary School and David Braden, and Fadladder. (MP3)

Artsounds

Rare out-of-print double LP from 1985 of artists' recordings. Includes tracks by Larry Rivers, Marcel Duchamp, Connie Beckley, Cotten/Prince, Minneko Grimmer, Philemona Williamson, Jeff Gordon, Tony McAulay, Jonathan Borofsky, Les Levine, Burton Van Deusen, Tom Wesslemann, Marcy Brafman, Philip Johnson, John Burgee, Italo Scanga, Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt, Bob Gruen, Yura Adams, and Jennifer Bartlett. Includes extensive liner notes. (MP3)

Stephen Vitiello

"Collaborations and Unreleased MP3s" Stephen Vitiello is a composer of electronic music and media artist. He works in mediums ranging between installation, internet, video, film, dance and music for audio CD. Presented here are rare pieces and collaborations with Pauline Oliveros, Joe McPhee, Tony Conrad, Yasunao Tone and Scanner.

People Like Us "Abridged Too Far" (2004)

For the first time, UK-based People Like Us (Vicki Bennett) is releasing a new album exclusively online here on UbuWeb. "Abridged Too Far" is a collection of audio work first conceived through experimentation through or on radio. On this new collection, People Like Us continues its pastiche of impressions of popular music from Europe and America from the 1920s thru to 1990s. Vicki Bennett's work is an examination of the affect of hearing well known tunes and lyrics in fragments, then putting those elements to play—resonating, intermingling and recombining with the listeners own associations and shards of memories. Full-color downloadable artwork and liner notes are available.

The 365 Days Project

UbuWeb is pleased to announce the re-launch and permanent home of curator Otis F. Odder's 365 Days Project. This legendary project, in which an MP3 a day — of mostly outsider, novelty, and oddball recordings — was made available for the public to download over the course of 2003. Briefly taken offline at the end of the project, it is now presented here in its entirety, complete with images and vast commentary on each selection. The 365 Days Project is part of UbuWeb's redesigned, newly-named and much expanded Outsiders section.

Stan Brakhage

"The Brakhage Lectures" (1972) Unavailable writings by filmmaker Stan Brakhage (1933-2003) who gave these lectures as a credit course at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago during the fall and early winter of 1970-71. Extended essays on George Méliès, David Wark Griffith, Carl Theodore Dreyer, and Sergei Eisenstein. The original program included screenings of forty-three films by Méliés, Griffith, Dreyer, Eisenstein, Cocteau and Edwin Porter. Includes an introduction by Robert Creeley.

--- OTHER RECENT ADDITIONS ---

New Additions

Morton Feldman "Selections from the Feldman Archive at SUNY-Buffalo" (MP3)

Joseph Beuys "Sonne statt Reagan / Krafte sammeln," 45 rpm, 7" 1982 (MP3)

Ara Shirinyan "2005 Resolution: I Promise to Write Better Poetry" [PDF]

Jon Rutzmoser "Hyperbraille" (MP3)

The Uproar Tapes (1985): Karen Finley, Eric Bogosian, David Cale, Ann Magnuson, Richard Price, Ethyl Eichelberger (MP3)

Clairaudient Autopoesis, "Iteration 14" (2004)

William S. Burroughs "The Cut-Up Methond of Brion Gysin"

Michel de Certeau "The Practice of Everyday Life"

Asger Jorn "Pataphysics: A Religion in the Making"

Raymond Queneau "Exercices de style"

Erik Satie "A Day in the Life of a Musician"

Abbie Hoffman "Wake Up America!" 1969 (MP3)

Drew Gardner "Poems and music" 2003 (MP3)

Xavier Gautier "Media works, 2000-2003" (MP3)

Louis-Ferdinand Celine "Songs and Readings" 1950s (MP3)

Ed Dorn Reads from "The North Atlantic Turbine" (1967), MP3

Seth Price Dispersion (2001)

Ensemble "Ordinature Ursonate" (2004)

Max Neuhaus "Radio Net" (1977) (MP3)

Jane Philbrick "Audio 1998 - 200"4 (MP3)

Cornelius Cardew "BBC Documentary & Memorial Concert" (1985) (MP3)

Kenneth Rexroth "On American Indian Songs"

Jerome Rothenberg on Slim Gaillard

Translations from the Yaqui 15 Flower World Variations

Shamanistic Songs of Roman Estrada

Sam Truitt "Transverse"

Tod Dockstader "Interview" 1963 (MP3)

> Kuemmerling Trio (Dieter Roth, Emmett Williams, Hansjorg Mayer) 1979 (MP3)
> Tomomi Adachi "Asst'd Sound Poems" (MP3)
> Robert Whitman "4 Cinema Pieces, 1968" (MP3)
> Caroline Bergvall "Recent Soundworks" (MP3)
> Nicolas Slonimsky "History Making Premieres" (MP3) (1930s)
> Perfo2 Catalogus Performance Festival (MP3) (1984)
> Raphael Rubinstein "A Brief History of Appropriative Writing"
> Neil Powell "Concrete Poetry and Conceptual Art"
> __ U B U W E B __ http://ubu.com
> Apologies for cross-postings. Please forward.
> Read only the mail you want -

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# Susan Sontag

1933–2004

*9 messages · 7 hands*

*American essayist, critic, and novelist whose essays on photography, illness, and camp defined postwar cultural criticism. Died complications of myelodysplastic syndrome that became acute myelogenous leukemia.*

**1320. — Stephen Vincent** *28 Dec 2004* ↑ **Register**

*FW: Susan Sontag dies*

Excuse any cross-posting.

Subject: Susan Sontag dies

Author Susan Sontag dies at 71:

http://www.wjactv.com/news/4029724/detail.html

**1321. — Ishaq** *29 Dec 2004* ↑ **Register**

*Re: anti-semitism in Dickens*

> http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2004/12/36252.php
>
> Democracy Now Interview: Susan Sontag, 1933-2004
>
> The conversation among writers that takes place in the last 20 years is for the most part just like the conversation of any other professional people on the make. They could just as well be advertising executives or businesspeople, or anything else. They talk about income and they talk about the comforts or lack of comforts of their personal lives, and — but that's a kind of — if I think back on my own life, the single most amazing phenomenon is the discrediting of idealism.
>
> Mark Weiss wrote:
>
> > *"Shakespeare characteristically turned the simple equations on their head by giving the greatest speech in the play to the devilish Shylock, In that wonderful speech Shylock in making his claim to humanity catalogues what were considered the baser human attributes. No mention of the soul or the "higher" emotions attached to it. This is entirely in keeping with the standard stereotype. My guess is that the audience, with no more knowledge of actual Jews than Shakespeare (altho there was a small community of foreign Jewish merchants in London) would have responded, "yeah, that's what Jews are like," and Shakespeare asks for that response by having Portia remind them that "The quality of mercy*

*is not strain'd, It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven." Like grace, to which the Jew is immune. Mark*”

—{\rtf1\mac\ansicpg10000\cocoartf102 {\fonttbl\f0\fswiss\fcharset77 Helvetica;} {\ colortbl;\red255\green255\blue255;} \margl1440\margr1440\vieww9000\viewh9000\ viewkind0 \pard\tx560\tx1120\tx1680\tx2240\tx2800\tx3360\tx3920\tx4480\tx5040\tx5600\ tx6160\tx6720\ql\qnatural

\f0\fs24 \cf0 \ ___\ Stay Strong\ \ "Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \ —Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\ \ "This mathematical rhythmatical mechanism enhances my wisdom\ of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\ —HellRazah\ \ "It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\ —Mutabartuka\ \ "As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \ our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \ actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."\ -Frantz Fanon\ \ "Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"\ -Imam Ja'far Sadiq\ \ \ }

**1322. — kari edwards** *5 Jan 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Susan Sontag and a Case of Curious Silence*

though I am not a fan of andrew sullivan... this is a worthy read on Susan Sontag. http://transdada.blogspot.com/

Susan Sontag and a Case of Curious Silence

from andrewsullivan.com:

THE INNING OF SONTAG: I have to say I'm amazed at the fact that almost all the obituaries for Susan Sontag omitted her primary, longtime relationship with Annie Leibovitz, the photographer. Of 315 articles in Nexis, only 29 mention Leibovitz, and most of them referred merely to their joint projects. Leibovitz was unmentioned as a survivor in the NYT and Washington Post. It's striking how even allegedly liberal outlets routinely excise the homosexual dimension from many people's lives - even from someone dead. But perhaps it is reflective of Sontag's own notions of privacy and identity. She championed many causes in her day, but the gay civil rights movement was oddly not prominent among them.

MORE ON SONTAG: I'm not the only one to notice how the big media has essentially lied by omission about Susan Sontag's life. An op-ed in today's L.A. Times notes the following: An unauthorized biography written by Carl Rollyson and Lisa Paddock and published by W.W. Norton in 2000, reports that Sontag was, for seven years, the companion of the great American playwright Maria Irene Fornes (in Sontag's introduction to the collected works of Fornes, she writes about them living together). She also had a relationship with the renowned choreographer Lucinda Childs. And, most recently, Sontag lived, on and off, with Leibovitz.

Even Hitchens mentions only her ex-husband. Privacy? From a woman who detailed every aspect of her own illnesses? From someone whose best work is redolent with homosexual themes? But, of course, Sontag understood that her lesbianism might limit her appeal in a homophobic culture - even on the extreme left, where she comfortably lived for decades. That was her prerogative. But that's no reason for the media to perpetuate untruths after her death. And it's certainly reason to review her own record in confronting injustice. Just as she once defended the persecution of gay people in Castro's Cuba, she ducked one of the burning civil rights struggles of her time at home. But she was on the left. So no one criticized.

continues @ http://transdada2.blogspot.com/2005/01/susan-sontag-and-case-of-curious.html

**1323. — Christopher Leland Winks** *5 Jan 2005* ↑ **Register**
Andrew Sullivan manages to remain a falsifier even when he is ostensibly criticizing (with reason) the U.S. press's omission of Susan Sontag's homosexuality (something which, I might add, Spain's EL PAIS and Mexico's LA JORNADA reported fully, both acknowledging her relationship with Annie Liebowitz and both dedicating several pages to remembrances and evaluations of her work and legacy). Sontag did not, as Sullivan claims, "defend the

persecution of gay people in Castro's Cuba." In fact, she appeared in Nestor Almendros and Orlando Jimenez Leal's documentary film IMPROPER CONDUCT, which detailed and denounced precisely such persecution. This was a courageous action, as most on the stubbornly pro-Castro "left" attacked the film. Subsequently, she denounced the suppression of Solidarity by General Jaruzelski in 1981 and, without at any time supporting Reagan and his group of kakocrats, denounced Stalinism and its legacies in Eastern Europe. A couple of years ago, she wrote an illuminating preface to Victor Serge's novel of the Stalinist purges THE CASE OF COMRADE TULAYEV. And although I am generally unconvinced by her ventures into fiction, I admired very much her short story from the 1980s, "The Way We Live Now," which deals with AIDS.

All of Sullivan's sneerily reductive left-bashing simply overlooks the fact that, however much she may have supported the Chinese Cultural Revolution and the Castro regime in the past, she never hesitated to change her positions on these issues without for that matter ever abandoning an independent leftist perspective.

**1324. — richard.tylr** *6 Jan 2005* ↑ **Register**

I enjoy Susan Sontags esays on Reifenstahl and so on and I sold that book of stories on AIDS - she also writes about cancer - I read that - it s ounds morebid but she makes the pont that it hasbt replaced TB as a "romantic" way to be or die - so many in lit are romantcillaly "consumptive etc - but TB and of course cancer ans aids are terrible diseases and she atckle those subjects - alos heaad onto Hitler and other questions - she was a very bright person - very knowledgeable, as was Guy Davenprt - first heard of him on Hugh Kenner's "The Pound Era"

I havent read anything about her and I had no idea she was "gay" or whatver - I saw a picture of her - her face I could see on one book - and she appeared very intense: beautiful face, and intelligent - as her work is - very intelligent..very insightful.

**1325. — Ishaq** *5 Jan 2005* ↑ **Register**

peace

in these times where invasion has become a metaphor in our lives, it was a curious silence that susan sontag's bravery, intellect, radical writing and philosophies were not ignored in favour of yello jouranlism's incursion on the personal; for we have been fascinated into the trivial by those easily distracted for a daze for far too long. i think it a pleasant return to what's really important concerning the life and work of an artist, writer and intellect not bogged down by the cult of personality and western soaperatic identity politricks.

it is by this curious silence where sontag is given respects for a life's work— not as a jew, not as a gay; not as a woman b.u.t. as, indeed, a writer with flow who challenged the static snow of the billboredom of amerikkka.

peace

**1326. — Harry Nudel** *12 Jan 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Sweet S....*

the first time I saw Susan Sontag was at an anti-war rally at SUNYBUFFALO..sometime in the early 70's...she must have been wearing a dark sweater and jeans..canvas shoes or sneakers.. talked like an angel..a grad student's wet dream.. 'cross 'tween the Claudia Cardinale of 8&1/2, bobbie creeley & the dark lady of the sonnets...

the next time i saw Susan Sontag...i was sitting on one my many junker cars selling books on Spring St..mid 80's ...the tall awkward woman who had just spilled half a can of coke on my stuffe..turned out to be her...i let it pass...

the next time....the next time..she would come by..."it's unbelievable..i'm so famuz.. but i don't have any money"...she was teaching a course in Kant at the new school...fame was a shadow run quick...

one time...i took her up to the loft & 'showed her my books'...she sd 'i'm not a COLLECTOR'.. i sd 'if someone gave you a 1st of Les Fleurs du Mal...you'd kept it...'

then one time..i read somethin that she wrote.. gobblleegook...degook de blah...broke a spell.. the next time she came by..as many other middle-aged women did...i sat on my car reading a book...

i would see Susan at the corner Japanese Sushi joint..a shadow on a winter nite running by...once at the opera where i pointed her out to L...'there's Annie Lebowitz"...

i saw her about 2-3 years ago...at a hunger artist's performance piece...nude and starving for 2 weeks.. i was there to see the tits..maybe she was too... tho the young butch friend she was with...

i last saw Susan Sontag was on Prince St... getting into a Limo...after looking at the 9/11 photo show..where Lor had a piece of the yuppie couple..she pregnant...cum gas masks.....

i saw...i dream...i was....drn....

**1327. — Murat Nemet-Nejat** *13 Jan 2005* ↑ **Register**

Wonderful poem, strangely the reverse of my experience. I was thrilled by her essays on camp and photography -and struck by the dark beauty of her photograph of that time- until I met her, arrogant, supercilious. Her last book, about images of war, is a sad, tired thing.

Murat

**1328. — Harry Nudel** *16 Jan 2005* ↑ **Register**

*winter.....*

it all breaks yr heart

the winning field goal hooks left

you'll never fuck the young Susan Sontag

... shoulda never bought those Krispy Kreme stocks

cynicsim isn't nihilsm

boca raton spelled backwards  ain't smorgasbord....

3:00.....spring break....school's out..drn...

## 2005

## Guy Davenport

1927–2005

*4 messages · 3 hands*

*American writer, translator, and University of Kentucky professor known for erudite experimental short fiction blending text and illustration;* Tatlin! *(1974). Died lung cancer. One forwarded announcement on the thread, about nothing, is omitted.*

**1329. — John Latta** *5 Jan 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Guy Davenport, 1927-2005*

wood s lot is where I learned it: Guy Davenport died yesterday.

**1330. — Anastasios Kozaitis** *5 Jan 2005* ↑ **Register**

Absolutely. Positively.

One of the great ones.

Thanks, John.

only the good die young.

*"wood s lot is where I learned it: Guy Davenport died yesterday. Surely one of the immortals. http://www.kentucky.com/mld/kentucky/10564594.htm*

*http://www.uky.edu/PR/News/050104_guy_davenport.htm John Latta"*

**1331. — Peter Quartermain** *5 Jan 2005* **↑ Register**

*Guy Davenport.*

5 January 2005

I go to the bookshelf, take down Flowers & Leaves, that striking and alas so little-known long poem so elegantly published back in 1966 by Jonathan Williams, Guy's lifelong friend. And drew the sorts: my hand flips back and forth, I do not watch, and the motion stops, my thumb at page 110.

> "The cat of Pierre Loti. _Hippolyte on l'appelle_.
> A sardine of paleological silver the great artist
> Gave him when he sat for his portrait, aromatic
> And with the _soupcon_ of _huile d'olive_ about it,
> As was proper, whose family reached back
> To Nilotic tax collectors in porcelan wigs,
> To the bee gums of Beersheba, Akkadian hotels,
> (A cousin removed was friend to Mr Smart the poet);
> Leo Alektor kept the high gates at Mycenae,
> Quite Hebraic, the family tree, rich in detail.
> But we are companion to Monsieur Loti.."

Yes. His love for cats. His restless curious and so astonishingly generous and open mind, its passionate delights. "Guy Davenport went round in a dream the day he learned the Greek alphabet," he told me in 1979. That dream never faded, any more than will he in my remembrance and delight. The debt - my debt - is enormous. Our debt, I should say.

He read, thought, remembered. He remembered _everything. And cared, profoundly.

Oh damn! damn! damn! the loss. What else is there to say.

Peter

========== "Nothing is so helpless as the liberal spirit face to face with fundamentalism." Guy Davenport, on Osip Mandelstam

**1332. — Anastasios Kozaitis** *6 Jan 2005* **↑ Register**

thought the following appropriate to post:

Guy Davenport on Wittgenstein

Wittgenstein before he came to philosophy was a mathematician, an architect, a sculptor, a mechanical engineer, a grade-school teacher, a soldier, and an aviator. He could have followed any of these careers doubtless with brilliant success; just before he came to Cambridge (they gave him a doctorate at the door) he was strongly inclined to ``be an aeronaut.'' Every account of his strange life indicates that he tried to teach. He did not dine with the faculty, as the faculty in all its grandeur always dines in academic gowns, black shoes, and neck tie. Wittgenstein was forever tieless and wore a suede jacket that opened and closed with that marvelous invention: the zipper; and his shoes were brown. He held his lectures in his rooms, in the continental manner. As there was no furniture except an army cot, a folding chair, a safe (for the Zettel), and a card table, the students brought their own chairs. Philosophy classrooms in our century have frequently been as dramatic as stages: Santayana, Samuel Alexander, Bergson --- men of passionate articulateness whose lectures fell on their students like wind and rain. But Wittgenstein, huddled in silence on his chair, stammered quietly from time to time. He was committed to absolute honesty. Nothing --- nothing at all --- was to escape analysis. He had nothing up his sleeve; he had nothing to

> teach. The world was an absolute puzzle, a great lump of opaque pig iron. Can we think about the lump? What is thought? What is the meaning of can, can we, of can we think? What is the meaning of we? If we answer these questions on Monday, are the answers valid on Tuesday? If I answer them at all, do I think the answer, believe the answer, know the answer, or imagine the answer?
>
> It was apparently not of the least interest to Wittgenstein that Plato had answered certain questions that philosophers need to ask, or that Kant or Mencius had answered them. He sometimes liked other philosophers' questions; he seems never to have paid any attention to their answers. Truth was stubborn; Wittgenstein was stubborn; and neither faced the other down. We have to look back to the stoic Musonius to find another man so nakedly himself, so pig-headedly single-minded. He actually taught very little of his life. He was forever going off into the Norwegian forests, to Russia, to the west of Ireland where --- and this is all we know of these solitudes --- he taught the Connemara birds to come and sit in his hands. He mastered no convention other than speech, wearing clothes, and --- grudgingly and with complaint --- the symbols of mathematics. The daily chores of our life were wonders to him, and when he participated in them they became as strange as housekeeping among the Bantu. ...
>
> Wittgenstein did not argue; he merely thought himself into subtler and deeper problems The record which three of his students have made of his lectures and conversations at Cambridge discloses a man tragically honest and wonderfully, astoundingly absurd. In every memoir of him we meet a man we are hungry to know more about, for even if his every sentence remains opaque to us, it is clear that the archaic transparency of his thought is like nothing that philosophy has seen for thousands of years. It is also clear that he was trying to be wise and to make others wise. He lived in the world, and for the world. He came to believe that a normal, honest human being could not be a professor. It is the academy that gave him his reputation of impenetrable abstruseness; never has a man deserved a reputation less. Disciples who came to him expecting to find a man of incredibly deep learning found a man who saw mankind held together by suffering alone, and he invariably advised them to be as kind as possible to others. He read, like all inquisitive men, to multiply his experiences. He read Tolstoy (always getting bogged down) and the Gospels and bales of detective stories. He shook his head over Freud. When he died, he was reading Black Beauty. His last words were: ``Tell them I've had a wonderful life.''
>
> — Guy Davenport from The Geography of the Imagination
>
> from Charles A. Ralston's website: "arrived the morning of Tuesday 4 January 2005, in Lexington, Kentucky at the University of Kentucky Lucille Parker Markey Cancer Center. He was in his 77th year, born 23 November 1927 in Anderson, South Carolina.
>
> He was the kindest, most thoughtful, most considerate person I ever have known.
>
> His intelligence was his vision of a world he shared willingly and joyously with anyone curious enough to ask a question or bold enough to share his own view of a story, a painting, a drawing.
>
> Nature loves to hide, the professor said over and over, reminding us of Heraclitus. To be interested in any one thing will lead one eventually to be interested in many things.
>
> The most beautiful image to our eyes is often a random gathering of objects. The highest form of criticism of a work of art is — another work of art made in response to former. In nearness is chaos; distance provides balance and clarity (to our human relations).
>
> The heart is comfortable with the familiar, the known; the intelligence with the strange and unknown. Above all, with apologies to Confucius and Uncle Ez, each day strive to 'make it new'.
>
> The informed writers and poets of our time in due course will write encomia about Guy Davenport and critical essays about his work.

> But, the cats living in Lexington's Bell Court today will have to find another curious professor with whom to share their thoughts."

---

## Carlos Cortez

1923–2005

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*American poet and printmaker, nearly sixty-year IWW member whose linocut posters championed labor and Chicano causes in Chicago;* Crystal-Gazing the Amber Fluid *(1990). Dead of heart failure.*

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**1333. — mIEKAL aND** *24 Jan 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Carlos Cortez, 1924-2005*

CARLOS CORTEZ, 81 Social issues inspired artist

> *"By Manya A. Brachear Tribune staff reporter Published January 23, 2005*
>
> *Before Carlos Cortez decided to buy a home, his wife, Mariana, first had to convince him it would be in his best economic interest. He dreaded supporting a capitalist system that he believed cheated the common man out of a living wage.*
>
> *But buying the home was a decision he would never regret. For the next 30 years, the basement became a studio for Mr. Cortez and his wood- and linoleum-cut graphics, and the living room became a gathering place for strangers who quickly became friends.*
>
> *There, surrounded by the artist's black and white prints that inspired so many, poets and painters explored how art could incite social change, shed light on poor and disenfranchised populations, celebrate indigenous cultures and promote peace—all principles that inspired Mr. Cortez to create art.*
>
> *Mr. Cortez, 81, a poet, muralist and graphic artist, whose portrayals of the challenges facing the common man are on display in neighborhood galleries and the Smithsonian Institution, died of heart failure Wednesday, Jan. 19, in his Northwest Side home.*
>
> *Also emblematic of his principles, Mr. Cortez bequeathed more than 100 wood and linoleum blocks used to produce his prints to Chicago's Mexican Fine Arts Center Museum, stipulating that if the price of his art went up, the blocks should be used to produce more and drive it down. "As an arts advocate, he argued that art is essential to the human experience," said the museum's president, Carlos Tortolero.*
>
> *The son of a German mother and a Mexican father, Mr. Cortez, who often attached his Nahuatl surname "Koyokuikatl," was born and raised in the Milwaukee area. Imprisoned for 18 months as a conscientious objector during World War II, he joined the Industrial Workers of the World in 1947. He wrote a column and drew cartoons for the union paper, The Industrial Worker, from the early 1950s until recently.*
>
> *He met his wife in 1957, when she traveled to Milwaukee from Greece to visit her brother. In 1965, Mr. Cortez moved to Chicago. A year later, he traveled to his wife's hometown of Patras, Greece, brought her back and married her. She died in 2001.*
>
> *In the 1970s, Mr. Cortez joined the Hispanic mural movement, painting walls of city buildings to communicate political messages about the ills afflicting society.*
>
> *Inspired by the Mexican printmaker Jose Guadalupe Posada, whose woodcuts depicting violence and executions were sold at low cost to the masses, Mr. Cortez broadened his*

*medium to printmaking. After carving images into wood and linoleum blocks, he applied ink, then pressed paper over the ink-covered surface.*

*A blue-collar worker and pacifist, Mr. Cortez portrayed military invasions, parents crying over a casket draped with the American flag, and the wrinkled faces of workers worn down by their plight. His artwork always remained on the side, while he made a living working in factories. "You couldn't separate the manual labor he did from who he was," Tortolero said. "Carlos was always about the real value of things. It was never money. He never supported himself as an artist."*

*In 1975, Mr. Cortez helped found the first Mexican arts organization in Illinois, Movimiento Artistico Chicano, or MARCH. He also became a fervent supporter of and frequent exhibitor at the Mexican Fine Arts Center Museum. His work also is on display at the New York Museum of Modern Art and in galleries in such countries as Spain and Sweden.*

*In addition to his papier-mache sculptures, murals, prints and poems, he wrote three poetry books, edited a book on Posada and contributed to a number of others. For almost 20 years, he served as board president of Charles Kerr Publishers, one of the oldest working-class publishing houses in the world.*

*In 1999, he welcomed a group of organizers into his living room to talk about the upcoming Chicago Labor and Arts Festival and read poetry. http://www.chicagotribune.com/news/obituaries/chi-0501230040jan23,1,2708712.story?ctrack=2&cset=true"*

**1334. — Hugh Steinberg** *24 Jan 2005* ↑ **Register**

He was one of the pillars, just a very generous guy. I met him while I lived in Chicago in the mid 90's.

Here's one of his poems, from "de KANSAS a CALIFAS & back to CHICAGO"

Centinela

Beneath the high street lamp
In the overnight
Trailer park;
With the encouragement
From the Desert Moon;
The young Saguaro
Maintains his unapproachable
Dignity.

28 Noviembre, 1982
Mile 151, Arizona

All your favorites on one personal page – Try My Yahoo!

# Lucien Carr

1925–2005

*3 messages · 2 hands*

*American UPI editor for 47 years who linked Kerouac, Ginsberg, and Burroughs as glue of the Beat circle;* New Vision philosophy shaping the Beat Generation *(1944). Died in Washington.*

**1335. — Ron Silliman** *29 Jan 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Lucien Carr (1925-2005)*

'Beat' Generation Catalyst Lucien Carr Dies

Fri Jan 28, 7:09 PM ET

> *"By Randall Mikkelsen*
>
> *WASHINGTON (Reuters) - Lucien Carr, a muse and catalyst of the "beat generation" who brought Jack Kerouac together with other writers to spark a counterculture revolution, died on Friday in Washington.*
>
> *He was 79.*
>
> *Carr, a retired senior editor at the United Press International news wire service, died at George Washington University Hospital of complications from cancer treatment, said his longtime companion Kathleen Silvassy.*
>
> *Carr was a student at Columbia University in New York in 1944 when he introduced Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg and William Burroughs, who formed the literary nucleus of the countercultural "beatnik" movement of the 1950s. "The beat scene was a circle of friends who just happened to have three of the most important writers of in the last 50 years in America, plus some extraordinary minds, including Lucien," said Dennis McNally, author of the Kerouac biography "Desolate Angel: Jack Kerouac, the Beat Generation and America."*
>
> *By some accounts, including his own, Carr played a role in Kerouac's legendary speedwriting of the breakthrough novel "On the Road," by supplying a Teletype roll for the manuscript. "I didn't steal it," he told a co-worker at UPI. "I just stuck it under my arm and brought it home."*
>
> *But McNally said he inspected the manuscript recently and found it to consist of individual sheets of paper taped together. It was possible Carr supplied the roll for another Kerouac novel, "Dharma Bums," he said. "Lucien's impact on Kerouac's thinking and writing was considerably more important than whether or not he supplied the roll," McNally said. He said Carr helped instill a notion of "first thought, best thought," in which the beat writers strived to be closer to the roots of inspiration and write spontaneously.*
>
> *Carr served two years on a manslaughter conviction for stabbing dead an older man, David Kammerer, who had a romantic crush on Carr, and throwing his body into the Hudson River in 1944.*
>
> *The conviction cast a pall over the emerging beats who were striving for authenticity in the gritty urban streets of America, and probably kept Carr from playing a more public role for the rest of his life, McNally said.*
>
> *The killing and Carr's friendship with Burroughs were portrayed in the 2000 movie "Beat." Carr was also portrayed as Kenneth Wood in Kerouac's novel "The Town and the City."*
>
> *Carr's 47-year UPI career began after his prison term and spanned most of the second half of the 20th century. "Lou Carr was a great editor: calm and unflappable as he handled bulletins and any political crisis that came in Washington," said former UPI White House correspondent Helen Thomas. "Young reporters were in awe of him — some of the veterans as well."*

> *Carr is also survived by three sons, Simon, Ethan, Caleb - a writer whose works include the murder mystery "The Alienist," and five grandchildren. (Additional reporting by Lori Santos)*”

**1336. — Anny Ballardini** *15 Feb 2005* ↑ **Register**
*The Blacklisted Journalist*

DEAR FRIENDS AND READERS,

This is to let you know that the new issue of THE BLACKLISTED JOURNALIST, COLUMN 114, dated February 1, 2005 is now on the web. To take a look, click on http://www.bigmagic.com/pages/blackj

SECTION ONE: http://www.bigmagic.com/pages/blackj/column114.html GREEN HAVEN CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION, 4TH FLOOR. In this first chapter of Alex Zola's new novel, Perfect Accidents, the protagonist, a newspaper reporter, witnesses a botched execution. Alex himself has written on a similar subject in his piece, EXECUTION STORY, in COLUMN 49 at http://www.bigmagic.com/pages/blackj/column49e.html

SECTION TWO: http://www.bigmagic.com/pages/blackj/column114a.html BOOK REVIEW: GUANTÁNAMO: WHAT THE WORLD SHOULD KNOW by Michael Ratner and Ellen Ray Chelsea Green Publishing Company 184 Pages. Jules Siegel tells us the book confirms instances of torture of detainees by American captors.

SECTION THREE: EMAIL PAGE ONE: http://www.bigmagic.com/pages/blackj/column114b1.html LUCIEN CARR, 79, A BEAT GENERATION ORIGINAL, IS DEAD. An e from Jim Walck gives us the Reuters obit. Yeah, I knew Lucien.

SECTION THREE: EMAIL PAGE TWO: http://www.bigmagic.com/pages/blackj/column114b2.html RAMBLIN' JACK VISITS AUSTRALIA. An e from Stan Jarin asks us to imagine his surprise when his lifelong hero comes to stay at his house in Melbourne for a month. CHERYL LIKES MY BOBBY DARIN BOOK. She sends an e telling how much she appreciated reading BOBBY DARIN WAS A FRIEND OF MINE. JODY SAYS MY 'BOB DYLAN AND THE BEATLES' IS A GREAT READ headlines an e from JodyDenberg. Tell your friends about the book. It ought to be a best-seller.

SECTION THREE: EMAIL PAGE THREE: http://www.bigmagic.com/pages/blackj/column114b3.html THAILAND'S EPIDEMIC OF SEVERED PENISES. An e from Khun Wayne, who spends a lot of time in that country, tells us that reattaching severed penises has become a big medical industry in Thailand.

SECTION FOUR: THE LITERARY LINKS SECTION: Links to THE ALLEN GINSBERG ORGANIZATION, THE RITA DOVE website, THE PETER COYOTE website; THE MCCLURE-MANZAREK website; the AMERICAN LEGENDS website; Anny Ballardini's POETS CORNER and we now add altweeklies.com, which is a comprehensive compilation of stories from various alternative newspapers from around the country!

SECTION FIVE: THE MOVIE SECTION: THE RITZ FILMBILL. Synopses of foreign, independent and Hollywood movies.

SECTION SIX: THE MUSIC SECTION, features the usual links to SONGSCENTRAL, PURR, POWER OF POP, all contemporary music e-zines; THE CELEBRITY CAF..., all about celebrities; the BABUKISHAN DAS BAUL website; and EAR CANDY.

SECTION SEVEN: THE ADVERTISING SECTION, offers 13 pages of ads from Earwraps; Cleveland International Records; Richard X. Heyman; Christopher Pick; J. Crow's Milled Cider; An Advertisement for Myself; Tommy Womack, Compliments of a Friend; Zoe Artemis invites you to literary retreat in Greece; Richard Dettrey, who will help you with your shopping; BABY ON THE WATER by Tsaurah Litzky; BOB DYLAN AND THE BEATLES; and Arrogant Prick T-shirts.

Would you, too, like to help keep THE BLACKLISTED JOURNALIST on the Internet? For a nominal contribution, you can have your own advertising page in the Advertising Section of THE BLACKLISTED JOURNALIST. Simply send us an email to find out about particulars.

There are links to friendly sites and we also feature MARK PUCCI'S ONLINE REVIEWS, originally edited by John Williams. Hope you read and enjoy. Best, Al Aronowitz

**1337. — Anny Ballardini** *11 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**
*From our great Al Aronowitz!*

DEAR FRIENDS AND READERS,

This is to let you know that the new issue of THE BLACKLISTED JOURNALIST, COLUMN 115, dated March 1, 2005 is now on the web. To take a look, click on http://www.bigmagic.com/pages/blackj

SECTION ONE: http://www.bigmagic.com/pages/blackj/column115.html LEAN ON ME by Brett Aronowitz. My daughter visits me while I undergo chemotherapy at Elizabeth's Trinitas Hospital.

SECTION TWO: http://www.bigmagic.com/pages/blackj/column115a.html CHRISTIAN EVANGELS BELIEVE IN LOONY FAIRY TALES THAT THREATEN & ENDANGER ALL OF US. An email from Peter Coyote gives us a piece by Bill Moyers that describes how Christian fundamentalist beliefs are just as insane as those of Moslem fundamentalists. And they all believe in a god that wants to wipe out the human race.

SECTION THREE:: http://www.bigmagic.com/pages/blackj/column115b.html MEETING LUCIEN CARR. Kerouac scholar Gerry Nicosia describes his meeting with the Beat Generation original in 1977.

SECTION FIVE: THE MOVIE SECTION: THE RITZ FILMBILL. Synopses of foreign, independent and Hollywood movies.

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# Arthur Miller

1915–2005

*6 messages · 5 hands*

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*American playwright whose dramas of conscience, including The Crucible, made him a defining voice of twentieth-century theater;* Death of a Salesman *(1949).*

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**1338. — Ben Basan** *11 Feb 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Arthur Miller*

Arthur Miller passed away yesterday: http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/entertainment/4258065.stm

**1339. — Stephen Vincent** *11 Feb 2005* ↑ **Register**

Not to make light of the normal rituals of a death, but maybe we can also see this one as Arthur Miller's last piece, last performance. I just suggested to my local bookstore (ironically called "The Phoenix"!) to place "The Crucible" and "Death of a Salesman" and other other works in the front window. (There amongst N Choamsky, H. Zinn, etc.)

During the fifties' witch hunts it was probably more often than not activist Jews who were called into the hearings and trials. Today it's Arabs and Arab Americans. (That's if they even get out of confinement to be formally accused.)

It's ironic that "The Crucible" as well as Orwell's "1984" are required reading in California high schools. One would think that the alarms in those books - as if they would now be part of

our DNA - would automatically inform and compel public outrage against this selective death of the constitution. Contrarily, it seems, much of the public has an infinite capacity to absorb Bush & Co's lies and contradictions - each one combined with the repetitious incantations and calls for "Freedom." Real stomach turners.

I hope we can, at least, hope that this, Miller's, last performance, will revive his work, as well as his transparent sense of public alarm.

Stephen V Blog: http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com

*"Ken -Truely, the death of Arthur Miller is a sad day. I certainly agree with your assessment of him. I have always believed he was a great writer who understood America only too well. Since I grew up with the values he presented in "Salesman" I know just how important that drama was defining the American "problem". I wonder if that problem is more universally espoused in the world today. I would think of Japan, for instance. Why did he never win the Nobel Prize? Tom One should not be surprised when an 89-year-old man dies, but Miller's death caught me short and leaves me with deep grief. Not a relative, just "another writer," one whose imperfections are probably all too glaring. But one who had something that seems to have vanished from the landscape: a moral and social conscience and the courage to exercise them on paper. If Death of a Salesman was not the grandiosely-described tragedy of everyman, it came closer than anything else I know to expressing "an American tragedy" born of a twisted ethos of life in the States that prevails to this day. And as for The Crucible...I wish it were still not as relevant as it was in 1953, but that says more about us than about Miller himself. He was a deeply gifted man and I shall miss him deeply. Ken"*

**1340. — Murat Nemet-Nejat** *23 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Brushes With F*A*M*E*

In addition to my brush with O.J. Simpson, many many years ago I was sitting across the table from Arthur Miller at a literary lunch. All I could think about was here is the man who once was married to Marilyn Monroe.

Murat

In a message dated 3/21/2005 11:20:58 AM Eastern Standard Time, Nick Piombino writes:

Here's two more, although Gary Sullivan has ended this thread on his blog:

I've admired the poetry of Frank Kuenstler for decades, particularly his book *Lens*, which I'd read and reread. One day in the summer of 1996 I made up my mind I had to meet this poet and began calling around to some friends to try and find him. I learned from my friend Serge Gavronsky that Frank had died just a few days earlier. There was to be a memorial, and would I like to attend it and possibly read? I found out from Serge that Frank Kuenstler used to operate a bookstall for years near the corner of 96th and Broadway. I must have passed by and looked at the books on his table hundreds of times!

On the day of the memorial I was sitting with Toni, reading *Lens* in Central Park. A woman noticed this and came over and spoke with me. It was Frank Kuenstler's daughter Emily. She asked me if I was attending the memorial and would I like to read? Yes, I was attending and I would be glad to read. Among the readers at the memorial was Gerard Malanga, who I've always wanted to meet; but it just didn't happen.

**

Sometime in 1975 I was living on West 90th
Street near Central Park. I
had a small dog at that time, a Wheaton
Terrier named Whimsey. One day I walked
Whimsey to the corner of Columbus
and 90th Street where there was this
ancient greasy spoon coffee shop, with
all the signs, stools,
shiny metal appliances and formica
counter intact, circa 1945.
I often had the habit of looking into the window and staring

at this place but I never once went in. It was a summer
day and I was doing just this, with Whimsey
patiently sitting next to me on a leash. After a little while
I noticed that Woody Allen and Diane Keaton were
each standing on either side of me.
All four of us stood staring through the window like this,
except Whimsey, who just sat there because
she was too small to reach the window,
no one saying a word for a good 3-5 minutes.
I was a major fan of Woody Allen's and loved
his work with Diane Keaton. But at this
moment I was utterly tongue tied and couldn't
blurt out a single word. The three of us stood
there a little while longer and then first Diane
Keaton and then Woody Allen left and went
into a large van parked across the street.
I guess they were looking the place over
as a possible location for a movie.

When I wrote this a few days ago
I didn't know that Allen's new movie,
*Melinda and Melinda*
including favorites Steve Carrell (from the Jon
Stewart show) and
Wallace Shawn,
had just been released.

Nick Piombino

**1341. — Wanda O'Connor** *23 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**

Cool! Would have loved to be in your shoes. Did you know Henry had a collection of very ecclectic photos on his bathroom walls? A very very interesting man.

**1342. — Wanda O'Connor** *23 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**

Oops—saw Miller, thought Henry. Not Arthur. Still, neat guy. ...

**1343. — Kevin Hehir** *24 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**

Dan Bern - Marilyn

Marilyn Monroe didn't marry Henry Miller Marilyn Monroe didn't marry Henry Miller Marilyn Monroe didn't marry Henry Miller Marilyn Monroe didn't marry Henry Miller

But if she did he'd have taken her to Paris And if she did she'd have smoked a lot of opium And if she did she'd have dyed her hair blue And if she did she might be alive

Oh-oh-o-oh Henry Miller Oh-oh-o-oh Marilyn Monroe Oh-oh-o-oh Henry Miller Oh-oh-o-oh Marilyn Monroe

Marilyn Monroe didn't marry Henry Miller She lived outside the Tropic of Capricorn Marilyn Monroe didn't marry Henry Miller I don't even know if she knew Henry Miller

But if she did he'd a taken her to Paris And if she did they'd have fucked every day And if she did she'd have felt like a woman Not like a photogragh in a magazine

Oh-oh-o-oh Henry Miller Oh-oh-o-oh Marilyn Monroe

This is not a knock against Arthur Miller "Death of a Salesman" is my favorite play But Marilyn Monroe should have married Henry Miller And if she did she might be alive

Cause if she did he'd have taken her to Paris Tied her to the bed and eaten dinner off of her And okay maybe she'd have died the same, anyway But if she did she'd have had more fun

Oh-oh-o-oh Henry Miller Oh-oh-o-oh Marilyn Monroe Oh-oh-o-oh Henry Miller Oh-oh-o-oh Marilyn Monroe

# Guillermo Cabrera Infante

1929–2005

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Cuban exile novelist and critic whose Joycean wordplay-driven fiction of Havana nightlife won the Cervantes Prize;* Three Trapped Tigers *(1967). Identified in the notice as "LONDON---Cuban-born novelist". Died sepsis, in London.*

### 1344. — Christopher Leland Winks *22 Feb 2005* ↑ Register

*Fwd: CBC Arts - WRITER GUILLERMO CABRERA INFANTE DIES*

Priority: normal Original-recipient: rfc822

Original-recipient: rfc822;

This email has been sent to you by The following is a news item posted on CBC ARTS at http://www.cbc.ca/arts _____ WRITER GUILLERMO CABRERA INFANTE DIES WebPosted Tue Feb 22 09:02:17 2005

LONDON---Cuban-born novelist Guillermo Cabrera Infante, the acclaimed Spanish-language writer and critic of the Castro government, has died at the age of 75.

Cabrera Infante died in hospital Monday of a blood infection and had suffered a series of illnesses over the past few years, according to a spokesperson for his Spanish literary agent, the Balcells agency in Barcelona.

Celebrated for an experimental use of language in his writing, Cabrera Infante worked as a literary and film critic, translator, essayist and novelist. In 1997, he won the Miguel de Cervantes prize for literature, the Spanish-speaking world's most prestigious literary prize.

His best-known work is the 1967 novel Three Trapped Tigers , the success of which surprised the author since half of it is written in Cuban slang. The novel captured the lush, boozy, exciting pre-Revolutionary nightlife of Havana in the 1950s and has become a classic of Cuban literature.

Other works include the novel Infante's Inferno , the political writing collection Mea Cuba and A 20th Century Job , a collection of his film criticism. In addition to novels and essays, Cabrera Infante also wrote screenplays, including John Huston's film adaptation of Malcolm Lowry's Under the Volcano .

Born in Gibara, eastern Cuba, in 1929, the writer studied journalism and became one of Latin America's most acclaimed film critics. He was also a founding member of Revolucion magazine and an early supporter of Fidel Castro, serving as a government liaison to Brussels in the early 1960s. However, by 1965, he became disillusioned with the totalitarian direction of the government and became a harsh critic of the Castro regime. He eventually left his home country and in 1966 settled in London, where he took British citizenship.

"I have not been back [to Cuba] since I left in 1965 and I will not until Fidel Castro leaves power," he said in a 1997 interview.

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## Philip Lamantia

1927–2005

*8 messages · 8 hands*

*American surrealist poet, published at fifteen and later a reader at the 1955 Six Gallery Beat landmark event;* Ekstasis *(1959). Died in Mexico.*

**1345. — Ron Silliman** *11 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Philip Lamantia, 1927-2005*

Philip Lamantia — S.F. Surrealist poet Visionary verse of literary prodigy influenced Beats - Jesse Hamlin, Chronicle Staff Writer Friday, March 11, 2005

Click to View

Philip Lamantia, the blazing San Francisco poet whose embrace of Surrealism and the free flow of the imagination had a major influence on the Beats and many other American poets, died Monday of heart failure at his North Beach apartment. He was 77.

A San Francisco native born to Sicilian immigrants, Mr. Lamantia was a widely read, largely self-taught literary prodigy whose visionary poems — ecstatic, terror-filled, erotic — explored the subconscious world of dreams and linked it to the experience of daily life.

"Philip was a visionary like Blake, and he really saw the whole world in a grain of sand,'' said poet Lawrence Ferlinghetti, whose City Lights Books published four of Mr. Lamantia's nine books from 1967 to 1997.

"He was the primary transmitter of French Surrealist poetry in this country,'' said Ferlinghetti, who first met Mr. Lamantia here in the early 1950s. "He was writing stream-of-consciousness Surrealist poetry, and he had a huge influence on Allen Ginsberg. Before that, Ginsberg was writing rather conventional poetry. It was Philip who turned him on to Surrealist writing. Then Ginsberg wrote 'Howl.' "

That epochal poem made Ginsberg's name and set off a revolution in American poetry and culture. Ginsberg first read it aloud at San Francisco's Six Gallery on Oct. 13, 1955. The other four poets on the bill that night were Gary Snyder, Michael McClure, Philip Whalen and Mr. Lamantia.

Rather than reading his own works — his first book, "Erotic Poems,'' had been published in 1946 — Mr. Lamantia read the prose poems of his friend John Hoffman, who had recently died in Mexico.

"Philip was one of the most beautiful poets I've ever known. He was a poet of the imagination,'' said McClure, who lives in Oakland. "He was highly original — I'd call his

poetry hyper-personal visionary Surrealism — and he was thrilling to be around. Everybody would sit around and listen to him all night. The flow of his imagination was a beautiful thing. ''

A man of ecstatic highs and deep, deep lows, Mr. Lamantia suffered from depression, friends said, and had become a recluse in recent years, rarely leaving home.

But in his younger days, he was a dashing figure who conversed brilliantly on a wide range of subjects. An omnivorous reader, he delved into astronomy, philosophy, history, jazz, painting, ornithology, Egyptology and many other subjects that informed his expansive vision.

"He was very handsome, like a real Adonis,'' Ferlinghetti said. "He was a brilliant talker, a nonstop associative talker like Robert Duncan (the late San Francisco poet with whom Mr. Lamantia was associated on the pre-Beat San Francisco poetry scene of the late 1940s and early '50s). "He would talk in a continuous stream. One word would set him off in one direction, and another word would get him on another trip. He was a real polymath. And he had an encyclopedic memory.''

Born in San Francisco's Excelsior District, Mr. Lamantia worked as a boy in the old produce market on the Embarcadero, where his Sicilian-born father was a produce broker. He began writing poetry in elementary school and fell under the spell of Surrealism after seeing the paintings of Miro and Dali at the old San Francisco Museum of Art on Van Ness Avenue.

He started reading the poetry of Andre Breton, the so-called pope of Surrealism, and other writers in the movement. In 1943, when he was 15, some of Mr. Lamantia's poems were published in View, a Surrealist-leaning New York magazine. Breton gave the young poet his blessings, describing him as "a voice that rises once in a hundred years.''

Some months later, Mr. Lamantia dropped out of Balboa High School and moved to New York City, where he lived for several years. He associated with Breton and other exiled European artists such as Max Ernst and Yves Tanguy, and he worked as an assistant editor of View.

Returning to San Francisco after World War II, Mr. Lamantia took courses at UC Berkeley in medieval studies, English poetry and other subjects while continuing to write and publish poetry. In 1949, he began traveling the world, staying for extended periods in Mexico, Morocco and Europe.

Coming back to the United States every few years, Mr. Lamantia became part of the underground culture blossoming on the east and west coasts. Like other poets who felt estranged from mainstream culture in the atomic age, "he found in the narcotic night world a kind of modern counterpart to the gothic castle — a zone of peril to be symbolically or existentially crossed,'' wrote Nancy Peters, who later married Mr. Lamantia in 1978 and edited some of his books for City Lights. "The apocalyptic voice of 'Destroyed Works' is witness to that experience.''

> *“Published in '62 by Auerhahn Press, "Destroyed Works'' was Mr. Lamantia's fourth book. The San Francisco house had also published the poet's two previous collections, "Narcotica'' and "Ekstasis,'' both in 1959.*

*Ever searching to expand his vision, Mr. Lamantia spent time with native peoples in the United States and Mexico in the '50s, participating in the peyote-eating rituals of the Washoe Indians of Nevada. The poet, who taught for a time at San Francisco State and the San Francisco Art Institute, also embraced Catholicism. In later years he attended the Shrine of St. Francis in North Beach. "He had a vision of the world that was completely unique,'' said Peters, who later separated from Mr. Lamantia, but they remained good friends. She edited three of his books for City Lights, "Becoming Visible" (1981), "Meadowlark West" (1986) and "Bed of Sphinxes: New and Selected Poems, 1943- 1993.''*

*Andrei Codrescu, a poet and NPR commentator who knew Mr. Lamantia well, called him "one of the great voices of our subconscious for the last 50 years. "He was a very pure poet in the sense that he was one of the very few American poets who continued to pursue the Sur-realist investigation of dreams and the unconscious — and he connected those explorations to civic American life.''*

*A memorial is pending.*

*Page B - 7 URL:*

*http://sfgate.com/cgi-bin/article.cgi?file=/c/a/2005/03/11/BAG4MBNRMF1.DTL"*

**1346. — Catherine Daly** *11 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**
*FW: [norcallitlist] Philip Lamantia R.I.P.*

*"-Francois Drouin wrote: This morning the Sacramento poet Gene Bloom called me ... he was the first to let me know that Philip Lamantia had passed away ... heart failure they say in the newspaper ... his HEART never failed to INSPIRE ... It was as if he, his dreams & his poetry were made of FIRE - Live Forever. PHILIP LAMANTIA R.I.P. Requiescat In Pace Rest In Peace I can think of no better brief tribute than the one given by Charles Baudelaire upon the death of Eugene Delacroix " In His Passing Goes a Lion of a Man " Tho i only met him once my heart, tears, flowers of good and evil and the Flames of Inspiration go out to all who knew him, the people at City Lights, Nancy Peters, Neeli Cherkovski, Jack Foley, everyone. i have alot of reading and praying to do today. 'Alone' time... as they call it. In Love and the weirdness of words ... frank andrick aka Francois Drouin ps. i plan on playing some of Philip's recorded works on my Pomo Literati Program that i got via Jack Foley 'Alsops Review' a few years back. The broadcast will be Sunday March 20th 2pm to 4pm on KUSF 90.3 fm in San Francisco and on the web at <http://www.live365.com/stations/kusf> www.live365.com/stations/kusf The program will also feature Neeli Cherkovski and Jewelle Gomez as featured readers presenting their own works and also pre-recorded works of other spoken word / poetry people. Thanks. see Jesse Hamlin's 'chronicle staff writer' obit/feature in todays San Francisco Chronicle www.sfgate.com/chronicle/obituaries"*

**1347. — Chris Stroffolino** *11 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Philip Lamantia, 1927-2005*

I got to meet him a few times through Garrett Caples and Andrew Joron. He really wanted to know about my Italian name and such. I knew his health was bad, but he strangely didn't seem very old. I had just read Garrett's book "THE PHILISTINE'S GUIE TO HIP_HOP" and it turns out Lamantia was also quite into obscure hip-hop in the last 15 years of his life. C

**1348. — steve dalachinsky** *11 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**

shit a real drag

he twd joans myself gerd stern and a few others had dinner together after his poetry project reading in the 90's he will be missed

**1349. — Bruce Holsapple** *13 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**

In the Chronicle article that Ron Silliman provided on Philip Lamantia, Ferlinghetti talked about Lamantia's "huge influence on Allen Ginsberg." That makes sense. They met in 1948. But I can't find any reference to that influence in Ginsberg's work (like the journals or interviews). Anybody out there can point me to a place where I can see it documented or discussed? Thanks, BH

**1350. — Larry Sawyer** *3 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Lamantia Interview*

milk magazine

Interview with Philip Lamantia

http://www.milkmag.org/LAMANTIA.html

A literary prodigy whose poems delved into the worlds of the subconscious and dreams, his love of Surrealism had a major influence on the Beats and other American poets. On March 7, 2005 he died of heart failure in his North Beach, San Francisco apartment at age seventy-seven. After World War II, Lamantia traveled the world, living for periods of time in Mexico, Morocco and Europe. During the 1950s he lived, off and on, with native peoples in the United States and Mexico, while participating in the peyote-eating rituals of the Washo Indians in Nevada. During these early years, he delved into such subjects as astronomy, philosophy, history, jazz, painting, ornithology and Egyptology, becoming not only conversational, but eminently knowledgeable in these subjects and others. During these years he became part of the literary bohemian scene in San Francisco and was often associated with the Beats. He went on to publish books of poetry during the 1960s such as Destroyed Works and Touch of the Marvelous.

**1351. — Jesse Glass** *7 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Happy Birthday You Dead Avatar!*

Though it happened a day or two ago, Isidore Ducasse was born right in the midst of the Pope's, Saul Bellow's, Robert Creeley's, and Philip Lamantia's deaths, only way the hell earlier! Happy birthday you dead great guy! You taught me the proper way to treat a shark and that human hairs were interpenetrating cones. You taught me (aided mightily by Victor Hugo) that the proper way to laugh was by slitting the edges of my lips with a pen knife. You taught me that to look at the evil text standing on my head was to actually see the good side of the writer in question. I will continue to seek you out at your various addresses in Paris knowing that when I knock at the door, you will always be the absolute last to answer. In the midst of our present grief, we know that we have a friend in the vampire and the sarcoptes mite. Jess

**1352. — Gerald Schwartz** *7 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**

Jesse: Thank you for the reminder! It all adds up, the way we know in which all contradictions are represented— on the page-prop beside the computer (to inspire, perhaps, or cajole) are taped the pictures of I. Ducasse & Margaret Cavendish— and all seems almost pedestrian in its rootedness in the solid world—like a deep pit full of rats We as Villon(s) will cllimb up out of— after devouring ll there is there to devour. Until then, let's sing a happy birthday song of crypts and sharks and leopards carressed, since after all, GWB is still president— even while WE sleep!

# Robert Creeley

1926–2005

*121 messages · 62 hands*

*American poet, the most concentrated of the Black Mountain writers, who lost an eye at two and wrote the poems of* For Love *(1962) in lines short enough to be a way of breathing; he taught at Buffalo for forty years and co-founded the Poetics Program from which this list came. He was seventy-eight and died of pneumonia in Odessa, Texas. One hundred and twenty-one messages from sixty-two hands — the list's largest act of mourning for one of its own, and the only one that rivals Ginsberg. Bernstein's notice places the death in time by the sun over Odessa and promises that "There will be time to say much more." There was.*

**1353. — Charles Bernstein** *30 Mar 2005* ↑ Register

*Robert Creeley (1926-2005)*

It is with great sadness that I report the death of Robert Creeley, this morning, as the sun rose over Odessa, Texas, where he was on an extended visit. He was with his wife, Penelope, and his two youngest children, Hannah and Willie.

There will be time to say much more. For now those who knew him, through his work or as part of his life, will live this day in his honor and in his shadow.

As Bob would say, Onward!; but I, for one, falter.

Charles Bernstein

The Way

Somewhere in all the time that's passed was a thing in mind became the evidence, the pleasure even in fact of being lost so quickly, simply that what it was could never last.

Only knowing was measure of what one could make hold together for that moment's recognition, or else the world washed over like a flood of meager useless truths, of hostile incoherence.

Too late to know that knowing was its own reward and that wisdom had at best a transient credit. Whatever one did or didn't do was what one could. Better at last believe than think to question?

There wasn't choice if one had seen the light, not of belief but of that soft, blue-glowing fusion seemed to appear or disappear with thought, a minute magnesium flash, a firefly's illusion.

Best wonder at mind and let that flickering ambience of wondering be the determining way you follow, which leads itself from day to day into tomorrow, finds all it ever finds is there by chance.

from *If I Were Writing This*

> **1354. — Raymond Bianchi** *30 Mar 2005* ↑ Register
>
> Such sadness- as a poet who is/was a nobody -Bob was always so generous he gave time to those of us who were trying to negotiate poetry and life- He just did an interview for our site Chicagopostmodernpoetry.com where he said in an email " keep on struggling for poetry" if we only knew that he was struggling with life
>
> Addio Poeta

**1355. — Mairead Byrne** *30 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**

I'm very sad to hear this. The subject line of this email is most unwelcome. Robert Creeley was a wonderful live presence in Providence over the last year or two. He was at every poetry event possible. I joked that he was the new guy at Brown, just starting out, but that's how he actually was too. I can't believe he is gone. Thank God for poetry. I hope Providence doesn't lose Pen also. Mairead

> *03/30/05 10:46 AM >>>*

As Bob would say, Onward!; but I, for one, falter.

Charles Bernstein

**1356. — Mary Jo Malo** *30 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Robert Creeley*

How poignantly ironic for me. I was struggling with a little poem entitled "crisis of breathing" after hearing of Creeley's health. When I now heard the news . . . well . . . I joined Poetics this past October, because I was excited that at fifty-something I had just 'discovered' him.

"crisis of breathing"

sunrise

breathe

joy

pain

word

death

sunset

**1357. — Harry Nudel** *30 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Creeley..BE WELL...*

sent this out just this morning...before the sad news....we all 'did' need him...harry..

> *-From: Sent: Mar 30, 2005 7:02 AM Subject: Be Well.. Hi Bob.. i've heard that you're not well....the e-vine...hope you're recovering...we all need you...my love..harry*

**1358. — Charlotte Mandel** *30 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Creeley poem*

The first I knew of his, in 1969, and more a part of America's text than ever-Best, Charlotte

I Know A Man

As I sd to my friend, because I am always talking,—John, I

sd, which was not his name, the darkness sur-rounds us, what

can we do against it, or else, shall we & why not, buy a goddamn big car

drive, he sd, for christ's sake, look out where yr going.

Robert Creeley

**1359. — Gerald Schwartz** *30 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Robert Creeley (1926-2005)*

above
clouds

arrive at nothing
remain

steadfast within
the turning of our

prayer wheels

if this all
were a lighter touch

than the words of this word

resting
on lawn beneath snow

it would still be too
too heavy

Peace, rest—Gerald Schwartz

**1360. — Christophe Casamassima** *30 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Creeley needed*

To say the least, my heartfelt love to his family and his friends. Unfortunately, I knew him only by word...

Tomorrow I'm doing an interview with the City Paper in Baltimore ('The State of Poetry' for National Poetry Month) and would like to open the discussion with something poignant. Does anyone have any suggestions? Links?

Thanks for all your help...

c.....

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**1361. — Geoffrey Gatza** *30 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Robert Creeley (1926-2005)*

I'm so taken aback by this, I love him like no other poet, and I am trying to write something to keep from crying. It's not helping. He was kind when he needed not be, he listened, he was a friend.

I will miss you :-)

We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when, But I know we'll meet again some sunny day. Keep smiling through just like you always do, Till the blue skies drive the dark clouds far away. So will you please say hello to the folks that I know, tell them I won't be long. They'll be happy to know that as you saw me go, I was singing this song. We'll meet again, don't know where, don't know when, But I know we'll meet again some sunny day.

**1362. — Dustin Williamson** *30 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Creeley*

I saw Robert Creeley read for the first time only a couple of months ago (in Appleton, Wisconsin of all places). He was talking about how he was not worried about his own death, because he wouldn't be around to see it, but was irritated by death in the way it affects others. Creeley was for me—as I'm sure he was for many people—one of the first poets that I "connected" with—who showed me that poetry was a cool thing to be apart of.

dw

**1363. — UbuWeb** *30 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Creeley and UbuWeb*

It's actually thanks to Robert Creeley that UbuWeb survives today. Back in 2000 our ISP had a devastating crash that totally wiped-out the site. As the site lay smouldering, Creeley sent an email saying what a great loss for the poetry community this was and made a personal appeal for rebuiding. 6 months later, it was up and running, fueled by his encouragement. A great spirit, a great loss...

**1364. — Sylvester Pollet** *30 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Fw: it is my sad duty to inform you*

*"May 21, 1926 - March 30, 2005 American poet Robert Creeley passed away this morning at 6:15 am in Odessa, Texas, where he was fulfilling a Residency at the Lannan Foundation. (Mr Creeley was a recipient of the Lannan Foundation Lifetime Achievement Award.) His wife of twenty-eight years, Penelope, and son Will and daughter Hannah were at his side. The cause of death was complications from respiratory disease. Mr. Creeley was seventy-eight years old. A Song I had wanted a quiet testament and I had wanted, among other things, a song. That was to be of a like monotony. (A grace Simply. Very very quiet. A murmur of some lost thrush, though I have never seen one. Which was you then. Sitting and so, at peace, so very much now this same quiet. A song. And of you the sign now, surely, of a gross perpetuity (which is not reluctant, or if it is, it is no longer important. A song. Which one sings, if he sings it, with care. Robert Creeley — Outside of a dog a book is a man's best friend. Inside of a dog it's too dark to read. (Groucho Marx)"*

**1365. — Maria Damon** *30 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Creeley*

yes. my first exp w/ creeley in print was transformative. i was 18, on a greyhound bus, reading the creeley excerpts in that hayden carruth anthology. it felt is if the words were coming physically out of my sternum rather than going in thru my eyes...such a connection. i'm somewhat stunned. my fathers are dying, over and over again.

**1366. — Christophe Casamassima** *30 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**
*One more for Creeley, usurping the airwaves.*

Father Creeley

an adverb should never describe death foretelling it here so that at least one of us should remember us

www.towson.edu/~cacasama/furniture/poae baltimorereads.blogspot.com zil-lionpoems.blogspot.com

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**1367. — Peter Quartermain** *30 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Robert Creeley (1926-2005)*

Charles —

Thanks for the news, not that one wanted it.

There is nothing I can say.

Peter

As Bob would say, Onward!; but I, for one, falter.

Charles Bernstein

**1368. — William James Austin** *30 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**
Always a tragedy for the arts when one of our major innovators dies. I feel nostalgic for the work he would have written. Onward, R.C.

Charles B., please stay healthy.

Precisely, Geoff. "We'll Meet Again."

Best, Bill

WilliamJamesAustin.com
KojaPress.com
Amazon.com
BarnesandNobel.com

**1369. — Aldon L Nielsen** *30 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Creeley*

"So now I will make up poetry, as I always have, one word after another, becoming something, as sounds, call them, as beats, tum tum. All very familiar. But each time I take the bus I do see something new, somehow."

—Robert Creeley "Was That A Real Poem Or Did You Just Make It Up Yourself?"

and the commas,,,,, I can hear him now

" for christ's sake, look out where yr going."

still good advice after all these years . . .

**1370. — Brian Kim Stefans** *30 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**
*On Creeley*

Almost fifty years ago Robert Creeley and I sat almost side by side at Harvard in a course on the eighteenth-century English novel. Not quite together, since the students were seated alphabetically and between us was one named Berlin. We never spoke — Creeley was much too forbidding-looking for me to attempt that, and perhaps I was too, but one of my keener lesser regrets is that we never sat down together and thrashed out the relative merits of Pamela and Joseph Andrews. At any rate, Creeley — we also participated in a poetry workshop where the future novelist John Hawkes was also a student — was a memorable presence on campus, though he didn't stay there long. Later on when one heard of him one realized that one knew one was going to all along.

I don't remember Creeley's poems in the workshop and wish I could forget my own, but we may well have realized then that we were on opposite sides of the poetic fence: me so European and maximalist, influenced by Auden and Stevens; he so American, with perhaps an Asian conciseness gleaned from Pound, stemming obviously from the Pound-Williams tradition to which Olson's presence would soon be added. Yet I've never been able to think of Creeley as a minimalist, which some have called him. If cramming as many possible things into the smallest space with no sign of strain or congestion is minimal, then maybe he is a minimalist. But what strikes me most about his poetry is a sense of richness and ripeness, beautifully contained in a vessel which was made to order by the circumstance of writing the poem. As he writes in "Some Place":

> I resolved it, I
> found in my life a
> center and secured it.

And lest we misinterpret his accuracy for pride, he adds farther on:

> There is nothing I am
> nothing not. A place
> between, I am. I am
> more than thought, less
> than thought.

No one, I think, has ever stated what it is to be a poet more cogently and, yes, more succinctly than Robert Creeley. But his succinctness is like the unfettered flashing of a diamond.

— John Ashbery, introducing Creeley at a reading at the New School in 1995. Copied from Ashbery's Selected Prose (The University of Michigan Press, 2004)

**1371. — Alan Sondheim** *30 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Creeley*

He taught teh value of the word and the spaces that fell through so that the poem disappeared. And the salvation of emotion and its seriousness and that all else failed. And that too many words ruined so that langugae had economy. I have no anecdotes of him for that matter no anecdotes of famous people I want to tell at least for that matter no anecdotes. I kept going back to For Love. It had nothing to do with an interest in poetry. Alan.

**1372. — Brenda Coultas** *30 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**

Hi Everyone, I just got this following email from Anselm Berrigan:

Hi everyone,

Am sorry to have to say, if you don't know already, that Robert Creeley passed away this morning in Odessa, Texas at sunrise. His family was there with him, and he knew as of last night that he was going....sounds like he passed peacefully. Opened up his book. If I were writing this. to this poem a little while ago:

AS IF

As if a feeling, come from nought, Suspended time in fascinated concentration, So that all the world therein became Of that necessity its own reward

I lifted to mind a piece Of bright blue air and then another. Then clouds in fluffy substance floated by. Below I felt a lake of azure waited.

I cried, Here, here I am — the only place I'll ever be... Whether it made a common sense or found a world, Years flood their gate, the company dispersed. This person still is me.

**1373. — John F. Roche** *30 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**

For R.C.

From one man, many worlds
one for each of us
and plenty to go around/
orbit around this ol' town
they call Parnassus, or Elysium,
or Birdland, I don't know--
Pass along another song, Mister Bob,
the night's still young
and there's nowhere else
but
here

John Roche

**1374. — Murat Nemet-Nejat** *30 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Robert Creeley (1926-2005)*

I was struck by his generosity as a person . His work has been part of my internal life as a poet. Salute to his spirit. Murat

**1375. — Christine Murray** *30 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Creeley*

Walking through a park today here in north Texas--
80 degrees, bluest sky, variety of music drifting
around, children scrambling on the playground,
redbud and dogwood in full bloom, pecan
and cottonwood trees greening out--
it just did not seem possible
that such a day flowing with life
could bring to poetry
such great loss.

But, hey, here is something out of Creeley's intro to BAP 2002:

"Pound advised the aspirant [of poetry writing] to listen to the sound that [poetry] makes and felt that poetry atrophied when it got too far from music. ... My grandmother could recite poems endlessly. A practical, working-class woman from Maine, she had a store of poems she much valued ... So, what is best, then? ... what one can use as measure and judgement has finally to do with his or her own perceptions and needs in that complex of others with whom one shares a life. ... I think of Robert Duncan's saying, "I can't remember if I wrote it or read

it!" It was that kind of closeness, as if I'd come into an unexpected clearing, a space I had not known was there, and in it was something equally both familiar and strange, something *new* to me, that freshened ways I took the world and myself to be existing, and also made me at home in it. Just as my grandmother did, I wanted something in my head, I wanted the literal comfort of words, I wanted them to tell me things, all things, anything. I wanted them to speak to me." —Robert Creeley, BAP, 2002 (xviii-xx)

**1376. — Stephen Baraban** *30 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: All Things Considered on Creeley*

I meant (consciously) to send what I just sent to my friend John Roche, but probably it works as a post to the List.

Stephen Baraban

**1377. — Larry Sawyer** *30 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Creeley*

what generous spirit and huge presence...I'm saddened to hear that this ultimate maker and great singular man is gone from this world...20 questions with Creeley, if this comes through

1. If you could characterize the twentieth century as a film actor, who would it be?

Marlon Brando – just that that's where I came in and he was the one whose presence most defined the world I took us both to be fact of.

2. Do you have a writing ritual, or is the process different each time?

I have places I feel at ease, and that matters. I think it was Leger who used to put on white coveralls to paint – and the Goncourt brothers reputedly contrived to have early morning sex, so as to free themselves from distraction. I like working on a computer or else paper, if that's all that's handy. Simple needs!

3. Are the spaces between notes, or words, as important as the words themselves?

Whatever locates the phrasing, or phasing, is part of the action and those "spaces" are certainly a crucial component.

4. How has jazz music shaped your aesthetic?

I think it's most had to do with my sense of phrasing, or how a serial pattern, call it, might be sounded or heard. Too, it's made me aware of how much can go into such a pattern without losing the coherence.

5. Favorite memory of an experience in a car?

Actually it's the memory of a story about an experience in a car. Years ago someone told me the story of William Faulkner and his terrific friends driving drunkenly along some river near Oxford, Mississippi. Apparently the one driving wasn't able to make a left turn in time, whereupon Faulkner said matter of factly, "I believe the son of a bitch is going into the river." And they did.

6. America characterized as a song? What song?

How about "Farther Along" – secularized?

7. What are you working on currently?

Staying with it. I know I do work on things but too often that frame feels like painting the house or going to the dentist.

8. Gaugin or Van Gogh? Why?

I couldn't choose between them – each is terrific, albeit they are very different. Both seem primarily painters, come hell or high water.

9. World poet or American? Both?

Whatever the question implies, the local is always it. There is no “world” otherwise, even “American.”

10. What would you say to the president if you met him on the street tomorrow morning?

Get a life!

11. Most influential poet of Latin America?

Cabral was certainly solid – and I always was moved by Parra and Neruda, that active sense of a real person being there. Do you know Samuel Beckett’s great translations of Mexican poetry? Octavio Paz did the selection.

12. Why?

I feel very dumb trying to answer because what do I know about Latin American poetry? My own generation with few exceptions had little relation to it and when we did, it seemed still faint and too late. In some ways I’d be persuaded to go back to Ed Dorn’s telling me about Euclides da Cunha’s Rebellion in the Backlands (1902) because that book is probably still the best sense of South America I’d know. It was translated by SamuelPutnam. Two years teaching the patrone’s kids on a coffee plantation (1959–61) did nothing finally to inform me. It was like living in a bubble.

13. Is a poem like a field or an ascent into the void?

“A poem is a small (or large) machine made of words” – or perhaps it’s the tree one will never see a poem as lovely as. Both propositions come from New Jersey as it happens.

14. Is the Internet our friend, or adversary?

For me it’s been a great resource in every sense – as looking up just now both the date and exact title for da Cunha’s book, and then making sure I had the Williams’ quote correctly. Our very means here of doing this exchange (e-mail) has been an invaluable resource, traveling about or just staying home. Too, there has never been a more efficient and unobtrusive support for writing itself than that which a computer provides.

15. What was the first rock 'n roll song you remember hearing?

Fats Domino singing “Ain’t That a Shame” and other classics of the moment in Ma Peak’s tavern on the way to the town of Black Mountain from the college. Some nights the whole physical floor used to rock with the dancing.

16. What was the most influential little mag.?

Cid Corman’s Origin – that’s where I found my company.

17. Would you say that poetry smells of wood smoke or exhaust?

You got me!

18. What essential book would you take on a long journey alone?

Weirdly, I haven’t a clue.

19. What time is it where you are now?

One twenty-one pm.

20. What word of advice to the world?

Stop killing people as a means of solution.

**1378. — Chris Stroffolino** *30 Mar 2005* **↑ Register**
*Re: On Creeley*

Thanks for forwarding this Brian---It was great because I didn't know it was Ashbery at first—but this excerpt especially gets to the heart of many of my feelings/thoughts about RC. I think the full extent of Creeley's achievement has yet to be really appreciated (well, something like that), including the novels/short stories, the letters, the digressions at readings, the essay-like prose, the collaborations with painters and filmmakers, as well as his openness and availability to many younger writers....

I didn't know his health was particularly bad, and this hurts especially because I hadn't seen him a few years, and just thought I would again—But I think he knew what he meant to me, and at least I'm told he died peacefully, and lived a full life (oh, that seems silly----can any immediate response to death not sound terribly trite? sorry.....)

**1379. — Mairead Byrne** *31 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Robert Creeley*

Athena Kildegaard posted this on WOM-PO. I post it here with her permission.
Mairead

*“ 03/30/05 3:41 PM >>>”*

In 1986 my dad gave my grandmother a book of Robert Creeley's, A CALENDAR, an exquisite handset letterpress edition of 600 that has one poem for each month. My grandmother turned 86 that year.She raised ten children through the Depression on the Texas Panhandle, loved to read, read her Bible every day, wrote letters to all of her family, and never said a bad word about anyone or anything. She used the book as a calendar, writing all around the poems and on the facing pages bits of news about the month. For example: "We are enjoying fresh from Fred's garden. Beans, squash, onions, beets. Have canned several jars of beans. For the 4th we got a lot of food together, took it and ate with Olive, she especially enjoyed the fresh cantalope." There are not many comments directly about the poems, but beside the poem for December, "Memory," she wrote "This poem speaks so well of the time now 1986." Here's the poem:

Memory

I'd wanted
ease of year,
light in the darkness,
end of fears.

For the babe newborn
was my belief,
in the manger,
in that simple barn.

So since childhood
animals
brought back kindness,
made possible care.

But this world now
with its want, its pain,
its tyrannic confusions
and hopelessness,

sees no star
far shining,
no wonder as light
in the night.

Only us then
remember, discover,
still can care for
the human.

Best, Athena

**1380. — tyrone williams** *31 Mar 2005* **↑ Register**
*Re: NOI: Harold Cruse dies, new edition of his book released*

For me, the deaths of Creeley and Cruse intersect in terms of their importance to my own work (to say nothing of their impact on poetics and political discourse). I note that he Detroit Free Press obit on Cruse, not surprisingly, is objective as opposed to the (once again) scurrilous one in the NY Times.

tyrone

*"-http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2005/03/39513.php NOI: Harold Cruse dies, new edition of his book released Harold Cruse, one of the most influential writers on African-American politics, culture and history, died of heart failure Friday in the Sunrise Assisted Living facility in Ann Arbor. He was 89. Mr. Cruse is best known for his 1967 book, "The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual," an analytical look at the ideas of black writers and artists. Written during the tumult of the 1960s, the book urged black autonomy and became a pioneering work that is widely read today in academia. NOI: Harold Cruse dies, new edition of his book released Harold Cruse: Author, activist and U-M professor BY NIRAJ WARIKOO FREE PRESS STAFF WRITER Harold Cruse, one of the most influential writers on African-American politics, culture and history, died of heart failure Friday in the Sunrise Assisted Living facility in Ann Arbor.*

*He was 89. Mr. Cruse is best known for his 1967 book, "The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual," an analytical look at the ideas of black writers and artists. Written during the tumult of the 1960s, the book urged black autonomy and became a pioneering work that is widely read today in academia. A new edition of the book was published last month, with an introduction written by Stanley Crouch. In 1968, Mr. Cruse became a professor at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, where he taught African-American studies. He was key in starting U-M's Center for Afroamerican and African Studies (CAAS) in 1970, and was acting director in 1972-73.*

*He later became professor emeritus of history and African-American studies at the university. Mr. Cruse's life and writings encompassed the broad diversity of the black and American experiences during the 20th Century. Communism, slavery, nationalism, blues, Marxism, jazz, capitalism, civil rights — all were written about in his sharp prose. "Cruse's legacy is awe-inspiring," the Library Journal wrote in a review of the 2002 book "The Essential Harold Cruse," a collection of writings by and about him. Mr. Cruse was born in Petersburg, Va., in 1916, and moved with his family to New York City as a young child. After graduating from high school, he held a variety of jobs before serving in the U.S. Army during World War II, according to the Robert F. Wagner Labor Archives at Tamiment Library in New York City.*

*In 1941 -45, he was stationed in Italy, north Africa, Northern Ireland and Scotland. After the war, Mr. Cruse briefly attended City College in New York, but never graduated. "He was self-educated," said his significant other, Mara Julius, an assistant research scientist emeritus at U-M's Department of Epidemiology. "He was an avid reader, spending much of his time in the library," she said. "He rounded out his education in arts and music." In 1947, Mr. Cruse joined the Communist Party, which was strongly pushing for integration and racial equality. Mr. Cruse contributed drama and literary reviews for its newspaper, the Daily Worker.*

*But his writing was not tied down by party doctrine. In fact, he was a sharp critic of other black thinkers and artists for strictly adhering to philosophies, like communism, that he felt could constrict the black experience. In the 1950s, Mr. Cruse wrote several plays, but concentrated mainly on nonfiction. In a 1951 essay, he praised entertainer Josephine Baker for returning to the United States from France and not losing her "native Negro idiom." In his 1967 "Crisis" book, Mr. Cruse wrote about black figures such as Paul Robeson, Lorraine Hansberry and James Baldwin, arguing that their rigid politics restricted them.*

*The book also touched on "mass media and communism, black-Jewish relations, and the revolutionary use of force," said the New York Review of Books. And decades before critics assailed Vanilla Ice and Eminem for ripping off black culture, Mr. Cruse wrote about white people in the 1920s making "music that they literally stole outright from Harlem nightclubs." Among his other books are "Rebellion or Revolution," "Marxism and the Negro Struggle" and "Plural but Equal: A Critical Study of Blacks and Minorities and America's Plural Society." In "Plural but Equal," he faulted civil rights leaders for not learning from the failures of the black struggle in the late 19th Century.*

*"There are some people who learn how to teach, and some people are born to teach," said Julius. "He was born to teach." Mr. Cruse also is survived by two half-sisters and a cousin. Funeral arrangements have not been finalized. Mr. Cruse is to be cremated. © 2005 Detroit Free Press Inc. . ___\ Stay Strong\ \ "Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \ —Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\ \ "This mathematical rhythmatical mechanism enhances my wisdom\ of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\ —HellRazah\ \ "It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too*

*long"\ —Mutabartuka\ \ "As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \ our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \ actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."\ - Frantz Fanon\ \ "Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"\ -Imam Ja'far Sadiq\ \ \ }"*

**1381. — Mark Salerno** *31 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Creeley Tribute in Los Angeles*

Colleagues:

I'm in the preliminary stages of organizing a Robert Creeley tribute/remembrance/reading event for the Los Angeles area. Date and venue to be announced. If you are interested in participating or attending, contact me and I will put your name on the appropriate list.

Mark Salerno

**1382. — Hank Lazer** *31 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Robert Creeley (1926-2005)*

Apologies for the length of this post...

*

Robert Creeley (1926-2005)

Absolutely exemplary. Certainly these last ten years or so, a quality of sweetness, pleasure, and generosity. A life lived in and of words with absolute integrity. For me, personally, no more important poet, no one better able to show ways in words to make manifest the grace, pleasure, complexity, cadences, and play of mind at work.

I met Bob in the late 1970s, at a Black Mountain College celebration at Warren Wilson College. We spent a couple of days in conversation; I interviewed Bob; I listened to him read. Much of our time together I asked him for information on the three-line stanzas that he developed, and what relationship his writing had to similar modes in Williams. Great fun witnessing a packed auditorium at his reading, only to have Bob tell stories and follow out a range of thoughts for forty-five minutes to an hour before he read the first poem. Many left before he read. They missed a superb reading, one that was absolutely continuous with the talking that preceded it.

Yes, quite simply one of the greatest conversationalists of all time …

At the time of that Black Mountain event, I knew only parts of what Creeley had written – mainly Words and For Love. From then until now, I have grown more and more familiar with the range of his writing – the poetry, yes, but also the essays. In fact, when I got news of Bob's declining health, I was reading a new essay of his on Whitman's poetry of old age (in a special issue of Virginia Quarterly Review celebrating the 150th anniversary of the publication of the first Leaves of Grass).

In the mid-1990s, I gave a reading at Buffalo. Bob attended, and I had the pleasure of reading new poems (which became the book Days) which were very much based in what I had learned from his work. We spent the next morning, over pastry and coffee, sitting and talking, along with my good friend Yunte Huang. Bob's generosity to Yunte is another story, but typical of Bob's kindness to so many younger writers…

Here, at Alabama, I had the pleasure of hosting Bob for a reading a couple of years ago. Again, a packed house. A superb reading, though Bob had to sit for most of the reading, as he did for the conversation/discussion the following day. That particular visit enhanced by the presence of Donald Revell (in residence for the semester), another poet deeply steeped in Bob's life and writing. And again, Bob made time for a morning of coffee, pastry, and conversation.

Last saw Bob at the Louis Zukofsky Centennial at Columbia this past fall. Some familiar anecdotes, and some unfamiliar.

I've been quite moved by the increasingly emotionally open work of Bob's last couple of books – Life & Death and If I were writing this. He seemed able to circle back, to realize the

importance and vitality of late 19th century verse – a family tradition of popular poetry – in his own practice. Or, to make of Keats' work such a central thing.

We corresponded sporadically via e-mail. I would often send Bob a few poems, and his remarks were always appreciative. He blurbed a book of mine – an extended chapbook called As It Is (published by Mark Scroggins) – and was always supportive of my writing.

What Bob showed was the pleasure and work of making one's way in a writing life. It is rather amazing to think of how many of us have learned from his example.

Yesterday, the day of Bob's death, at the end of the day, I went with my son, Alan (16 years old), to Beulah Baptist Church – a black church on a hillside on the way home, a place that I'd often admired but where I'd never stopped. A modest graveyard with a cement angel of Memory leading the way up the dry, red clay hill. At the top of the hill, we walked around for a bit, sun streaming through the clouds. The wisteria now in bloom, we looked at the tombstones, stood beside one for "Pa Pa" Jones, and I read aloud several of Bob's poems from Life & Death.

Earlier in the day I'd been in touch with several others to whom Bob had been so important – Charles Bernstein, Yunte Huang, Joel Kuszai, Don Revell, Claudia Keelan, Norman Fischer, Tyrone Williams. Even at the time of Bob's death, it's hard not to bear in mind his favorite closing in correspondence: "Onward." Without Bob here to be the figure of Onward, we must take what we have learned from him and be, in our writing and friendship and conversation and correspondence, that no longer singular figure of Onward.

Hank Lazer March 31, 2005

*

Here's the e-mail I sent to Bob on Monday, March 28, 2005:

Dear Bob,

A gray cold day of spring break, giving way to sunny windy afternoon. I spoke with Joel Kuszai mid-day, and learned some of your health difficulties. And then heard from Charles Bernstein, a more optimistic version. I'm simply writing to let you know I'm thinking of you. And thinking with you. Got in today's mail the latest issue of Virginia Quarterly Review — on Whitman, and your superb piece on Whitman's poetry of old age. When I read at the Walt Whitman Center in Camden (several years ago, back when Alicia Askenase was in charge of the reading series), I visited Walt Whitman's house, and recognize it in the last photos. For me, the determining feature of my early years of writing poetry was to have an especially close relationship with my four grandparents — all Russian Jews, all living close to us. In the way that drugs & zen of the 1960s allowed it, I spent time with them, in their decay mental & physical, with a mixture of love, curiosity, and observation (rather than the disabling frustrations that I saw in my parents' relationship to their aging parents). My poems began with telling their stories, my grandparents, and with learning (or trying to learn) something of the phenomenology of aging. And thus, yes, a reading of Williams' later work and others, including, eventually Oppen.

A rambling way, Bob, to say that you are on my mind these days, as your poetry and your essays and correspondence will always be.

With much love,

Hank

*

And a poem, from several years ago, very much with Creeley in mind, from an ongoing work, Portions.

YOU

so the old cabin leans "sit up" i said

as if to someone i said it to you

i always do if there were no one else

if there were only you i would say “sit

up” & think someone heard such is my sense

the old cabin leans what is never passes away

**1383. — Michael Magee** *31 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**
*some thoughts on Creeley*

Creeley had been a huge supporter of the Downcity Poetry Series here in Providence — finding funding for us at Brown, always attending when he was in town, and cheerleading in the slow early going. He was insistent about bringing poetry to the community, rather than keeping it up on the hill. In my experience he was a total fucking mensch — when he and Mike Gizzi and I met for coffee etc he'd mostly be interested in what we were doing; he was restlessly curious. When he heard me read some crazy "flarf" poems he found a way to engage it. NOT one of those old guys protecting HIS thing, — again, in my experience.

Once, at his place in Providence w/ Mike G and Mairead Byrne and Tom Raworth and Pen, soaking up all the casual talk when phone rings and who is it but Bob Grenier and I think to myself, as Creely talks to Grenier on the phone, "It is simply impossible that I'm in this room right now." It was more or less impossible for me to lose the kid in the candy store feeling, you know. Because really it was on par with hanging out with Frank O'Hara, or WC Williams or Stein. I was in awe of Creeley but he never asked for awe and in fact everything about him (especially his halting, circular, occassionally self-parodic speech, like the poems) seemed designed to disabuse you of that awe.

As for the work, he changed the way I think about poetry completely, and more than once. The writings in The Collected Essays (not the Prose, although that's great too) are as good as any poet's criticism, Olson, Williams, Pound, Stein, you name it.

And the poetry, he was in it, in it, in it. Living it. Living in it. Right there. Right here.

Mike Magee

**1384. — Stephen Vincent** *31 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Creeley*

It's been lovely to hear the gathering remembrances. I am sure many of us each have, at least, one or two: There is the person. There is person at what age you first heard him read publicly and/or first read one particular poem in print. First encountered him socially or not; then there is the question of what work was important, most influential on one's own.

I remember Creeley once say of language, "no one owns it" - which made him a champion of others in practice, as well as leery of those invested in hierarchical claims. His loyalty was clearly to the art of words, the art of their use. And those spaces in-between. Perhaps similar to Giacometti's sculptures, one is always aware of the negative (perhaps anxious) space that surrounds the work, the poem's material - that something is being made (constructed), hard and not gratuitous.

And yet there is the loving 'charm' - where 'charm' means song - and the devotion is constant - yet the outcome may - as with, say, Miles Davis - not resemble song in any familiar or predictable sense. His awareness and use of the evidence, the things seen and heard in the world assure a breach, one that brings the ear and eye up short, mesmerized. And the love of delivering it, making it public, "a gift", "for love."

And beyond or with the work who can ever forget his social presence - a magnetism that brought people up to their best, everyone, in my experience, immediate and alert to each word in the air. A place honored where the poem became as valid as any door through which one may enter to receive a particular gift, where no place else could be more interesting to live and abide.

I look forward to hearing more stories. And staying with his work.

I - as I am sure of most of us - will miss him dearly.

Stephen Vincent

**1385. — Skip Fox** *31 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**

I like what Brian Richards wrote me (I don't think he'd mind me putting it here): "He taught me, so early on, that it is the lack of articulation that allows poetry its contemporary power, as the lack of dependence on melody characterizes the similar work of Coltrane, Miles, etc. That we ring the neck of rhetoric."

Creeley was always generous with permissions for me (literally, giving me access to read and photo collections of letters and mss.) as well as with his poetry. The fact that he was the second poet that I took seriously (after Bob Dylan) is a statement about the wonderfully inarticulations from which I came. He soon became most important and I spent years working on a bibliography on him as well as Dorn and Duncan. He was helpful in the process and pleased with the result.

One side-story may be of interest. I asked Bob Bertholf and Ed Dorn on separate occasions why Creeley was continuously on the road reading. Bertholf replied that he was paying off the firestation he had bought (and was fixing up) in Buffalo. Dorn said he thought (may even have talked to Creeley about it—wish I could remember) that Creeley was worried that if he stopped everyone would forget about him. Realizing the climate in which he began (a few stories in Kenyon Review, a book by two graduate students at Ohio State) this seems to have the weight of sense.

I was affected more than I would have guessed with his death. He was one of those, many now dead, who made a personal difference in my continuance with both their lives and work. All the difference.

**1386. — Robert Corbett** *31 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**

I got a chance to see Creeley a few years agod because Seattle Arts & Lectures brought him to read. The day before the reading, I met him with a group of students to talk about his work. He was gracious and insightful, as expected, but what took me by some surprise was his sincerity. This was in part because I was working on theories of irony and, while not writing my diss on romanticism, I was thinking about Creeley's work as ironic, as a mask or a mirror. I got to ask my question, perhaps not as clearly as I could have, and Creeley rightfully disagreed, in a good-natured, but pointed way. His work, if it was anything, was sincere. I don't remember if it was during that meeting or later in the interview after his reading that he said someone had once said that his work seemed to be that of the loneliest on earth. There is something to that, although not as gloomy and melodramatic as the comment seems, but rather one gets a feeling—in every phase of his—that this is the work of a radically honest human being and that the poems are letters, whose purpose is to simply to try understand what people are, what the world is, although the focus necessarily begins the self.

And at the same time, it is also the work of someone who is deeply involved in the work that is poetry. My overriding memory of the reading was a final poem, a traditional ballad I think, something closer to pure iambic than Creeley's work. And he said it and I heard the music and I felt for a second that this was what the poem was when it was new.

"... For you

also (also)
some time beyond place, or
place beyond time, no
mind left to

say anything at all,
that face gone, now.
Into the company of love
it all returns."

end of "For Love," end of _for LOVE_

**1387. — Tom Beckett** *31 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**

Strange to think how much of a presence Robert Creeley's work has been in my life. I've been reading it and thinking about it, feeling with it, for more than 35 years. The best reading I ever attended was Fielding Dawson and Robert Creeley reading in University Auditorium at Kent State circa 1972. I vividly remember Robert reading from _A Daybook_.It was revelatory. A pivotal life experience.

I love his obsession with certain words. You know what they are...words like "presence," "insistence," etc. He was idiosyncratically productively obsessive in the way great artists almost always are. I totally understand that itch. It tickles me.

I love the number of collaborative works he produced with visual artists and muscians. The album "Home" with Steve Swallow is a treasure.

Creeley contributed to two of my editing projects—the Charles Bernstein Issue of _The Difficulties_, and _A Wild Salience: The Writing of Rae Armantrout_ (Burning Press).

There's a lot more to be said. Better persons than I will say those things better than I can.

I'll miss Creeley very much. He defined in many ways what it means to be a poet.

Read the work.

**1388. — steve dalachinsky** *31 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**

*for creeley*

essential sloping green "....one must avoid history in order to be it"

1.
death comes every day/
like /
breath
loud #'s
elixirs bought & sold
antique grinders
grinding teeth / lens
sentencing us to.....
sea/land conversions
combined it's easy to say "friend"
love words even 1/2 in jest 1/2 in-
gested we kiss always
you harsh to me only once
- a misreading of my nature
your feelings for another allowing our friendship to be

i do not work for the dept. of agriculture
she does - the one getting off the bus with an arse as big as a
prospering field/
as far as the eye
can.....
kisses always warm
a few postcards / then / the way computers utilized your life
/
like subways & dismay
it happens every day
tired beauty & the ridges
forming in between
farming the alpha bet & making the engine clean
to receive the workers'
moonstained hands

the signs & bad music that will follow in
your wake
& spout your praises as you sleep
to boost sales raise sails for
their own convenience
to supply us with little variety as this cluttered breath
of mine
now does
breath
breath
breath
how many times will we
hear it
say it yet never once be able to breathe it
& remain faithful as i am
childless?

2.
so i sd
hello white rose
you deserve the best
being associated w/you a
brief time
outside this circuitous credentialed & heavily
policed system
was a still photo & never
imagined KICK.

ave c's clutter never looked cleaner
nor its pre-noon light paler

once i needed to change my batteries
constantly
now all i need is to recharge them
from time to time

once i needed to be taught
but now all i need is to learn

ah, essential sloping green
if only all our "good" eyes could see
as well as you did.

steve dalachinsky nyc 3/31/05 # 21 bus to bellevue

**1389. — Daniel Zimmerman** *31 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register** *Creeley*

I met Robert Creeley in 1966, his first year at Buffalo and my first as a graduate student there in my home town. I studied poetry with him, tuned by his attentive and spontaneous generosity to the possibilities of "condition, occasion and circumstance"-terms of his measure at the time. He supported a magazine I edited, wrote introductions for two of my books, and served on my dissertation committee. Though we never really became close friends, I have always felt close to him as a writer. Among my memories, one particularly struck me as revelatory of his profound decency: we dined one evening with a dear friend whose wife had prepared dinner for perhaps eight. Rather than embarrass the hostess, Bob-like the rest of us, struggling white-knuckled to follow his heroic example-consumed the spectacularly undercooked chicken with exemplary grace.

~ Dan Zimmerman

**1390. — Christophe Casamassima** *1 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Robert Creeley Memorial April 13*

Dears,

Michael Ball and I are putting together a reading in Robert Creeley's memory at Red Emma's Bookstore & Coffeehouse in Baltimore, MD. If anyone would like to participate, read Creeley's word, read their own work inspired by Creeley's work, share stories, support, please back channel. Everyone is invited to participate: This is not an open reading but a celebration.

Please come and join us!

Christophe Casamassima

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**1391. — ryan murphy** *1 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Cid Corman Tribute at Poets House*

Cid Corman (1924-2004) was a poet, translator, and editor of the magazine origin, founded in 1951, which published many of the major American poets of the last 50 years, including Creeley, Niedecker, and Roethke. Author of 70 volumes of poetry, he lived in Kyoto, Japan from 1958 to his death last year.

Clayton Eshleman's most recent books include Juniper Fuse: Upper Paleolithic Imagination and the Construction of the Underworld and the poetry collection My Devotio n. Robert Kelly has published more than 50 books, most recently Lapis. Kristin Prevallet, poet, essayist, and translator, is the author of Scratch Sides: Poetry, Documentation and Image-Text Projects. Anne Waldman's most recent book of poetry is Structure of the World Compared to a Bubble.

**1392. — Nick Piombino** *1 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Robert Creeley*

Robert Creeley was one of the most sensitive poets I have ever met; and I've met many incredibly sensitive poets. A few months ago I was very surprised to receive an email from him mentioning that he had not seen me for awhile. Like Allen Ginsberg, he was one of those poets who found a way to let everybody who he cared about feel cared about by him. How did he find the time? Obviously because that was one of the things he most wanted to do with his time, being a person who clearly worked at benefiting from the wise things he thought about, read and said. Although I have been a fan since college days, I had met him only a few times, but these were significant: hearing him read in the 60's at St Marks, hanging out together at a party at Charles Bernstein's place, years ago, on Amsterdam Avenue, and hearing him again recently at a group reading, with Michael Lally and others, against the war in Iraq.

Also, he came to a couple of readings I had been invited to give -a decade apart-on his home turf at the Buffalo poetics program. In the notes of my very first poetry publication - in 1965- I credited him as my most significant influence. I greatly admired the importance he gave to relationships, and still do. As a young man I believed it was mainly his use of language that was inspiring me. Now I realize it was not only this but his sensitivity in connecting the writing of poetry to acquiring insight into people and life that had so inspired and transformed me early on

I hadn't seen Bob for awhile so I signed up to go to the Zukofsky conference a few months ago at Columbia U. Creeley was to speak and I was determined to hear him and to say hello. The talk he gave is now famous for the anecdote he told. As a young man, fairly penniless, he had visited Zukofsky in the dead of winter, who had insisted on giving him a coat. I can't reproduce, no one could in fact, the poignancy with which Creeley told this little fable that so

deftly summed up a great deal of what he knew and had to tell us about life. Creeley's voice, his unique reading and speaking style, had the capability of passionately, and compassionately, conveying, so deftly, so much of what he knew about life, and he knew a lot. What we remember are the kindnesses, that's all: not so much the brilliance, or the great accomplishments, but the caring that goes into them. Through his melodic, memorable poems, his insight will survive, and will no doubt continue to help us to, as it has for decades.

**1393. — Tom Savage** *1 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**

Since many poets are responding to Robert Creeley's death at this site, I, Tom Savage, will also. I met him a number of times. He was one of the first living poets I ever heard read, in an English class I was taking at Brooklyn College in 1966 or 1967. I heard him many times after that at The Poetry Project and elsewhere. But, today, it seems most appropriate to me to respond to his death by quoting my favorite poem of his. It was published over twenty years ago in a series of poetry postcards published by Jeff Wright who reminded me of it by giving me another copy of the card several years ago. It means a lot more to me now than it did when I first saw it years ago. I hope it means something to those who will read it on this site:

Sad Advice

If it isn't fun, don't do it
You'll have to do enought that isn't.

Such is life, like they say,
no one gets away without paying

and since you don't get to keep it
anyhow, who needs it.

Robert Creeley

Yahoo! Small Business - Try our new resources site!

**1394. — charles alexander** *1 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Robert Creeley: 1926-2005*

I've been hesitant to write much in public about this, but have been encouraged by others to send this to the poetics list. Such sharing does seem particularly needed at this time.

Some of the things from the last 48 hours:

Partly due to Bob Creeley, back in 1978, I got started in "all this." And the relationship with him has been the most enduring of any I have had in this poetry world, right up to an exchange we had last week, where he talked about being in Maine this summer, but hoped he might be of some service to my daughter Kate, who may be attending a program at Brown in the summer. Or several months ago, when I came across something in Reznikoff almost exactly like a line Creeley had mentioned by Zukofsky when I saw Bob at the Zuk event in September; sent a note to Bob, and he mused about possibly dueling poets. I remember him getting up from sitting and signing books at the Walker Art Center in Minneapolis once when he saw me walk into the lobby, and he came over and hugged me and planted a kiss on my mouth. Oh god I remember so much, maybe too much. I love him. I'm still grading some test answers to a question about a Creeley poem. My children, at a very young age, seeing me carry the collected poems, saying "Not Bob Creeley AGAIN, Dad?" with a sense of humor, and then when Kate had to do a paper on a poem, shyly asking if she could borrow my Creeley books. I remember his grace and humanity, at all times. Maybe most when talking humorously, yet near tears, about Duncan at a conference in Buffalo. I think of his allegiance to people, how happy he was that I made it possible to include an old friend & student of his from New Mexico, Dennis Williams, at a dinner the university had for bob (or really, for their donors, but with bob) when he was here two & a half years ago, and how much it meant to Dennis, how much Bob meant to everyone. ok i will stop but of course i won't.

when bob told me he was sick last week & what it was, it was just what my mother had been suffering from, and she remains on oxygen though now out of the hospital.

And I just jotted the following on a card while waiting while some car work was done yesterday. It may fit after the piece for Jackson in my poem "Pushing Water," or perhaps elsewhere, or perhaps will just be forgotten, but Bob will always be close:

I am coming I am always coming am sometimes there and here here you are all the you is where here is

there *is* a story the words *are* given the woods thick and deep

the desert wide alive

the wise surprised all going coming begun undone

This is the place and
were I to deny the
fact of it where
then am I I
am coming I
am

the leaves have fallen
and sun warms
a world in which

will you come with
me here and there

**1395. — Harry Nudel** *1 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Creeley...*

'bout 20 yrs ago it came into my mind

that Bob was going to remind me of

Robert Frost (he didn't then) the difficult Frost

of good fences & hard scrabble farms

the difficult both human and poetic

he didn't have a father we don't know how to be sons..

drn...

**1396. — Stephen Fredman** *1 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Robert Creeley*

The Measure of the Man

I don't know how one takes the measure of a man like Robert Creeley. The vividness apparent in his moment-to-moment living, in his emphatic connection to the people and places in whose company he found himself, the delight and astonishment in noticing again and again merely that he was aware: these were all facets of an awe-inspiring capacity for living of which his poetry is the partial but substantial record.

The characteristic pose one found him in was CONVERSATION: the paradox that a person of such exquisite self-consciousness and insistent self-effacement was always out there in dialogue with others. I can't think of another person I've known who so consistently lived his life as a conversation with other people. That's one reason why the genre of the interview seemed as if it were created particularly for Robert Creeley, whose ability to be present during an interview and to use it as an occasion for thinking-rather than for rehearsing stories or ideas that were pat-made him the consummate interviewee.

He seemed like a man who packed several lives into the space of seventy-nine years. One measure of this would be a mating record of biblical proportions: three wives and three families. Another measure would be the astonishing multitude of his friendships with artists,

writers, and former students. An index for gauging the numbers in that multitude would be to line up all of the blurbs, forewords, and testimonials he wrote, of which there must be hundreds.

A year ago I heard Bob give a reading at the University of Chicago. It took place in an old, wood-paneled lecture hall, which was so packed that people were standing in the doorways at the back and peering in through ivy-lined windows at the sides. I was struck by the haunted quality of the reading, by the way in which Bob invoked almost ritualistically the spirits of his poetic cohort in his remarks and even seemed to "channel" them in some of the recent poetry he read. Since he was the only one still alive, he took it as his duty to keep their poetry alive alongside (or even inside) his own. There was an air of desperation, as if he were the only tether holding poets such as Charles Olson, Robert Duncan, Allen Ginsberg, and Denise Levertov onto the earth. Again, what I found remarkable was his primary sense of existing within a conversation, even when all of the other speakers were dead.

His existence within a conversation can also be seen in his many statements on poetics. As soon as he began to speak about poetry, Bob would immediately invoke talismanic passages by other poets (and artists). A Robert Creeley essay tends to take the form of a collage rather than of a personal statement; he returns again and again to particular formulations by writers he loves and keeps them in dialogue with one another, making his own points by locating himself within a particular company. In fact, "company" was one of his favorite words, and its root meaning of sharing bread is appropriate to the sense of mutual nourishment he expected from an artistic cohort.

It will be difficult to measure the extent of his influence as a poet because it is so vast. When as a young poet in the late sixties under the influence of Creeley and his cohort I first read William Carlos Williams, I was initially surprised by how unremarkable the poetry seemed, as though I had already read many times before this kind of lower-cased, conversational poetry attentive to the ordinary and the everyday. Then it dawned on me that the reason I found this poetry unremarkable was that its influence had been so ubiquitous that all of the poets I was reading were materially in its debt. I suspect that a young poet in the present era who turns to the work of Robert Creeley might well have a similar experience-wondering what all of the fuss is about because so many of the innovations and stylistic discoveries he made have been incorporated by subsequent generations.

One thing is certain: Robert Creeley was the master of the line break. No poet has been able to achieve a greater tension through rhythmic, syntactic, and emotional uses of enjambment than he did. That in itself is a poetic legacy of vast proportions, re-energizing the poetic line by placing so much pressure on the breaks between lines.

As Creeley never tired of insisting, the measure within a poetic line is a way of measuring the world and one's participation in it. "Measure" is at the base of human awareness, in the struggle to create terms in which to fathom our experiences. Robert Creeley sought new measures that would accord with the generosity of spirit in which he endeavored to reside. I have been greatly nourished by that generosity and find that his loss makes that generous vision all the more precious.

Stephen Fredman

**1397.** **— Ruth Lepson** *1 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**

Thank you. This is one of the most accurate, sensitive, loving portraits I have read of dear Bob Creeley.

**1398.** **— Anny Ballardini** *1 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**

I would like to thank every one for your generous words.
Again, thank you,
Anny

On Apr 1, 2005 10:39 PM, Ruth Lepson wrote:

**1399. — Ruth Lepson** *1 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Creeley*

am I remembering right that Charles Bernstein sd w/out Pieces Language poetry wdn't have come abt in the form it did?

**1400. — Jonathan Penton** *2 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*see the men of action falling back*

Well, Cait Collins and Robert Creeley are both dead, American activists are being searched at airports for super-secret reasons, and the new Viet Nam era has begun, but hey! I'm in the San Francisco Bay Area on vaction! And by "vacation," I mean that I am tirelessly working to provide politics and literature to a world that would rather have its eyelids ripped out than read anything! So without further ado, please examine our latest issue of www.UnlikelyStories.org, including:

SGT Marshall Smith, reporting from three miles outside of Fallujah Jonathan Penton fights the Transportation Security Administration; TSA wins Julie Ann Keller fights the women's health care clinic; females lose Dan Schneider presents a Muscular Centrist Attack on the Pro-War Position poetry by Michael Rothenberg, Lawrence Welsh, W. B. Keckler, Bryon D. Howell, Sheema Kalbasi, Len Bourret, Mike Duron, Kristi Swadley and Kurtice Kucheman fiction by P. S. Ehrlich, Wayne Scheer, P Moss, Benjamin Bower and Anne McMillen T. S. Ross on "The Passion of the Christ" as Soft-Core Porn and A Sardine on Vacation, Episode Twenty-Five

I need to see a dentist!

Mad love,

**1401. — Stephen Baraban** *2 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Washington Post on Creeley--pretty damn good!*

Still trying to select some memories & tell them right. Just want to share the Washington Post obit which I think is surely much better than that of the NY Times—quotes him on words and nothing else as his redemption, knows WHY he was driving an ambulance abroad (WW2), generally sings it rather than wings it, is resonant, informed...

Perhaps what bothers me most about the NY Times thing, besides the fact that the writer thinks C.'s r work emphasizes "feeling", rather than feeling knotted together with intense thinking, and besides the fact that she thinks that the later writing finally becomes "ambitious" as if it weren't always so, is the extended quote from "The Wicker Basket" which is a wonderful poem but as part of an introduction to Creeley could possibly lead many of the unitiated to imagine Bob as a hip Dr. Seuss.

(Yes, you say, Dr. Seuss already was hip. I always loved that moment in an interview when Bob was asked what he thought of Time magazine calling him a "hip Emily Dickinson" and he said "I always thought she was already rather hip" (an inexact quote from memory). That was such a lovely characteristic move—flipping around the meaning of the word "hip", which so often means mainly "worldly".

No more ado, the Post thing:

Robert Creeley, 78; Postmodern Poet, Professor

*"By Joe Holley Washington Post Staff Writer Friday, April 1, 2005; Page B06*

*Robert Creeley, 78, a prolific poet and a major American artist in the second half of the 20th century, died March 30 at a hospital in Odessa, Tex. He had pneumonia and complications from lung disease.*

*Mr. Creeley was in a two-month literary residency at the Lannan Foundation in Marfa, Tex., in the remote Big Bend area of the state, when he became ill.*

*Marfa, a tiny town in the arid reaches of the American Southwest, was an appropriate setting for the postmodern poet, although he had been there only a few days before he had to be hospitalized. Like the minimalist sculptor Donald Judd, who lived and worked in Marfa and who attracted like-minded artists to the sparse and open space, Mr. Creeley the poet sought to pare down and distill, while maintaining*

*the power, potency and richness of the words and images that remained. "He was a nomad," said the poet C.D. Wright, a colleague at Brown University, where Mr. Creeley was a distinguished professor of English. "He was an old Yankee who loved New England, but he thought of Marfa as a clean, well-lighted place."*

*Like the jazz riffs of Charlie Parker, Miles Davis or Keith Jarrett, his poems were impressionistic and improvisational. Wright described him as an "essentialist as far as language is concerned." "I believe in a poetry determined by the language of which it is made," Mr. Creeley wrote in 1960. "I look to words, and nothing else, for my own redemption. . . . I mean the words as opposed to content."*

*The poem "Water Music" illustrates his elliptical approach:*

*The words are a beautiful music.*

*The words bounce like in water.*

*Water music loud in the clearing off the boats, birds, leaves.*

*They look for a place to sit and eat — no meaning no point.*

*He had been at Brown for the past two years. He also had taught at the University of New Mexico, the University of British Columbia, San Francisco State University and, for 25 years, the State University of New York at Buffalo. He lived in Providence, R.I.*

*Robert White Creeley was born May 21, 1926, in Arlington, Mass., and grew up in nearby West Acton. He became interested in writing while a student at the Holderness School, in Plymouth, N.H.*

*He was admitted to Harvard University in 1943 but interrupted his education during World War II to serve as an ambulance driver in India for the American Field Service. In 1947, he dropped out of Harvard shortly before he was scheduled to graduate. He lived for a while on a farm in New Hampshire, as well as in Spain and France.*

*In the 1950s, he was one of the "Black Mountain poets." These were writers, including Denise Levertov, Ed Dorn and Charles Olson, who had some connection to Black Mountain College, an experimental, communal college in North Carolina, in the mountains near Asheville.*

*Olson was particularly influential. He and Mr. Creeley developed the concept of "projective verse," poetry that abandoned traditional forms in favor of something more organic, something that took shape as the process of composition was underway. "I see as I write," Mr. Creeley noted.*

*His work also tended to focus on the everyday experiences, emotions and relationships rather than on history and public events. "Reading his poems, we experience the gnash of arriving through feeling at thought and word," the poet and translator Forrest Gander wrote in a review of Mr. Creeley's last book, "Life & Death" (1998).*

*Mr. Creeley's first marriage, to Ann McKinnon Creeley, ended in divorce in 1955. His only novel, "The Island" (1963), drew on that relationship; the book is set on the island of Mallorca, off the coast of Spain, where he lived with his family in 1953-54.*

*After the divorce, he returned briefly to Black Mountain before moving to San Francisco, where he associated with Allen Ginsburg, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Jack Kerouac and other members of the Beat Generation of writers. His work appeared in the influential anthology "The New American Poetry: 1945-1960" (1960), edited by Donald Allen.*

*In 1956, Mr. Creeley accepted a teaching position at a boys' school in Albuquerque, where he met his second wife, Bobbie Louise Hawkins Creeley, and continued to publish poetry and fiction throughout the 1950s and 1960s. In 1962, Scribners published his first major collection, "For Love: Poems 1950-1960."*

*Mr. Creeley's second marriage ended in divorce in 1976. His poetry from that time reflects a brooding sense of loss.*

*In his next major collection, "Later" (1979), Mr. Creeley's work reflected a preoccupation with aging. In "Myself," the first poem in the collection, he wrote:*

*I want, if older, still to know why, human, men and women are torn, so lost why hopes cannot find a better world than this.*

*Mr. Creeley published more than 60 books of poetry, numerous essays and articles and more than a dozen books of prose. His numerous honors include two Fulbright fellowships, a Guggenheim fellowship, Yale University's biennial Bollingen Prize in Poetry and a National Book Award nomination.*

*Survivors include his wife of 28 years, Penelope Highton of Providence; three children from the first marriage, David Ebitz of State College, Pa., Thomas Creeley of Hudson, Maine, and Charlotte Creeley of Brockton, Mass.; two daughters from the second marriage, Sarah Creeley of Hercules, Calif., and Katherine Hoeck of Boulder, Colo.; two children from the third marriage, William Creeley and Hannah Creeley, both of New York; and a stepdaughter, Kirsten Hoeck of California"*

**1402.** **— Ruth Lepson** *2 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**

Thank you for this. "I love irresolution because it has energy," is something he leaves us with.

**1403.** **— Maria Damon** *2 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**

i have to say, i can't stand this "postmodern" label. it seems so dismissive.

**1404.** **— Gerald Schwartz** *2 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Pope John Paul II versus Terri Schiavo*

Yes, it its curious. I often think, instead of our times being pegged —three-hundred years on — as a minty-new milllenium, we will be referenced as medieval, since more and more (and for mostly the reasons you detail, the death-mask emigrae...and, too, all the hooded, the tortured) we are those times. But just when I come to believe, as I feel you do, that our cycle-present is a dark one, I do think back on the liberation —we living "deeper" in this cycle— gleaned from Creeley, his work and his character.

This week, too, we lost Miltos Sachtouris, who, twenty odd years ago, I first found luminuos, especially in his hallucinations ("whatever you did not see in the morning/the joyful gardener/the real automobile/the kisses with the real couple/you see that the movies/do not love death). Like Chagall, flowing, raptured.

I think of these, who they were (are!), the way they were, as the best crib of our times. And I find it almost necessesary to defy these times until somehow, one day, we pass through all this black burning, and climb out of this hole.

B, Gerald S.

*"It's curious, these matters of death. In one week 'the global collective' -if that's what commerce and CNN have given us - we have gone from 'counter-formality' to 'formality' - or simply to High Church. The Schiavo -on some super, ever more gothic level - mimic 'd the Jerry Springer Show. We had everything but Gov. Jeb Bush and his deputies indulge in a body tossing contest with the local, court abiding hospice police protection. Now to Rome we have strict ritual, prayers and homage - a gathering of the extended Holy Family - to grieve, celebrate and honor the Pope's release. Out of, I suspect, the enormous embarrassment, guilt and what have we over the Schiavo debacle, the lens of the collective goes 24/7 to Rome.*

*Indeed one senses an enormous, global relief from the Springer/Schiavo episode in which the recurring image of Schiavo's face on Fox Network News was reminiscent of Madame Tussaud at her gothic best. (Remember, she worked with the death masks of guillotined French Aristocrats that she managed to purloin across the Channel to London).*

*Ironically, of course, one knows the Church under John Paul was not without its gothic underbelly of large and sad sexual abuse scandals among his Priests and flock - of which he ignored, and now the media and most of the gathered are choosing to ignore in the celebration of his life and example. The high formality of the Institution of the Church enables the possibility to to forgo facts on the ground, while alternatively aesthetically - and not without genuine feeling - appreciate so much.*

*Sadly as we move on, I suspect, we will have the former Exterminator, Tom Delay, doing everything he can to upstage the Pope's Funeral in order to bring attention back to Schiavo. To live under such cycles seems our fate under a faith based Presidency. Not the Millennial gift that many of us would want, including the other current Fundamentalist style militant religious contributions.*

*I think I will stay busy remembering and mourning the death of Robert Creeley. An aesthetic formality of which I most often felt accurate and at home.*

*Stephen V"*

**1405.** **— alexander saliby** *2 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Re: still an april fool (for the cruellest poetry month--april 1)*

Marvelous!!!

This piece is closer to my understanding of the Creeley essence than most of the preceding (my own work included)postings. Thanks to Mary Jo Malo for apparently having triggered your creativity, but mostly, thank you for your efforts.

Well Done! alex

> “-
> *narcissism*
> *1.*
> *at least i can think*
> *in full sentences*
> *even if i can't speak*
> *more than fragments*
> *i repeat*
> *myself or look*
> *on the bright side*
> *all our stories*
> *they too are fragments*
> *their own luminous poetries*
> *in the story of my sun-*
> *struck absent flower*
> *they will tell you*
> *she was all boy*
> *the fairest mirror mirror*
> *return refrain*
> *return hello*
> *an even gaze*
> *to the pond*
> *2.*
> *but my eucalyptus spice*
> *love who turned from me*
> *long hair slips like language*
> *between reaching hands*
> *all i hear is me.*
> *Echo was Echo*
> *for the one she chased*
> *and so it goes, and goes.*
> *-----Original Message----*
> -
> *UB Poetics discussion group wrote:*
> *On Behalf Of Mary Jo Malo*
> *still an april fool*
> *track meet canceled*
> *snow and wind chill*
> *deny my still warm bones their crooked miles*
> *and joy vicarious watching him run like the wind*
> *breathing with him gasping around the oval*
> *over and over and over*
> *plastic water bottles flying*
> *lifted and blown around*
> *the emptying*
> *stadium*
> *yesterday*
> *a southern breeze*
> *blew soft wide waves across the pond*
> *beneath a flirty sun*
> *today*
> *the northern air*
> *makes tight little ripples*
> *in the opposite direction*
> *a little greenwood gazebo*
> *sits patiently on the island*
> *frosted with slush*
> *awaiting its fulfillment*
> *leaping children*
> *novice visitors*
> *narcissus greens sprout up*
> *through the cold*
> *spring water*
> *i don't know anything*

*about that icey frenzied nosey head blow*
*only the fire down below*
*seeds in the earth*
*you know what really blows?*
*tomorrow, yesterday*
*will have seemed better*
*we do need a weatherman*
*to know which way the wind*
*will blow against the wind*
*cause clashing*
*cyclones*
*while all along we were expecting*
*halcyones*
*a failing*
*loving*
*solitary breath blows against an empire of everything*
*it's better than nothing*
*it's really quite something*
*mary jo*”

**1406. — Leevi Lehto** *3 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Creeley Finland Memorial Page*

The Finnish poetry webzine Tuli&Savu Net has a Robert Creeley memorial page featuring "Helsinki Window" together with three Finnish tranlations of the poem, at:

http://tuli-savu.nihil.fi/sivu.asp?c=245&p=10,245

Leevi Lehto

**1407. — Halvard Johnson** *3 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*RIP Robert Creeley (1826-2005)*

After Lorca

for M. Marti

The church is a business, and the rich
are the business men.
When they pull on the bells, the
poor come piling in and when a poor man dies, he has a wooden
cross and they rush through the ceremony.

But when a rich man dies, they
drag out the Sacrament
and a golden Cross, and go doucement, doucement
to the cemetery.

And the poor love it
and think it's crazy.

--Robert Creeley

Hal

Halvard Johnson

**1408. — Stephen Baraban** *3 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: **updated Welcome Message** / please review*

I think most of us understand that in the history of the list that quite aruguably there was once more vitality than there is now, but I think that all attempts at repair things shd involve initiatives to add features (like the new commissioned poems Lori speaks of) but not initiatives to forbid human poetic expression. Frankly, no (freestanding) poems on the poetics list is one of the weirdest concepts since "what's wrong with you? fighting in the War Room?" (Dr, Strangelove). Mary Jo Malo's Creeley emulation in October, prompting another wonderful Creeley poem by Christohpe, and her recent track poem are great examples of

what can appear if people are free. I thought this new edict was a bad dream permanently s/wept away in the rigors of the death in our family. I will have to consider unsubscribing. Drn!

**1409. — Haas Bianchi** *3 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Robert Creeley Tribute Reading at Danny's Tuesday April 5th 7:00 PM*

Raymond L Bianchi chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/ collagepoetchicago.blogspot.com/

*"- Haas Bianchi wrote: PM Dear Friends As many of you know Joel Craig and John Beer the Organizers of the Danny's series have generously organized a tribute reading for Robert Creeley at Danny's Bar in Bucktown please go to Chicagopostmodernpoetry.com for directions to the location of Danny's. Many local Chicago poets will be reading Robert Creeley's work and paying tribute to this poet who meant so much to many. I will be reading as well and I hope to see all of you there Tuesday. Regards Ray Raymond L Bianchi chicagopostmodernpoetry.com/ collagepoetchicago.blogspot.com/"*

**1410. — Mairead Byrne** *3 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: **updated Welcome Message** / please review*

By the way, and I meant to let Mary Jo know this backchannel, I forwarded her Creeley poem to Robert Creeley the day she posted it. Perhaps others did too! Poems have their own life. Mairead

*" 04/03/05 9:29 PM >>>"*

**1411. — Alexander Jorgensen** *3 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: poetics*

Good question, Alex, and I just have th/ thought(s):

I wonder about the deflation of poetics, that the rush towards its celebration and democracitization has meant something crucial, like purpose, has been lost among the glam. The little fib is that we're working together, that we're somehow the heirs of poetry's future, that our poetry is open and not part of an elite organization bent on preserving itself with workshops, slams, McMFAs, and, apologizing for the cynicism, vanity's hullabaloo. One wonders why Camille Paglia's new book's gonna reintroduce poetic culture to a broader audience (perhaps, and again one wonders, because many of us have failed). The fact is, as I see it, sitting at my desk in Beijing (my last correspondence from RC coming on Sunday, days of the ugliest and most violent drinking not behind me) and soon to return Stateside to who knows what, that something big's been lost — especially with towering Creeley (a man who often called himself an ¡®ol' country western singer' and ne'er turned any young poet away)'s death. We should be exchanging his letters, doing more selflessness, focusing on the process of poetry as an extension and still relevant expression of our interconnectedness to humanity. Poetry, I think, reminds us that we¡¯re not that table. Regardless of how poetry's presented, and I would argue that one should rage through like Patton towards new cities, its about the genuine quality of the work, always, and the acuity of words with which we celebrate its truth in the end.

AJ

**1412. — Halvard Johnson** *4 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Creeley*

Well, as I may or may not have said at some point here, it was hearing Robert Creeley read in El Paso, Texas, back in the mid- to late-sixties that introduced me to poetry as a life worth living in. I met him once or twice after that, and heard him read again only once, just several years ago in Baltimore.

My favorite Creeley story is this one, and I'm not sure whether I heard it from him or another.

This story's about the young Creeley, new to the writing of poetry himself, on a pilgrimage to Rutherford to see if he could find and meet William Carlos Williams. The tale, as I heard it, is that Creeley was so nervous, so reticent about meeting the good doctor that he walked past

his house several times, looking anxiously at the door and windows of the house, walking around the block, coming back, and pacing some more. But then Williams, who'd been watching from inside went to the door and hollered out to Creeley, "Hey, there, young man! Come on in here. You must be looking for me."

Hal "Always treat language like a dangerous toy."
—Anselm Hollo

Halvard Johnson

**1413. — Mary Jo Malo** *4 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Many, many thanks*

Especially in terms of Alexander Saliby's "poetics" post yesterday, form and imitation is a most appropriate topic for discussion. I didn't consider my poem for Robert Creeley an especially good imitation but rather wanted to pay tribute to his contribution to modern poetry and his profound affect on me. I had been struggling to find a voice for myself, apart from my former life, lifestyle and writing style. He set me free. For me the primary and very natural technique I now strive to emulate is the way he used silence and space. It reminds me of the spandrels of architecture or that wonderful silence just before dawn.

Unlike Aristotle and his obsession with category and classification, I'm an existentialist. My approach to life and poetry is one of reaction and reconstruction. Form might be likened to schools or styles of art, yet each piece is unique and reflects individual content. The media (including this format) makes originality of form more difficult, but the life in the words can be wonderfully individual. Would we say a meadowlark is an imitation of a robin?

*“ 04/03/05 9:29 PM >>>”*

**1414. — Pierre Joris** *4 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Robert Creeley*

I posted the note below a couple days ago on the PoetryEtc list but forgot to put it here too. Meanwhile, on Thursday night in NYC a number of us read to honor French Poetry of the past century. I couldn't not honor Bob Creeley as well & so read a couple poems of his in French (translated some 20 years ago for the opening night of Steve Lacy's opera "Futurities" based on 20 Creeley poems). After the reading, Ron Padgett said: "Wow. I didn't know Creeley was also the best French poet of the century!" Here is the second poem I read:

Si c'est pas marrant, ne le faites pas. Vous aurez assez d'emmerdes sans ça.

C'est la vie, comme on dit, personne n'en sort sans payer

et comme on ne peut pas la garder de toute façon, à quoi bon.

***

& the earlier note:

[March 30]: Well,I been reading around the man's work today & tonight feel like talking about good times shared. So here's one of my Creeley stories

The company of Robert Creeley, in his poems or around a table, was (is, remains!) a place of major pleasure and learning. A word he liked: "company" — from "con pan" (with bread), to break bread with someone, to break it to share & eat in company. One late summer night in Paris in 1982 a jolly company of us went to a restaurant — a mediterranean fish place — after some literary event. We were lit up already, and wine flowed as we prepared to order. Bob asked me what I was eating & I told him that the place was famous for an odd & dangerous dish you couldn't find elsewhere: they served an Atlantic fish that had a poison bone still in, so you had to be very careful when eating it — I had never tried it, but I was going to tonight. Bob decided to come along for the ride, and ordered the same. It took time to, more bottles were emptied, hors d'oeuvres eaten, & when the fish finally came, Bob had forgotten the warning & hungry as he was, laid into it as if it were fishfingers — & got the poison bone stuck in the gullet with the first fork full. At first we tried to prey it lose & get it down with

bread, then he tried to bring it up with his finger, then bread again, then the owner asked if she should call an ambulance — Bob waved her off, we went back to bread and brandy, the bone had become the center of the party — and finally, after a teary nail-biting owner asked us again if she shouldn't better call an ambulance, Bob gave her a resounding NO —so resounding that the bone flew out! We paid up & repaired to a less dangerous café for some Armangnac, & the night carried on as it does in Paris and carried us along with it. Next day I felt slightly bad for having given Bob such a scare (though I and the rest of the company were probably more scared than Bob had been), & wrote the following poem, an _apologia mea_ I sent him later, but never published, as far as I remember — here it is tonight, on the day of Van Gogh's birth & Robert Creeley's death. — Pierre

THE GREATER OR LESSER WEEVER

for Robert Creeley

“they are really waiting for shrimp though you may not appreciate that”

should have known better should have checked the facts before the occasion: first acquaintance can be agonizing barefoot on a sandy beach in Cornwall or dining with friends in the quartier latin you feel the most excruciating pain. buried in sand right up to the eyes the spines of the first dorsal sticking up through sand and should have known: grooves along those spines conduct poison.

"Even the strongest and most knowledgeable of fishermen are sometimes caught as they walk through the shallow waters of that coast, and can be laid up for a fortnight'.

didn't check the facts, dug the names:

"les vives" thought of long live like le roi, of lively & to live

thought of
arête vive which is not
bad French for stop living but
means live
bones, vif as in
our quick,
and/or
involves that
straigthness in
Greek philosophy we
could dispute
over for days
on end, but not
in this restaurant where I

was wrong again, the names “in both
French & English derive from Old French
wivre”

meaning viper.

Well, they do broil rattlers in New Mexico, don’t they?

In England, 1747, Hannah Glass proposed:
“Gut them & wash them clean, dry them with a clean cloth, flour them,
then broil them, & have melted butter in a Cup.”
Them & them & them, who wants to call them by their name,

vipers

"a fine Fish cut as fine as Soal but you must take Care not to hurt
yourself with the two Bones in the Head."

And there we were, two bone-heads
for a change
unable to cope with

a menu as
dangerous as
any poem.

l

ondon august 82

**1415. — steve dalachinsky** *4 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: For Robert Creeley and the Pope in Heaven*

no poems sorry bob c
so what should we do talk theory
discuss the weather
fume about racism language
knit pick
as some one once said
that cb he's a great eassayist
but a lousy poet
ah well
lay back just listen???? write poems disquised as commentary and complaint
prose poems in the guise of corporate contracts
what did you all get your diplomas in?
not in poem trees i guess palmistry ??? maybe scholarly toilet talk
poor us let's all sing on the list instead
if ya wanna be happy for the rest of your life.....
sorry i haven't read the new rules yet but did get the gist
if a poet can't share poetry w/other poets what's the point
should we discuss only dead guys or doctrine or fame or fame whores old men new blood furniture wood work elephants what the point??
is this made to drive many drivers off the road? he said

**1416. — Pierre Joris** *5 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Robert Creeley*

For those who have German, here a link to an excellent piece on Creeley in the Neue Züricher Zeitung:

http://www.nzz.ch/2005/04/05/fe/articleCPIWT.html

**1417. — Charles Bernstein** *5 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Creeley at EPC/PennSound*

Saturday night in Tucson, Charles Alexander, introducing the POG reading, spoke of Robert Creeley as our poetic "connective tissue." So many poets had an intimate relation with Bob; he had a way of connecting with each of us in particular and, through that connection with him, to a company of poets in the U.S. and around the world. In his "quick graphs," Bob also connected us to a set of poets who constitute a living past for our art. Creeley is not only a great contemporary poet, he is one of the great American poets. As he vanishes from our everyday life, where, for me as for so many others, he was a palpable presence in an ongoing conversation, Creeley joins that company of poets who have invented and reinvented the conversation of American poetry over the past two hundred years. If he can no longer be our companion in the way he has been — for many of us for our entire lives as poets — his companionship is inscribed in the words he wrote in his poems and essays and letters, and copiously recorded performances and interviews.

With that in mind, I've updated the Robert Creeley pages at PennSound (http://writing.upenn.edu/pennsound/x/Creeley.html) and the EPC (http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/creeley). At the EPC, there is now a selected list of obituaries and memorial tributes (including from the foreign press and some other pieces not otherwise cited on the list). Note also that Conjunctions has started a Creeley tribute page: http://www.conjunctions.com and welcomes submissions (including those posted on the list): send to.

Charles Bernstein

**1418. — Stephen Baraban** *5 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*A walk with Robert Creeley*

A little movie like Nudel's I hope

When I saw a joint reading somewhere in downtwon nyc at which various people including Robert Creeley were reading poems by Stanley Kunitz to celebrate his 90th birthday or some such milestone, it wasn't a Creeley crowd so there weren't that may people jostling for his attention afterwards, and he said to me, walk along with me for a few blocks...

We spoke of the new conformism, I said I still wanted to go within myself to decide what I wanted to be and then meet the world on those terms...and he said "I INSIST on it!"

I spoke of going to Segue readings at the Ear Inn fairly frequently, how Bruce Andrews had told me more than once that he didn't know my poems and I shd send him some, and finally I did, but I didn't by this point, know whether he'd ever read them and comment. Creeley: "He'd BETTER!"...he was evidently saying that the New American Poetry tradition still had something to teach langpo, and, implictly, that I had SOME part to play as an example of that tradition...though I had long ago learned not to ask Creeley for advice on magazines to submit to, or anything like that...((around 1980, for instance, I was still in Buffalo, and he had replied "I haven't been READING many magazines...just some journals with a particular focus on the situation of language..."')) (I'm reconstructing whatever the exact utterance was by employing some of his favorite words).

...So what happens in our walk down the block but we run into someone who looks like Robert Bly...it was, Creeley says "Robert Bly, this is Stephen Baraban, Stephen Baraban, this is Robert Bly"...I said "I THOUGHT so!", a little pointedly. They exchange some banter I don't remember, what Bly was doing in town, etc. Creeley said he had just been in Washington, DC. Bly has this knowing look, "oh, doing something with Congress?" Creeley says "even *I* wouldn't sink that low!"

Bly parted from us, he didn't respond to MY goodbe, I
was just something the cat dragged in, I walked a
litte
bit more with Creeley, and left for the subway and
Long Island Rail Road.

**1419. — Roger Day** *5 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: poetics*

http://www.spartacus.schoolnet.co.uk/2WWpatton.htm

My favourite quote from this page:

"After the war Patton was made governor of Bavaria. He was severely criticized for allowing Nazis to remain in office and at a press conference on 22nd September 1945, Patton created outrage when he said: "This Nazi thing. It's just like a Democratic-Republican election fight.""

Not sure about "god" but I do know that General Electrics shipyards were on "our" side.

And now for the poetics bit.

I haven't been paying much attention to the memorials but I suppose Creeley's passing marks the passing of the core of the Black Mountain School of poetry. (http://web.njit.edu/~kimmelma/topicessay.html YMMV as to list content.) Even the fringes are looking a little ragged -only Edson and Enslin are alive and seem to have reputations. Maybe nostalgia for a past time when giants seemed to casually walk the earth would make current endeavours seem a little small.

Roger

*"<< Only a USAmerican would believe that Patton liberated Italy and central Europe. That was done by the Canadians and the British with some help from the US troops that made sure they were on camera. Actually, I think it was more down to the Russians. What are the figures, 19 German divisions deployed on the Eastern Front, 1 elsewhere? One of the singularly frightening things about the Great Patriotic War was how easily it could have gone the other way. If Hitler hadn't opened the Russian Front, if the Luftwaffe had concentrated on bombing the RAF air bases rather than doing a blitzkreig on Coventry ... Maybe god *was* on our side. Robin Hamilton"*

**1420. — Harry Nudel** *5 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Creeley...*

In the spring of 1974 i took the all nite bus back to Buffalo from Port Authority...to defend my dissertation...it was a trip i had taken many times in the 5 yrs i spent as a grad student...i always tried to sit in the back 3 seats...where the motor hummed..but at least i could stretch out...wake/sleep/wake...435 miles to...2 long thwy hours out...

Bob had stayed with us the season before...on a wknd trip to the city...which surprised me...we were close....but I was a student..& he was Bob...so i asked if i could stay with him...& he agreed...

Dwntn Buf. at dawn...i had some breakfast...and waited for the Salvation Army to open...where i found for a quarter.... a pretty good copy of a 1st ed. of Williams "Sour Grapes" & some other books....up main st to the olde campus..where Bob was teaching a class...in one of those Trailer outposts...

In his car...afterwards.. i showed him the book...& i knew he wanted it...he took it up..and wedged it in the windshield visor like a talisman...and he started to talk...& talk...& talk...till we got to where he was livin'..a plain clean working class apartment...where i'm sure he wrote the poem beginning "roof's peak is eye"...

Bob talked...i listened & listened.....at one point...he spotted a speck of dust..and got down and cleaned it..which surprised me...as it surprised me the next day when i woke and he was fiddling quite ably with the toaster..he asked me if i wanted some food...i sd "no"...then sd i always say "no"...which means yes..

I finished the dissertation bizness...telling my advisor that i was too old (25) to rewrite it..and yes the footnotes were often wrong (i didn't tell him i'd made them up).. he & bob both signed off on it....those were the magic mushroom years...

Back to Bob...and more talk..at one point abt the flowers in the room...then about how he was writing these new pieces.....he showed me this chart..but that's the one thing i didn't listen to...i didn't want to know HOW he did it..the phone rings..and he doesn't skip a beat..it's the same brilliant intricate endless paced conversation...it takes me at least 10 minutes to figure out he's talkin' to Bobbie..

We go to dinner downtown..in this genteel steakhouse...black uniformed waiters...outside the orbit of a grad student.....we both orders steak..he treats me...

& we go back & talk....& .....&.....&

I take the nite bus back...dawn at Port Authority..subway to downtown bkly...i lie on the couch for 2 days...my body's immune system broken down...when i get over it....i'm free of something....Harry Nudel

**1421.** **— Barrett Watten** *6 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Creeley link*

Apparently, the link at EPC to my page on Creeley doesn't get there. It

**1422.** **— Jesse Glass** *7 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Happy Birthday You Dead Avatar!*

Though it happened a day or two ago, Isidore Ducasse was born right in the midst of the Pope's, Saul Bellow's, Robert Creeley's, and Philip Lamantia's deaths, only way the hell earlier! Happy birthday you dead great guy! You taught me the proper way to treat a shark and that human hairs were interpenetrating cones. You taught me (aided mightily by Victor Hugo) that the proper way to laugh was by slitting the edges of my lips with a pen knife. You taught me that to look at the evil text standing on my head was to actually see the good side of the writer in question. I will continue to seek you out at your various addresses in Paris knowing that when I knock at the door, you will always be the absolute last to answer. In the midst of our present grief, we know that we have a friend in the vampire and the sarcoptes mite. Jess

**1423.** **— Gerald Schwartz** *7 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**

Jesse: Thank you for the reminder! It all adds up, the way we know in which all contradictions are represented— on the page-prop beside the computer (to inspire, perhaps, or cajole) are taped the pictures of I. Ducasse & Margaret Cavendish— and all seems almost pedestrian in its rootedness in the solid world—like a deep pit full of rats We as Villon(s) will cllimb up out of— after devouring ll there is there to devour. Until then, let's sing a happy birthday song of crypts and sharks and leopards carressed, since after all, GWB is still president— even while WE sleep!

**1424.** **— Harry Nudel** *8 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Creeley...*

a guy who knows  a guy who knows a guy...told me this story..

before Creeley went down to Marfa...there was talk of putting him up...next to this chicken raisin' expert..

the other a  trailer type..he with commitant effects.. & bit too much sun.. he & bob could have talked about raisin' rhode island reds..etc...etc..

it woulda been a good match..bob was real 'mensch'...he could sled down to the street & raise up to Olympus..

all language home...

drn...

**1425.** **— Charlotte Mandel** *10 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*for Creeley*

Well - some thoughts, still -

And Robert Creeley has “passed”

into an elsewhere
bequeathing some/
thing of
how to perceive
proportion in life
that is to say
we can’t expect to hold
to desired form of truth, a
construct
        No

visualization is always just
half (at best)
of the picture
look now

words light as
puff-seed on a breath
story disappears

the green
singing passing through/
of molecular substances

transmutation to elements

End is what we breathe
Beginning?
Yes

_____
Charlotte Mandel

**1426. — Ruth Lepson** *10 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**

Thank you for that, it helps and is well wrought. He wd have liked it. I wrote this for bob

you can't hold on
to anyone
that's clear
my hands are dry
there's a dead mouse in the kitchen
this rainy april day
the temperate disguises of the present
then slipshod into a black world in which
stars subsist
bob no longer bob
but he doesn't care
'I love the energy of irresolution,'
he 'once' said
in his inclusiveness, gently smoking,
smiling, joking, infinite bits
of info
ready to be recalled
so where are they
atoms that fly out into the universe
you were already in --
reattaching to those not yet born?
where does everyone go? and such a singular one

when you died
I stood outside
and felt you gone
and felt you here since
you were able to say
what we long to hear one
another say, each one,
one by one,
and art, then, had meaning
not a usual one
an actual one

On 4/10/05 6:00 PM, "Charlotte Mandel" wrote:

> *"Well - some thoughts, still -*
> *And Robert Creeley has "passed"*
> *into an elsewhere*
> *bequeathing some/*
> *thing of*
> *how to perceive*
> *proportion in life*
> *that is to say*
> *we can't expect to hold*
> *to desired form of truth, a*
> *construct*
> *No*
> *visualization is always just*
> *half (at best)*
> *of the picture*
> *look now*
> *words light as*
> *puff-seed on a breath*
> *story disappears*
> *the green*
> *singing passing through/*
> *of molecular substances*
> *transmutation to elements*
> *End is what we breathe*
> *Beginning?*
> *Yes*
>
> ———————
> *Charlotte Mandel"*

**1427. — Charlotte Mandel** *10 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**

Thank you, Ruth -for your validation of art as one, by one -It was hard for me to send out the poem to this invisible public - but to where else? I've printed out your poem to have. Charlotte

**1428. — Ruth Lepson** *10 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**

Wonderful, Charlotte—as I've printed out yours to save. Now I will look for yr poetry elsewhere—prob I shd know it. Yes, it was strange to do—I sent it to friends but when I read yours I felt ok abt sending it to all. Sincerely, Ruth

**1429. — Harry Nudel** *11 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Creeley...*

an echo chamber...

i musta heard this story..about 30 yrs ago from Bob...he recieved an inscribed copy of Richard Howard's ALONE WITH AMERICA... "for....who taught me to be alone with america".. visiting another poet studied in the book..he opened it up to find..."for....who taught me to be alone with america"

i had forgotten this story..

when..i saw Tom Pickard's tribute..on the Conjunctions Web Site..in a copy of Desert Music which Williams had written Bob's name.. Bob wrote.. "For...with all faith.." After the Weiners Memorial..Bob sd why don't you take a copy of the broadside..so i took two..he signed one..& in the other wrote..."For..who keeps the faith"...

e-looped.....

drn...

**1430. — Harry Nudel** *11 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Creeley....*

one of Bob's favorite words was "company"

we can take this many ways...

company ink...

drn...

**1431. — steve potter** *11 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Friends and associates of Robert Creeley...*

I'm interested in publishing an appreciation or two of the life and work of Robert Creeley in Issue # 1 of The Wandering Hermit Review from folks who knew him. Anyone interested please contact me at.

For more info on the mag, www.whr.bravehost.com.

Steve Potter, Editor The Wandering Hermit Review

**1432. — Mary Jo Malo** *12 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*the suffiency of simplicity and kindness*

After reading Annie Finch's intimate piece about Creeley's last days, I can't help but think of all who have close brushes with death or who live under its mantle before it covers completely and steals away the body and its company. Things become so clear and precious, savored for their intensity and subtlety, fragments of a whole life. Even pain is welcomed for a time. Modern poetry is a more natural expression of life, unrestrained and individual, more like breathing and speaking, natural rhythms, natural rhymes.

********** yet sufficient

encumbered by sweatshirt and jeans
still walking april again
hot enough air sun spots my face and hands . . .
nervous frogs splash around a
ready shore
because my not careful stepping
they launch into murky cover
lurk 'til i pass by
minnows dart suddenly out submerged winter leaves
warm enough water
but pull up short
on their deep cold event horizon
where bigger fish swallow inevitable repast
still others near the island shallows
lie in wait hit on bugs
leave fading concentric circles . . .
looking always thru young eyes
womanbodied patience
responsible reputable
postponing indefinitely
memory
a sundress with buttons down the front
no under wearing wild violets in my dark hair
hiding from everyone
to make love
again
still
enough

Mary Jo

**1433. — George Bowering** *12 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Creeley (from Annie Finch)*

In all the welcome words about Bob Creeley lately, there have at least been two times that someone mentioned that in a recent reading Creeley was sitting. As if that was related, I mean, to his health/age. I first heard him read in 1961 or 1962, and heard him lots of times in various cities after that, and I can't remember whether I ever saw him standing up to do a reading. He may have, but all my visual memories show him seated in many places. Does anyone remember seeing him read standing up?

gb

**1434. — Christopher Leland Winks** *12 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**

I saw Creeley give a reading at New College of California back around 1990 or 1991, and he was definitely standing up — and upstanding —throughout.

**1435. — Harry Nudel** *13 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Creeley..*

twds the end... we seemed to do best by e-mail....

we did a little (10 copies) book....

collage xerox staple...

Re: Fwd Fwd Fwd...

Dear...

let's just learn to fly. just using our arms!

Love, Bob..

Dear....

been practicin'...at treetops...goin' higher

Love, Harry...

Happy Landing.....

Dig It....

computer generated imagery...

Love
Love....

drn....

**1436. — Harry Nudel** *13 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Creeley...*

this is variously told
as either Irish or Jewish
Joke...

poet lies dying...

son come over..

"boychik...that smells
good...get me some of
what mom's cooking"

son returns...

"mom sz...she's saving
it...for the funeral.."

no pomes..no jokes..drn....

**1437. — Christophe Casamassima** *13 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Creeley Info Needed*

Ev'

This evening the Portable Reading & Lecture series will be hosting a Creeley Memorial Reading in Baltimore. I have pressed some pamphlets which includes Creeley "Desultory Days" poem. I am having everyone at the reading sign it and would like to send it to Bob's family, but I have no contact information.

Could someone send me a physical address?

Thanks much,

Christophe Casamassima

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**1438. — Stephen Vincent** *14 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*BookForum / ArtForum*

The Apr/May issue of BookForum I found kind of a surprise (in that it's practically impossible to find something readable among the proliferation of gallery ads in ArtForum!)

Eric Banks, the editor, seems to have a real brain and a publisher to support a vision of multiple kinds of literary materials - frequently international - that are different from the New York Review of Books, ThreePennyR 50's seeming nostalgia for that kind of criticism, tone, etc. variety . In terms of Americana - and in light of the recent passing of Robert Creeley and and the perhaps narrow and continuous focus on defining and redefining postwar 'new American poetry' - it's fun to read Robert Lowell's letters (a new book is out) and who he was hearing and positioning himself in letters to Pound, Berryman, Ginsberg, WCW and others. In the letter to Ginsberg in 1958 he is already very aware of Creeley and Levertov - and though he is excited by Kaddish - without irony he writes

"...I guess poetry as a technique means much less to me thant to you. I can hear Creeley's polite, dim halting voice behind the barrage of Williams..." This is four or five years before Creeley's "For Love." (I suspect the first wife did not think Creeley's voice was "dim" by then!)

Indeed the letters import the pathos of somebody getting spun open, challenged and attracted to the new poetry - not without being critical, or entirely jumping ranks. The weather had clearly begun to change the landscape of American.

There's also a wonderful  piece by Bruce Bawer on the person and work of Guy Davenport - which ought to drive people back to the work.

But Americana aspect is only a fraction of the Review's scope - work based Japan, Iran, Cambodia - the vision is global and certainly a refreshing (if not often tragic) space encounter with folks who have opened their eyes beyond 'our' borders, as well as redefining what's been previously assumed as "our" frontier.

Stephen V Blog: http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com Currently featuring a compressed interpretation of T.J. Clark's lecture take on Jackson Pollack.

**1439. — Gerald Schwartz** *14 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**

And Bawer has caught Davenport's writing: "Joseph Cornell boxes full of words..." Yes.

Stephen V Blog: http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com Currently featuring a compressed interpretation of T.J. Clark's lecture take on Jackson Pollack.

**1440. — Evan Escent** *16 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*"Robert Creeley in Sydney, 1976"*

http://jacketmagazine.com/26/index.html

Editor: John Tranter, Associate Editor: Pam Brown

Robert Creeley’s reach across time and space was generous, and he touched lives from one side of the planet to the other.

In a recent addition to Jacket 26, Robert Adamson, one of Australia’s leading poets, reflects on a meeting with Creeley in Sydney in 1976, and the intense literary and personal friendship that developed.

John Tranter
Editor, Jacket magazine

**1441.** **— Alan Sondheim** *20 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Memorial*

Memorial

Allen Ginsberg or Kathy Acker or Robert Creeley dies and the lists swell with memorials, ephemera, anecdotes, quotations, odes, forwards, from friends, strangers, almost always loving, sometimes websites are created, people might travel a little bit in real life, people cry, tears are written, the swelling grows, levels, subsides, the loss is present, some might say ever-present, others sutured over, it's moment's like these that lists, communities, online and offline, come together, at least appear to

We're all vulnerable, we all wait our turn in the wings for our memorial, our moment, of passing, the whisper which fades, can only fade, in this most fragile of media, these archives that disappear as well, without memorial, passing comments at best

Before the Net, what then?, rumors, telephone calls, almost always one to one immediately, then perhaps the newspaper or radio announcements, if one is sufficiently famous, perhaps a gathering at St. Mark's or other space turned place for memorials, always carried in memory, not even the arc-hive, someone might have made a video of the event, or an audio, anything, but not publicly accessible, now online the archives are there, present, naked to anyone, susceptible to hacking, damage, but at least momentarily present, at least the denouement

What will happen to us, to me, when the words cease and others suture in, or at least one hopes for the suturing, the swollen and marked, remarked, residue, communal ripples, there

Or as lists increasingly list, to the side of the dead, thanatotic, encom-iums, tottered graves, true memorials of eternal battered words, the dead praising the dead, the graves full from one end of the infinite Net to the other, guarded against intrusion, archives infinitely duplicated, words presenting at the last judgment

Thomas Browne and a quincunx of urns in his honour

Lance Armstrong and the hearts of his fellow countrymen and women

Alan Sondheim and synaptic release of hard disk flash mem spasm

–

**1442.** **— Mary Jo Malo** *20 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*tottered graves*

panoply

after this Aliscans
float me down the Rhone
to Alychamps in Arles
where sarcophagi fell from the sky
troubadors sang of tottered graves
chansons de geste
in ever wider circles and listing a bit toward Avalon
observing a little universe after ice storms and debris
a sanctuary still greening

morning mists of solitude chronicle my seasons
a span of life's insufficiency
manacled by boundaries
meant to be violated

**1443. — Mary Jo Malo** *21 Apr 2005* **↑ Register**
*not another one of those wars/not the only time*

Fellas,

I too look good for a woman my age, but I'll assume Haas was simply reacting to his morning physiology. For that I can forgive him. I can respect both forms of beauty which may or may not be relevant to poetics.

As for this the only time poetry makes it into the newspapers, that's debatable. Afterall, some recently noted Robert Creeley's passing. Like Alan said, memorials, but at least it's something.

Mary Jo

**********

Ray, Ray!

"Act like a MAN!" "...she looks good for a woman of her age LOL"

Are you bored and want to start another one of those wars we have?

Stephen Myron Baraban

_____
(I hate that middle name my parents gave me, but there
you have it, my full name)

--- Haas Bianchi wrote:

*"Foetry Schmoetry*
*I think every poet has expressed frustration with*
*'prize culture'but for*
*God's sake act like*
*a man and let people know what you think openly*
*don't hide and throw pot*
*shots, in the NYT there is this big revelation that*
*friends are publishing friends? This has been true*
*in Poetry at least since*
*Dante! Who is this schmo? Hey it was nice to see*
*Jorie Graham's picture in*
*the times this morning she looks good for a woman of*
*her age LOL*
*Ray"*

**1444. — Tom Savage** *22 Apr 2005* **↑ Register**
*Presences by Creeley&Marisol/Collaborations*

After Creeley's death, I went back to the book of his I didn't understand when I read it over twenty years ago: Presences by Creeley & Marisol. The problem is the relationship or lack thereof between the words and the images. Is it really a collaboration? Most artist/poet collabs I have seen like George Schneeman's with many poets or the ones Frank O'Hara participated in have the words inserted into the visual images whereas this strange book has the two different media running side by side in parallel although abutting worlds. Also, there is the question of equality. In most collaborations I've participated in, (mostly with other poets but occasionally with musicians and once with a painter) the assumption is that the participants are equal whereas, when rereading this book, I found myself devoting more time to Creeley than to Marisol just because the words took longer to read than the pictures required to be absorbed. Anyway, on the nature of collaboration and/or what this book is

about I would appreciate some response since, after so many years, this book is still a problem for me.

**1445. — Mary Jo Malo** *22 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Creeley's Collaborations - dig?*

This is an article about his philosophy of company & collaboration from

**1446. — Chris Stroffolino** *22 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Presences by Creeley&Marisol/Collaborations*

I think Yau's Book "In Company" about the collaborations might say something useful about them.

**1447. — Stephen Baraban** *22 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
An interesting thing that happens in _Presences_ (1976) is that the voice of Marisol (Escobar), the visual artist, seems to take over the last two pages of text (before the "Postcript"). Creeley in these two pages seems to be working from a tape recording(?) (written notes?) of Marisol speaking, reporting her words, shuffling them around. Here are the fourth and fifth paragraphs from this section:

I began to make self-portraits because working at night I had no other model. Thinks that the world is little. Weather walking, in rain. I used myself over and over again. Sees green. Passing people, goes forward, goes green, goes white. I would learn about myself. Y el corazon es immenso, laughing. Seeing tears, feeling edges. Pause of applause, in the big city. You are your own best friend.

I put things where they belong. I return to reality. People should think of themselves. Walk streets at night, working at night. I had no other model. I used myself over and over. I see you. In the big city. People should think of themselves. Goes green, goes white. _____ One thing that is threaded throughtout these two pages of _Presences_ are pieces from a passage of Spanish poetry—favorite lines of Marisol, I imagine, sometimes given by Creeley in Spanish and sometimes in English. Pasted together, the lines are:

Vestida con mantos negros, Piensa que el mundo es chiquito Y el corazon es immenso.

(which means roughly: "Dressed in black robes/I think the world is little/And the heart is very large") I think I read somewhere that these are lines from Garcia Lorca? But the words "darkness falls from the air" also enters these two pages, a reveral of Thomas Nashe's "brightness falls from the air". Are these Elizabethan British lines also favorites of Marisol's? (who is still alive, by the way, I dopily had the impression she wasn't!) Favorites of Creeley alone? Mysteries of colloboration.

The rest of the book, well I have to read it again. As to its colloborative nature, it's at least a GIFT FOR M.—"Presences, A Text for Marisol".

Even if one spends less time with them than the words, I think the visuals hold their own, they have a vividness that any words might envy—"words, words, as if all worlds were there".

The rest of the book is at least a GIFT to S Thomas savage wrote:

**1448. — Stephen Baraban** *22 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Presences by Creeley&Marisol/Collaborations, TWO/TO/TOO*

1.) Evidently, there's some sort of "mathematical" formula to the permutations of this book. At the front of the book there is a page that reads:

PRESENCES

1.2.3
2.3.1
3.1.2

1.2.3
2.3.1

Bill Sylvester of SUNY/Buffalo was into this aspect of the book--maybe he is reading this and can explain? (Bill also said that Presences wd someday be considered a monument/breakthrough of adventerous prose, like Stein's _Three Lives_).

2.) In my discussion of the Spanish lines Creeley quoted, I mistranslated: "Piensa que el mundo..." would be third person, of course, "(S)he thinks the world is little".

**1449. — steve dalachinsky** *23 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**

murat it's rudy not judy

marisol very much alive lives in downtown area ny

in some strange asian cult made it big in real estate has a dog

oh golub memorial/tribute had some good moments storr best

lots of self promoing there in the guise of i knew the great man

but a few genuine folk kiki smith cute and a bit juvenile

earlier that day a so so resding for bob

**1450. — Murat Nemet-Nejat** *23 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**

Thank you for the correction. Writing that post I was repeating to myself "it's Rudy, not Judy," aware of my predilection to mix names.

Murat

**1451. — Skip Fox** *23 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**

Many items on the sources for _Presences_ and its numerical permutations. Creeley himself originally sketched out the latter in Introd. to London ed. of _Mabel: A Story & Other Prose_ (rtp. in _Collected Prose_, p. 266). Stephen Fredman's _Poet's Prose_ lists sources for _Presences_ as Jose Ramon Medina's _Marisol_, a tape recording, a Buddhist fable, and a painting by Nicolas Poussin reproduced on a postcard. Sylvester's item in _Robert Creeley: The Poet's Workshop_. (Three good sources nearly always.)

**1452. — Mairead Byrne** *24 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Presences by Creeley&Marisol/Collaborations*

Dear Tom,

Just about the time you were writing your question I was buying IN COMPANY: ROBERT CREELEY'S COLLABORATIONS at the Brown University Bookstore in Providence where it was the last Creeley book in stock (I noticed, not too far away on the alphabetized shelf, 4 copies of my own book standing stalwart as they have stood through the past year of my life since I left them there, and as they may stand in the coming years, though I die). Enjoying a rare day off, today, I read this terrific book, which comes with a cd rom designed by Kristin Prevallet, and thought of your question. The book includes a thorough essay by John Yau, "Active Participants: Robert Creeley and the Visual Arts." Here are some quotes which may be helpful:

ON COLLABORATIONS AROUND THE TIME OF PRESENCES

"Between the late '60s and mid '70s, Creeley was involved with numerous collaborations, three of which exemplify the different directions his writing took. They are NUMBERS (Stuttgart: Edition Domberger and Dusseldorf: Galerie Schmela, 1968), with ten silkscreens by Robert Indiana; A DAY BOOK (Berlin: Graphis, 1972) with eight silkscreens and one lithograph by R. B. Kitaj; and PRESENCES: A TEXT FOR MARISOL (New York: Charles

Scribner's Sons, 1976), with sixty-one black-and-white photographs of Marisol's sculptures. In each case, Creeley was invited to be involved in a collaboration, which ranged from responding to a specific, recurring subject in the artist's work, to investigating his experience of the artist's work, to contributing something he conceived and wrote for the artist to respond to" (65).

Yau characterizes Creeley's approach in PRESENCES as "the various connected, overlapping, and discrete levels of experience one has when looking at, and walking around, a specific group of figurative sculptures in which the artist has defamilairized the familiar" (65).

ON YOUR COMMENT: "THE PROBLEM IS THE RELATIONSHIP OR LACK THEREOF BETWEEN THE WORDS AND THE IMAGES"

"In PRESENCES: A TEXT FOR MARISOL (New York: Charles Scribner's sons, 1976), for example, Creeley's attentiveness to the range of experiences one could have in the presence of Marisol's often satirical, large, painted sculptural tableaux or groupings of figures, becomes the starting point for his extended prose meditation. By attempting to have his writing register the particulars of experience, which is the changing relationship of one's body and one's mind, and which, in this case, is framed by one's interaction with Marisol's sculptures, their figural presence, the poet is implicitly proposing that together, the art and writing form a focal point in which the viewer/reader learns something more about the nature of one's relationship to reality, which is time passing. At the same time, by making a connection between the materiality of words and the materiality of Marisol's sculpture, Creeley addresses the relationship between the changing body and mind, and that of the contingent world. As bounded, physical beings being caught in time, how, Creeley seems to be asking in his text, do we keep attuned to the flux of reality when we are continually confronted by insistently different objects whose permanence works in counterpoint to our transience? What are the ways we live in the unfolding presence?" (49)

CREELEY'S STRATEGY FOR PRESENCES

As with A DAY BOOK, his earlier collaboration with R.B. Kitaj, for PRESENCES Creeley decided "to write a text that was thirty single-spaced, typed pages" (67).

"In contrast to writing poems whose length was arrived at through the writing, he began using a scaffold to integrate a considerable length of writing with his passage both in time and through space. Creeley's change in focus can be understood as a deliberate attempt to shift away from his preoccupation with mode, which was informed by his understanding of the relationship between "form" and "content," to deal with issues of scale. By deciding in advance the number of pages and texts to be written, as well as how many pages there would be to a text, and how they would be divided, Creeley's scaffold was a way of formally incorporating time's passing into the writing; the modular units served as a measure. At the same time, because of the demand he placed upon himself to write a prose work of a certain length, one which he had not previously explored, he was compelled to do something new, to apprehend his experience of reality from a different perspective." (66)

John Yau refers to a Creeley poem in commenting: "Numbers, for example, can be a way of comforting oneself (66).

YOUR QUESTION: IS IT REALLY A COLLABORATION?

"Published by a commercial press, PRESENCES: A TEXT FOR MARISOL (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1976), is a major, innovative accomplishment in the history of collaboration, as well as a book no other post-war American poet has come close to equaling. The tantamount contribution of the two collaborators is announced from the outset, both on the cover and on the spine:

ROBERT CREELEY/MARISOL

In accordance with this equal billing, both Marisol and William Katz, the book's designer, as well as friend of both sculptor and poet, have done much to establish an open-ended yet

corresponding dialogue between the sixty-one black-and-white photographs and the thirty single-spaced pages. Because there is no index, and the book isn't paginated, the reader/viewer is not only invited to begin anywhere, but also there is the insistent sense that one can't return to exactly where one was, because that would imply the sequence is a fixed narrative, which it isn't" (68).

Yau also writes perceptively about the typography, suggesting that the large type imparts a physicality to the text, or an attempt at physicality on the part of language. Yau also points out a parallel between the relation of the large sized words to "reality" and the relationship between the black and white photos and the sculptures' actual material presence and size: "Finally, in having the design integrate text and photographs, the entire book becomes a meditation on what is present or, to use Creeley's word, what is 'presence' in our experience of reading and sculpture" (70).

Yau also writes:

> *"In moving from an abstract mode to a chatty one, Creeley utilizes aspects one associates with horror stories, reportage, aspects of popular culture, and myth, without having any one of them become the determining mode of the writing. And yet, despite these shifts and turns, all the writing is focused on different manifestations of human presence, as substantiated by physical objects, memory, or hostiry, for example. It is in this regard that PRESENCES is inextricably linked to Marisol's figurative sculptures" (72). I don't know if you will consider reviewing your observations, below, on the basis of these remarks. <Also, there is the question of equality.*
>
> *In most collaborations I've participated in, <(mostly with other poets but occasionally with musicians and once with a painter) <the assumption is that the participants are equal whereas, when rereading this <book, I found myself devoting more time to Creeley than to Marisol just because <the took longer to read than the pictures required to be absorbed. I have to admit, probably because of my own subject position, while reading IN COMPANY, I began to think of Creeley's commitment to collaboration, in tandem with his commitment to materiality and his laying aside of the mind/body split, as a type of gender-work: perhaps an acknowledgement of femininity within the masculine, or an attempt to address gender-based dominations in aesthetics.*
>
> *ON THE STRUCTURE OF THE TEXT Yau goes into great detail (69-70) about the structure of Creeley's text, as announced by the set of numbers at the beginning of the book. In summary: "The complete 'text" consists of five fields, each made up of six pages, divided according to a strictly adhered to mathematical progression, all of which is made clear on the title page, where there is a grid consisting of five rows of three numbers" (70). ON YOUR COMMENT: "MOST ARTIST/POET COLLABS I HAVE SEEN LIKE GEORGE SCHNEEMAN'S WITH MANY POETS OR THE ONES FRANK O'HARA PARTICIPATED IN HAVE THE WORDS INSERTED INTO THE VISUAL IMAGES WHEREAS THIS STRANGE BOOK HAS THE TWO DIFFERENT MEDIA RUNNING SIDE BY SIDE IN PARALLEL THOUGH ABUTTING WORLDS" As you can see, Yau points to great sympathies between Creeley's text and the photos of Marisol's sculptures, and also between Creeley's writing and Marisol's sculptures, many more than I reproduce here.*
>
> *The essay really is worth contemplating. There's also an interesting footnote: "According to Creeley, Marisol wanted the text and photographs to formally echo each other. The sequence in which the photographs were finally placed was decided by both Marisol and Katz, with their decisions being guided by their reading of the text (e-mail dated January 7, 1999). Yau makes two other points worth considering here. First, he says Creeley used collaboration with visual artists as a way to push the boundaries of his own conventions: "Collaboration wasn't thought of as an occasion, but as a possible way of getting beyond the limits of one's preoccupations" (Yau 65).*
>
> *Secondly, Yau distinguishes between O'Hara and Creeley on the basis of abstraction/figuration: O'Hara was a "figurative poet," Creeley was primarily interested in abstraction. John Yau has probably written more about correspondences and distinctions in O'hara's and Creeley's work with visual artists. SOME COMMENTS ON COLLABORATION IN RESPONSE TO YOUR REQUEST "Creeley's commitment to discovering a common ground between his work and that of the artist is what gives his collaborations a unique place within both his diverse oeuvre and within postwar American poetry" (49). FINALLY IN COMPANY generally presents Creeley, in his collaborations with visual artists after the 1950s, as taking his initiative from their work.*
>
> *In fact, using collaboration as a form of expansion may have been a strategy. He does not seem interested by words and images running on parallel tracks, as he may have been in the 50s. Reading IN COMPANY reminded me strongly of my own small contact with Creeley in Providence: he had a genius for accommodating connection, for being available to connection on the terms of the other. In my case,*

*believe it or not, it was a reference he made to Patrick Kavanagh which sent me flying to him over the hurdles of my own shyness. In some way, he was able to present an interface to even the shyest.*

*This quality must have informed his collaborations, and maybe also was nourished by them. In addition to this hospitality, that personal magic, there is Creeley's understanding of poetry as a communal art, i.e., as the cd-rom accompanying IN COMPANY ends: "poetry is a team sport." Mairead www.maireadbyrne.blogspot.com In a message dated 4/22/2005 11:33:35 AM Eastern Daylight Time, Thomas savage writes: After Creeley's death, I went back to the book of his I didn't understand when I read it over twenty years ago: Presences by Creeley & Marisol. The problem is the relationship or lack thereof between the words and the images.*

*Is it really a collaboration? Most artist/poet collabs I have seen like George Schneeman's with many poets or the ones Frank O'Hara participated in have the words inserted into the visual images whereas this strange book has the two different media running side by side in parallel although abutting worlds. Also, there is the question of equality. In most collaborations I've participated in, (mostly with other poets but occasionally with musicians and once with a painter) the assumption is that the participants are equal whereas, when rereading this book, I found myself devoting more time to Creeley than to Marisol just because the words took longer to read than the pictures required to be absorbed.*

*Anyway, on the nature of collaboration and/or what this book is about I would appreciate some response since, after so many years, this book is still a problem for me.*"

**1453. — Mairead Byrne** *24 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**

2 other complications:

1) Is Creeley attempting to be more figurative in PRESENCES in deference to Marisol's figurative work? 2) How does the fact that Creeley started the project with a grid, inherited in a sense from the previous Kitaj project, cauterize or facilitate his response to Marisol's sculptures/photos?

M

"*Mairead Byrne 04/24/05 2:11 AM >>>*"

ON YOUR COMMENT: "THE PROBLEM IS THE RELATIONSHIP OR LACK THEREOF BETWEEN THE WORDS AND THE IMAGES"

YOUR QUESTION: IS IT REALLY A COLLABORATION?

**1454. — Anny Ballardini** *24 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**

Hi Mairead, re.: your stiff books on the shelves ___ that is mainly why I do not want to publish, even if asked to! The fact that they are still there means many things: 1_ your writings are too difficult for the average narrow-minded dumbness (if you wrote sci-fi or about fairies they might have disappeared by now, not to mention complicated and especially hot_peppered love stories with wonderful intrigues _ please remember that a must now is the third same-sex disturbing element - it seems that people adore similar pastiches) 2_ you are not able to sell. This is what my friend let me notice. We were attending a meeting and this guy showed up with a bunch of his books, said a couple of nonsenses and finally smiled and invited people to buy them. The nicely dressed and dyed ladies rushed to get a signed copy. The moral? Never get too complicated, smiles and charme work better - with only 1 aim straight in mind: S E L L to this lurid audience. A lot of people like to be treated badly - I know you would never dare, that is why you are not able to sell. 3_ (do I have to continue or did you get the message? On another tone, I have Mairead Byrne's Nelson & the Huruburu Bird, and it is a great Treat! You people wake up, life is better than what they want you to think. Take care, Anny

Anny Ballardini http://annyballardini.blogspot.com/ http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?name=poetshome I Tell You: One must still have chaos in one to give birth to a dancing star!

**1455. — steve dalachinsky** *24 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**

not true books are important

sometimes we must sadly hawk them ourselves or give them away because they are poorly distributed or not distributed at al

i've had lots of chaps out lately no isbns no distribution

some easy to read  some a bit harder the only way i can get them to folks is to basically sell them myself

still waiting for the one over 50 pages  w/ a real isbn

and even that one i'm  sure i'll have to hustle

some folks  find that ugly  or hard to do is is a bit self-degrading  this adverting  as  drn sees it but sometimes it's the only way to get yer work seen like reading in public  which many of us hate is sometimes tthe only vehicle to get the stuff from your hands to their shelf

as e.m. and i once discussed  it's  nice if they loved you after you read but if they didn't buy a book  it means they didn't love you enough to take you home

so even if it hur4ts when you can  carry a book in yer pocket

amy i think your reasons  for not wanting to be published must go deeper

**1456. — George Bowering** *24 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**

"*not true  books are important*"

I beg to differ. I believe that it is true.

Trying to understand, yrs, George B.

**1457. — Ron Silliman** *28 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Acton gives Creeley award to Wright*

http://www2.townonline.com/acton/localRegional/view.bg?articleid=234258&format=text

Fans of Bob Creeley & fans of C.D. Wright (I'm both) will find this noteworthy

Ron

**1458. — Bob Grumman** *29 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Creeley Award to C.D. Wright*

What's noteworthy about yet another awards outfit giving a hypercertified poet yet another award?  Tell us when such an outfit gives an award to a superior never-certified poet, Ron.

—Bob G.

**1459. — Ron Silliman** *30 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Creeley Obit in Texas Observer*

From Molly Ivins' website, an obit from the Texas Observer — one of the best alternative papers in the country — by Bobby Byrd, one of

**1460. — Charles Bernstein** *3 May 2005* ↑ **Register**
*New@PennSound*

Since out launch on January 1, we have added many new files, and continue to do so on a weekly basis. We are developing a fully functioning catalog, but this will take at least one more year. We are also beginning to create links to author sound files from EPC author pages. In the meantime, we have installed a quick search feature, which, combined with our "singles" index, will help to locate most of our files.

http://writing.upenn.edu/pennsound/

Recent additions to our "featured authors" include a selected poems of John Wieners and Fanny Howe, and readings by Lyn Hejinian, Adrienne Rich, Barrett Watten, Norman Fischer, Robert Creeley, Myung Mi Kim, and talks by Ron Silliman and Leevhi Lehto.

On our "Series" pages, in addition to the new Studio 111 shows, we have added "Poetic Brooklyn," produced by Susan Brennan, which features readings by Anja Mutic, Matvei Yankelevich, Arielle Greenberg, Vijay Sheshadri, Julien Poirier, and  Filip Marinovic.

Also at "series", we have added a new season of Cross Cultural Poetics, Leonard Schwartz's radio interviews/readings. New programs feature Robin Blaser, Meredeith Quartermain, and Peter Quatermain, from Vancouver; Richard Seiburth, who talks about, and reads from, his

extraordinary translation of Buchner's Lenz; and John Taggart on "Peace on Earth". Other programs feature Trevor Joyce, Khaled Mattawa, Rodrigo Toscano, Charles Borkhuis, Russell Banks, Joseph Donahue, Albert Mobillio, John O'Leary, Wang Ping Stacy Doris, Ed Foster, Nada Gorden, Maxine Chernoff, Rita Wong, Wang Ping, Mark Wallace, and more.

We have also just launched PennSound/Classics, with readings of Pope and Swift by John Richetti and David Wallace reading Chaucer.

I also want to recommend a marvellous Rockdrill CD series of selected poems, from Birkbeck (UK) *Robert Creeley: 'I Know a Man', poems 1945-1975 * Robert Creeley: 'Just in Time', poems 1976-1998 * Lee Harwood: 'The Chart Table', poems 1965-2002 * Tom Raworth: 'Ace', poems 1966-1979 * Tom Raworth: 'Writing', poems 1980-2003 * Jerome Rothenberg: 'Sightings', poems 1960-1983 * Jerome Rothenberg: 'Seedings', poems 1984-2003

**1461. — Anny Ballardini** *4 May 2005* ↑ **Register**

Again my compliments, this is admirable work! Anny Ballardini http://annyballardini.blogspot.com/ http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?name=poetshome I Tell You: One must still have chaos in one to give birth to a dancing star! Friedrich Nietzsche

**1462. — Ladkin** *24 May 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Cambridge Poetry Summit June 2005*

Dear All, Here are the facts about the fast approaching second poetry summit for all those on the small side of the ocean, or those with frequent flyer miles. I hope people will be able to make it. Last time we had blinding readings by Heather Fuller, Rod Smith, Lisa Robertson and on... Should be a good time. Yours truly, Sam Ladkin

ANNOUNCING

CAMBRIDGE POETRY SUMMIT and the launch of www.cambridgepoetry.org

which includes websites for AREHOUSE EQUIPAGE CAMBRIDGE SERIES UNIVERSITY OF ROMSEY TOWN

This year's CAMBRIDGE POETRY SUMMIT

will take place on
Friday 24th to Sunday 26th June, 2005

The line-up thus far:
TOM LEONARD
PETER MANSON
KELVIN CORCORAN (tbc)
PETER LARKIN (tbc)
ADRIAN CLARKE
BRIAN CATLING
JEREMY HARDINGHAM
NATHALIE QUINTANE (France)
ERIC GIRAUD (France)
MICHAEL HASLAM
TONY LOPEZ
KAIA SAND (USA)
JULES BOYKOFF (USA)
ANNA MENDELSSOHN / GRACE LAKE
JOHN WELCH
ALAN HALSEY
TADEUSZ PIORO (Poland)
ANDRZEJ SOSNOWSKI (Poland)
VAHNI CAPILDEO
MAURICE SCULLY
KARLIEN VAN DEN BEUKEL

MICHAEL KINDELLAN
JOW LINDSAY
NICK POTAMITIS
JEROME GAME
NEIL PATTISON
Films of and on ROBERT CREELEY by COLIN STILL
and music/noise by our house band
THE MAN FROM URANUS

AT
THE QUEENS' THEATRE, EMMANUEL COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE
St Andrew's Street, Cambridge, CB2 3AP

ALL ARE WELCOME

Any enquiries to Sam Ladkin at

Tickets cost £3 per session, £12 per day or £20 for the weekend. Tickets will be available on the door. Several poets are still to be confirmed. More information will be made available on the website or on request. The event will run from Friday at 7.30pm till around 10.00pm Sunday evening. The first sessions on Saturday and Sunday will begin at 11.30am.

A book stall will be running selling works by the authors and publications from Barque, Equipage, Arehouse, Salt, Landfill and many more... Wine will be available.

Readings will be arranged so that the audience can make the last train back to London, should they wish to do so. We hope the atmosphere will be friendly and would be delighted if people can stay over the weekend. For more information please visit the website www.cambridgepoetry.org or contact Sam Ladkin at. For more accommodation information please visit http://www.visitcambridge.org/visitors/wheretostay.php

www.cambridgepoetry.org

The website www.cambridgepoetry.org is up and running. The Summit will be updated soon, with more information about poets, reading times, tickets and travel. The Summit is largely organised by Sara Crangle and Sam Ladkin, with many thanks due elsewhere.

The website is also for:

AREHOUSE

books available by Malcolm Philips, Neil Pattison, Emily Critchley, Meg Foulkes, Nicholas Murgatroyd, David Rushmer. Arehouse is un by Neil Pattison and Sam Ladkin.

EQUIPAGE

The first website for EQUIPAGE, the press run by Rod Mengham with books available by JH Prynne, Barry MacSweeney, Tony Lopez, John WIlkinson, Caroline Bergvall, Anna Mendelsohhn, Brian Catling, Marjorie Welish, Tadeusz Pioro, Drew Milne, Ian Patterson, Michael Haslam, Alan Halsey... and many more... That's why you need to see the full list.

CAMBRIDGE SERIES

poetry readings held in Cambridge over the last year (and future years...)

THE UNIVERSITY OF ROMSEY TOWN

The new university set up for you. Soon to appear, "CONSIGNIA: Journal of Straw Men" and further details on the plans of Romsey Town residents to form a breakaway republic.

...also the notice board, contact details, links to websites for
Barque, Object Permanence
and many more...

If anyone is receiving this information and can't imagine why please let me know and I wont bother you again. Alternatively, if there is someone you think should know about this event

and poetry in and around Cambridge who hasn't received this information then please tell them to get in touch to. That''s also the email to let me know what you think or ask questions. Alternatively, if there is anyone you do not like and would like them to be sent notices about poetry events in Cambridge for seemingly no reason then please pass their details to me. Many thanks for reading this far.

The website was designed by Colin Verot. Please visit www.verot.net

**1463. — Gloria Frym** *26 May 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Recommended Summer Reading*

Thanks, Charles. I would add:

Queen Cocaine, by Nuria Amat, City Lights Books, trans. by Peter Bush (Amat is a Barcelonan, a poet's fictionist of the highest order, using language switchbacks, tribal belief and European disbelief, and the cocaine wars of Colombia, which create a frightening, profound triangulated prose. Also for those who read Spanish, her Amor Infiel, responses to Dickinson's poems and letters. Not yet translated into English but available.)

For Love (poems 1950-1960), Robert Creeley's first , Scribner's, available in other collections. A primer. All else follows from these.

And not recent but always new, D. Allen's edition of The Poems of Frank O'Hara, UC Press. An accident on a mind-beach gave me a morning with these miraculous, shimmering poems that no one else on earth could have written with O'Hara's particular halo. How much he did in so few years and with such humility and originality returns over and over.

With deep homage, also recommend any and all books by the late Lucia Berlin. There was no poetry this fiction writer didn't love and use.

And for new flowers: be on the lookout for work by Kate Colby, whose first book, Fruitlands, will be published by Ugly Duckling Press soon. Much to learn from this young, former student of mine, who may well move in Susan Howe's path of history made poetry.

*"-An old custom on the Poetics List is recommended reading (with our without commentary). I thought to mention some recently published poetry-related books here, posted with the hope of getting more lists — especially — from this lists legion & loyal lurkers.*

*The Yale Anthology of Twentieth Century French Poetry, ed. Mary Ann Caws (Yale)*

*Paul Celan , Selections, ed. Pierre Joris (University of California Press)*

*George Buchner, Lenz, tr. Richard Sieburth (Archipelgo Books)*

*Bernadette Mayer, Scarlet Tanager (New Directions)*

*Ann Lauterbach: Hum The Night Sky: Writings on the Poetics of Experience (both from Viking)*

*Mary Rising Higgins, )cliff TIDES(( (Singing Horse)*

*David Antin, I Never Knew What Time It Was (University of California Press)*

*Meredith Quartermain, Vancouver Walking (NeWest Press)*

*Stephane Mallarme, A Tomb for Anatole — Paul Auster's translation just reissued by New Directions, & new tr. by Patrick McGuiness from Carcanet*

*Rod Smith, The Music of Honesty (Roof)*

*Amy King, Antitdotes for an Alibi (BlazeVox)*

*Tan Lin, BlipSoak01 (Atelos)*

*Mark McMorris, The Cafe at Night (Roof)*

*Joao Cabral de Melo Neto, Education by Stone, tr. Richard Zenith (Archipelago Books)*

*Michael Palmer, Company of Moths (New Directions)*

*Craig Dworken, Strand (Roof)*

*H. L. Hix, Shadows of Houses (Etruscan)*

*Jena Osman, An Essay in Asterisks*

*Bill Griffiths, The Mud Fort (Salt)*

*Geoff Young, Fickle Sonnets (Fuck a Duck c/o the Figures)*

*Hank Lazer, The New Spirit (Singing Horse)*

*Phillip Foss, The Ideation (Singling Horse)*

*Two essential guides to contemporary Canadian poetry, both ed. Pauline Butling & Susan Rudy: Poet's Talk (conversations with Kroetch, Marlatt, Moure, Brand, Baker, Derksen, and Wah), from University of Alberta Press; and Writing in Our Time: Canada's Radical Poetries in English (1957-2003), from Wilfrid Laurier University Press &*

*The Allen Fisher Triple Jubilee: Gravity (Salt) Entanglement (The Gig) Place (Reality Studios) ----------URL's for most of these presses are listed in the epc.buffalo.edu's alpha list. Make your dollars count: buy directly from the presses or independent bookstores & not from the chains or/of Amazon.*”

**1464. — Charles Bernstein** *28 May 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Hero of the Local: Robert Creeley and the Persistence of American Poetry*

"Hero of the Local: Robert Creeley and the Persistence of American Poetry" appears in the on-line edition of the current issue of the Brooklyn Rail —http://www.thebrooklynrail.org/poetry/may05/creely.html

an updated list of links to recent pieces on Creeley may be found at http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/creeley/

**1465. — charles alexander** *28 May 2005* ↑ **Register**

Thank you, Charles

Great to read your essay now, less than two hours before I go to co-host a memorial to Creeley at the Univ. of Arizona Poetry Center. If anyone hears this and is within a couple of hours of Tucson, it's at 4pm today, corner of 1st St. & Cherry Ave., or just one block south of Speedway on Cherry Ave.

Charles

fold the book inside the book keep it open always
read from the inside out speak then

**1466. — Bill Marsh** *2 Jun 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Creeley Honored in Los Angeles This Friday*

[sent on behalf of Mark Salerno]

Dear Colleagues:

I'd like to invite you to join us as we gather to remember and honor the late Robert Creeley. The event will be held this Friday evening in Hollywood.

Participants: Eileen Myles Marjorie Perloff Lewis MacAdams Mark Salerno Peter Coyote John Daley Anselm Hollo* Michael C. Ford Peter Levitt* Bill Marsh Rae Armantrout Louise Steinman

Date: Friday, June 3, 2005

Time: 7:30 p.m.

Hope you can make it.

Mark Salerno

* Anselm Hollo and Peter Levitt will be virtually there, i.e., their parts will be presented on audio tape.

**1467. — Nate Dorward** *4 Jun 2005* ↑ **Register**
*The Gig 18*

The new issue at last....

THE GIG #18

— Poems by David Ball, Michael Boughn, Kelvin Corcoran, Jean Day, Ralph Hawkins, Peter Larkin, Andrew Levy, Douglas Manson, a.rawlings, Joan Retallack, and Scott Thurston — an

essay by Peter Middleton on Robert Creeley and the poetics of self-reflexivity — & the usual full-to-bursting review section.....reviews of David Miller, Peter Riley, Redell Olsen, Glenn Storhaug, Ric Caddel, Steve Benson, Naomi K. Long, Robert Sheppard, John Matthias, Peter Dent, Catherine Wagner, Tom Leonard, &c.... a brief section of minireviews by the members of the Lexiconjury list....

A table of contents & some of the reviews are available online at http://www.ndorward.com/poetry/magazines/gig18.htm

Single issue: $7.50 Cdn / $6 US (prices include airmail within North America) £4.50 / 6 euros (prices include airmail overseas)

Three-issue subscription or three backissues: $20 Cdn / $16.50 US (prices include airmail with North America) £12 / 16.50 euros (prices include airmail overseas)

More info, various web-only goodies, &c at www.ndorward.com. Next up this summer from The Gig: an expanded edition of Trevor Joyce's Take Over / Undone, Say and the long-awaited volume of essays on Canadian women's experimental poetries.

PS: contributors & subscribers will receive their copies shortly....

**1468. — Stephen Baraban** *10 Jun 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Shadowtime*

I look forward to the opera—though I haven't yet heard any music by Ferneyhough. Lincoln Center has been picking operas that are both very intelligent and wonderfully musical for their summer festival. At last year's festival I saw "Macbeth" by Italian composer Salvatore Sciarrino (I hope I spelled that right—he's terrific), performed at the theater within the John Jay School of Criminal Justice, no less—this opera a stark presentation of horror, with voices at the end singing "let not what has happened in the night be dragged through the mud of signs" (i.e., let not the events be obfuscated). (Earlier that day at Lincoln Center I had seen Le Samauri, a classic 50's French movie, said to be a very strong influence on The New Wave, that aestheticized the life of of a hit man!)

But you, Charles, brought up Robert Creeley's libretto based on E.A. Poe's "Ligeia". Do you, (or does anyone else) know who was supposed to set this to music and why it apparently never happened? I looked up this text and see that it was published with visual art elements by Alex Katz—but again what about music?

--- Charles Bernstein wrote:

> *"Shadowtime a libretto by Charles Bernstein for composer Brian Ferneyhough has just been published by Green Integer Books 132 pages, $11.95*
>
> *for information on the book:*
>
> *http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/bernstein/books/shadowtime.html U.S. Premiere of the opera at Lincoln Center Festival July 21 and 22, 2005, 8pm, Rose Theater (New York) July 20, 6pm, Kaplan Penthouse: Symposium: Shadowtime: "Why Benjamin Now?" with Marjorie Perloff and Jean-Michel Rabate, moderated by Bernstein July 18, 6pm: Free Symoisum with Ferneyhough and Bernstein, moderated by Joel Sachs 8pm: Free Ferneyough Concert, with the New Julliard Ensemble, conduced by Joel Sachs LONDON CONCERT PERFORMANCE: English National Opera, in association with BBC Radio 3 — July 9, 2005 (London Coliseum) For ticket and other information: http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/bernstein/shadowtime/LCF.html Shadowtime is a thought opera based on the work and life of the German philosopher, essayist, and cultural critic, Walter Benjamin. The libretto was written by Charles Bernstein for composer Brian Ferneyhough and had its premiere in May 2004 at the Munich Biennale. In its seven scenes, Shadowtime explores some of the major themes of Benjamin's work, including the intertwined natures of history, time, transience, timelessness, language, and melancholy; the possibilities for a transformational leftist politics; the interconnectivity of language, things, and cosmos; and the role of dialectical materiality, aura, interpretation, and translation in art. Beginning on the last evening of Benjamin's life, Shadowtime projects an alternative course for what happened on that fateful night. Opening onto a world of shades, of ghosts, of the dead, Shadowtime inhabits a period in human history in which the light flickered and then failed. Tess Crebbin in Music and Vision, says "Bernstein's libretto, plain and simple, is the finest contemporary*

*libretto that I know of." The Shadowtime book is now available directly from the publisher, Green Integer ($11.95plus $2 for shipping): 6022 Wilshire*”

**1469. — Ruth Lepson** *10 Jun 2005* ↑ **Register**

Hi Stephen B and Charles B.

I wd love to know abt the Creeley libretto, in part bec Steve Lacy and Creeley came to my classes at the NEng Conservatory of Music in recent yrs and I am even going to attempt to write something abt their collaboration & relationship, so am interested in related matters. Have been to Bob's family plot in Mt Auburn Cemetery 3 times; helps to have a place to go talk to him. Am hoping to get to NY to hear yr opera, Charles B.—terrific subject and I imagine libretto.

**1470. — Charles Bernstein** *11 Jun 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Creeley's Ligeia*

Bob Creeley wrote the libretto for Ligeia in 1992, prompted by a composer then studying in Rochester. (They didn't know each other very well.) Bob proceeded to write the libretto according to his own always considerable lights, inspired by the Poe story. The libretto didn't turn out to be something on which the composer wanted to work. That was OK with Bob, though, since he was happy with his text as it was and content to imagine some future setting.

He ends his note to the Granary edition by saying: "It was my own thoughts that such 'music' might be complexly realized in this modest translation of Poe's classic story to the inevitably transforming stage."

The libretto was first published in TO magazine (from Philadelphia) in the Summer 1995 issue.

This is what is on the Granary Books web site (a few coding errors corrected) —http://www.granarybooks.com

Robert Creeley and Alex Katz, Ligeia: A Libretto. New York. Granary Books. 1996. 13 1/4" x 6 1/2"; Letterpress. 135 copies. 35 hors commerce, 100 for sale.

Originally published in 1838, Edgar Allan Poe's engaging short story Ligeia "invites a diversity of readings and one feels confidence in making a determination for one's own necessary uses" (Robert Creeley). Here, the material has been translated into an operatic context, Mr. Creeley's first libretto.

He excerpts from Poe's narrative in brief: "the narrator/hero meets the exceptional Ligeia, is captivated by her, marries her, and becomes entirely influenced by her commanding powers of intellect and beauty. Then she dies harshly, resistingly. And then, after a brief time, the hero remarries, and the cycle is almost immediately repeated without seeming resistance, which leads to the intense conclusion, the recreation of Ligeia in the corpse of the Lady Rowena." (from "A Note on Ligeia" by Mr. Creeley.)

Ligeia: A Libretto makes use of the emphasized pattern of Poe's narrative. His vocabulary, rhythms and rhetorical emphasis also inform Mr. Creeley's compositional strategy. Ultimately, however, one is left with a new and unique work here beautifully transformed for the stage.

Alex Katz has made the set design drawing for staging and costume toward the eventual production of Ligeia. Designed and printed by Philip Gallo. Bound by Jill Jevne. Signed by Mr. Creeley and Mr. Katz.

ISBN: 1-887123-11-3. $500.

**1471. — Ruth Lepson** *12 Jun 2005* ↑ **Register**

Hi Charles B,

Thank you so much for taking the time to tell all this. I will dip into Poe & dear Bob's libretto & the Granary Books book.

All best,

**1472. — Stephen Baraban** *12 Jun 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Creeley/Poe/Bernstein/Lawrence/Williams/Dickinson/bells bells bells bells bells!*

Yes, it was wonderful that Charles B. told us of the story behind Creeley's Ligeia libretto. If Creeley was willing to work on this text without knowing the composer very well, and wasn't so upset when the composing of the music didn't happen, it sounds like he was very pleased to be colloraborating with POE.

I think as many of us as possible should make Poe's works part of our summer reading, and report back in say, September. The different visions people have of this elusive literary figure are quite intriguing. On the surface, D.H. Lawrence's conception of Poe (in Studies in Classic American Literature) as a sufferer/diagnostician writing from within a realm of decadence seems pleasingly consonant with one's niave reactions to EAP's works, though we know, of course that Poe was not the forever zonked-out sadsack seer that folklore pictures, but was very much a busy, critically-acute professional, as emphasized by W.C. Williams in the Poe chapter of _In The American Grain_.

I was surprised to see Charles B., in the recent Creeley piece, place Poe amongst his list of people whose writings are in the middle between Whitman's "expansive, sexually explicit, and exuberant" works and Dickinson's "philosphical, hermetic, introspective" poems. Poe is expansive and exuberant, I wondered? And what is the sexuality in his writing except incest, and men's love of very young women, and the morbid desire to completely know the other that Lawrence notes?

But as far as exuberance goes, maybe one reason I've never thought of this quality in relation to Poe is that I haven't taken "The Bells" seriously (as part of not taking the poems in general very seriously). But "Bells" is not so bad at all. I sign off with the beginning:

Hear the sledges with the bells -
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells -
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

**1473. — Gloria Frym** *13 Jun 2005* ↑ **Register**

There are some little known audio tapes of Creeley, Susan Howe, Bob Grenier and others speaking about Dickinson. They were recorded in the mid 80s at a Dickinson conference at New College of California, in San Francisco, where I taught in the Poetics Program for 15 years. They reside in the library there. Anyone interested might contact the College.

GF

*"-bells bells bells!*

*Many thanks to Gloria F and Stephen B—further rumination to come in response to yr thoughtful expansive analyses. Ruth Lepson*

*On 6/13/05 12:27 PM, "Gloria Frym" wrote:*

*I'd like to add that Williams' essay on Poe seems to me one of the most important.*

*He reads Poe through Modernist psychological and political eyes—posits that Poe both records and anticipates American alienation from self and body, both physical and spiritual, the emotional terror of a vast unknown continent on its way to Westward Ho (including shopping malls!) and empire.*

*Whatever his intention, some of Poe's greatest stories now morph back into physical parallels of 20th century horrors ("The Masque of the Red Death," easily reads as AIDS), and 21st century government sanctioned physical torture. "Ligeia," too, is a ghostly character, whose embodiment only becomes real and beloved in death.*

*As American Fascism promotes the culture of war, Poe's "darkness" feels all too realistic these days. Also, Poe was America's first real literary critic.*

*His standards, as revealed in his numerous reviews of his contemporaries, were demanding and orthodox, akin to Clement Greenberg's in visual art. And his short stories seem to me a poet's prose.*

*There are no real characters in Poe's so-called tales of ratiocination.*

*Characters are used in the service of the text, and dimensions of a unnamed single speaker, fairly incapable of conventional fictional strategies. Lastly, that Whitman was one of the few who attended Poe's funeral has some significance.*

*The American Optimist pays homage to the American Pessimist, who is Noir as America.*

*Poe dies long before the 1855 first edition of Leaves of Grass.*

*Both poets are groping for physical, intellectual and aesthetic "American" morals and aesthetics that might counter the puritanical (now morphed into fundamentalist) normative standards. As for Dickinson, I don't agree that her work is hermetic. The work is often elliptical and dense, but not without entry, providing the reader who can accept multiplicity of "meaning", indeterminacy, sound, pun, and other now familiar literary devices, with pleasure.*

*The work both doubts and confirms.*

*She thought, as she said, "New Englandly." And rebelled grandly.*

*As did Creeley. And were Called Back,as it were, differently.*

*Not wanting to create a reductive argument about either, I suggest that each are various and accessible and difficult and yet, more interrogating, philosophical, domestic, and finally local rather than hermetic in their poetics.*

*Gloria Frym ----- Original Message -----bells bells bells!*

*Yes, it was wonderful that Charles B. told us of the story behind Creeley's Ligeia libretto.*

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*But as far as exuberance goes, maybe one reason I've never thought of this quality in relation to Poe is that I haven't taken "The Bells" seriously (as part of not taking the poems in general very seriously).*

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*Hi Charles B,*

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>
> *All best,*
>
> *Ruth Lepson*"
>
> Discover Yahoo! Find restaurants, movies, travel and more fun for the weekend. Check it out! http://discover.yahoo.com/weekend.html

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# Harold Cruse

1916–2005

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*American social critic and Michigan Black-studies pioneer famed for his sweeping critique of Black intellectual leadership;* The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual *(1967). Dead of heart failure Friday in the Sunrise Assisted.*

**1474. — Ishaq** *30 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**

*NOI: Harold Cruse dies, new edition of his book released*

http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2005/03/39513.php

NOI: Harold Cruse dies, new edition of his book released

Harold Cruse, one of the most influential writers on African-American politics, culture and history, died of heart failure Friday in the Sunrise Assisted Living facility in Ann Arbor. He was 89. Mr. Cruse is best known for his 1967 book, "The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual," an analytical look at the ideas of black writers and artists. Written during the tumult of the 1960s, the book urged black autonomy and became a pioneering work that is widely read today in academia.

NOI: Harold Cruse dies, new edition of his book released

Harold Cruse: Author, activist and U-M professor

BY NIRAJ WARIKOO FREE PRESS STAFF WRITER

Harold Cruse, one of the most influential writers on African-American politics, culture and history, died of heart failure Friday in the Sunrise Assisted Living facility in Ann Arbor. He was 89.

Mr. Cruse is best known for his 1967 book, "The Crisis of the Negro Intellectual," an analytical look at the ideas of black writers and artists.

Written during the tumult of the 1960s, the book urged black autonomy and became a pioneering work that is widely read today in academia. A new edition of the book was published last month, with an introduction written

> "*by Stanley Crouch. In 1968, Mr. Cruse became a professor at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, where he taught African-American studies. He was key in starting U-M's Center for Afroamerican and African Studies (CAAS) in 1970, and was acting director in 1972-73. He later became professor emeritus of history and African-American studies at the university. Mr. Cruse's life and writings encompassed the broad diversity of the black and American experiences during the 20th Century. Communism, slavery, nationalism, blues, Marxism,*

*jazz, capitalism, civil rights — all were written about in his sharp prose. "Cruse's legacy is awe-inspiring," the Library Journal wrote in a review of the 2002 book "The Essential Harold Cruse," a collection of writings by and about him.*

*Mr. Cruse was born in Petersburg, Va., in 1916, and moved with his family to New York City as a young child. After graduating from high school, he held a variety of jobs before serving in the U.S. Army during World War II, according to the Robert F. Wagner Labor Archives at Tamiment Library in New York City. In 1941 -45, he was stationed in Italy, north Africa, Northern Ireland and Scotland. After the war, Mr. Cruse briefly attended City College in New York, but never graduated. "He was self-educated," said his significant other, Mara Julius, an assistant research scientist emeritus at U-M's Department of Epidemiology.*

*"He was an avid reader, spending much of his time in the library," she said. "He rounded out his education in arts and music." In 1947, Mr. Cruse joined the Communist Party, which was strongly pushing for integration and racial equality. Mr. Cruse contributed drama and literary reviews for its newspaper, the Daily Worker. But his writing was not tied down by party doctrine. In fact, he was a sharp critic of other black thinkers and artists for strictly adhering to philosophies, like communism, that he felt could constrict the black experience. In the 1950s, Mr. Cruse wrote several plays, but concentrated mainly on nonfiction.*

*In a 1951 essay, he praised entertainer Josephine Baker for returning to the United States from France and not losing her "native Negro idiom." In his 1967 "Crisis" book, Mr. Cruse wrote about black figures such as Paul Robeson, Lorraine Hansberry and James Baldwin, arguing that their rigid politics restricted them. The book also touched on "mass media and communism, black-Jewish relations, and the revolutionary use of force," said the New York Review of Books. And decades before critics assailed Vanilla Ice and Eminem for ripping off black culture, Mr. Cruse wrote about white people in the 1920s making "music that they literally stole outright from Harlem nightclubs."*

*Among his other books are "Rebellion or Revolution," "Marxism and the Negro Struggle" and "Plural but Equal: A Critical Study of Blacks and Minorities and America's Plural Society." In "Plural but Equal," he faulted civil rights leaders for not learning from the failures of the black struggle in the late 19th Century. "There are some people who learn how to teach, and some people are born to teach," said Julius. "He was born to teach." Mr. Cruse also is survived by two half-sisters and a cousin. Funeral arrangements have not been finalized. Mr. Cruse is to be cremated. © 2005 Detroit Free Press Inc. . ___\ Stay Strong\ \ "Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \ —Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\ \ "This mathematical rhythmatical mechanism enhances my wisdom\ of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\ —HellRazah\ \ "It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\ —Mutabartuka\ \ "As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \ our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \ actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."\ - Frantz Fanon\ \ "Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"\ -Imam Ja'far Sadiq\ \ \ }"*

**1475. — tyrone williams** *31 Mar 2005* ↑ **Register**

For me, the deaths of Creeley and Cruse intersect in terms of their importance to my own work (to say nothing of their impact on poetics and political discourse). I note that he Detroit Free Press obit on Cruse, not surprisingly, is objective as opposed to the (once again) scurrilous one in the NY Times.

# Rodolfo “Corky” Gonzales

1928–2005

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Mexican-American boxer turned poet and Denver Crusade for Justice leader, a founding voice of the Chicano movement;* I Am Joaquin *(1967). Died at his home in Denver, Colorado.*

**1476. — Ishaq** *15 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Chicano Leader Rodolfo "Corky" Gonzales 1929-2005: "He Was the Fist. He Stood For Defiance, Resistance"*

Chicano Leader Rodolfo "Corky" Gonzales 1929-2005: "He Was the Fist. He Stood For Defiance, Resistance"

Chicano political and civil rights activist Rodolfo "Corky" Gonzales died Tuesday at his home in Denver, Colorado. He was 76 years old. We speak with his friend, columnist Roberto Rodriguez. [includes rush transcript]

Chicano political and civil rights activist Rodolfo "Corky" Gonzales died this past Tuesday at his home in Denver, Colorado. He was 76 years old.

Gonzales was an iconic leader in the movement for justice and equality for Mexican-Americans in the Southwest and he is credited with raising the nation's awareness of the plight of urban Chicanos.

In the mid-1960"s he founded an urban civil rights and cultural movement called the Crusade for Justice which advocated Chicano nationalism. During the late sixties and early seventies, he organized walkouts, demonstrations against police brutality and marches against the Vietnam War.

In 1968, Gonzales led a Chicano contingent to the Poor People's March on Washington D.C and issued a "plan of the Barrio" which demanded better housing, education and restitution of pueblo lands. Gonzales was also an organizer of the Annual Chicano Youth Liberation Conference which sought to create unity among Chicano youth.

Gonzales also advocated for increased political representation for Chicanos. In 1972 he was the keynote speaker at the newly formed La Raza Unida Party national convention in El Paso Texas. The party fielded political candidates to run for office in the state.

But perhaps Corky Gonzales is best known for his poem "I am Joaquin/Yo Soy Joaquin." He wrote the epic poem in 1965 and it is one of the most important literary works to emerge from the Chicano movement.

In the poem Gonzales tells of the historic struggles faced by Mexican Americans in the United States.

* Robert Rodriguez, friend of Corky Gonzales. Along with his wife, Patrisia Gonzales, he writes the syndicated Column of the Americas, distributed by Universal Press Syndicate.

RUSH TRANSCRIPT

AMY GOODMAN: Joining us on the phone right now from Minnesota to talk about the life and legacy of Corky Gonzales, is writer and columnist, Roberto Rodriguez. We welcome you to Democracy Now!

ROBERTO RODRIGUEZ: Yes. Good morning, Amy and Juan.

AMY GOODMAN: It's good to have you with us. Can you talk about your friend, colleague, Corky Gonzales?

ROBERTO RODRIGUEZ: Yes. Like any mythic hero, it's kind of hard, initially, because we're still in the shock and the mourning. I don't think he is buried until Sunday. So, I mean, keeping that in mind, you know, as I think about Corky, you know, it's — I guess there's words that swirl around the “I am Joaquin.” You know, I think for a lot of us, we look at it probably as a manifesto, you know, because, I mean, you could also look at it as a poem or something literary, but at the same time it was also a manifesto, but not like political only, but almost a spiritual manifesto, because I think that that poem that Juan mentioned, you know, it talked about how, you know, all — we all used to call each other different names, like Mexicano, Latino, Chicano, all these different names.

And everybody would be fighting about it. And I think that poem was an attempt to unify a people. Now, you know, the unity maybe was more an illusion perhaps, but at another level, you know, I think people felt unified and felt good about that poem. It was no longer, you know, in the streets. It was like people called each other “wetbacks” and “mojados” and “ocho.” You know, that was derisiveness, and this was the opposite. It was an attempt to say, you know, “We are one people.” There's another thing that I should mention, too, about who he was, because I think civil rights would probably not be sufficient, in terms of a leader.

I think he — and I think Juan, of course — would know this firsthand. You know, I think it was the language of liberation. So, when people spoke of movement in those days, you know, that we were talking about movements around the world, you know, liberation movements, and he was critical in principle in that idea of, in this instance, Aztlan, you know, as something to liberate. Through the years, of course, that has become something different, more, of course, civil rights or human rights, but at the time it was like, you know, hey, you know, why are we being chased out of our ancestral homes?

That was the language of the time.

JUAN GONZALEZ: And could you talk a little bit about the Crusade for Justice and its impact on Chicano youth and youth all around the country at that time, and then the rise of Raza Unida and Corky's role in that?

ROBERTO RODRIGUEZ: Sure, I think, you know, the Crusade for Justice, when I was thinking about it, I was saying, you know, I think I had talked earlier about, like Cesar Chavez and Dolores Huertas, they represented something very special for us as a people, and we could probably see them as perhaps the heart, you know? He was the fist. That is the Crusade for Justice. It stood for defiance, resistance, and that — so, in other words, rather than get into specificities of the role, the specific role, of the Crusade, I think that in a bigger sense we can look at it like that's what the Crusade was.

That's what it meant to us as a people, that we were no longer going to, you know, sit or stand or kneel with our heads bowed, and, you know, “si, padron,” or “si, senor.” I think the Crusade gave us that impetus that, you know, again hey, we're not going to take it. And I think that's what I think we can learn or remember the Crusade for. You know, the Crusade evolved later into Escuela Tlatelolco. But the earlier era that you are referring to also is the Raza Unida Party, You know, again, very turbulent era, but again it was also in that context of things — liberatory things, ideas, and I think the Raza Unida Party at that time meant a breaking from the democratic stranglehold of, you know — the Republicans had wanted nothing to do with us, and the Democrats took us for granted.

And so, La Raza Unida Party was supposed to be that alternative. Now again, as you well know, you had these intelligence operations that were heavy-duty, you know, fighting, pitting people against each other, etc., etc., and I think it effectively destroyed not just La Raza Unida Party but many movements throughout the world, in this country, in particular. That's why, again, we can look at his biography and his obituary and see all the accomplishments and controversies and all these things, but in the end, I think he will be seen as a mythic hero, you know, somebody who stood up and, you know, when I say “fist,” I mean, in a sense it's literal.

He was a boxer. And I think the idea was like, yes, we can fight back.

JUAN GONZALEZ: What had he been doing in his later years? Clearly, after the high tide of the movement in the 1970s began to ebb, what was he involved in in his later years?

ROBERTO RODRIGUEZ: Well, one thing that is really important to note is that at that time and a little later, also critical work was the relations between the Crusade and the Chicano Movement with the American Indian Movement. That's something that many peoples don't know. You know, and you well know, of course, the relations between Chicanos, Puerto Ricans, Chicanos and other peoples. One thing that people didn't know perhaps is the relation between Chicanos and AIM, which I think at the time the F.B.I. considered that the greatest threat to national security, the whole idea that Chicanos might one day see themselves as being native. One thing – you know, his history has got — it's too long to detail, except that something that many people should know perhaps, because in the last, I would say, God, 15 years or so, he had a heart attack, and he crashed, and he was never the same. I remember my wife and I, you know, Patrisia, we went to Tlatelolco, presented and we saw him and met him again. He was no longer the same person from an earlier era. And so, what I want to mention is because this generation probably will only remember, you know, a senor, you know, as a great man who, you know, barely was able to move around, so to speak, and not know the impact he had, you know, in the 1950s as a boxer, as a leader in, you know, the 1960s, 1970s. He was an incredible man. In the last 15 years, he was slowed, so to speak, by those injuries. But I mean, so powerful was his effect from that early era, that I mean, he, I think, will live on always as, you know, Cesar Chavez will live on, and you know, the people remain alive, because their ideas will remain alive.

AMY GOODMAN: We're talking to Roberto Rodriguez. What about Corky Gonzalez suing the Rocky Mountain News in February of 1974, a $30 million libel suit, because of what he felt was their inaccurate representation of people in Crusade?

ROBERTO RODRIGUEZ: Yeah. Well, I could only characterize that as part of the same era where — and I'm almost hesitating to laugh, because you probably know full well to this day, I mean, that is the principle battle of not simply Chicano movements, but people of color, as well, indigenous movements. Every single day we are mischaracterized. We are censored, you know, and on a good day, you know, we're misrepresented. And that was part of that era. You know, part of the same era, of course, is the whole struggle with Coors. That was – again, this is another generation, but the struggle with media is, God, it's really tragic, maybe tragicomic, but it's never-ending. It's not limited. That's why when people look at Corky, you're not looking at Corky in Denver or Corky in the Crusade, but this is emblematic of the entire nation. I mean, you know, as you’re colleagues of ours, whenever we go anywhere, that's probably the number one complaint that the media is misrepresenting us. They're forcing an identity upon us. They're commercializing us. In his case, of course, you are dealing with other matters and other factors, you know, obviously, all of the intelligence stuff. God, I mean, I don't know. It's almost like I'm looking into a mirror into the future. You know, now, we have the government buying media, manufacturing stories. It's — I don't know, it's kind of weird. You know, that media always seems to be the spear, you know, of anti-progressive movements, anti-indigenous, anti-Chicano, Puerto Rican, all of these movements, the media is always there at the forefront. I don't know what ever happened to the lawsuit, if he won. You may have. I remember Burt Corona in L.A. won a lawsuit. There was always lawsuits everywhere. There would probably be too many, if people really — I don't know, I think people sometimes get cynical about the media and just give up on it.

AMY GOODMAN: Well, Roberto Rodriguez, we want to thank you very much for being with us as we remember Corky Gonzales, who died at his home in Denver, Colorado, this week. Thank you.

To purchase an audio or video copy of this entire program, click here for our new online ordering or call .

___\ Stay Strong\ \ "Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" \ —Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)\ \ "This mathematical rhythmatical mechanism enhances my wisdom\ of Islam, keeps me calm from doing you harm, when I attack, it's Vietnam"\ —HellRazah\ \ "It's not too good to stay in a white man's country too long"\ —Mutabartuka\ \ "As for we who have decided to break the back of colonialism, \ our historic mission is to sanction all revolts, all desperate \ actions, all those abortive attempts drowned in rivers of blood."\ - Frantz Fanon\ \ "Everyday is Ashura and every land is Kerbala"\ -Imam Ja'far Sadiq\ \ \ "For African people on the continent the image of Afrikans in America is that of a bunch of heavily armed Black men who only stop fighting each other long enough to put a dollar in Chocolate Thunda's thong at tha strip club."\ —min paul scott —"How MTV Underdeveloped Africa: Pistols, Pimps and Pan Africanism"\ \ M.E.D.I.A.: (MisEducation Destroying Intelligent Afrikans) \ }

## Andrea Dworkin

1946–2005

*1 message · 1 hand*

> *American radical feminist writer and antipornography campaigner who co-drafted civil-rights ordinances against pornography with Catharine MacKinnon;* Pornography: Men Possessing Women *(1981). Died acute myocarditis, died in her sleep.*

**1477. — Jonathan Penton** *19 Apr 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Dworkin is dead and Corky don't feel so good*

Since the great thinkers and poets of the 20th Century are simply dying to fast for a proper tribute, we're just going to muddle along in agony at www.UnlikelyStories.org. April's multimedia issue includes:

Four drawings by Claudio Parentela Three paintings by Papa Osmubal Three songs by Alex Welsh "Strawberry Spring," a horror music video by Andrei Bakhurin and "Do-It-Yourself Beer," an illustrated pamphlet by Julie and Sarah

The new pope is a Benedict! Cthulhu sleeps!

## Oscar Brown Jr.

1926–2005

*1 message · 1 hand*

> *American singer, songwriter, and playwright whose jazz-and-civil-rights songcraft produced over 125 published songs and a dozen musicals;* Sin & Soul *(1960). Died osteomyelitis, in Chicago.*

**1478. — John Platt** *29 May 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Oscar Brown*

Oscar Brown Jr. passed away at 11AM this morning, 5/59, after a short illness. American culture has lost a great poet and singer.

## Richard Eberhart

1904–2005

*2 messages · 2 hands*

> *American poet and Dartmouth teacher, Pulitzer winner remembered for his World War II poem on aerial bombardment;* The Fury of Aerial Bombardment *(1945).*

**1479. — Ron Silliman** *12 Jun 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Richard Eberhart, 1904-2005*

Minnesota native, Pulitzer-winning poet Richard Eberhart dies

> *"Associated Press Published June 12, 2005*
>
> *HANOVER, N.H. — Richard Eberhart, a Pulitzer Prize-winning poet admired for mentoring generations of aspiring writers, died at his home Thursday after a short illness. He was 101.*
>
> *Eberhart, a Minnesota native, wrote more than a dozen books of poetry and verse during a career that spanned more than 60 years. He received nearly every major book award a poet can win, including the Pulitzer, which he received in 1966 for his Selected Poems, 1930-1965.*
>
> *In his 1977 acceptance speech for the National Book Award, he said: "Poetry is a natural energy resource of our country. It has no energy crisis, possessing a potential that will last as long as the country. Its power is equal to that of any country in the world.''*
>
> *Jay Parini, a former colleague who now teaches English at Middlebury College, called Eberhart "one of the finest American poets.'' "He left behind a dozen poems that I think will be part of the permanent treasury of American poetry,'' Parini said.*
>
> *Eberhart was an intensely lyrical poet, Parini said. Unafraid to ask fundamental questions, his poems explore dramatic issues of life and death. "Poems in a way are spells against death,'' Eberhart once told the Concord Monitor. "They are milestones, to see where you were then from where you are now. To perpetuate your feelings, to establish them. If you have in any way touched the central heart of mankind's feelings, you'll survive.''*
>
> *Eberhart also was admired for encouraging young poets, including many at Dartmouth College, where he taught for nearly 30 years. Even in his ninth decade, Eberhart would call the school's director of creative writing to say he'd discovered some wonderful poet and to urge her to consider bringing that person to Dartmouth. "He had a largess; it extended to himself, too,'' Cleopatra Mathis said. "He was a person who never tired of talking about poetry, never tired of bringing people who wanted to write poetry into the fold.''*
>
> *Eberhart was born on April 5, 1904, in Austin, Minn. He discovered his love for poetry as a high school student, when an English teacher asked students to write poems for homework. "When most of the students would bring in one poem the next day, I invariably brought in five or ten,'' he said in a 1997 interview in the Connecticut Review.*
>
> *After a year at the University of Minnesota, Eberhart transferred to Dartmouth, where he studied with Robert Frost. He graduated in 1926, went on to earn bachelor's and master's degrees at St. John's College at Cambridge University and published his first book, A Bravery of Earth, in 1930.*
>
> *Upon returning to the United States, he began studying for his doctorate at Harvard University, but a lack of money ended his studies after one year. He spent the Depression teaching English at a private prep school near Boston, where he met his wife, Helen Elizabeth "Betty'' Butcher. They were married for 52 years until her death in 1993.*
>
> *Although he was old enough to avoid mandatory military service during World War II, he chose to enlist and became a Navy gunnery instructor. After the war he spent seven years in management with Butcher Polish Co. in Boston, a company founded by his wife's family.*
>
> *He taught at several universities and colleges, then returned to Dartmouth in 1956 as a professor of English and poet-in-residence. "Coming to Dartmouth, it was as if he landed in heaven,'' his daughter, Gretchen Cherington, said last year. Being hired to raise the stature of poetry at his alma mater was "as much as he could ever have hoped for,'' she said.*
>
> *Although he officially retired in 1970, he continued to teach part-time until the mid-1980s.*
>
> *Eberhart's survivors include his daughter, son and six grandchildren. A memorial service is set for June 19 at 2 p.m. at Rollins Chapel in Hanover, with a reception to follow at the Top of the Hop."*

**1480. — Gerald Schwartz** *17 Jun 2005* ↑ **Register**
*i. m. Richard Eberhart*

i. m. Richard Eberhart

Set in always

between moments and abyss

    at the 5
corners
of Eastern Standard
Time

    and the clock
stopped
within,
time of
muons gluons

    taking the PATH
over the stone
in existence--
into everything
gone still; beyond

    this    nothing
purrs lost

--Gerald S.

---

## Eugénio de Andrade

1923–2005

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Portuguese lyric poet of the body and the elements, ranked among the leading names in contemporary Portuguese poetry;* As Maos e os Frutos *(1948). Died in Porto.*

**1481. — Ron Silliman** *20 Jun 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Andrade dies at 82*

Portuguese Poet Andrade Dies at 82 -Monday, June 13, 2005

(06-13) 09:28 PDT LISBON, Portugal (AP) —

Eugenio de Andrade, one of Portugal's most revered poets, died Monday after a long illness, said a poetry foundation devoted to his work. He was 82.

Andrade, who won numerous awards for his work, died in Porto at the Eugenio de Andrade Foundation where he had been living in the past decade, the foundation said. It did not provide any additional details.

Andrade — whose real name was Jose Fontinhas — was born in 1923. He wrote his first poems at the age of 13, and his work was first published at age 16. His 1948 book "As Maos e os Frutos," or The Hands and the Fruits, garnered significant praise from members of the Portuguese literary establishment.

He went on to write more than 30 books of poetry and prose, many of them — including the award-winning "Os Sulcos da Sede," or "The Streaks of Thirst" — translated into languages ranging from English to Chinese.

The honors he won included a 1986 International Association of Literary Critics award and a 1989 Portuguese Association of Writers' award.

Despite the relative fame his work earned him in his native land, Andrade largely stayed out of view, rarely appearing in public.

On Monday, European Commission President Jose Manuel Barroso called Andrade "a great personality of Portuguese culture."

Fellow poet Manuel Alegre said Andrade was "one of the greatest poets of the Portuguese language."

"Today is a day of mourning for Portuguese poetry," he said.

A funeral for Andrade, who was not married and had not children, was to take place Tuesday in Porto.

---

## Shelton Lea

1946–2005

*2 messages · 2 hands*

> *Australian street-schooled performance poet, a fixture of the Melbourne scene who launched his final collection days before dying;* Poems from a Peach Melba Hat *(1985). Died in Clifton Hill, Melbourne.*

**1482. — Ron Silliman** *23 Jun 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Shelton Lea*

Bard of the back streets
Jen Jewel Brown
24jun05

Shelton Lea
Poet, publisher and fine-book dealer.
Born Melbourne, August 25, 1946.
Died Melbourne, May 13, aged 58.

RAPSCALLION, big-hearted mentor and arguably Australia's finest romantic poet, Shelton Lea died peacefully at home in Clifton Hill, Melbourne, on Friday, May 13. He was renowned as the beautiful, charming, dope-smoking wag who was a close mate of Heide's Barrett Reid (poet and librarian) and Sweeney Reed (artist and gallery owner). He lived at Heide for years after John and Sunday Reed died, helping Reid put out Overland magazine.

Last year Lea spoke eloquently on ABC television's Stateline about his experiences as a 16-year-old in Pentridge, helping in the campaign to keep children out of adult jails. Later that year, the Victorian Children and Young Persons (Age Jurisdiction) Act 2004

was passed, effectively extending the definition of child from 17 to 18 in several areas of the law.

Lea lived life on a grand scale. Mystery surrounds the identity of his father, thought to have suffered a breakdown after serving in World War II. His mother came to Melbourne from Perth in 1946 to give birth to Shelton at the Haven, a home for unmarried mothers. The lively boy spent the first 15 months of his life there. One carer remembered him decades later as a delightful child, if a head-banger.

He was adopted into the Lea family of Toorak, famous for its confectionery. At 12 he became "too close" to a chocolate factory worker, who was accordingly fired. Distraught, Shelton told his adoptive father "I fire you" and ran away from home, ending up in various homes for wayward youngsters. He met Aborigines for the first time and was made an honorary black. At 16, he ended up in Pentridge's notorious C Division, where he witnessed rape and murder.

Time in Long Bay, Goulburn and Grafton jails followed. Lea became a skilled pickpocket and cat burglar. He penned love poems and letters for grateful inmates. For a time in the early 1960s he lived with gypsies on the roads of rural Australia. After being thrown out of Kings Cross for manufacturing LSD, he moved back to Melbourne where he met the Heide set through sculptor Joel Elenberg.

In his 58 years Lea had children with three women. Nine books of his poetry have been published. He is known for his articulate, street-smart humour, his gentle love poetry and the mythic, visceral masculinity of his visions. In a country where artists are generally asked what their real job is, he took his poetic calling seriously. A popular reader, he approached performance with an almost Shakespearean bravura. He also published several other poets' books through his imprint Eaglemont Press and ran fine bookshops including, recently, De Havillands in Clifton Hill.

His February diagnosis of Jack Dancer (as he liked to call his lung cancer) left him three months to live. He made the most of it, pushing through the release of his ninth book Nebuchadnezzar (through Black Pepper), while poems from it were accepted by The Age and The Australian.

Nebuchadnezzar was launched by Dorothy Porter at the Rochester Castle Hotel in Fitzroy, eight days before the poet's death. The pub overflowed. Although he had thought he wouldn't have the breath, Lea decided on the night to make a final, moving reading of the title poem. In the voice (with permission) of Aboriginal identity Sonny Booth and dedicated to Booth and Lionel Rose, the work is inspired by the Arthur Boyd painting, Nebuchadnezzar Burning.

Shelton Lea is survived by his partner Leith Woodgate, his children Kaye, Destiny, Danay and Zero, godson Ben, half and adopted siblings, and grandchildren, nieces and nephews.

**1483.** **— Maria Damon** *24 Jun 2005* ↑ **Register**

wow a real villon/corso type only more so/more so.

# Lorenzo Thomas

1944–2005

*20 messages · 17 hands*

*Panamanian-born American poet and critic, brought to New York at four, a member of the Umbra Workshop on the Lower East Side that preceded the Black Arts Movement; he served in Vietnam and then taught for more than twenty years at the University of Houston–Downtown.* The Bathers *(1981);* Extraordinary Measures *(2000). He was sixty and died of emphysema on the Fourth of July, which Bernstein's notice says twice — once as a date and once as an argument. tyrone williams answered by naming what the entry then demonstrates: "Although not as well known as Creeley".*

**1484. — Charles Bernstein** *4 Jul 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Lorenzo Thomas (1944-2005)*

Lorenzo Thomas, a radiant voice of, and for, the poetry of the Americas, died this morning, on the Fourth of July. His life and work is something to celebrate today.

August 31, 1944 (Republic of Panama) — July 4, 2005 (Houston)

.....
It was in those days musicians started dancing
Didn't have to touch their instruments.
In fact, they couldn't even stop the music playing
It was so much sadness in the world
--- from "Back Ordered Tears" from _Dancing on Main Street_ (2004)

More on Lorenzo Thomas at his new EPC author page --
http://writing.upenn.edu/pepc/authors/thomas/

Charles Bernstein

**1485. — tyrone williams** *4 Jul 2005* ↑ **Register**

Thanks for the note, Charles. Although not as well known as Creeley, I hope readers unfamiliar with Lorenzo's impact on the development of contemporary poetry, as opposed to "simply" a founder of the Black Arts Movement, will begin to (re) read him.

**1486. — Aldon L Nielsen** *4 Jul 2005* ↑ **Register**

I just saw this message as I was heading out the door — I am bereft — Lorenzo was among the finest people I have ever known and worked with — a beautiful poet and a generous friend.

*"Oh, this is sad! He was only 60, and such a wide range of work, much of it still very hard to find. I hope someone puts out a big collected/ or at least a more comprehensive selected soon. Maybe the poetics list policy of not posting poems to this list could be WAIVED since many people don't know his work that well?*

*C ----------Thanks for the note, Charles. Although not as well known as Creeley, I hope readers unfamiliar with Lorenzo's impact on the development of contemporary poetry, as opposed to "simply" a founder of the Black Arts Movement, will begin to (re) read him. -----Original Message-----Lorenzo Thomas, a radiant voice of, and for, the poetry of the Americas, died this morning, on the Fourth of July. His life and work is something to celebrate today.*

*August 31, 1944 (Republic of Panama) — July 4, 2005 (Houston) ..... It was in those days musicians started dancing Didn't have to touch their instruments. In fact, they couldn't even stop the music playing It was so much sadness in the world --- from "Back Ordered Tears" from _Dancing on Main Street_ (2004)*

*More on*

*Lorenzo Thomas at his new EPC author page — http://writing.upenn.edu/pepc/authors/thomas/*

*Charles Bernstein*”

**1487. — Steve Evans** *4 Jul 2005* ↑ **Register**

Just to join my voice to the others lamenting Lorenzo Thomas's death and praising his life.

Brilliant, humane, hilarious, his work, like the way he lived his life in poetry, always made me think: yes, that's how you do it.

Another irreplaceable force for good, gone.

Sadly,

Steve

p.s. Here are the closing sentences of Alice Notley's appreciation of Thomas's work, included in COMING AFTER (U of Michigan, 2005):

"Lorenzo Thomas's poetry often exemplifies a natural reaction to an unnatural stress. But it's not just reaction; Thomas's poetry insists on the primacy of making poetry as a natural activity. One may be protesting but one is simultaneously making something, as a way of being in a life that continuously asserts its temporality. One has to be in that life, not merely protest it, or deliver a message as if the point-blank urgency of the message can fill up all of time. This is an obvious thing to say, but how much of poetry shows that its making is as important as its message, that it amused the writer to write it, and to that extent amuses the reader because both writer and reader are alive with real hours to fill? A poem may not change the world right away, but it will _be_, and thus change, the time of those who read or perform it for as long as the performance lasts" (106-07).

**1488. — Harriet Zinnes** *4 Jul 2005* ↑ **Register**

It is with great sorrow that I learn of the death of Lorenzo Thomas. Lorenzo was a student of mine in a poetry workshop at Queens College of the City University of New York. It was a privilige to have Lorenzo as a student. I mourn his loss.

— Harriet Zinnes

**1489. — Maria Damon** *4 Jul 2005* ↑ **Register**

ahhh...the card i wrote to him is still sitting, stamped, on the kitchen table...telling him what pleasure his work has brought me over the years, and what an honor it was to participate in a recent ASA panel on his work...now he won't get it...not that that's the saddest thing about his parting...but i am so thankful i got to know his work in time to praise it to his face...it doesn't always happen that way...another brother gone, what a loss. and he was just starting to publish like a maniac again...

At 1:03 PM -0400 7/4/05, ALDON L NIELSEN wrote:

“*From: tyrone williams*
*To:*
*Subject: Re: Lorenzo Thomas (1944-2005)*
*Date: Mon, Jul 4, 2005, 8:48 AM*

*Thanks for the note, Charles. Although not as well known as Creeley, I hope readers unfamiliar with Lorenzo's impact on the development of*”

**1490. — Hank Lazer** *4 Jul 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Lorenzo Thomas*

I join others in mourning the passing of Lorenzo Thomas. One of the finest people I have known. His critical history, Extraordinary Measures, is, well, extraordinary – written with the grace, humor, intelligence, and thorough knowledge so typical of Lorenzo. I too hope that more of his poetry becomes readily available. Until the recently issued Dancing on Main Street (Coffee House), it was hard to get your hands on Lorenzo’s poetry. Blue Wind Press has reissued an expanded second edition (2003) of Chances Are Few.

I had the pleasure of introducing Lorenzo (along with Kathleen Fraser) for a reading a few years back at MLA. A great joy always to hear Lorenzo's rambling asides and his fine, pleasurably delayed, laughter. I can hear it in this poem, "Dangerous Doubts," from Dancing on Main Street:

The mind invents its own inadequacies But not the power to erase illusion That schemes and wholesome dreams Can become actual despite the truth That thoughts invest themselves in flesh And direct motion

That you have 30,000 shots at immortality But only one you dare not miss at being rich Or at the least escape the nag of destitution

That maybe exercise shows on TV Are really harmful That sound bodies just Amplify our empty minds

That platitudes contain a grant of wisdom

And fortune's a rush hour train that doesn't wait

To really live means needing other people
That whatever that means love
Could conquer hate

**1491. — George Bowering** *4 Jul 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Lorenzo Thomas (1944-2005)*

Thanks for the bad and expected news, Charles.
I remember that the first time or second time I saw a poem of his it was in a little magazine that spelled his name Toumes.

On 4-Jul-05, at 8:40 AM, Charles Bernstein wrote:

Oliver Lake was right. Yrs, George B.

**1492. — Anselm Berrigan** *4 Jul 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Lorenzo Thomas*

"....all of us can say what we are thinking or what we are feeling at a given moment. The reason one would try to phrase it into a formal statement is that one wants to say something on more than one level...."

That's from an interview (a really great interview) with Lorenzo Thomas in the spring 1999 issue of Callaloo. For any number of reasons, and it is a thing pulled from a much wider context than is even literally suggested, it's been a guiding point of thought for me since I read it. The most basic thing being the most important in that instance, I think, which has stretched out into some years. On the one hand we keep losing these extraordinary people, and I hate it, but I feel blessed to have had a chance to spend a little time talking with Lorenzo and a lot of time, continuing, with his work.

"....Art I think of as the practice of a skill, and that is what the word means anyway. Artifice is what we're talking about: useful human arts. So the first idea about art is that there is a particular skill that is learned and carefully practiced. Therefore, it is historical and localized to some extent. You learn it from somebody; you learn a particular manner of doing something; and then in your career you work to perfecting that and being able to hand on the skill to others that you meet along the way. You ask people, "How do you do this?" And you tell them, "This is the wayI do it: This is something that I found out along the way," to make it more effective or more brilliant, or easier, or whatever. So at that point, what is universal is the effectiveness of the art, right? If it's an art that is supposed to affect our emotions, then the question is, does it move you, does this touch your heart, does this make you feel something about other human beings, does it make you understand hatred and love and disappointment more clearly than you have in your own muddled reflections upon your own life? (laughter) If it does that, then this is an effective art. An effective performance. An effective form...."

**1493. — Aldon L Nielsen** *4 Jul 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Lorenzo Thomas (1944-2005)*

"If you keep doing the time step long enough, people applaud!" —Donald O'Connor

That's the epigraph to Lorenzo's 2004 chapbook TIME STEP — here's the first poem

Downtown Boom

There are no gospel singers Anymore

On the corners
They held down for Jesus
Valets park cars
At restaurants for fancy people
On expense accts or dates

So many times
People come up to me
And say, Billy
Hey wait a minute
You not Billy!

You can see the new ballpark
Just past the courthouse

But which way is redemption?

a damned good question today — wish he were here to talk it over with — Anna and I used to meet up with Lorenzo in Boulder, CO and have dinner before watching fire works from the lawn of Naropa — We'll be looking up at the sky with him beside us again tonight.

**1494. — Susan Wheeler** *5 Jul 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Digest: Lorenzo Thomas*

I too Maria had a note here stamped to go to the hospice when I heard the news yesterday. I would echo the endorsement of and also of his poems. was an important book for me, and I would urge those unfamiliar with his work to run don't walk to the new edition Blue Wind Press put out a few years ago, and his precise, and yes generous Aldon, introduction. And then on to and last year's . And what a graceful man and spirit he was.

In other sad news, the poet Estelle Leontief, the author in 1975 of from Janus Press, died in Manhattan last week at the age of 97 of a sudden illness. A memorial service will take place in New York City in September, according to her daughter Svetlana Alpers. I will keep anyone apprised who'd like to be.

Susan

**1495. — Charlotte Mandel** *5 Jul 2005* ↑ **Register**

Susan - yes, Lorenzo's "graceful spirit" stays with me -and I'm glad you posted Estelle Leontief's leaving us - she was a longtime friend of mine, she and Vassily inspired in many ways. Do post the memorial information when time. Every best wish, Charlotte

**1496. — Aldon L Nielsen** *5 Jul 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Lorenzo Thomas Obit.*

Here's a link to the obituary that appeared in this morning's Houston Chronicle.

http://www.chron.com/cs/CDA/ssistory.mpl/metropolitan/3252557

**1497. — Harry Nudel** *6 Jul 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Obits...*

i was grateful for the links

to the works of both

Phillip Hosbaum
&
Lorenzo Thomas

both for the
questions their

works raised
& those
left unanswered

in the context
of the defined

mission of this
list to highlight

the experimental

i couldn't help
but noticing

that submerged
groups

jews & afro-g(a)ys
(i assume)

are often
the strongest

advocates
of the trad. culture

it is many
a year since

i've heard
F.R. Leavis

name after
the epithet

"hero"

both their
careers

followed the
normal ladder

of such
things..

devotion
hard work(d)

succor
academic success

pub
aid

certainly
devoted lives

&

yet....

drn...

**1498.** **— Ed Friedman** *6 Jul 2005* ↑ Register
*Of Lorenzo*

I always admired Lorenzo Thomas as a teacher, first seeing/hearing him at one of Bernadette Mayer's workshops at the Poetry Project in 1972. On that occasion he was speaking on Chomsky's linguistics. Lorenzo had a way of teaching to everyone in the room. Though he was the featured lecturer, it was clear that he understood knowledge to be an essentially communal and inclusive undertaking.

Many years later, he chaired a wrap-up panel at the Project's symposium on Revolutionary Poetry. Early in his remarks he said something like "I've heard some strange shit this weekend." He went on to identify what he found strange as being based in (a) gradualism, the false notion that decisive progressive change occurs as some slow automatic by-product of business-as-usual human affairs and (b) the attitude that all "real" poetry existed outside (and presumably "above") political organizing and movement building. Without putting anyone down or championing any particular aesthetic approach, Lorenzo countered these positions by reading selections from poems connected with the 1960s Civil Rights Movement, pointing out that (a) the tangible gains from that period were the result of intentioned, protracted struggle, beginning long before the coverage of it appeared in mainstream U.S. newspapers, and (b) that the elegant, forceful, complex poems he read were not only _real_ but also well-known (and inspirational) to the participants of the movement.

Certainly what I admired in Lorenzo as a teacher permeates his poems and essays. I'm glad, though, that I have these and many other live-and-in-person memories of him. Quite naturally, I think, a part of me anticipated that there were going to be more occasions of Lorenzo, and probably that's where the sadness comes in when I think of his passing.

—Ed Friedman

**1499.** **— Thomas Devaney** *6 Jul 2005* ↑ Register
*Tom Devaney poem for Lorenzo Thomas*

A poem for Lorenzo Thomas:

DELIBERATE

Here is a guy. Where?
In the corner.
It and he and we are dark.
He doesn't nod, but opens
his marked and watery eyes wider.
I take it as hello, and it is.
His eyes are older than he is.
He's not someone from Philly,
but I understand him in that way
for the moment. People here
would know him. It's the walk, yes.
How he stands, a short guy,
big for his size. How he looks,
a serious and secret comportment.
So he sits; then he's up, then
he's stands and then we're here--
and he says:

But here's The truth:

You have the right to keep your mouth shut

Trust me,

Across the room
A person looking like a crazy version
Of somebody you once knew
Might be our Savior

One who can draw fire
Out of ashes
At least a lover, maybe
The one to take you up a little higher

Or let you down easy.

But don't look this way,

It isn't me

call it speech, and it is--
not as fast I am saying, but not at all slow.

--Tom Devaney

**1500. — Pierre Joris** *7 Jul 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Nomadic Blog Posts*

Recent post on Pierre Joris' NOPAMDICS blog:

How slow is „As slow as possible“?
Opacity (2)
On Opacity
July 4 — Lorenzo Thomas
Summer Reading: The Ten Most Harmful Books
Abdelwahab Meddeb on Arabic
Philippe Jaccottet at 80
==========
"Play what you don't know" -- Sun Ra

**1501. — p. durgin** *7 Jul 2005* ↑ **Register**
*on Lorenzo Thomas*

The following was commissioned by David Buuck, editor and publisher of the journal Tripwire. I figured it'd make a suitable contribution to the tributes and other remarks here.

The Cartesian Funk on the Recent Work of Lorenzo Thomas, Poet.

Writing poems involves that desperate attempt to pass through sophistication into wisdom.

—Lorenzo Thomas, introduction to Chances Are Few: Expanded Second Edition, 2003

In French philosophers Gilles Deleuze & Félix Guattari's third of A Thousand Plateaus, a lobster becomes an exemplar of and persona for the history of philosophy.

Simultaneously, it stands for geo-political "globalization" - neo-colonialism's intrinsic foil.

The lobster's flesh secretes its own shell - the virtual as such becomes actual.

Unless you also read the seemingly a-Deleuzian philosopher Emmanuel Levinas, you will read the lobster as a metaphor rather than a constituent of this veritable "globe."

Levinas' ethical system is hinged on the infrequent but fundamental observation that Descartes' "discovery" of modern scientific reason is not taken at liberty.

That is, 'I think, therefore I am' ('I am thinking, therefore I am being') can only announce the principle of universal doubt and its corollary mind-body split by fiat. For Descartes, the thought of infinity perforce "takes place" within us - there is no will to doubt in Descartes.

History is the infinite encasing of time itself; it is only a metaphor for the indeterminacy -not a Marxian "anarchy of exchange" - modern and contemporary USAmerican poetics have inherited as the "promise of infinite determination" (Deleuze, Kant's Critical Philosophy).

They used to call it "ambiguity," and its types.

For one, you have the weird nostalgia of the Poundian epic.

But another way the USAmerican poem includes history is via (dare we say) organic form, as the lobster secretes its shell. But it is another thing entirely (osmosis maybe, but not, in Guattari's word, "chaosmosis") when

...the drama is wholly subjective

stone knowing the form which the carver imparts it

the stone knows the form (The Cantos 450)

Ethical self-evidence is metaphysical fascism. PART ONE: They eat them for dinner.

If all this supposedly heady quipping seems to you out of place in a review essay on Lorenzo Thomas' recent work, I won't apologize. There are few other ways to return the generosity of a poem like "Dangerous Doubts."

The mind invents its own inadequacies

But not the power to erase illusion

That schemes and wholesome dreams

Can become actual despite the truth

That thoughts invest themselves in flesh

And direct motion (Dancing on Main Street 119)

This from the man who, in the 2003 "Introduction" to the expanded edition of his first major collection Chances Are Few, wrote:

> *"This modern world—what T.S. Eliot taught us to call "our civilization"—began in 1492 with a series of cultural collisions that continue to reverberate.*
>
> *We've had five hundred grim years of progress: a kaleidoscope of ancient fears and hatreds, bright visions and hopeful dreams, justifiable suspicions and ordinary greed, constantly recycled as history becomes everyday life and vice versa.*
>
> *(vii)*
>
> *Justifiable suspicions are not the unique providence of the benignly reasonable subject whose danger begins when the thought (unthinkable) of the infinite takes place within her / him.*
>
> *But what "civilization"—what "our"—seeps through the many salvos from Vietnam, the Civil Rights Movement (see also Thomas' epic The Bathers), and the mundane "career" vicissitudes of a Panamanian in Texas' "liquid city"?*
>
> *That you have 30,000 shots at immortality*
>
> *But only one you dare not miss at being rich*
>
> *Or at least escape the nag of destitution (Dancing on Main Street 119)*
>
> *A vetran of the latter New York School scene (see The Angel Hair Anthology), Thomas' lists are several times less "sophisticated" than a Ted Berrigan.*
>
> *As the listing continues, I'm mostly taken with the bravery this approach demonstrates—especially in face of what used to be known as "subject matter."*
>
> *Last I saw such bravery it was heroism (Whitman, Sandburg, Baraka).*
>
> *Thomas' piece on the Umbra Workshop school (Extraordinary Measures: Afrocentric Modernism and Twentieth-Century American Poetry 118-144) is informative here.*
>
> *That maybe exercise shows on TV*
>
> *Are really harmful*
>
> *That sound bodies just*
>
> *Amplify our empty minds*
>
> *That platitudes contain a grain of wisdom*
>
> *And fortune's a rush hour train that doesn't wait*
>
> *The limits of human invention = organic form.*
>
> *So it allows these things to replace eternity.*
>
> *What else?*
>
> *To really live means needing other people*
>
> *That whatever that means love*
>
> *Could conquer hate*

*Love and hate are beside the point when the real escapes the "means." It's not just that is an elegy, but it's steeped in the anticipation of the elegy's raison d'être in this, "our civilization."*

*USA TODAY: the migrating quagmire / '5 Million Tsunami Survivors Lack Food & Water' / Rumsfeld to Go / He Can'na Make It Cohere.*

*PART TWO: He Can'na.*

*Thomas is that rare critic / literary historian who takes the evaluative function of criticism seriously, not as self-evident, but as a question of literary production (as opposed to disinterested reflection).*

*There is a singular lack of hubris in his project - reading his work is to witness the self-conscious entrance of one man's labor into historical, indeed "interesting times."*

*I'll just excerpt one short passage from Extraordinary Measures, Thomas' new scholarly tome, by way of commenting on his economy in that expository mode, but moreso his thoroughgoing responsibility to critical self-reflection within the construction of historical categories / narratives.*

*I have been an avid reader of Amiri Baraka's work for many years and have never found a truer summation of his historical centrality than this one:*

*Many are not always convinced by his notion of science.*

*For good and bad reasons.*

*Baraka, as critic Ezekiel Mphalele (otherwise one of our most alert readers) has consistently failed to understand, is best as a poet of intense personal reflection, which is exactly why he always appears to us in the prophet's sackcloth of social activism.*

*Literally, he does not have time to be himself.*

*But were he given the time, who (as he himself eloquently ponders in his poems) would that self be?*

*In this way he speaks to us in our lostness, striving, and misery, and we are habituated now to the eager anticipation of his own subsequent interpretations of each current guise.*

*For all his complexity, however, Baraka's work reveals a fundamental consistency.*

*(159)*

*The lobster's gotten loose.*

*Thomas, as central (if not as high-profile) to the history of "Afro-Centric Modernism" as Baraka, ranges his account from Fenton Johnson to Harryette Mullen, with the Umbra school sharing elbow room with Baraka's return to Newark in 1966.*

*Ishmael Reed and Thomas are seen making a pilgrimage there to indulge in Newark's acidic nightlife, all of a Christmas Eve.*

*Thomas gives testimony so much due, perfectly integrating memoir and history, with critical treatment.*

*As such, he makes his critique possible and his deceptively simple apostrophic address (in Dancing on Main Street) plausible.*

*And I get wise to it, this civilized funk.*

*It wriggles out between the two books as a frontier defines itself by the here and there it must touch.*

*This makes him a prototypical but atypically better critic in the now sadly clogged cultural studies vein.*

*Another way of saying this is to say that Thomas has a penchant for developing true questions out of his material—history, experience, language.*

*He never takes the validity of those questions for granted.*

*Instead, he works them like a George Clinton bassline, over and over until they prove their mettle, which saves him from sycophancy and solipsism.*

*The conditions of the real are not far from the conditions of the true—and that's what lends the whole adventure its palpable suspense.*

*From Dancing on Main Street, "Thinking in Words" is a good example to these ears.*

*There is an account of what seems to be a gathering of French philosophers,*

*Thinking in strong but well-scrubbed Germanic*

*Words adopted by romantic conversation*

*Knowledge of their natural parents lost*

*To counterfeit a long melodious decay*

*We might call Art or serious concern*

*(87)*

*Then the mingling scents of a bar-b-qued beef sandwich and "piss"—and a litany of synaesthetic linguistic triggers befalls our narrator, an alienated young ethicist on a street corner (perhaps my own beloved Mission District): "Freedom fighter, weirdo, wino..."*

*So the distinction can be made*

*Between bar-b-qued felons*

*And napalmed bystanders*

*We need to be thinking in words*

*To tell our hearts and minds*

*Which way to flutter*

*(88)*

*PART THREE:*

*He flutta' (or, synethsis) / Shell-shock / I am thinking, therefore I am being. --- Patrick F. Durgin*"

**1502. — Michael Magee** *11 Jul 2005* ↑ **Register**

So, so saddened by Lorenzo's death. Am proud to have published his poems and to have known him, however briefly. He was brilliant and kind, a combination in short supply. Here's a review I wrote of his EXTRAORDINARY MEASURES a couple years back, that appeared in SAGETRIEB. -Mike.

Unlocking the Chain: Lorenzo Thomas's Integrated Afrocentricity
Michael Magee

Lorenzo Thomas. Extraordinary Measures: Afrocentric Modernism and Twentieth-Century American Poetry. xiv, 271 pp.

Lorenzo Thomas's Extraordinary Measures begins with a resonant image: Phillis Wheatley and Thomas Jefferson, sizing each other up. Their consideration is, of course, figurative. Jefferson, not the best reader of poetry to begin with, finds in Wheatley's work what he finds in the speech of slaves generally, only "plain narration." (One might say that what he has "discovered" in Wheatley is his own narrative of her, mirrored back.) Conversely, Wheatley signifies all over the democracy which Jefferson helped invent. Here and throughout the book Thomas deftly reminds us what a shift in perspective accomplishes: Jefferson's much celebrated secularism is in the context of this relationship less radical than Wheatley's religious instruction of her "betters." In a book which ranges widely over the vales of Afrocentric modernism and twentieth century poetry (from Fenton Johnson and William Stanley Braithwaite to Ezra Pound, Margaret Walker and Melvin Tolson, Charles Olson, lesser-known urban griots, the polyvocal Black Arts Movement and a host of younger black writers with pen to paper this minute) this "original" moment tells us something about Thomas's view of African-American writing and speech –– that it is at once insistently contextual and inexhaustibly playful.

One learns about Umbra Workshop founder Tom Dent's poems, for instance, through Thomas's descriptions of Dent's mentor Marcus B. Christian, of both street-level New Orleans and a mythic, atavistic New Orleans which Thomas evokes in a remarkable

one page dreamscape which begins, "Let me step back a minute and show some slides," and ends, "Slavery" (177). There is of course the context of the Umbra Workshop itself, of which Thomas too was a key member. But there is also an insistence that personal and historical contexts not be used to constrain the possibilities of the words on the page: of the emphatic line "our turn" in Dent's "Return to English Turn," Thomas remarks, "It's hard to say how generous Dent is in his use of the word 'our.' That's up to each reader to ponder" (179). Pondering it, I think of the Afrocentric demands for a transvaluation of Western values, for economic and political re-organization –– all of which were a part of the "tattered but tenacious traditions of black nationalism in the streets" decades before they received their broadest support and application in the Black Arts Movement, as Thomas explains so vividly.

But I also think of Dent's self-referential play on poetic "turning," which is to say, on poetic verse (ptp. s. of vertere to turn). As Robert Creeley puts it, "Verse turns, and takes turns in turning –– which are called verses, in my book, like changes –– and not those stanzas or stops, standstills" (Creeley 576). Now take something Creeley once wrote about why he identified with the Black Arts writers' political commitment ("They are not fooling, so to speak, and their action tends to follow the literal pattern of their commitment") and a broad vista of Afrocentrism and American poetry emerges (538). It is one which Thomas anticipates: "While the [Black Arts] movement rejected mainstream America's ideology," he notes, "Black Arts poets maintained and developed the prosody that they had acquired from Black Mountain and the Beats" (201). Thomas explains that this in no way contradicts (though it may complicate) the Afrocentrism or the "originality" of the Black Arts poets. Thomas insists throughout that Afrocentrism is not a "truth" about Africa but a polymorphous and effective form of symbolic action which draws on African as well as African-American sources; and "originality," as Zora Neale Hurston wrote, is another word for "the modifications of ideas" (Hurston 1025). Nor, however, does he suggest that, say, a white American poet might easily claim an Afrocentric heritage or positionality: again, "It's hard to say."

"Afrocentrism" and "integration," both poetic and social, are involved in a complex dance in this book, and Thomas is a tricky choreographer. Is Braithwaite's "La Belle de Demerara," the poetic manifestation of "Caucasianized" values or a Signifying assertion of an Afro-Caribbean heritage? His work as an editor and his mastery of English metres might well be, like James Weldon Johnson's life and work, "a bold personal statement that 'defied political restrictions' intended to limit his creative expression"; but what if "English metres" are socially symbolic acts which unconsciously preserve the very "political restrictions"

these writers intend to defy? "Integration" is vexed by this question as it is vexed by the fact that Braithwaite's erudition doesn't prevent Pound and Frost from calling him a "nigger" and doesn't exempt him from Jim Crow. Both "segregation" and "separation," meanwhile, are strained by the wild nature of American speech and the promiscuity of border zones. In Extraordinary Measures, Thomas reveals a vast ensemble of African American poets –– Tolson, Amiri Baraka, Harryette Mullen, Walker, Kalamu ya Salaam, Jarbari Aziz Ra and Erica Hunt to name only a few –– working within and through these words, their histories and possibilities. The aesthetic and the political are neither held a part nor dissolved into each other here –– as I said, it is a dance. And we trust Thomas to run us through it because, as anyone who has had even a brief conversation with him can tell you, his talk is like a hand, both friendly and dead serious, on your shoulder. Take what he says here about the description of Malcolm X's death in the Audubon Ballroom in David Henderson's "They Are Killing All the Young Men" –– its tone and intent –– as a last enticement to go get this book:

Echoing the spiritual "Many Thousands Gone" in his poem, Henderson establishes the connection that is pinpointed by his allusion to the Audubon's unbreachable rental schedule. Commercial enterprise. The pig-meat emporiums of the Negro elite, with pictures of white politicians on their walls, are no different. Henderson said, chains of barbecue. You understand?

WORKS CITED

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Hurston, Zora Neale. "Characteristics of Negro Expression," in Henry Louis Gates Jr. and Nellie Y. McKay, ed., The Norton Anthology of African American Literature. New York: Norton, 1997.

**1503. — Aldon L Nielsen** *2 Aug 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Lorenzo Thomas recordings?*

could anyone who has any audio or video recordings of Lorenzo Thomas please contact me backchannel

# Philip Hobsbaum

1932–2005

*4 messages · 3 hands*

*British poet, critic, and teacher who ran The Group workshops in London, Belfast, and Glasgow, nurturing Heaney's generation;* A Theory of Communication *(1970).*

**1504. — Robin Hamilton** *5 Jul 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Philip Hobsbaum*

I am sad to announce that Philip Hobsbaum died last week at the age of seventy three.

A poet, critic and teacher, Philip was closely involved with writers in Cambridge, London, Belfast and Glasgow, where he taught from 1966.

His experience in Belfast was recorded in the collection of poems, +Coming Out Fighting+, and that of Glasgow in +Women and Animals+. One chapter of his major critical work, +A Theory of Communication+, is a revealing transcript of a session of the London Group in the sixties.

While his major impact was as a mentor of poets — perhaps one of the finest of our time — his own work shouldn't be forgotten.

**1505. — Harry Nudel** *6 Jul 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Errata...*

sorry to get his name wrong

Hobsbaum

hard for street yids

to get our tonques around it

(mea culpa)

'

for this
& everything

else..

harry.

**1506. — Robin Hamilton** *6 Jul 2005* ↑ **Register**

[Hosbaum]

*"sorry to get
his name wrong
Hobsbaum"*

You also got his first name wrong, Harry — it was "Philip", not "Phillip".

*"hard for street
yids
to get our tonques
around it
(mea culpa)"*

Yeah, his cousin was the *other* Hobsbawn — Eric. The marxist historian.

I don't think anything about Philip Hobsbaum's life was particularly orthodox, in any sense. He was heavily influenced by Leavis at Cambridge when Leavis wasn't then respectable.

I ran him through amazon last night, and the books of poems come up "limited availability" (sod that for a joke), as did +Theory of Communication+. Nothing even on the second-hand register.

He was a brilliant teacher and a genius at finding and encouraging poets, but he saw himself as a poet. Except what he'll be remembered for are the people he helped — Heaney for one.

The best book of poems was the Belfast one, +Coming Out Fighting+, and I'll try and scan and post "The Hard Women" from that anon.

As dave bircumshaw (who even never met him) said, his death leaves a big gap. Here at least. God knows how he figures on your side of the Pond.

I'm too close to this — I wish someone would take this up and do it properly. He won't be forgotten here, but it might be for the wrong things. Important but partly — ah, not trivial but not mibee what Philip would have wished.

His last published book of poems was the Glasgow one, +Women and Animals+. After that, he was going on to write a sequence called +Lear's Shadow+, but it never emerged.

He was one of the great ones.

Robin

*“,*

*for this*
*& everything*
*else..*
*harry.”*

**1507. — David Bircumshaw** *6 Jul 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Philip Hobsbaum*

Whenever I encounter news like this it is as though a hole in the world has appeared. A presence that one always expected to be there is no more. It is as if something has stolen one's shadow.

Btw Rob apparently the Y Theatre asks for no more than 30 quid for the night, life, let us live it while we're here.

Best

---

## Gustaf Sobin

1935–2005

*5 messages · 4 hands*

*American poet and novelist who lived four decades in the Provençal village of Goult, publishing spare meditative verse;* The Fly-Truffler *(1999). Died pancreatic cancer.*

**1508. — Pierre Joris** *8 Jul 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Gustaf Sobin*

The news just in that poet Gustaf Sobin died yesterday.

I've posted a poem of his & a text on his work by me on my NOMADICS blog.

Pierre

==========

"Play what you don't know" -- Sun Ra

**1509.** **— maxpaul** *8 Jul 2005* ↑ **Register**

Hi, Pierre. This is terrible news (in a series of such). Do you know the cause? Maxine

Quoting Pierre Joris:

*"The news just in that poet Gustaf Sobin died yesterday. I've posted a poem of his & a text on his work by me on my NOMADICS blog. Pierre ==========> "Play what you don't know" — Sun Ra ==========> Pierre Joris 244 Elm Street Albany NY 12202-1310 h: c: o: 518 442 40 85 http://www.albany.edu/~joris/ blog:http://pjoris.blogspot.com/ ==========="*

**1510.** **— Halvard Johnson** *12 Jul 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Gustaf Sobin NYT obit*

July 12, 2005

Gustaf Sobin, 69, a Writer Who Celebrated Provence, Is Dead

*"By KATHRYN SHATTUCK*

*Gustaf Sobin, an American-born writer who for more than 40 years wove the history, sensations and language of his adopted Provence into his poetry and prose, died on July 7 at a hospital in Cavaillon, Vaucluse, near his home in Goult in the south of France. He was 69.*

*The cause was pancreatic cancer, his wife, Susannah Sobin, said.*

*Mr. Sobin (pronounced SO-bin) saw himself principally as a poet, but his greatest popularity came with a novel, "The Fly-Truffler" (W. W. Norton, 2000).*

*Set on a family farm, the short novel follows Philippe Cabassac, a loner nearing 50 who lectures on the fading Provençal dialect at the University of Avignon, as he tumbles into madness over the loss of his wife, Julieta, who died two years earlier. A beautiful student half his age, Julieta had become disconnected from life after a failed pregnancy. Cabassac discovers that his nightly ritual of eating truffles predisposes him to dreams of his beloved. And so each winter he wanders his property, patting the earth with a little whisk broom to rouse "lei mousco," the golden flies that reveal the buried truffles - "far more carnal, fleshy, gamelike than anything vegetal."*

*Reviewing Mr. Sobin's "marvelous, mesmerizing new novel" in The New York Times, Christopher Lehmann-Haupt called it "one of those rare, haunting novels that you consume in a single sitting and that you put down wondering what day it is and where you are, as if awakening from one of Cabassac's enrapturing dreams."*

*Born in Boston on Nov. 15, 1935, Mr. Sobin graduated from Brown University in 1957, by which time he had traveled extensively in Europe and visited Ernest Hemingway in Cuba, not far from his parents' second home in Palm Beach.*

*Mr. Sobin said that Hemingway, at once entirely American and "consummately expatriate," was "the bridge" between continents, "the gateway out." As an aspiring poet, Mr. Sobin strove to emulate him. In 1962, Mr. Sobin arrived in Paris where he almost immediately met René Char, a French poet whom he admired greatly. "If you love my poetry, you must visit Provence," Char told him, "because my poetry comes of out the earth, the land and the light."*

*Mr. Sobin journeyed south and found the sense of place that had eluded him during his childhood in New England. He bought an abandoned silk cocoonery in the village of Goult, in the Vaucluse, for $800 and lived off the $2,000 annual income from a trust fund. "I learnt how to read the landscape as one might read a text," Mr. Sobin recollected of his adopted countryside, "a textus, a woven fabric."*

*A close associate of Char, Mr. Sobin nonetheless found the relationship severed for a time, when in 1968 he bucked his mentor's belief that a poet is wed only to himself and married the English painter Susannah Bott. That year she gave birth to their daughter, Esther; their son, Gabriel, was born in 1971. In December 1972, after a decade of incubation, Mr. Sobin wrote what he considered his first poem. After issuing a number of chapbooks, his first major book of poetry, "Wind Chrysalid's Rattle," was published in 1980 by Montemora.*

*In all, Mr. Sobin published more than a dozen books of poetry, four novels, a children's story and two compilations of essays, the second to be issued next spring. He was working on a collection of poems and a project about Provence with the photographer James Hajicek at his death.*

*In addition to his wife and children, all of Provence, he is survived by a brother, Harris Sobin, of Tucson."*

**1511. — Pierre Joris** *15 Jul 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Nomadics blog posts*

Recent posts on Pierre Joris' NOMADICS blog:

Homage to Gustaf Sobin Bastille Day, B-Day 3 poems by Mohammed Bennis Rove by Maas A culture of Mass Graves Srebrenica: Ten Years After Claude Simon (1913-2005) The ICJ & the Wall of Shame Gustaf Sobin (1935-2005)

========== "Play what you don't know" — Sun Ra

**1512. — Joshua Kotin** *28 Jul 2005* ↑ **Register**
*new CHICAGO REVIEW*

Dear Poetics List ---

Elated to announce the publication of Chicago Review 51:1-2 --- Christopher Middleton: Portraits

The issue includes a special feature on CM along with:

POEMS by Gustaf Sobin, Alice Notley, Philip Jenks, Elizabeth Willis, Sarah Mangold, John Wilkinson, Christopher Dewdney, Kevin Connolly, Keston Sutherland, Daniel Borzutzky, Landis Everson, John Kinsella, Danielle Pafunda, Camille Martin, J.S.A. Lowe, Jen Lamb, Tim Earley, Gregory Fraser

FICTION by Lisa Jarnot

an INTERVIEW with Camille Guthrie (by Eric P. Elshtain)

assorted ESSAYS & REVIEWS

Please visit our website for information on the issue (and for a preview of forthcoming material --- as well as secure online ordering): http://humanities.uchicago.edu/orgs/review/

And visit Silliman's Blog for a review of the issue: http://ronsilliman.blogspot.com/

* * * *

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* * * *

new BOOKS from FLOOD EDITIONS [http://www.floodeditions.com/]

Merrill Gilfillan, Undanceable

With exuberance and economy, Merrill Gilfillan's Undanceable evokes the landscape of the American West through the geographic word. Place names, the texture of speech, and a certain aroma of nature permeate these pages. Ever alert to unforeseen connections, Gilfillan follows both eye and ear, his poems unfolding at the pace of consciousness.

A faint breeze

in the old swallow dens. A man mounts a mare. And the roughlegs, maculate riders, imperial

boreal tilt and tack, wiser than owls, drift disdainfully south.

—

Ronald Johnson, Radi os

First published in 1977, Ronald Johnson's Radi os revises the first four books of Paradise Lost by excising words, discovering a modern and visionary poem within the seventeenth-century text. As the author explains, "To etch is 'to cut away,' and each page, as in Blake's concept of a book, is a single picture." With God and Satan crossed out, Radi os reduces Milton's Baroque poem to elemental forces. In this retelling of the Fall, song precipitates from chaos,

> sight from fire: "in the shape / as of / above the / rose / through / rose / rising / the radiant sun."
>
> In his afterword, Guy Davenport comments: "Radi os is a meditation, first of all, on grace. It finds in Milton's poems those clusters of words which were originally a molecular intuition of the complex harmony of nature whereby eyesight loops back to its source in the sun, the earth, the tree, our cousin animals, the spiralling galaxies, and mysteriously to the inhuman black of empty space."
>
> —
>
> Jennifer Moxley, Often Capital
>
> First published as two separate chapbooks in 1995 and 1996, Often Capital explores the tensions between political commitment and personal desire. Moxley draws in part on the love letters of the Polish radical Rosa Luxemburg in searching out a habitable space for resistance. As she writes in an afterword to this volume, "In my researches I mistook my title, Often Capital - a banal dictionary designation - as a description of, to use William Godwin's phrase, 'things as they are.' Yes, often capital I thought, but thankfully not always."
>
> Moxley employs techniques of collage and juxtaposition as well as narration to sound her subject. Yet the lean, sonorous lines that result leap out of any categorical dichotomies: "our imagined finish line / is the end of reason, the irresistible tantalization / of presence, lips pressed together open / to eat..."
>
> * * * *
>
> Yours,
>
> Josh Kotin Editor

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## Steven Vincent

1955–2005

*9 messages · 5 hands*

---

*American art critic who went to Iraq as a freelance reporter after watching the towers fall from his roof in the Village, and wrote* In the Red Zone *(2004) about it. He was forty-nine, and was abducted and shot in Basra a week after publishing an article on the infiltration of the police there — the first American journalist killed in the war. His widow, Lisa Ramaci, wrote to this list.*

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**1513. — Stephen Vincent** *3 Aug 2005* ↑ **Register**

*"Steven Vincent" - killed in Iraq*

Since I have gotten a few concerned calls this morning, I want to let everyone know that I am not, "Steven Vincent", the free-lance journalist (and I believe once an art reviewer & critic) who was killed yesterday in Iraq. Formally, I am a "Stephen". This morning I am writing safely under the cool protective summer fog in San Francisco. Ironically, in terms of names, my politics on the war in Iraq - were 180 degrees in the opposite direction from Steven Vincent. Rest his soul

Stephen Vincent Blog: http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com

> **1514. — Roger Day** *4 Aug 2005* ↑ **Register**
>
> It did cross my mind - I saw the "v" but it could easily have been a misprint.
>
> Glad you're alive and well.

**1515. — travis ortiz** *3 Aug 2005* ↑ **Register**

air america radio's website (http://airamericaradio.com/) has the name listed with a "p" in their "top stories" section of the homepage:

American Journalist Killed in Iraq Stephen Vincent, a freelance writer whose work appeared in the Christian Science Monitor and the National Review, was abducted and killed near Basra yesterday, 4 days after he wrote on op-ed in the New York Times criticizing the brutality of Shi'ite militias and their use as police in southern Iraq.

Articles by Stephen Vincent: Shiites Bring Rigid Piety To Iraq's South Iraq's FBI on a Shoestring Budget Back in Basra Stephen's superb blog "In the Red Zone"

**1516. — Tom Savage** *4 Aug 2005* ↑ **Register**

When I looked in the New York Times today and saw a picture of the journalist Stephen Vincent who died in Iraq, I realized that I knew this man! He lived on the same street where I live in New York City. I also remembered him from art gallery openings years ago. I used to work in co-op art galleries and would see him at the openings. Anyway, not long ago I ran into him in a store called Superior Copy where I went to get my copies because they gave me free copies if I read them a new poem of mine. The day in question, Mr. Vincent or his wife, I'm not sure which though I think it was him, was saying how he couldn't wait to go back to Iraq. Apparently, if I remember correctly, people were trying to talk him out of his determination, apparently without success. I never knew his name. He was someone I noticed in the neighborhood, however, because I remembered him from the art world. I'm sorry nobody succeeded in dissuading him from his recent objective, however, since it lead to his untimely death. For what it's worth, Superior Copy closed down for lack of business, which they blamed on the post-9/11 business slowdown. So here I am at a computer where I can make my own copies. But no copy can be made of Steven Vincent, however, even though there is a poet who shares the same name. Regards, Tom Savage

**1517. — steve dalachinsky** *4 Aug 2005* ↑ **Register**

thanks tom that was a wonderful memory-share

**1518. — Stephen Vincent** *4 Aug 2005* ↑ **Register**

They is wrong! The man who was killed penned his name as "Steven".

Historically, I have never looked at when or where "ph" could become a "v". My own "Stephen" was, perhaps, related to the fact that part of my mother's lineage is Swedish - so, "Steph" was a more prevalent sound and name. I don't think my parents - though educated - were thinking of "Stephen Vincent Benet", a poet, still popular in the forties, who was actually born in the San Francisco Bay Area. But, in this age of the Internet search, unless one has "Search" sophistication, someone looking for me is often confronted with an endless number of URL's connected to work by Stephen Vincent Benet! (There is also a gay folk singer of my name, a soil scientist, and, an actually very good, affordable "Stephen Vincent" series of wines - particular the Merlot, which I enjoy bringing to poet parties; albeit I would be the last person in the world to own a winery - I think folks enjoy the confusion or, is it, "fusion"!

As to Mr. Google and the late "Steven Vincent" my blog received about 4,500 hits yesterday. That's a lot of people looking for a dead body, I think. I was tempted to exploit the situation - other than saying "I was not killed in Iraq today" - I thought of using Photoshop to create an image of myself lying naked and dead with fresh poems sticking out of my ribs suggesting to visitors that they might slowly partake of the poems. Talk about "gothic narcissism"! - I let go of that possibility. In fact I did not feel comfortable at all about opportunistically taking advantage of the situation.

But, I must say, it has been very weird to be confused with somebody now dead - particularly a person identified once with the arts as a reviewer, and, as a journalist for the National Review, among others, and writing from a conservative position in support of the war in Iraq

- one totally contrary to my own. And the way his identity and my own gets twisted together through the engines of the Internet. Bizarre.

Who knows - on a positive note - maybe some of those visitors stuck around to read my blog and engage my own commentary on the war, poetry, and the arts.

Stephen Vincent Blog: http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com

**1519. — steve dalachinsky** *5 Aug 2005* ↑ **Register**

are you totally nuts  being so self  indulgent at the expense of someone else's death

who just happened to almost have the same name as you?

from  another steven  alive  and  well not exactly kickin and surely not brave or crazy enough to do what vicent with a v did and surely vincent with a ph wouldn't have the balls to do either

or am i making a bad call here based on your bad taste?

**1520. — Stephen Vincent** *4 Aug 2005* ↑ **Register**

"... am i making a bad call ...?"  (Steven D.)

Not totally surprised, yes, you are!

Stephen V Blog: http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com

**1521. — Stephen Vincent** *6 Aug 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Gothics News Service blog revival*

Actually, attention to my blog - which has now brought over 6,000 visits in the last three days (on account of the misidentification of my name with that of the Steven Vincent, the journalist assassinated in Iraq) - has caused me to re-acknowledge my life as a journalist in opposition to the War in Iraq. Ironically, unlike my own position as a journalist, my understanding  is that "Steven Vincent" was very much an early enthusiast, indeed a journalistic crusader for the Neocon aim to remove Saddam Hussein and instantly democratize Iraq - though, I believe his recent accounts were beginning to adjust his views into a more realistic focus.

Consequently - besieged as my blog is by strangers looking for the remains of a dead man  - and where I am still very much against the War, even more so, in view of the grief it has given so many - to serve these folks I am currently using the blog to revive pieces from the morgue of the Gothics News Service. Currently, pieces include:

Viet Nam Memorial Wrapped in Protest Tony Blair and George Bush - New Site Sculpture Work Planned for Salt Lake Burning Man Festival Site in Protest Ritual

(If you are interested in process, these pieces, by the way, were built as contemporary re-creations of the work and process of various site-specific sculptors).

In the spirit of poetry - where the news stays news - I have given the pieces current dates of appearance. I mean, on one level or another, I believe they do they remain true!

As always, you remain welcome to visit. http://stephenvincent.durationpress.com

Stephen Vincent

# Nadia Anjuman

1980–2005

*4 messages · 4 hands*

*Afghan poet of Herat's clandestine Golden Needle sewing-circle literary classes under the Taliban, killed at twenty-five;* Gul-e-Dodi *(2005). Dead from her injuries after being beaten.*

**1522. — mIEKAL aND** *6 Nov 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Afghan poet dies after battering*

Afghan poet dies after battering

A well-known Afghan poet and journalist has died from her injuries after being beaten, police say.

Officers found the body of Nadia Anjuman, 25, at her home in the western city of Herat.

A senior police officer said her husband had confessed to hitting her during a row.

Nadia Anjuman, a student at Herat university, had a first book of poetry printed this year. She was popular in Afghanistan and neighbouring Iran.

Police say the poet received a cut to her head. Blood she vomited may help determine the cause of death, the Pajhwok news agency reported.

It said her family had refused to allow doctors to carry out a post mortem.

http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/south_asia/4412550.stm

**1523. — Maria Damon** *6 Nov 2005* ↑ **Register**

plus ça change...

**1524. — Aldon L Nielsen** *8 Nov 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Afghan Poet Dies After Beating By Husband*

<http://www.nytimes.com/> The New York Times

November 8, 2005

Afghan Poet Dies After Beating by Husband

By <http://query.nytimes.com/search/query?ppds=bylL&v1ÊRLOTTA%20GALL&fdq960101&td=sysdate&sort=newest&acÊRLOTTA%20GALL&inline=nyt-per>CARLOTTA GALL

KABUL, <http://topics.nytimes.com/top/news/international/countriesandterritories/afghanistan/index.html?inline=nyt-geo>Afghanistan, Nov. 7 - Nadia Anjuman, who had been gaining a name for herself as a poet in Afghan literary circles, died over the weekend in the western city of Herat after being beaten by her husband, police officials said Monday.

The death of Ms. Anjuman at age 25 was lamented by colleagues and condemned by the United Nations as a tragic example of the violence that so many Afghan women still face despite their advances four years after Taliban rule.

Ms. Anjuman was knocked unconscious by her husband during an argument Saturday evening, Col. Nisar Ahmad Paikar, chief of the police crime unit in Herat, said in a telephone interview.

Her husband, Farid Ahmad Majid Mia, is in custody and has admitted hitting his wife and knocking her unconscious, Colonel Paikar said. Ms. Anjuman died later in a hospital, he said. "She had a dark bruise under her right eye," he added.

Ms. Anjuman, a literature undergraduate at Herat University, published her first volume of poems this year, titled "Gule Dudi," or "Dark Flower." She was to publish a second volume

> next year, said Sayed Haqiqi, a local journalist and colleague of Ms. Anjuman in Herat's Cultural Association. Her husband, who graduated with a degree in literature from the same university, worked as an administrator in the literature faculty, Mr. Haqiqi said.
>
> A spokesman at the United Nations mission in Kabul, Adrian Edwards, called Ms. Anjuman's death tragic and a great loss to Afghanistan. Her death "needs to be investigated, and anyone found responsible needs to be dealt with in proper accordance with law," he said.
>
> Aldon Lynn Nielsen George and Barbara Kelly Professor of American Literature

**1525. — Richard Jeffrey Newman** *6 Dec 2005* ↑ **Register**
*New at Everything is Connected*

> Hi All-
>
> Up now at my blog, Everything is Connected: Nadia Anjuman, Dalton Conley's "Men's Right To Choose" and Saadi's Bustan: http://richardjeffreynewman.blogspot.com.
>
> Rich Newman

---

# Carl Thayler

c. 1933–2005

*5 messages · 4 hands*

---

> *Nothing about this person could be verified outside the archive. The notice says: "ntid=61018&ntpid=3 Carl Thayler, a Madison poet, died Sunday." Identified in the notice as "actor" and aged 72.*

---

**1526. — mIEKAL aND** *16 Nov 2005* ↑ **Register**
*WI state journal obit for Carl Thayler*

(the article includes a photo...)

Madison poet, erstwhile B-actor Carl Thayler dies
00:00 am 11/16/05
GEORGE HESSELBERG

http://www.madison.com/wsj/home/local/index.php?ntid=61018&ntpid=3

Carl Thayler, a Madison poet, died Sunday. He was 72.
One of Madison's most successful unknown poets, Carl Thayler, was found dead of natural causes Sunday in his small apartment a few blocks off Park Street.

He was 72 and leaves family in California, several books of sometimes contrarian, sometimes lyrical poetry and an unfulfilled desire to buy a candy- apple red Harley. His poetry was published in several books and small press journals, including the "Skanky Possum Press." He taught poetry, survived poverty and poetry critics, race car driving, an acting career in which he was touted as the "next James Dean" (a friend of his), dates with movie and television star Loretta Young, heart bypass surgery and a liver transplant. In the 1950s in his native California, Thayler was a movie actor, rugged, curly haired, handsome, but destined for smaller, supporting roles in B- movies. He played Robert Ford, the coward who shot Jesse James in the B-movie classic, "The True Story of Jesse James." He also appeared in "The Abductors," "The Man from Del Rio," "High School Confidential," and others. "He was very gentle, passionate about his

beliefs," said Deborah Katz Hunt of Oregon, a former sister-in-law of Thayler. Thayler, an admirer of country-western music and iconic poet Ezra Pound, moved to Madison in 1968 with his then-wife, Marcia, to attend graduate school in philosophy. Their daughter, Emily, was born in Madison. In 1969, he also had his first book of poetry published, a limited edition "The Drivers" by Perishable Press in Mount Horeb. "He didn't finish his Ph.D. because he just wanted to write poetry," said Katz Hunt.

**1527. — charles alexander** *16 Nov 2005* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Carl Thayler*

Carl was, in the late 1970's when I was in Madison and knew him, one of the few lights providing openings to younger poets there. He informed us not only by his work but by his intensity, and the intensity of his commitment. Rob Fitterman and I, among others, took sessions with Carl, and sometimes he came to classes I began to offer. He almost seemed so intense, at times, that it hurt. Yet he also had a warm heart and a gentle sense of humor about language, and about people. Very sad to hear he is now gone.

charles alexander

At 05:34 PM 11/16/2005, you wrote:

*"Carl Thayler, a poet and friend of ours, was found dead of natural causes Sunday November 6th in his small apartment a few blocks off Park Street in Madison, WI. He was 72 and leaves family in California, several books of sometimes polyvocal, sometimes lyrical poetry and an unfulfilled desire to buy a candy-apple red Harley. His poetry was published in several books and small press journals.*

*He taught poetry, survived poverty and poetry critics, race car driving, an acting career in which he was touted as the "next James Dean" (a friend of his), dates with movie and television star, Loretta Young, heart bypass surgery and a liver transplant. Of Carl's poetry, Marcia Wolf, his former wife, said: "He wrote 12 hours a day, short stories, essays, poetry, he wrote the way other people breath.*

*Among a certain set of poets, he was well-known and respected."*

*A selection of Carl's poems and reviews of some of his books appear on the literary magazine web-site: jacketmagazine.com.*

*Howard McCord, who was a very close friend of Carl's, was the one who alerted police that something might be wrong on Sunday when Carl didn't answer his phone after he had been trying to call him for a couple of days.*

*Howard said most of the poetry Carl really wanted out was published in SHAKE HANDS (Pavement Saw Press, 2001) and in the two volumes of NALTSUS BICHIDIN (Skanky Possum Press,1999,and 2004)*

*Volume 2 runs 331 pages. His novel, WEST, is being published in 2006 by Ron Horning's press.*

*Be well*

*David Baratier, Editor*

*Pavement Saw Press PO Box 6291 Columbus, OH 43206 http://pavementsaw.org"*

charles alexander / chax press

fold the book inside the book keep it open always
read from the inside out speak then

**1528. — Tenney Nathanson** *16 Nov 2005* ↑ **Register**

(I'm sure the lining is wrong but):

"dolphins their blow-holes
fish their gills
water the medium
through which the sweet odors rise."

I remember that after, what, more than thirty years.

**1529. — Gerald Schwartz** *16 Nov 2005* ↑ **Register**

David:

Thank you (and the others) for bringing out his work. SHAKE HANDS and NALTSUS BICHIDIN (1 & 2) are this century's Americana.

Good Wishes, G. E.

A selection of Carl's poems and reviews of some of his books appear on the literary magazine web-site: jacketmagazine.com.

**1530. — mIEKAL aND** *18 Nov 2005* ↑ **Register**

Is Naltsus Bichidin 2 in print yet? What does anyone know about this long poem? The Skanky Possum website only mentions vol 1, or so it seems. ~mIEKAL

---

# Vine Deloria

1933–2005

*2 messages · 1 hand*

*Standing Rock Sioux author, theologian, and Native rights activist who led the National Congress of American Indians;* Custer Died for Your Sins *(1969). Died aortic aneurysm.*

**1531. — Joel Weishaus** *16 Nov 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Fw: [asle] Vine Deloria dies at 72*

*"-dear all, One of the grand elders of the human tribe has died. VINE DELORIA JR., RENOWNED AUTHOR AND AMERICAN INDIAN LEADER, DIES AT 72 Vine Deloria, Jr., University of Colorado, Boulder professor emeritus Vine Deloria, Jr., author of "Custer Died for Your Sins" leader, died Sunday, aged 72. "Vine Deloria was the most important American Indian intellectual, writer, speaker and man of action," said historian Patricia Nelson Limerick. "If they gave a Nobel Prize for advocacy of indigenous people's rights, he would get it first." Deloria earned a law degree at CU-Boulder in 1970 and taught at CU- Boulder from 1990 until 2000 in history, ethnic studies, religious studies, political science and the law. A provocative and original scholar, he was deeply involved in the campaign to reclaim native rights. He wrote more than 20 books, including "God is Red," "We Talk, You Listen," "American Indian Policy in the Twentieth Century" and "Singing for a Spirit." Born into a distinguished Yankton Sioux family, Deloria served in the Marines and then graduated from Iowa State University and earned a master's degree in theology from the Lutheran School of Theology in Chicago and a law degree from CU-Boulder. In 1964 he became executive director of the National Congress of American Indians, the largest intertribal organization, where built coalitions, fought confiscatory laws and outright theft, and proposed genuine reforms. He taught at the University of Arizona from 1978 to 1990 before joining the CU faculty. Memorial arrangements are pending. Contributions, in lieu of flowers, are suggested to the Vine Deloria Scholarship Fund, c/o The American Indian Scholarship Fund, Attn: Rick Williams, 8333 Greenwood"*

**1532. — Joel Weishaus** *17 Nov 2005* ↑ **Register**

*"-Vine Deloria Jr. was more than a little bit a trickster.*

*He spoke to the Portland, OR, Chamber of Commerce at their monthly luncheon about 1996.*

*All the women came in their black nylons and little patent shoes and all the men were wearing as close to bespoke suits as they could manage.*

*The food was elegant — the lunch was at the Benson Hotel. The policy of the CofC is to allow anyone to attend the speeches after the lunch and sit in rows of chairs to the side.*

> *On this occasion the chairs were ALL occupied by a pretty rough assortment of Indians and the CofC folks kept sending nervous glances over.*
>
> *I was sitting with the Indians.*
>
> *Vine had been to Powells and bought himself a book on the Spanish Inquisition. "I want to tell you about your religion, which came and shut mine down because mine was cruel."*
>
> *Then he went through the book, showing the torture instruments and giving us the stats about how many were killed, etc.*
>
> *The ladies in their patent leather shoes began to leave, looking green.*
>
> *The Indians were laughing hard.*
>
> *A few years later we were on the same Nat Lit bulletin board and I challenged him over his resistance to the theory that ice dams closed off the Flathead Valley after the big ice ages, but broke through in the warm times and let the water come rushing through, carving the Snake river and the Columbia.*
>
> *It was an audacious idea at the time. He thought it was pretty far-fetched.*
>
> *I sent him references.*
>
> *He saw that there was a good case and stopped pushing.*
>
> *What I'm saying is that he often worked in the method of the students at Reed College who were rumored to have written in the lav: "God is dead," signed Nietsche.*
>
> *And then "Nietsche is dead," signed God. Deloria was very sharp about the crazy contradictions that turn up in our civilization when you use the same standards they apply to others. He was a terrific consciousness-raiser and on a far more solid footing that many challengers realized until it was too late.*
>
> *72 is not old.*
>
> *He died too young.*
>
> *Prairie Mary*”

---

# Link Wray

1929–2005

*2 messages · 2 hands*

---

> *American guitarist credited with inventing the power chord, whose distorted instrumental* Rumble *was banned for fear of inciting violence. Died heart failure, at home in Copenhagen.*

---

**1533. — Aldon L Nielsen** *22 Nov 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Poet of the Frets*

Link Wray has died.

Rumble In Peace.

> **1534. — Gerald Schwartz** *22 Nov 2005* ↑ **Register**
>
> Yes, just read, although he died (I'm told) peacefully on November 5th...
>
> i. m. Link Wray
>
> pencil punture this amp wondrous the damage wing out the wild remorse blow the lid off time fret thru flesh and bone through aisles of ages out quickening our fertile universe... in other words: ROCK THE SAUCERS FLYING!
>
> “*Link Wray has died. Rumble In Peace.*”

---

## Richard Pryor

1940–2005

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American stand-up comedian and actor, among the most influential ever, first recipient of the Mark Twain Prize;* Richard Pryor: Live on the Sunset Strip *(1982). Died heart attack at his Los Angeles home.*

**1535. — Stephen Vincent** *10 Dec 2005* ↑ **Register**

*R.I.P. - Richard Pryor & Senator Eugene McCarthy*

Richard Pryor
http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/content/article/2005/12/10/AR2005121000740.html

Senator Eugene McCarthy
http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/content/article/2005/12/10/AR2005121000704.html

## Derek Bailey

1930–2005

*3 messages · 2 hands*

*English guitarist who pioneered free improvisation, co-founded Incus Records, and wrote the standard book on improvising;* Improvisation: Its Nature and Practice *(1980). Died motor neurone disease, London, Christmas Day 2005.*

**1536. — steve dalachinsky** *26 Dec 2005* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Happy Holidays, too!*

sad news

the great experimentor / quitarist/ musician/composer / improvisor / human

DEREK BAILEY

has passed away on christmas eve

> **1537. — Ron Silliman** *27 Dec 2005* ↑ **Register**
>
> *Derek Bailey*
>
> The great jazz guitarist, Derek Bailey, died on Christmas day. He was 75 years old.
>
> **1538. — steve dalachinsky** *4 Jan 2006* ↑ **Register**
>
> *Fw: Re: here 's other one*
>
> *"Cecil Tayor - Derek Bailey Duo @ Tonic 5/3/00*
> *as if he were playing the music on his skin*
> *hair tangled wire*
> *case made orange in black orbit of choices*
> *sympathetic cord red i cu lous in conjunction with dynamic*
> *snap the way wrists refuse to bend*
> *as if my ears were the changes addressed*
> *don't make up what's right in front of you hot mustard salad*
> *BITTER chorus' soured candy broken*

> *heart*
> *not yet thru the sketches & the scribe's already in my BLOOD*
> *feet of buzzards waiting in head*
> *pounding eyes*
> *saying Come to Me come TO mE (wish i had a*
> *camera that could make people real) tripping over organic step having less choice than will/string*
> *allows incarnate rooted in bulb keep "I" out of rational choices because museums*
> *allow such a thing as if played the mass your pockets full o' theories the basic combination of*
> *movements the eventual ride home sealed walls unhinged if i never saw that face again i would*
> *blessit take the juice away (improvise within*
> *the vocabulary*
> *& fleece the sadly rumor*
> *of the particular language*
> *but the time for invention is never gone*
> *you are speaking)*
> *& thrives it like an old tongue*
> *thru an intricate series of bailed canals*
> *it's a basin in here a self-created cistern of dark was*
> *L i gh t once*
> *a bowl of*
> *delectable condiments*
> *even now with temperaments awash & the whole meal sampled for*
> *FREE.*
> *steve dalachinksy nyc @ tonic 5/3/00*”

## 2006

# Irving Layton

1912–2006

*4 messages · 3 hands*

*Romanian-born Canadian poet whose brash, sensual verse reshaped postwar Canadian poetry; mentor to Leonard Cohen;* A Red Carpet for the Sun *(1959). Died of Alzheimer's disease, in Montreal.*

**1539. — Rob McLennan** *4 Jan 2006* ↑ **Register**

*Irving Layton 1912-2006*

I just got an email from Ottawa poet Seymour Mayne that Montreal poet Irving Layton passed away today, two months shy of his 94th birthday.

Information on Layton can be found at:

rob

> **1540. — Jim Andrews** *5 Jan 2006* ↑ **Register**
>
> He was a big influence on many poets in Canada with his unapologetic theatricality and song of himself, the little guy, and the big idea.
>
> I met him once. Around 1986. I'd arranged for him to be interviewed by Susan Musgrave when he was in Victoria. He was first into the radio studio and I was doing the tech for the interview.
>
> "What's there to do in this town?" he asked, "It seems kind of dead."
>
> He was from Montréal. Definitely fun central in Canada.
>
> "Yeah, it is. You have to make your own fun here," I replied.

"It's a good thing to be able to make your own fun wherever you go," he said.

*

Thinking of his poetry, I remember his judgement in one poem of a female who professed to love poetry but would not sleep with him. "Her devotion to literature was incomplete."

He enjoyed getting into trouble. I think he made his own fun wherever he went.

He was a big influence on Leonard Cohen. You can hear it when Cohen says "I taught him how to dress, he taught me how to live forever."

He will by now be stirring the abstract entities to a deeper gaze on matters earthly. So long, Irving. He was large. He dreamed big. He was dissatisfied. A wonderful poet, Irving Layton.

ja http://vispo.com

**1541. — Gerald Schwartz** *5 Jan 2006* ↑ **Register**

Must be surveying the landscape now with A. M. Klein, mining all the much that's never there.

Gerald Schwartz

*"I just got an email from Ottawa poet Seymour Mayne that Montreal poet Irving Layton passed away today, two months shy of his 94th birthday. Information on Layton can be found at: rob — poet/editor/pub. ... ed. STANZAS mag & side/lines: a new canadian poetics (Insomniac)...pub., above/ground press ...coord.,SPAN-O + ottawa small press fair ...10th coll'n - stone, book one (Palimpsest Press) .... c/o 858"*

**1542. — Rob McLennan** *8 Jan 2006* ↑ **Register**

*new(ish) on rob's clever blog*

new(ish) on rob's clever blog

— Ongoing notes: early January 2006 (Rachel Zolf's from Human Resources, belladonna; Lissa Wolsak's A Defence of Being, Wild Honey Press; Sharon Thesen's Weeping Willow, Nomados) — a brief note on the poetry of Lisa Jarnot — Irving Layton: 1912-2006 — Kate Seguin-McLennan — Gil McElroy — bill bissett: inkorrect thots — a brief note on the poetry of Fanny Howe — bpNichol's Christmas cards — drinking red wine in glengarry county — George Bowering's Left Hook: A Sideways Look at Canadian Writing — CURIO, GROTESQUES AND SATIRES FROM THE ELECTRONIC AGE, Elizabeth Bachinsky (Toronto ON: BookThug, 2005) — ubu web: Deanna Ferguson — Juliana Spahr: this connection of everyone with lungs — from Missing Persons (a work-in-progress) (fiction) — a note on the poetry of Stan Rogal — Ongoing notes, December 2005 (home when it moves you, poems by gillian wigmore, Creekstone Press; Arc #55; Stan Dragland's Stormy Weather / Foursomes, Pedlar Press; George Murray's A SET OF DEADLY NEGOTIATIONS, Frog Hollow Press) etc

www.robmclennan.blogspot.com

+ some other new things at ottawa poetry newsletter, www.ottawapoetry.blogspot.com

# Mary Beach

1919–2006

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*American painter, publisher, and translator in the Beat circle; ran Beach Books and collaborated with husband Claude Pélieu;* Beach Books, Texts & Documents (founded 1966)*. Died in Cooperstown, NY.*

**1543. — Pierre Joris** *27 Jan 2006* ↑ **Register**

*Mary Beach (1919-2006)*

Mary Beach, painter, translator, editor, writer passed away last night in Cooperstown, NY. She would have been 87 on 11 April; her husband, the poet & collagist Claude Pélieu died on Christmas eve 2002.

For details of Mary's life & work, please visit my blog:

http://pjoris.blogspot.com

The poet: always in partibus infidelium — Paul Celan

**1544. — mIEKAL aND** *1 Feb 2006* ↑ **Register**

*Re: NEGLECTORINO PROJECT*

We still have 2 of Michael's books in print:

CARNIVEROUS EQUATIONS 2
1982, 8.5x5.5, 44 pgs, $5. A computer generated text combined with graphics. Sursurrealist.

"Disquise ram gang captive yes supreme just. Voracious spacecraft phaeton flower in through binary beach that sink get flip you though burnt. Did as tropical obscure blasphemous ram prune drink great yet rod anti-let soft- you nostril matter be carrot waste germ doppelganger hands glacial. Human was."

MYSTERIES FROM FORGOTTEN WORLDS
1984, 8.5xll, 125 pgs, $11. "A slightly metaphysical pancosmic odyssey", with original & found illustrations by the author.

"Is there place the fingers of night can't reach?? Stability is a paradox & impossible. We know about that, roach, & the time you contemplated the fatal heresy of thinking about thinking free, but that is not what we are here for, scum. Knox felt his whole life pass between his buttocks. The form was almost too familiar. Remember, without criminals the Law could not exist."

XEXOXIAL EDITIONS
Appropriate Scale Publishing since 1980
http://www.xexoxial.org

He has also submitted several hundred neologisms to our online dictionary, search by author:

http://www.neologisms.us

On Feb 1, 2006, at 7:48 PM, Ken Springtail wrote:

> *"What about the eccentric Language Poet from Texas, Michael Helsem (who seems to have a new print-on-demand book out here, by the way:"*

## Endesha Ida Mae Holland

1944–2006

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American playwright, scholar, and SNCC civil-rights activist who dramatized her Mississippi Delta life on stage;* From the Mississippi Delta. *Identified in the notice as "former professor at USC". Died complications of ataxia, in a Santa Monica nursing home.*

**1545. — Aldon L Nielsen** *30 Jan 2006* ↑ **Register**

*Endesha Ida MaeHolland*

Dr. Endesha Ida Mae Holland, former professor at USC, Minnesota and Buffalo, author of the prize-winning FROM THE MISSISSIPPI DELTA, friend and inspiration to many of us, passed away Wednesday after a long struggle with ataxia. Dr. Holland was just 61 years old.

## Nam June Paik

1932–2006

*4 messages · 4 hands*

*South Korean-born artist regarded as the founder of video art; coined the phrase 'electronic superhighway';* TV Buddha *(1974). Died of complications from a stroke, in Miami.*

**1546. — Brian Kim Stefans** *30 Jan 2006* ↑ **Register**

*FW: RHIZOME_RARE: FW: Nam June Paik passed away*

> *"I am very sad to announce the death of Nam June Paik who passed away at around 8 p.m. ( ET. 29th Jan) in his apartment in Florida. The news was brought to my attention by Ken Paik( the manager of Nam June/ Nam June's Nephew) about an hour ago. Nam June's Body will be brought to New York by tomorrow afternoon and the funeral will take place sometime this weekend. Iris Moon Please join us for a moment of silence at the second opening of Moving Time. Moving Time is the last exhibition Nam June had participated while alive. Moving Time: A tribute to Nam June Paik at the Korean Cultural Service New York present Nam June Paik's seminal video works from the 60s and 70s. The exhibition will also feature recent work of 30 international artists representing different generations and different cultural perspectives: Rene Sultra & Maria Barthelemy, Terry Berkowitz, Krista Birnbaum, Jonathan Brainin, Hong Buhm, Damien Keller & Adriadna Capasso, Graciela Fuentes, Mariam Ghani, Elastic Group, Sigrid Hackenberg, Kye Ryoon Han, Claudia Joskowicz, Jung Kang, Jeong Han Kim,Tae Jin Kim, Mayumi Kimura, Hyun Jean Lee, Hyunsoo Joy Lee, Joo Young Lee, Seung June Lee, Carlos Motta, Wanda Ortiz, Jaye Rhee, Sang Ho Shin, Molly Stevens, Jeanne Susplugas,Traci Tullius, Shiying Vicki Yang, Lin Yilin, Jorge Calvo. The curators of this exhibition give thanks to 30 most innovative, supportive and generous artists who have agreed in joy to pay humble but heartfelt tribute to Nam June Paik who has been influential in every area of video art since he unleashed it in1965. It is an honor to have Nam June Paik-the father of video art-as the special guest artist in Moving Time. Thursday 2th february there'll be the opening of the second part of the exhibition General Information Location: Korean Cultural Service NY, 460 Park Ave., 6th Fl. New York, NY 10022 Website: www.koreanculture.org*

*Point of contact: Yu Jin Hwang, Jee Yun Kim, Inhee Iris Moon Email: <mailto:> <mailto:> <mailto:> KCS NY Gallery Hours: 10:00 am 7:00 pm Monday through Friday, 10:00 am 4:00 pm Saturday, closed on the 20th of February observing President's Day. ========== Gallery Korea Korean Cultural Service in NY www.koreanculture.org <http://www.koreanculture.org>*

*I will keep you posted, Iris Moon + + +

of large storage boxes. He had a cold. At the end of the evening, he took a large bowl of wasabi with him into his makeshift editing booth; apparently he was going to pinch wads of it in his nose to clear his sinuses and stay awake all night.

I loved his impromptu lectures on street corners in the East Village and Soho, standing in 2 am shadows. He had been in voluntary exile from S. Korea and nearly cut off by his family, who were ashamed of his antics, but by the mid-80s, Seoul wanted to be forgiven by him and enticed him back as it entered the international cultural stage big-time with its hosting of the 1986 Asian Games and 1988 Olympics. He obliged with nationally broadcast pieces that mystified, even angered most of the Korean audiences of the time. (They had been expecting something along the lines of a good TV movie that showed Korean values to the world.) He became famous for showing up on evening talk shows and doing nothing but laughing, pulling strange faces, or providing incoherent answers to his hosts' clueless questions. It reminded me of some of Harpo Marx's best scenes. I would watch gleefully with my aunt's family, who always concluded that he was insane. And that I was an idiot (pabo) for trying to shoot his every appearance (and that of my favorite pop singers) directly from the TV screen with an antiquated super-8 camera.

In the middle of winter, in the early 1980s, he wd regularly show up near midnight at a Korean Japanese restaurant on Bleecker St. near NYU to pick up 4 or 5 orders of hot beef soup (komt'ang). He sometimes had a suggestion for a book topic that might make me rich. I think the last one was to write about the life and death of a kamikaze pilot. He didn't think one had been written yet. I was lazy and never wrote such a book.

My father attended the same high school as Nam June and his older brother did, who was my father's classmate. The Japanese Imperial Army was hurting for money and there was a box for contributions in the classroom. Everytime my father spoke Korean instead of Japanese by mistake, he had to go up and deposit a coin as punishment. One day there was a special ceremony because the Paik family had contributed enough money to build an entire Mitsubishi Zero fighter plane. Nam June never hid the fact that his family had been very prosperous merchants for many generations, originally (he said) selling Korean ginseng at a great profit in China. But until about the age of 50, he was always on the edge of destitution and was frequently in poor health (he seemed to suffer from gastrointestinal problems all the time and so wore a thick scarf around his belly to keep it warm). When my father visited his brother in Japan, or other people w whom he had grown up and were now financially well-off, they would always shake their heads over how much they had tried to help or advise him to be proper and successful, how hopeless he was, how the family had to cut off financial support b/c he was so irresponsible, etc. That was their attitude even after he became an international art superstar. Clearly, if Nam June had stayed in Korea he would never have been allowed to develop as an artist and inventor. Now his influence there is incalculable.

My first memory of his work was when I was walking to the Whitney Art Museum to see its first big Paik show. What a great exhibit that was! But before I got there, I noticed that Madison Ave. was oddly quiet and empty. The street had been cordoned off. From about two blocks away I head a gradually increasing racket approaching from the downtown direction. It was Paik's famous robot slowly whirring, clanking, and constantly almost collapsing as a madly working crew of three young men dove in and out, whirled, tinkered, jumped, and ran all around it at Nam June's frustrated commands to reconnect that lead, tighten the screws of that appendage, replace that battery, as he followed behind with what seemed to be a useless remote control box. A crowd gathered and cheered the robot and its sweating, dedicated attendants on as it somehow managed to get all the way up and into the museum entrance.

During that same exhibit Nam June reenacted some of his past performances with Charlotte Morman. I was about 22 years old then and in utter awe of Nam June. A mutual friend introduced us, Kyunghee Jin, the stylish librarian of Brown University's East Asian collection (whom I had a crush on) and whose late husband had been a physicist studying in Germany when Nam June was also studying there. He seemed very nervous before the show. There

was a multimonitor, simulcast piece that wasn't going well. So he just ended up crashing a tool into the screen of the malfunctioning TV set and declared that the piece was over. There was a large shimmering glass tank of water that Charlotte jumped into (my memory of it is vague, maybe Nam June was the one who went in, who knows maybe I have it all wrong). There was a piece where he started at one end of the performance space and, holding his right arm out, began to describe an arc through the air with his finger as he walked slowly to the other end, which is also where Mrs. Jin and I were sitting. His finger came slowly down toward us and he touched my forehead. He held his finger there for what seeme to be a very long time. I felt silly in my navy blue suit and sweated nervously under his touch. I didn't know how to react and just sat there silently. I felt that he must be disappointed but now I'm sure he didn't care. During the many years that have passed since then I forgot that evening. But since I didn't go to his wake—and I feel more and more ashamed of it as each minute passes—I have had to remember one of my artistic heroes on my own. Wonderfully, how he touched me has returned. Forgive me for saying that I wish to lift my own hand to hold his so that I will never forget again. A great person's passing reinspires his mourners. His death is not possible.

*"From: purple*
*Reply-To: "MCLUHAN-L : Marshall McLuhan Discussion List"*

*It was an astounding event. Apparently he's bigger than McLuhan. South Korea is building a big museum dedicated to his oeuvre. The Smithsonian has a lot of his work on display.*

*All the avant-garde luminaries were there. Speeches were given by Yoko Ono, Christo and his wife, Jeanne-Claude, Bill Viola, and yours truly (I told some MM/Paik stories). Telegrams from the President of Korea, the German culture czar, the Smithsonian, etc. His nephew was the best. Here's how he ended his talk: "This is an interesting story I'll tell you. Aside from trying to keep him liquid, this is one of the most interesting things I did with him. In 1998, Nam June was invited to a state dinner at the Clinton White House, June of '98. If some of you remember, it's not that long ago, that was the height of the Monica Lewinsky scandal, which had broken out earlier, in January or February.*

*Nam June was going, and he asked if I would go with him. So I said, sure. I went with him. I wheeled him into the White House, and these gigantic Marines took over from there. Nam June was very amused, I think. He was having a great time, talking to all the people there. Then we got to the receiving line. Nam June decided to show respect, I think, to the president, Mrs. Clinton, and the other dignitaries there. He decided to get up from his wheelchair, get on his walker, and try to walk across the receiving line.*

*Across the receiving line at the state dinner is the World's press. They're all there; I don't know how many, tens of cameras and video cameras, everything. So as Nam June is talking to President Clinton, and I'm standing right behind him as he's making some small talk to President Clinton, Nam June turns around and says to me: Ken, I think my pants are falling. True story here. And I said, What? My pants are falling! he says. I look down, and his pants are falling! They are completely down on the floor. And he has no underwear on!*

*So I pick up his pants. I pull them up and I just hold them there. Now, Bill Clinton is such a cool president he still continued to have small talk with my uncle. I think they were talking about Chelsea, maybe, I don't know. A little bit down the line, I could see that Hillary was really not amused at all. She was ticked. But Bill Clinton was saying nothing. It was really quite amazing.*

*After that interesting dinner, Nam June was inundated with phone calls, faxes, everything. All his friends around the world thought that was the best Fluxus performance in the world. Everybody wanted to know, including the press, whether it was an accident or whether it was, because you have to remember, my uncle is in a wheelchair now but he has a reputation for being a cultural terrorist. So I asked Nam June, did you drop your pants on purpose? Was it an act? Was it an artistic statement? A political statement? And so he said, My pants dropped. That's all. He told me, and this is very Nam June, he said, It really doesn't matter. It was a great event. He's just like that, totally unfazed. Was he embarrassed? No, of course not! And I think Bill Clinton was very cool about that, too. The press was so excited that somebody else's pants, not the president's, had dropped in the White House. They were so excited by that. It was the ultimate Fluxus event.*

*About two hours ago, I called Nam June and I told him I was going to receive this Medal for him, and I asked him, What advice do you have for the artists in the Colony? I'll pass on to you what he said. He said, Work hard. Be lazy - which is a very Nam June Paik thing to say. And he wished you all well. Thank you very much."*

> *At the end of the memorial today, the nephew handed out about fifty scissors and asked everyone to cut off the tie of the man next to you or you wouldn't be allowed in the reception. Everyone cut off their neighbor's tie and then Yoko suggested everyone put the pieces in Nam's open casket. Everyone did.*
>
> *More amazing things happened at the reception.*
>
> *Bob Dobbs*
>
> *P.S. Since he was a "global artist", Paik asked to be buried in 10 countries.*”

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## Ken Wainio

1952–2006

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American poet of the San Francisco Beat and surrealist scene, co-editor of Beatitude;* Slab Window *(2006).*

**1550. — Ron Silliman** *13 Feb 2006* ↑ **Register**

*Ken Wainio, 1952-2006*

http://www.naturespoetry.blogspot.com/

Ken was visibly a part of the North Beach scene when I was out west.

Ron

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## Barbara Guest

1920–2006

*17 messages · 13 hands*

*American poet, the only woman counted in the first generation of the New York School, and an art critic and biographer besides —* Herself Defined *(1984) is her life of H.D.; her later work turned abstract enough that a much younger generation claimed her. She was eighty-five and died in Berkeley after several strokes. Bernstein's notice recasts remarks he had made when she received the Frost Medal in 1999, which makes this an unusual entry: a citation reused, seven years later, as an obituary.*

**1551. — Charles Bernstein** *16 Feb 2006* ↑ **Register**

*Barbara Guest (1920-2006)*

Barbara Guest died last night in Berkeley. I got the news this afternoon from her daughter Hadley. For now, I want to recast some remarks I made on the occasion of Guest receiving the Frost Medal of the Poetry Society of America in 1999:

I want to thank Barbara Guest for a lifetime of poetry for which we, as readers, have been unprepared — to thank her for continually testing the limits of form and stretching the bounds of beauty, for expanding the imagination and revisioning — both revisiting and recasting — the aesthetic. For we are still unprepared for Guest: she has never quite fit our pre-made categories, our expectations, our explanations. She has written her work as the world inscribes itself, processurally, without undue obligation to

expectation, and with a constant, even serene, enfolding in which we find ourselves folded.

Guest's work seeks neither recognition nor acknowledgement but that a fair realism may awake in us as we read, inspired not by the author but by the whirls and words and worlds that she has enacted in these numinous works:

The Location of Things (Tibor de Nagy, 1960) Poems: The Location of Things, Archaics, The Open Skies (Doubleday & Company, 1962) The Open Skies (1962) The Blue Stairs (Corinth Books, 1968) Moscow Mansions (Viking, 1973) The Countess from Minneapolis (Burning Deck, 1976) Seeking Air (fiction) (Black Sparrow, 1977; reprint, Los Angeles: Sun & Moon Press, 1997) The Türler Losses, (Montréal: Mansfield Book Mart, 1979) Biography (Burning Deck, 1980) Quilts (Vehicle Edition, 1981) Herself Defined: The Poet H. D. and Her World (biography) (Doubleday & Company, 1984) Fair Realism (Sun & Moon Press, 1989) Musicality (1988) Defensive Rapture (Sun & Moon Press, 1993) Selected Poems (Sun & Moon Press, 1995) Quill Solitary, Apparition (The Post-Apollo Press, 1996) Seeking Air (reprint) (Sun & Moon Press, 1997) Etruscan Reader VI (with Robin Blaser and Lee Harwood)(1998) Rocks on a Platter (Wesleyan, 1999) If So, Tell Me (Reality Street Editions, UK, 1999) The Confetti Trees (Sun & Moon, 1999) Symbiosis (Berkeley: Kelsey Street Press, 2000) Miniatures and Other Poems (Wesleyan University Press, 2002) Forces of Imagination: Writing on Writing. (Kelsey Street Press, 2003) Durer in the Window: Reflexions on Art (Roof Books, 2003) The Red Gaze (Wesleyan University Press, 2005) —Charles Bernstein

**1552. — Tom Orange** *16 Feb 2006* ↑ **Register**
*"The Return of the Muses" (Barbara Guest 1920-2006)*

So much goes away

Forms are now shades, those solid weights, how empty they are, mere boxes, the whispering voice, the ankle bone only an arch.

Peasants once sowed this valley there isn't any wheat here or oats there almost isn't a valley, only a dent.

This morning was all concaveness, the clouds drew back into themselves, the clouds went so far away leaving it blue, now we're quite convex and the rain is emptying itself out on me

The rain that took weeks to return, the rain that left us on Wednesday after tears, after dark, after that sluicing about in memory, fishing up

The rain is here now.

'It makes for change and a certain disagreeableness this coming and going makes one nervous'

The farewells to buildings and then to the hole in the ground

This hello on one's lips to a new perspective finished by the end of the week, completed a fresh horizon line

The earth is old, no longer fragrant those planets are promising

Goodbye, hello.

Yet you who had vanished
you trailing your garments
who went away in that last March stanza
not liking the violins
or standing around waiting

your arms circling each other's waists
or the salt in your mouth
where the sea was whipping itself up in the corner
and foam falling like ash

You departed divine Muses
without warning

And I went on a diet
I stopped eating regularly,
I changed my ways several times

"strict discipline, continuous devotion,
receptiveness"

were mine.

Here you are back again. Welcome.

Farewell, 'strict, continuous, receptive'--

There's that old shawl in the corner
looking like a wave

There's a ringing in my ears
as if a poem were beating on stone

The room fills now with feathers,
the birds you have released, Muses,

I want to stop whatever I am doing
and listen to their marvellous hello.

(from _The Blue Stairs_, Corinth Books 1968)

**1553. — Pierre Joris** *17 Feb 2006* ↑ **Register**
*New on Nomadics Blog*

New on Nomadics Blog:

Barbara Guest (1920-2006)
Reading Schedule for Coming Week
Henry Roth & the Statue
On the Caricatures II
On the caricatures
Henry Roth (1906-1995)
Rereading Vaneigem

go to:

http://pjoris.blogspot.com

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"Blasphemy is a victimless crime." -- a t-shirt sent to Salman
Rushdie in the days of the Satanic Verses fatwa.

**1554. — Charles Bernstein** *17 Feb 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Barbara Guest (1920-2006)*

Cynthia Haven has posted a fine, detailed obituary for Barbara Guest, notatable especially for her interview with Hadley Guest, at

**1555. — Harry Nudel** *20 Feb 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Barbara Guest..*

I'm gonna take off my Kippah & put on my book seller's Hat...

1) i once found her 1st Book from Tiber de Nagy..on the 48 cent cart at the Strand..within a year i sold for a few hundred bucks..

2) i bought a H.C. copy of somethin like her selected poems...for a buck at a stoop sale in Park Slope..over the last 5 yrs...i've been trying to sell it...net & street...a few many thousands of folks have turned it down..tho now it's pretty much what i paid for it...almost did sell it a few yrs ago..to a recently propagandized Englsh major graduate of Bard..but the indoctrination didn't take..

Hats off..drn...

**1556. — Lauren Shufran** *22 Feb 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Barbara Guest memory bank*

for anyone who feels so compelled to contribute to How2's ongoing 'bank' in memory, and deepest honor, of Barbara Guest.

see below from Kathleen Fraser, and feel free to send any and all contributions to, as well as to pass this on to anyone you might know who would want to take part in this memorial.

best,

lauren shufran

"I wore this carefreeness for several weeks. It had
settled on me like
the dust blowing in from the desert of which i was
scarcely aware
until I found myself writing my name with my finger in
the dust.
The inventories of dust...the swift strokes of the
straw broom
as it swept the earth...the clay into which reached
the tomato
plants...pounding of clay into pot or brick...careful
rich
deposits...yucca perched on shale...a car moving from
grass
to pavement...its tires heating or cooling the
cement...sand
on my leg...sand filed against my ankle...sand resting
on tile
...the weight of tile...heavy here...thin over
there...
bird's beak pushing the cracks filled with
bread...perishable
only the mountains...venturing into haze."

-Barbara Guest, "Seeking Air"

*"Subject: Barbara Guest memory bank dear friends ...and now our dear mystery, Barbara Guest, has died. I've been without adequate words, not knowing how to speak to my friends who've loved her work and helped in the breakthrough to bring it to serious critical attention...but, since I cannot be here for any community memorials that will happen before I get back this July, I thought of one thing I could do.*

*I want to edit a kind of on-going Barbara Guest memory bank, for anyone to contribute to who knew her in the writing community—either as poet or scholar.*

*I invite each of you to send me a little memory of being with—or writing to—Barbara and also to choose one of her poems that you like best, so that we can compile a kind of poet/scholar electronic "anthology" of our own choosing.*

*I will gather these and send them on to Lauren Shufran, new editor of the how2 postcard section where the memory bank will appear, so that if there is a double-up on a favorite BG poem, I can catch it before it goes ahead.*

*If you want to choose one or several sections from a longer serial work, that is fine.*

*Please include the name of the book it comes from, plus publisher & year.*

*Please send any comment and your poem choice by .doc attachment so that our new web master, John Sparrow, will have an easy time with the poem lineation/ page space and with negotiating both Mac and PC systems.*

*I have yet to discuss this with him because I'm writing this in haste, two hours before leaving for Rome for 5 months....So be in touch and know that I won't be on-line for 7-10 days, until I get my service set up there.*

*By then, I will be able to pass on any clear instructions from John/Lauren.*

*Please send a back-up choice for a poem, in case your first choice has been taken. Just send the titles first, and that way I can tell you if your first choice is open.I've not had time to look up emails for some obvious people and if I can't find them once I get to Rome I'll put out an S.O.S.*

*Feel free to tell anyone you think would have a contribution to make to this memorial and document.*

*with all best wishes, Kathleen*"

**1557. — Charles Bernstein** *22 Feb 2006* ↑ **Register**

*Geoff Ward obit for Barbara Guest in The Independent*

Geoff Ward's obituary for Barbara Guest appears in today's Independent —http://news.independent.co.uk/people/obituaries/article346913.ece

Geoff Ward is a poet author of an excellent study *Statutes of Liberty : The New York School of Poets (Language, Discourse, Society)* (a second edition, with new material on Guest, among other

**1558. — Patricia Spears Jones** *4 Mar 2006* ↑ **Register**

*Octavia Butler and Barbara Guest*

I notice that there is very little about Octavia Butler on the listserv and I know that her work and character meant a great deal to lots of writers and thnkers and activists. Here's what I sent to my friends. . . Farewell and fire

This feels not so much like a strange year with so many wonderful and important persons passing on, but possibly a really paradigm shift.

Rosa Parks and Coretta King; Barbara Guest and

Octavia Butler; Naim June Paik and . . . The consciousness of our mortality is both a blessing and a burden.

We know that we will die.

So how we live our lives; what we do; how we treat each other; how we are treated is all bound to our finite moment on the planet. Yes I know that some believe in the resurrection and karma and all that but the here and now is the here and now.

HOW ARE WE TO LIVE in this awful world with our fellow humans who seem to have planned to wreak havoc on the entire planet?

HOW ARE WE TO MAKE ART in the face of so much evil and terror and just plain bad management?

How did Ms. Butler and Ms. Guest? Each day or every other day, pen to paper or fingers on the keyboard.

Or they walked around the park, the block, across the room, into a library or a gallery or a house filled with ghosts.

So do we.

There are days when I fear my very shadow and there are days of such glory—the sun beaming, diamonds in my ears, my favorite music playing at Prêt a Manger—I know that this will not last and yet . . .

We are more human because of Ms. Butler and Ms. Guest; Ms. Parks and Ms. Scott King. They move in the world unlike anyone before them. Think of Octavia Butler writing science fiction. She was unlike her peers, but she pulled from the well of African American and

African diasporic experience and found new ways to tell old, horrific tales. No one did it the way she did before she did, now her disciples must find their way to tell those tales.

I remember visiting Barbara Guest sometimes in the 1980s when she was on W. 16 or 15th, no it was 16th street. There were like a million books of course in her space, but also all kinds of art quietly abstract, a kind of humming of lines and colors here and there. I wish I remembered more. She was generous and rigorous and her work to me remains difficult to understand, but I utterly respected what she was trying to do because like Octavia Butler she also had to find her way to make art in response to her experience and interests-painting, psychology, feminism.

These gentle women make the background hum that is history —that we sort of hear and when these artists and activists, mothers and daughters, dreamers and revolutionaries pass on, we are left with a great responsibility—to try and match their fire or to find a way to start our own.

In honor of their gifts,

Patricia Spears Jones

"Most people are afraid to say extravagant things definitively" Maureen Owen

**1559. — derekrogerson** *5 Mar 2006* ↑ **Register**

AS we move from poetry to data, correspondence to PR, poets to "authors of ## books of poetry" the integrity of the art world continues to diminish. So much attention on numbers, syntax, on metrics, it is like another . . . .

**1560. — Deborah Poe** *9 Mar 2006* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Does Poetry Matter to heidegger with a barbara guest nod?*

it’s not easy to put bodies in actions.
the westness of mineness
existentialia & categories
it’s easy just to talk the camels through
i mean like the mouth that needles
the bald cold
(though) almost
Baghdad night
for the horizon which is closest to us
we could be allowed some detail
a city, a tongue, oasis & loss
(the bone tree strikes no moral chord)
a dead Arab without words
still speaks W's angle of stars
rather than an arc.

----- Original Message ----

*“-In my opinion, Alex is right on this, I'm afraid. Love matters little. Compassion is quite a different story. If one be honest, and I'm cynical in part because of all I've seen, what is this tower we're looking at, and can we access it worth objectively. What is it composition, furthermore. What kind of change does any of it really lend itself to — given the fact that tongue are cut out, voices muted, ear run over, simplistic slogans or jingles puked out, foolish political causes taken up. What kind of education is the public being given byway of our work, and how're we able to garner followers in a era of swift change. I've lived or traveled through most of the world's surfaces — me in my mid30s, sat down with female refugees who's family members were brutalized with such things as 'eclectrocution-style dildos," fed kids bits of meat and watched them stand on their hind legs as if I were passing along most basic nutrition to a strays, seen rot and hopelessness, watched peo ple talk about totalitarianism and war as if*

*we didn't know squarely what it was. This is real. Compassion in the face of those aspects of our humanity that make us just plain unattractive.*

*And I admire, am willing to submit to some of what has been said, offered, but let's sit down and do some real work. The middle-class has its bit of the pie, and those crusty bits dropped to others shouldn't make us feel as if our table is open, I wonder. It's selfishness that abounds, desperation, an inability to sit down and say something remotely honest and truthful.*

*AJ ---Good art however "immoral" is wholly a thing of virtue. Good art can NOT be immoral. By good art I mean art that bears true witness, I mean the art that is most precise. — Ezra Pound ----------Yahoo! Mail Bring photos to life! New PhotoMail makes sharing a breeze.*"

**1561. — Alexander Jorgensen** *9 Mar 2006* ↑ **Register**

mineness is everywhere — oh the big cliches, however well intentioned and grandiose our distain for the west and its traditions

sit down and drink tea with an arab, listen to stories of teen age girls enslaved into making rugs

**1562. — Nicholas Karavatos** *12 Mar 2006* ↑ **Register**

"sit down and drink tea with an arab, listen to stories of teen age girls enslaved into making rugs"

Visited Sakkara Carpet School once in Egypt. Yup, young boys and girls weaving carpets with their little fingers. Fingers too big by teenage years. Claimed they happened to earn more money in a month than the whole of their families. Claimed they spent their mornings in their own school, and public ed in Egypt is crap. Claimed the carpet weaving kids got the best student-teacher ratio around, except for the rich in privates. And they became tradespeople. A little light on the dark side? Or I was bamboozled. And no, I didn't buy one.

"*-Alexander Jorgensen wrote:*"

**1563. — Murat Nemet-Nejat** *12 Mar 2006* ↑ **Register**

The reality of globalism capitalism is that the terrible conditions in the countries we are talking about. for most men, women and children, are the best the same people have ever had.

I have been to those carpet workshops in Turkey also. At least where I went the girls were teenagers. They were working in poor, decrepid cottages where the only source of light was from the few windows. Everytime, their immediate superviser was an older woman wearing one piece duster/frock as a sign of authority and cleanliness.

Years before, just after the overthrow of Ciacescu, I was also in Bucharest, Romania. There, mothers brought their children to the looms. The kids played around while the mothers worked. Usually, again, the superviser was a woman, this time (if I remember correctly) with a more military looking uniform.

What appears as horrible to the westerner is work to the inhabitants.

Murat

**1564. — Alexander Jorgensen** *12 Mar 2006* ↑ **Register**

"What appears as horrible to the westerner is work to the inhabitants" Good point and thanks for the gentle kick. AJ

Yahoo! Mail Bring photos to life! New PhotoMail makes sharing a breeze.

**1565. — Lauren Shufran** *13 Apr 2006* ↑ **Register**

*Fwd: Chapter 1, Barbara Guest Memory Bank*

--- Kathleen Fraser wrote:

"*HOW2 ANNOUNCEMENT: SPECIAL POSTCARD SECTION*
*BARBARA GUEST Memory Bank:*
*An on-going gathering of brief memoirs and Barbara*

*Guest poems*
*(selected by her readers) to honor the life and*”

**1566.** **— Evan Escent** *16 May 2006* ↑ **Register**
*"Announcing Jacket 29, April 2006"*

Announcing Jacket 29, April 2006: http://jacketmagazine.com/index.html

Barbara Guest

=== Douglas Messerli: The Countess of Berkeley: on Barbara Guest Barbara Guest died on February 15, 2006 in Berkeley, California. Her funeral was held in Oakland on February 24.

=== Charles Bernstein: Composing Herself: Barbara Guest

Feature: Gilbert Sorrentino, Edited by Ken Bolton

=== Ken Bolton: Gilbert Sorrentino: an Introduction

=== John O'Brien: Gilbert Sorrentino: Some Various Looks

=== Eric Mottram: The Black Polar Night: The Poetry Of Gilbert Sorrentino

=== Donald Phelps: Extra Space

=== Gilbert Sorrentino in conversation with Barry Alpert, 1974

=== Daniel Green: A Strange Commonplace, by Gilbert Sorrentino

Interviews

=== Bill Berkson in Conversation with Robert Glück, August 2005

=== Setting the World on Fire: Charles Bernstein in conversation with Leonard Schwartz, 2004

=== On the Nature of the Lyric: Tom Clark in conversation with Ryan Newton

=== My Motto Is: 'Translation Fights Cultural Narcissism' — Chris Daniels in conversation with Kent Johnson, on Fernando Pessoa, Brazilian Poetry, and the Task of the Translator, 2005

Feature: James Schuyler, Edited by Pam Brown

=== James Schuyler: Letters from Italy, Winter 1954-55, to Frank O'Hara (a selection, ed. William Corbett)

=== Simply, Freely, Clearly: David Kennedy reviews "Just the Thing: Selected Letters of James Schuyler 1951-1991", edited by William Corbett. 470pp. Turtle Point Press, and "James Schuyler: Selected Art Writings", edited by Simon Pettet. 310pp. Black Sparrow Press.

=== On editing James Schuyler: Simon Pettet and William Corbett and Nathan Kernan in conversation with Pam Brown

Mallarmé revisited

=== Chris Edwards: A Fluke 'A Fluke' is a mistranslation into English of Stéphane Mallarmé's 1897 poem 'Un coup de dés...' with parallel French text.

=== Rachel Blau DuPlessis: Draft 73: Vertigo  a response to Mallarmé's work.

=== David Brooks: Le Panier Fleuri: The Text and Texture of Les Déliquescences of Adoré Floupette

=== Christine North: Translations of two poems by Mallarmé: 'Withheld from nude...' and 'When darkness threatened...'

=== John Tranter: Desmond's Coupé A partly homophonic mistranslation into English of 'Un coup de dés', using a nice, sensible even left margin.

=== John Tranter: a review of Musicopoematographoscope, by Australian poet Christopher Brennan, a manuscript parody of 'Un coup de dés' written within a few months of Mallarmé's poem being published in the May 1897 issue of the Paris journal Cosmopolis.

Poland: Poems from Altered State  The New Polish Poetry. Edited by

Rod Mengham, Tadeusz Pióro and Piotr Szymor. Todmorden, UK: Arc

Publications, 2003. This selection was chosen by Rod Mengham and

John Tranter.

=== Marcin Baran: Hot embitterments

=== Julia Fiedorczuk: November on the Narew

=== Darek Foks: Farewell, Haiku

=== Mariusz Grzebalski: Slaughterhouse / Then

=== Krzysztof Jaworski: I used to be a slender guy

=== Bartlomiej Majzel: Scrumping

=== Maciej Melecki: Summer, getting away from yourself

=== Andrzej Niewiadomski: Retineo

=== Edward Pasewicz: Bird bones

=== Tadeusz Pióro: Bug hour

=== Marta Podgórnik: Final destination

=== Krzysztof Siwczyk: Metaphors and comparisons

=== Krzysztof Sliwka: Sestina

=== Dariusz Sosnicki: Washroom / Leaves / How to walk downstairs

=== Andrzej Sosnowski: A song for Europe / For children

=== Marcin Swietlicki: Battlefield / So long ago, so distinctly / McDonald's

=== Eugeniusz Tkaczyszyn-Dycki: XII Moon rises over the Vistula / Dernier cri / LII ('We drink...') / LXXX Heat / XC ('We'd just wept... ')

=== Adam Wiedemann: Aesthetics of the word

=== Grzegorz Wróblewski: Tangerines / Argument from Enghave Station / I put off the knife from my hand till tomorrow

Polish Poetry Supplement, 2006:

=== Maciej Melecki: Cases and Variants / Three Colours

=== Tadeusz Pióro: Some Methods of Crowd Control

=== Andrzej Sosnowski: Closer / On the Hoof / Founding a Colony

=== Agnieszka Wolny-Hamkalo: Event

=== Grzegorz Wróblewski: Eight Poems

=== Adam Zdrodowski: Sestine Mon Amour / Like a Tourist in a Milk Bar / Poem Written During Office Hours / Telling Fortunes

On Flarf

=== Dan Hoy: on Flarf: The Virtual Dependency of the Post-Avant and the Problematics of Flarf: What Happens when Poets Spend Too Much Time [messing] Around on the Internet

=== The Flarflist Collective: Actual Interview with a Six-Year-Old on the Topic of Flarf

Margaret Avison

=== Eight poems: The World Still Needs / End of a Day or I as a Blurry Needy / Christmas Approaches, Highway 401 The Hid, Here / A Small Music on a Spring Morning Cycle of Community / The Fixed in a Flux

=== Mary di Michele: Stuffing the World in at Your Eyes: Margaret Avison and the Poetics of Seeing and Believing; a review of Always Now, The Collected Poems, Three Volumes, by Margaret Avison

Articles

=== David Brooks: "Petit Testament": A Reading [on the Ern Malley hoax]

=== Stephen Kirbach: Resisting the power museum with and beyond Allen Ginsberg's 'Wichita Vortex Sutra'

=== Thomas Lisk: William Bronk's Path Among the Forms

=== Michael Palmer: Ground Work: on Robert Duncan

=== John Welch: Getting it Printed: London in the 1970s

=== Barry Wood and Bill Luckin: Catch the Music as it Fades: The Poetry of Jack Beeching

Comic Strip

=== John Tranter: Dan Dactyl and the Mad Jungle Doctor: A 95-frame black and white comic strip that traces the adventures of adventurer Dan Dactyl and his pals as they search the South American jungles for the mysterious French poet Doctor Verlaine.

Reviews

=== Erik Anderson: Join the Planets, by Reed Bye

=== Jasper Bernes: The Hounds of No by Lara Glenum and A Defense of Poetry

*"by Gabriel Gudding === Michael Cross: Rumored Place by Rob Halpern === Elaine Equi Light and Shade: New and Selected Poems, by Tom Clark === Luciano Erba: Twelve poems from Remi in barca [Shipping the Oars] translated by Peter Robinson === Michael Farrell reviews "Hyper Taiwan: Art Design Culture", by Kurt Brereton === Thomas Fink: 60 lv bo(e)mbs, by Paolo Javier === John Hall: Whisper 'Louise', A double historical memoir and meditation, by Douglas Oliver === David Koehn reviews: Profane Halo by Gillian Conoley === Michael Leddy: More Winnowed Fragments by Simon Pettet === David McCooey: Compared to What: Selected Poems 1971-2003 and The Ash Range by Laurie Duggan === Jill Magi reviews Fantasies in Permeable Structures by Laura Elrick === Nicole Mauro: The Kindly Ones, by Susan Hampton === Marianne Morris: Embrace, by Andrea Brady === Chris Murray: Small Works by Pam Rehm === John Olson: What He Ought To Know, New and Selected Poems by Edward Foster === Gerald Schwartz: Drunken Sailor by John Montague === Erik Sweet: American Music by Chris Martin === Erik Sweet: Father of Noise by Anthony McCann === Eileen Tabios: The Passion of Phineas Gage & Selected Poems by Jesse Glass === Nathaniel Tarn: Red Sky Café by Geoffrey O'Brien === Ed Taylor: The Beautifully Worthless, by Ali Liebegott"*

Poems

=== Andrés Ajens: Translucinating Forrest Johnson [to American-Spanish]

=== Dustin Collis: Two poems: Title Poem / Light Plucked

=== Alfred Corn: Rip at the Half Moon

=== Wystan Curnow: Three poems from Modern Colours

=== Denise Duhamel and Stephen Paul Miller: from 'Hurricanes': 2. B-Boy / 4. Desperate Young Americans / 6. If RFK had become President

=== Jon Fosse: The train in one's heart: English version by May-Brit Akerholt

=== Bill Freind: Four poems: Serenade for Intercom and Tardy Chorister / Dispensationalist Foxtrot / Deportation Celebrant / Chillun of the Hods

=== John Hall: An essay on lyric ethics

=== Anthony Hawley: Six poems: 'Awhile'  Field Guide for Voices / Five poems from P(r)etty Sonnets

=== Brian Henry: Three poems: Poem for the Man / Dead Aesthetic / Jesus/Stick

=== Kent Johnson: Prosodic Structure (A bit after Barbara Guest)

=== Kent Johnson: Julian in Nicomedeia  after Cavafy

> === Andrew Johnston: Mauve
>
> === Peter Larkin: Urban Woods (Section 1 of Open Woods)
>
> === Norman MacAfee: The Coming of Fascism to America
>
> === Nicholas Messenger: The Pleasures of Reading
>
> === John Muckle: Speed Dating
>
> === Philip Nikolayev: Two poems: Three Stars / Litmus Test
>
> === Ron Padgett and Yu Jian: Five poems: Shoe Cloud / Poem 8 / Poem 9 / Poem 16 / Poem 11
>
> === Christopher Salerno: Two poems: The Republic, Book X / Not Dying
>
> === Ouyang Yu: Nine Poems: Listening to the ex-Chinese-woman-soldier / Listening to the Pakistani Taxi-driver / Listening to the Big Bus Guy in London / Listening to the poet talk about himself / Listening to the Lebanese Taxi-driver / Listening to my woman patient / Listening to the 80 year old telling me a story / Listening to the Bangladeshi taxi-driver / Listening to the Chinese audience
>
> === Maged Zaher: my software mission
>
> If you'd like to be taken off this mailing list, Please just ask.

**1567. — mldeed1** *23 May 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Joanne Kyger at SPT this Fri 5/26*

> Joanne Kyger just did a marvelous reading at Buffalo's Creeley celebration this past weekend (May 20-21). If you get the chance to hear her, you may enjoy her work as much as I did. Martha Deed
>
> — Small Press Traffic wrote:

---

## Gennadi Aygi

1934–2006

*2 messages · 1 hand*

---

*Chuvash-born Russian poet and translator writing in Chuvash and Russian; his spare poems were set by Sofia Gubaidulina;* Field-Russia *(2007). Died in Moscow. One forwarded announcement on the thread, about nothing, is omitted.*

**1568. — Pierre Joris** *23 Feb 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Gennadi Aygi (1934-2006)*

The sad news in this morning that the great Chuvash poet Gennadi Aygi died in Moscow yesterday. A little homage (to be expanded) & a poem by Aygi can be found on my blog: http://pjoris.blogspot.com

Pierre

==========

"Blasphemy is a victimless crime." -- a t-shirt sent to Salman Rushdie in the days of the Satanic Verses fatwa.

**1569. — Pierre Joris** *27 Feb 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Recent Nomadics Blog posts*

> Recent Nomadics Blog posts:

eia wasser regnet schlaf
Laâbi, Poetry & Torture
Good for Göran!
Gennadi Aygi (1934-2006)
2 Videos by Miles Joris-Peyrafitte
The Sky Disc of Nebra
U.S. Reclassifies Many Documents in Secret Review
For Mardi Gras

---

# Octavia Butler

1947–2006

*8 messages · 6 hands*

---

*American science-fiction novelist, first SF writer to win a MacArthur Fellowship and pioneering Black voice in the genre;* Kindred *(1979). Identified in the notice as "Seattle science fiction author" and dead after falling and striking her head Friday on a wal.*

---

**1570. — Aldon L Nielsen** *27 Feb 2006* ↑ **Register**

*Fwd: INFO: octavia butler dies*

just received this sad report —

INFO: octavia butler dies ==========

Science Fiction Writer Octavia Butler Dies

> *"By THE ASSOCIATED PRESS*
>
> *Filed at 11:53 p.m. ET*
>
> *SEATTLE (AP) — Octavia E. Butler, considered the first black woman to gain national prominence as a science fiction writer, has died, a close friend said Sunday. She was 58.*
>
> *Butler fell and struck her head on the cobbled walkway outside her home, said Leslie Howle, a longtime friend and employee at the Science Fiction Museum and Hall of Fame in Seattle.*
>
> *The writer, who suffered from high blood pressure and heart trouble and could only take a few steps without stopping for breath, was found outside her home in the north Seattle suburb of Lake Forest Park and died Friday, Howle said.*
>
> *Butler's work wasn't preoccupied with robots and ray guns, Howle said, but used the genre's artistic freedom to explore race, poverty, politics, religion and human nature. ''She stands alone for what she did,'' Howle said. ''She was such a beacon and a light in that way.''*
>
> *Jane Jewell, executive director of the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America, said Butler was one of the first black women to explore the genre and the most prominent. But Butler would have been a major writer of science fiction regardless of race or gender, she said. ''She is a world-class science fiction writer in her own right,'' Jewell said. ''She was one of the first and one of the best to discuss gender and race in science fiction.''*
>
> *Butler began writing at age 10, and told Howle she embraced science fiction after seeing a schlocky B-movie called ''Devil Girl from Mars'' and thought, ''I can write a better story than that.'' In 1970, she took a bus from her hometown of Pasadena, Calif., to attend a fantasy writers workshop in East Lansing, Mich.*
>
> *Her first novel, ''Kindred,'' in 1979, featured a black woman who travels back in time to the South to save a white man. She went on to write about a dozen books, plus numerous essays*

> *and short stories. Her most recent work, ''Fledgling,'' an examination of the ''Dracula'' legend, was published last fall.*
>
> *She received many awards, and in 1995 Butler was the first science fiction writer granted a ''genius'' award from the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation, which paid $295,000 over five years.*
>
> *Butler described herself as a happy hermit, and never married. ''Mostly she just loved sitting down and writing,'' Seattle-based science fiction writer Greg Bear said. ''For being a black female growing up in Los Angeles in the '60s, she was attracted to science fiction for the same reasons I was: It liberated her. She had a far-ranging imagination, and she was a treasure in our community.''*”

Associated Press writer Donna Gordon Blankinship contributed to this report.

* Copyright 2006 The Associated Press

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Seattle science fiction author Octavia Butler dies at 58 Sunday, February 26, 2006

> “*By JOHN MARSHALL P-I BOOK CRITIC*
>
> *Her father was a shoeshine man who died when she was a child, her mother was a maid who brought her along on jobs, yet Octavia Butler rose from these humble beginnings to become one of the country's leading writers - a female African American pioneer in the white, male domain of science fiction.*
>
> *Butler, 58, died after falling and striking her head Friday on a walkway outside her home in Lake Forest Park. The reclusive writer, who moved to Seattle in 1999 from her native Southern California, was a giant in stature (she reached 6 foot by age 15) and in accomplishment.*
>
> *She remains the only science fiction writer to receive one of the vaunted "genius grants" from the John D. and Catherine T. MacArthur Foundation, a hard-earned $295,000 windfall in 1995 that followed years of poverty and personal struggles with shyness and self-doubt. "People may call these 'genius grants,' " Butler said in a 2004 interview with the Seattle P-I, "but nobody made me take an IQ test before I got mine. I knew I'm no genius."*
>
> *Butler's most popular work is "Kindred," a time-travel novel in which a black woman from 1976 Southern California is transported back to the violent days of slavery before the Civil War. The 1979 novel became a popular staple of school and college courses and now has more than a quarter million copies in print, but its birth was agonizing, like so much in Butler's solitary life. "Kindred" was repeatedly rejected by publishers, many of whom could not understand how a science fiction novel could be set on a plantation in the antebellum South. Butler stuck to her social justice vision - "I think people really need to think what it's like to have all of society arrayed against you" - and finally found a publisher who paid her a $5,000 advance for "Kindred." "I was living on my writing," Butler said, "and you could live on $5,000 back then. You could live, but not well. I got along by buying food I didn't really like but was nourishing: beans, potatoes. A 10-pound sack of potatoes lasts a long time."*
>
> *Steven Barnes, another African American writer, knew Butler during her early writing days in Southern California and later in the Washington when he and his writer wife, Tananarive Due, lived for a time in Longview before returning to Los Angeles. Barnes saw Butler's confidence grow along with her reputation. "Octavia was one of the purest writers I know," Barnes recalled Sunday. "She put everything she had into her work -she was extraordinarily committed to the craft. Yet, despite her shyness, she was also an open, generous and humane human being. I miss her so much already."*

> *Due added, "It is a cliché to say that she was too good a soul, but it's true. What she really conveyed in her writing was the deep pain she felt about the injustices around her. All of it was a metaphor for war, poverty, power struggles and discrimination. All of that hurt her very deeply, but her gift was that she could use words for the pain and make the world better."*
>
> *Due believed that Butler came to feel deeply at home in the Northwest after she relocated here with 300 boxes of books. The anonymity of her life in Seattle suited both her artistic devotion and temperament ("I always felt a deep loneliness in her," Barnes said). But Butler did become a frequent participant in readings and writers' conferences, especially Clarion West, which played a crucial role in her own start. She also served on the advisory board of Seattle's Science Fiction Museum and Hall of Fame.*
>
> *A few friends did get to see the relaxed Butler away from her infrequent moments in the limelight, including Leslie Howle, who took her to see the recent version of "King Kong." Howle describes the writer as "one of the most fun people to be around, with an acerbic sense of humor and a keen observer of human nature."*
>
> *Butler was a confirmed non-driver who would chat with other bus passengers or with neighbors who gave her rides when she trudged home with bags of groceries, as Terry Morgan did. "The first time I picked her up, she took me into her house and autographed a copy of one of her books," Morgan said. "That was a great 'thank you,' especially since I am an African American and we felt a common bond. But it was also obvious to me that writing was her life."*
>
> *The MacArthur grant brought increasing visibility to Butler and allowed her to buy her first house, where she tended to her ailing mother until her death. (Butler's own survivors are two elderly aunts and many cousins in Southern California.)*
>
> *But the MacArthur grant also brought daunting pressure. Three years later, Butler published "Parable of Talents," winner of one of her two Nebula Awards in science fiction. Then years passed without another new novel, as projects in Seattle "petered out." Characters and ideas went nowhere and her blood pressure medication left her drowsy and depressed.*
>
> *The frustrated artist - who first turned to writing at 12 after the sci-fi movie, "Devil Girl from Mars," convinced her that she could write something better - battled worries that "maybe I cannot write anymore."*
>
> *But at long last, an unlikely vampire novel rekindled her creative fires and brought a burgeoning joy to her craft. "I can't say I've had much fun in the last few years, what with my version of writer's block," a relieved Butler recalled in 2004. "Writing has been as difficult for me as for people who don't like to write and as little fun. But now the well is filling up again with this vampire novel."*
>
> *Butler's death means that "Fledgling," published last fall to enthusiastic praise, will likely stand as her final novel, to the great disappointment to Butler's many fans and friends who expected more work. "The only consolation in losing Octavia so soon," stressed Due, "is that she must have known her place in history."*
>
> *Your free subscription is supported by today's sponsor:*”

Is your computer freezing up or slowing down? Repair corrupt files and harmful errors - protect your PC Take a 2-minute PC health check-up at no charge! <http://click.topica.com/caaerelbUrD3obVUh9Bg/PC>http://click.topica.com/caaerelbUrD3obVUh9Bg/PC Powerscan

**1571. — Jonathan Skinner** *27 Feb 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Octavia Butler*

What a strange and sudden way for one of our greatest literary visionaries to go . . . So young, and so many great books yet to come, it seemed. This is tragic news.

She was in Philly only last Fall, at Robin's Books . . . also recently did a brief interview on Democracy Now.

JS

http://www.nytimes.com/aponline/national/AP-Deaths.html

**1572. — Catherine Daly** *27 Feb 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Readers Given to Read?*

I never heard Octavia Butler read, though she was reading here about the time I was teaching her writing. I really regret that. It seems like she was in poor health for a long time, and I wish she'd had more time to write more.

As far as readings/content, I don't know — I just wanted to mention here that WOMPO was talking a while back about the evolution of readings, lectures, performances and essentially what I ended up with out of the conversation was the ghost of Victorian recitations I hear in Stein and Pound, Amy Lowell's lecture / readings (wasn't she on the chatauqua (sp?) circuit?, Vachel Lindsay's performances (Dylan Thomas, blurring the reading / performance line), the salons in the east village in the teens and 20s, and the balls and parties surrounding the publication of a magazine or fundraising for the publication of a magazine

"poet voice" readings being similar to the Victorian recitations; talk / readings — or even readings with lots of intro material — is the intro material marketing; performance; gang bang readings of 5-10 people (and in my experience, out of 5-10 poets, there's somebody who has never timed anything, and thinks 10 minutes is 10 poems); and — a really lame open mike? being like a salon?

All best,
Catherine Daly

**1573. — Ishaq** *27 Feb 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Octavia Butler, 1947-2006: Sci-fi writer a gifted pioneer in white, male domain*

http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2006/02/49420.php

Monday, February 27, 2006 · Last updated 2/26/2006 10:10 p.m. PT

**1574. — Ishaq** *27 Feb 2006* ↑ **Register**
http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2006/02/49419.php

IN MEMORY OF THE MINISTER OF DEFENSE: DR. HUEY NEWTON, PH.D.

He was the co-founder, with Bobby Seale, of the Black Panther Party [for Self-Defense], which rose to become of the most advanced Black revolutionary organizations of the 1960s and '70s....The Party... tried to put into practice the revolutionary teachings of Malcolm X, who preached self-defense. ... party members studied his writings, as well as the works of China's Mao Tse-Tung, Cuba's 'Che' Guevara, and the writings of Franz Fanon, who helped in Algeria's revolution against France....he remains a symbol of resistance to racist police terror, and the determination of a people to defend themselves.

IN MEMORY OF THE MINISTER OF DEFENSE: DR. HUEY NEWTON, PH.D. ========== ==== [Col. Writ. 2/11/06] Copyright '06 Mumia Abu-Jamal

It is somehow fitting that February, the shortest month, has been designated Black History Month. For whatever Black folks have gotten from this country, it was given grudgingly, through gritted teeth, if at all.

It was in February, 1942, when Huey P. Newton was born, in Oak Grove, Louisiana, the youngest of seven children. He was named after Louisiana Governor, Huey Long, a man regarded as a Populist.

But Huey's family would leave the state, and settle in Oakland, California, where Huey would make his own name.

He was the co-founder, with Bobby Seale, of the Black Panther Party [for Self-Defense], which rose to become of the most advanced Black revolutionary organizations of the 1960s and '70s.

It grew into a national organization, with 44 chapters and branches all across America; from West, to Midwest; from Boston, to Baton Rouge.

Huey, although poorly educated in Oakland schools, would push himself to learn about the world around him, and through the Party, would teach an entire generation about a world bubbling with revolutionary discontent.

The Party, inspired by Black freedom struggles in the Deep South, tried to put into practice the revolutionary teachings of Malcolm X, who preached self-defense. Because it was always growing and changing, party members studied his writings, as well as the works of China's Mao Tse-Tung, Cuba's 'Che' Guevara, and the writings of Franz Fanon, who helped in Algeria's revolution against France.

Huey's revolutionary influence would help the Party grow into the tens of thousands; but, his growing paranoia, fed by the FBI, would also cause the Party to down-size, as Panthers came from as far away as Philadelphia, to help the Party during its electoral phase, when Seale ran for Oakland's mayor, and other leading people ran for city council seats.

Given his revolutionary ideas, and his uncompromising opposition to the capitalist State, don't expect any U.S. Postal Service commemorative stamps anytime soon. Nor will you ever see any U.S. presidents attend any of his memorials.

Huey would be just fine with that. His life's work, the Party, was designed to give a voice to the poor and oppressed, not the well-to-do nor the high-born!

He wasn't a civil rights activist — he was a revolutionary, who wanted to totally transform American social reality.

His life, and his ignoble death, at the hands of a drug dealer, is detailed in half a dozen books (including one of my own), but he remains a symbol of resistance to racist police terror, and the determination of a people to defend themselves.

That his name and his life isn't better known is a tribute to the very forces that he fought against, and that the Party fought against. The Black bourgeoisie and the rulers, who wanted Black youth to be as uninformed about the centuries-long Black Freedom struggle as possible.

Perhaps, if he were alive today, and 64 years old, he would be baffled at how bleak and sour Black life has become for millions of his people. But, maybe not.

He was a man of unusual brilliance, who saw deeply into how societies work. His books, like 'Revolutionary Suicide' (1973), 'To Die for the People' (1973), 'War Against the Panthers' (1996), and the compilation, 'The Huey P. Newton Reader' (2002) betray the workings of a first-rate mind on a wide range of social and political issues.

He may not be remembered by the rulers or the rich, but he will not be forgotten by the poor and the impoverished.

He will be remembered because the same ugly reality facing his generation face Black young people today, and history exists to teach us of our present.

He was 24 years old when he made a vast, and deep, contribution to Black freedom and dignity. He didn't bow, and he didn't beg.

He stood up, and fought back, and urged others to stand with him. Thousands did so.

They will do so again.

*"Copyright 2006 Mumia Abu-Jamal [Check out Mumia's latest: *WE WANT FREEDOM: A Life in the Black Panther Party*, from South End Press (http://www.southendpress.org); .] ==========> The Power of Truth is Final — Free Mumia! PLEASE CONTACT: International Concerned Family & Friends of MAJ P.O. Box 19709 Philadelphia, PA 19143 /*

*E-mail -AND OFFER YOUR SERVICES! Send our brotha some LOVE and LIGHT at: Mumia Abu-Jamal AM 8335 SCI-Greene 175 Progress Drive Waynesburg, PA 15370 WE WHO BELIEVE IN FREEDOM CAN *NOT* REST!! Submitted by: Sis. Marpessa see also: So many of my comrades are gone now. Some tight partners, crime partners, and brothers off the block are begging on the street. Others are in asylum, penitentiary, or grave. They are all suicides of one kind of another who had the sensitivity and tragic imagination to see the oppression. Some overcame; they are the revolutionary suicides. huey p newton — "I am we" from revolutionary suicide http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2006/01/47863.php and "in these times immersed in the absurdity of systemic acts of cruelty and double standards in this messy area , some call the west , which is now embedded in the midst of a treacherous performance piece — it is only logical that in an illogical world run by bullys, abusers, simpletons and usurpers — that frustrated valid bruthas will invoke acts of will to power and make you feel the pain they feel."— Lawrence Y Braithwaite (aka Lord Patch) — "notes from new palestine: revolutionary suicidal tendencies (the war brought home)" http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2005/08/42944.php or http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2006/01/48156.php __ Stay Strong \ "Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" —Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as) "We restate our commitment to the peace process.*

*But we will not submit to a process of humiliation." —patrick o'neil "...we have the responsibility to make no deal with the oppressor" —harry belafonte "...in time, we will look back to this age with incredulity and amazement — and victories like Hamas in Israel will be the *best* of our memories." — mumia abu jamal — "what state? what union?" "...these people generate wars in Asia and Africa,...These are the people who, in the last century, caused several devastating wars. In one world war alone, they killed over 60 million people.... In the near future, Allah willing, we will put you to trial in courts established by the peoples...."— mahmoud ahmadinejad \"*

**1575. — Ishaq** *28 Feb 2006* ↑ **Register**

peace,

sorry for the posts with the wrong subject re: huey p newton and the passing of octavia butler

respects

&

peace

lyb

http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2006/02/49419.php

http://victoria.indymedia.org/news/2006/02/49420.php

"...we have the responsibility to make no deal with the oppressor" —harry belafonte

**1576. — Patricia Spears Jones** *4 Mar 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Octavia Butler and Barbara Guest*

I notice that there is very little about Octavia Butler on the listserv and I know that her work and character meant a great deal to lots of writers and thnkers and activists. Here's what I sent to my friends. . . Farewell and fire

This feels not so much like a strange year with so many wonderful and important persons passing on, but possibly a really paradigm shift.

Rosa Parks and Coretta King; Barbara Guest and

Octavia Butler; Naim June Paik and . . . The consciousness of our mortality is both a blessing and a burden.

We know that we will die.

So how we live our lives; what we do; how we treat each other; how we are treated is all bound to our finite moment on the planet. Yes I know that some believe in the resurrection and karma and all that but the here and now is the here and now.

HOW ARE WE TO LIVE in this awful world with our fellow humans who seem to have planned to wreak havoc on the entire planet?

HOW ARE WE TO MAKE ART in the face of so much evil and terror and just plain bad management?

How did Ms. Butler and Ms. Guest? Each day or every other day, pen to paper or fingers on the keyboard.

Or they walked around the park, the block, across the room, into a library or a gallery or a house filled with ghosts.

So do we.

There are days when I fear my very shadow and there are days of such glory—the sun beaming, diamonds in my ears, my favorite music playing at Prêt a Manger—I know that this will not last and yet . . .

We are more human because of Ms. Butler and Ms. Guest; Ms. Parks and Ms. Scott King. They move in the world unlike anyone before them. Think of Octavia Butler writing science fiction. She was unlike her peers, but she pulled from the well of African American and African diasporic experience and found new ways to tell old, horrific tales. No one did it the way she did before she did, now her disciples must find their way to tell those tales.

I remember visiting Barbara Guest sometimes in the 1980s when she was on W. 16 or 15th, no it was 16th street. There were like a million books of course in her space, but also all kinds of art quietly abstract, a kind of humming of lines and colors here and there. I wish I remembered more. She was generous and rigorous and her work to me remains difficult to understand, but I utterly respected what she was trying to do because like Octavia Butler she also had to find her way to make art in response to her experience and interests-painting, psychology, feminism.

These gentle women make the background hum that is history —that we sort of hear and when these artists and activists, mothers and daughters, dreamers and revolutionaries pass on, we are left with a great responsibility—to try and match their fire or to find a way to start our own.

In honor of their gifts,

Patricia Spears Jones

"Most people are afraid to say extravagant things definitively" Maureen Owen

**1577. — derekrogerson** *5 Mar 2006* ↑ **Register**

AS we move from poetry to data, correspondence to PR, poets to "authors of ## books of poetry" the integrity of the art world continues to diminish. So much attention on numbers, syntax, on metrics, it is like another . . . .

# John La Rose

1927–2006

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*Trinidadian poet, publisher, and activist who* founded New Beacon Books*, Britain's first specialist Caribbean publishing house. Dead of a heart attack at the age.*

**1578. — Aldon L Nielsen** *4 Mar 2006* ↑ **Register**

*Fwd: INFO: john la rose 1927-2006*

—=-Qj9QzIWBi5JYHY7/V0U+

This news forwarded from Linton Kwesi Johnson & Kalamu ya Salaam

> *"INFO: john la rose 1927-2006"*

========== John La Rose, founder of New Beacon Books, co-founder of the Caribbean Artists Movement and of the International Book Fair of Radical Black and Third World Books, died on 28 February at the Whittington Hospital in London. Since the 1950s John had been at the forefront of a number of grassroots political and cultural organisations striving for racial equality and social justice. Originally from Trinidad but living in London for over 40 years, John was also a poet, essayist and filmmaker. His brilliant intellect, keen sense of humour and geniality touched everyone who met him, and he inspired and encouraged people from all walks of life, from all over the world. In recent years, John had retired due to heart trouble, but he still took an active role as Chairman of the George Padmore Institute, introducing many of the events held there. Sadly, on 28 February John died of a heart attack at the age of 78. He will be greatly missed by everyone. Arrangements are presently being made for the funeral of John La Rose. Please email us at if you would like details, but the arrangements will also be posted up on this website and at www.georgepadmoreinstitute.org

FURTHER LINKS: http://www.irr.org.uk/2006/march/ha000006.html http://www.thechronicle.demon.co.uk/archive/larose.htm

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> **1579. — Ishaq** *10 Mar 2006* ↑ **Register**
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> *Social exclusion and cultural creativity*
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> http://bc.indymedia.org/newswire/display_any/14400
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> Social exclusion and cultural creativity
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> ...during the period of colonial- ism in their histories, "social exclusion" from regular work and income has been a long term and dire experience. Yet social exclusion was not social death; social exclusion, with its enforced leisure, produced forms of cultural creativity which engendered marvels of reality, "le realisme merveilleux," in Jacques Stephan Alexis's ...The same is true for the genius of the unemployed in Kingston, Jamaica, who, in their leisure created Rude Bwoy and Reggae, of whom the most famous exponent was Bob Marley. No one, in the original moment of creativity, would have dreamt of such marvelous creations, especially coming from such excluded sections of society, from Frantz Fanon's Wretched of the Earth.
>
> Social exclusion and cultural creativity by John La Rose

For tens of millions of the world's people, especially during the period of colonial- ism in their histories, "social exclusion" from regular work and income has been a long term and dire experience. Yet social exclusion was not social death; social exclusion, with its enforced leisure, produced forms of cultural creativity which engendered marvels of reality, "le realisme merveilleux," in Jacques Stephan Alexis's phrase or in the words of Alejo Carpentier: "lo real maravilloso."

Looking back at the Agora in ancient Greece, we see the outlines of this process. The Greek skole or leisure, from which words like scholar and scholarship originate, allowed for time, for discussion, for debate and interaction, which underlined the development of philosophy, drama and democracy. It was the rigor of slave labor which made all this leisure possible.

In the Caribbean the unemployed, in their enforced leisure, created Calypso, the famous mass popular Carnival and Steel-band. It was the unemployed from Behind the Bridge in Port of Spain, Trinidad, who created the language, the music, the dance, the instruments, the organizations, which gave birth and originality to these institutions. They were like any other artists - with time for withdrawal into intense moments of creativity, working for hours and hours at their art form and producing brilliant episodes of invention.

Each of these marvels of creativity also engenders extensive forms of productive activity: carnival bands, calypso tents, carnival tourists, more hotels, the invention and production of unique instruments for a wholly new type of orchestra, work for tuners who tune them, compositions, studios, agents, concerts, exports, travels for orchestras, tours internally and abroad, arrangers, cassettes and CDs, programs for the radio, TV, books, journals, the press.

The same is true for the genius of the unemployed in Kingston, Jamaica, who, in their leisure created Rude Bwoy and Reggae, of whom the most famous exponent was Bob Marley. No one, in the original moment of creativity, would have dreamt of such marvelous creations, especially coming from such excluded sections of society, from Frantz Fanon's Wretched of the Earth.

We have only to think of the massive popular creativity of African Americans in their world of social exclusion and segregation: their Negro spirituals, the black church with its sustaining spirituality, its inspired and influential musical forms, its foundations for oral expressiveness and invention, its inspiration for, literature; and then the blues, jazz and now rap, and the constant inventiveness in language, dance, music, art, style and fashion.

This creativity, provides a praxis of transculturation, profound in its world impact and interaction among the peoples of our planet. (It) provides a different apprehension of social exclusion beyond the negative function of social death.

Excerpts from "Unemployment, Leisure and the Birth of Creativity," The Black Scholar, Volume 26, No.2. Copyright John La Rose.

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___ Stay Strong

"Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" —Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)

"We restate our commitment to the peace process. But we will not submit to a process of humiliation." —patrick o'neil

"...we have the responsibility to make no deal with the oppressor" —harry belafonte

"...in time, we will look back to this age with incredulity and amazement — and victories like Hamas in Israel will be the *best* of our memories." — mumia abu jamal — "what state? what union?"

"...these people generate wars in Asia and Africa,...These are the people who, in the last century, caused several devastating wars. In one world war alone, they killed over 60 million people.... In the near future, Allah willing, we will put you to trial in courts established by the peoples...."— mahmoud ahmadinejad

# Ian Hamilton Finlay

1925–2006

*5 messages · 5 hands*

*Scottish concrete poet, artist and gardener who made the garden Little Sparta a total poetic work;* Little Sparta (from 1966).

### 1580. — Stephen Vincent *27 Mar 2006* ↑ Register

*Ian Hamilton Finlay - RIP*

> *"Ian Hamilton Finlay died this morning.*
> *Gerry*
> *RIP or in a garden, I'd say.*
> *Stephen V"*

### 1581. — mIEKAL aND *29 Mar 2006* ↑ Register

*Little Sparta; and a conversation on Jacket magazine*

Ian Hamilton Finlay's Garden Gallery Photography by Philip Hunter http://www.perlesvaus.easynet.co.uk/hippeis/gallery/little_sparta/

The Little Sparta Trust http://www.littlesparta.co.uk/

Little Sparta on Flickr http://www.flickr.com/photos/tags/littlesparta/

The Death of Piety

Ian Hamilton Finlay in conversation with Nagy Rashwan

http://jacketmagazine.com/15/rash-iv-finlay.html

### 1582. — Peter Quartermain *29 Mar 2006* ↑ Register

*Ian Hamilton Finlay obituaries LONG POST*

Harry Gilonis sent me these from London; I pass them on.

Finlay was, well, an amazing provocative generative energy and voice, demanding much from his listeners, and utterly rewarding. I spent six or seven uninterrupted hours at Little Sparta a few years back, by myself (Ian working in the studio), and could have spent three days and still come back for more — a garden of discoveries and beauties, humour passion anger and grief — a stirring and meditative experience unlike any other I'd had.

It's high time I went back — and, given the news item I append at the end of this long message — I'd probably better hurry up.

========Ian Hamilton Finlay Poet and conceptual artist who created in 'Little Sparta' a revolutionary idea of what a garden might be The Independent 29 March 2006

Ian Hamilton Finlay, poet and artist: born Nassau, Bahamas 28 October 1925; CBE 2002; twice married (one son, one daughter); died Edinburgh 27 March 2006.

In Ian Hamilton Finlay's garden at "Little Sparta", in Lanarkshire, there's a small upright stone, like a milestone or a gravestone, standing by a path. Inscribed on it are two lines of words: MAN / A PASSERBY. In the abstract it means, presumably: humans come into the world, and vanish from the world, but the world was there long before them and will be there long after. Humans only pass through, pass by. But by setting these words on a stone by a path, the work fixes its general mortal reflection on to you, the viewer, as you experience it. You stand in front of it for a time. Then you pass by. It feels like disappearing.

Our greatest living artist is dead: his work survives him. It continues in the world, and that shouldn't be forgotten, even while his embattled career is being remembered. Obituaries and biographies too often equate the work with the working life. It's something that stops when the artist stops. But the work of Ian Hamilton Finlay is a wonder of its time, and I would think for a long time to come.

What should be more and more impressive is the magnitude of it: the diversity of its forms, the abundance of its invention, its sheer range of experience and perspective. It doesn't plough a single furrow, a theme, a look, a procedure. It is comprehensive in a way we have learnt to expect art not to be. And, while there are many things that are puzzling about Finlay's art, that low expectation may cause needless difficulty.

Finlay's manifold creations include postcards, prints, poems, books, inscriptions, embroideries, neons, gallery sculptures, permanent installations and landscapings around Europe, and - above all - his philosophical/poetic garden in southern Scotland. Trying to encompass its vision, no brief sentences beginning "it's about . . ." will do. It engages with - among other things - agriculture, architecture, warfare, the home, love, gardening, friendship, revolution, music, the organic world, the sky, the sea, classical mythology and philosophy, romanticism, modern art. It practises a sustained and interlocking meditation of these themes, and continually gives hints of an embracing world-view.

Or, trying to catch its tone, you must realise that this is an art with many tones. It has the breadth of response that a mature art should have. It straddles the grand and the severe, praise, wonder, militant ferocity, elegy, idyll, wit, sweetness, daft jokes. It is a world.

In today's loose art-speak, Finlay was a conceptual artist. He always called himself a poet. He began as a poet. All his mature visual work has an essential verbal component. All of it was made in collaboration with executing artists and craftsmen, who were themselves - very rare in contemporary art - always publicly credited.

Finlay was born in 1925 in the Bahamas - father a rum-runner - but his childhood was mostly in Scotland. He spent his youth as art student (briefly), serviceman, Orcadian shepherd, advertising copywriter. In the late Fifties he began to publish poems and short stories. In the early Sixties he was a leading member of the international Concrete Poetry movement - a poetry of few words, where typography and layout are crucial elements, and whose imperatives were for him moral: "a model of order, even if set in a space of doubt".

He founded the Wild Hawthorn Press in Edinburgh, for his own and others' publications, and the verbal-visual periodical Poor. Old. Tired. Horse. He made and exhibited toys. There were some early battles with cultural institutions. He invented the one-word poem (but it may have a title, of indefinite length). "The Clouds Anchor / swallow."

In 1966 Finlay and his second wife, Sue, moved to Stonypath, a group of farm buildings in a bare spot in the Pentland Hills. Here they began to garden, reclaiming, shaping and cultivating the land, planting trees, digging ponds, installing sculptures and inscriptions. This was the beginning of the work for which Finlay is most recognised, and the subject of his best-known epigram: "Some gardens are described as retreats, when they are really attacks." (He is, among other things, one of the great modern aphorists. Here's another, in a completely different register: "Scotland's birthright: the scone of stone.")

Early works in the garden included Nuclear Sail, a black marble monolith that was a sub's conning tower-cum-tombstone, which rose menacingly at the end of a big pond. There was also a group of maples and hornbeams with an inscribed stone plaque before it: BRING BACK THE BIRCH. A great clump of high grass was "signed" with Albrecht Dürer's monogram carved in stone, recreating for real the artist's famous drawing The Great Piece of Turf. Lurking under bushes were stone tortoises, marked like Panzer tanks. Art and nature and ocean and war were set in dialogue - a body of work and a body of ideas mysteriously growing in tandem, a revolutionary idea of what a garden might be.

The work and the struggle expanded. The 1970s and 1980s were the years of Finlay's most high-pressure invention and high-profile battles. He produced piercing visual/verbal metaphors with amazing fecundity. He discovered classicism, and from it developed a quasi-religious doctrine, usually defined as against contemporary values. His most explicitly argumentative and combative works were a series of publications and exhibitions that engaged in open culture-critique: a campaign against meaninglessness, in which classical and neo-classical values were mobilised and renewed in opposition to modern liberal utilitarian secularism.

Footnotes to an Essay (1977), Heroic Emblems (1977), Poussin Over Again After Nature (1979), Unnatural Pebbles (1981), Talismans and Signifiers (1984), The Third Reich Revisited (1984): each of these was "an attempt to raise (in a necessarily roundabout way) the questions which our culture does not want to put in idea form". The questions concerned the place of power and violence in the world, the relationship of spirituality to nature and to politics; the work was dedicated to redeeming these concerns from the infecting taint of Nazism.

Finlay pointed to the way liberal society is utterly blank about what value to attach to the military force that underpins its existence, the way it has no doctrine of nature except as a (diminishing) resource. There were also swipes at meaninglessness in modern art, including the delightful Detached Sentences on Pebbles, where the Kettle's Yard cult of artless-natural-form-as-highest- beauty is subjected to deep mockery. "The modern PEBBLE is proposed as a sculpture, as it were, of a PEBBLE."

A prominent (and to some, puzzling) theme of this period is the French Revolution. Finlay once explained its origins simply. His first public installations had been constructed to such low standards that he had thought, "We need a revolution. So I looked to see what revolutions there had been." The (classically inspired) French Revolution, especially the Jacobin phase, became for Finlay the exemplary historical event. Its episodes, personalities and ideas provided the terms in which he framed his conflict with the contemporary world. It also embodied his tragic conception of politics, where idealism and catastrophe are inextricable.

The 1980s were the decade of public battles. Finlay had a knack for warfare. His career was marked by feuds, withdrawn publications, cancelled exhibitions. At Stonypath, a barn was converted into a neo-classical "Garden Temple", dedicated "To Apollo His Muses His Missiles His Music". It was the cause of a long and bitter dispute with the local authority as to its rateable status, Strathclyde Region designating it an art gallery, Finlay a religious building. Finlay recruited a band of supporters, named (after the most fanatical Jacobin) "The Saint Just Vigilantes". In 1983 they repelled the Sheriff Officer's attempted raid on Stonypath, to impound works in lieu of rates. This was the First Battle of Little Sparta, as it was now renamed. The next raid succeeded, though.

There were other Battles, including one against a National Trust guide to "follies" in which the garden was presented as an eccentric whimsy. Each fight generated enormous propaganda, and was conducted with a mixture of fury, witty mischief and profound reflection.

A worse was to come at the end of the Eighties, when a commission to make a work in Paris, marking the bicentennial of the French Revolution, was opposed by a French art-world campaign that accused Finlay of being a Nazi. He had made a sculpture where the lightning-flash insignia of the SS was used to signify - the shock was deliberate - the utterly amoral violence of the natural world. After much litigation, the project was never undertaken.

To speak, as one can't avoid doing, of Finlay's doctrines and disputes shouldn't deflect attention from the substance of this work, its marvellous and somewhat elusive power. No other artist working in the conceptual mode has understood so well its essential devices of association and juxtaposition. (No modern artist full stop has understood so well the emotional force of typography.)

In its unceasing connection-making, Finlay's work reaches across huge distances, arranges the most far-flung and breathtaking unions, the most abrupt confrontations, the most homely similes. The machine gun as a flute (the air-vents, the finger-stops); the swallow as the sky's anchor (see its shape!); ploughed fields as "the fluted land", fluted like the grooves of a classical column; the floats of a fishing-net as lemons; the wake of a boat as stitching; a Malevich Red Square as the slant blade of a guillotine; a bird-table as an aircraft carrier; a sun-dial as a sail.

The mental sweep is transporting, between war and peace, land and sea, wild nature and human cultivation, remote antiquity and the present day, home and the infinite. Or between the forms of art and the human heart - as in this definition of "arch" (creative definition being another of Finlay's favourite genres): "An Architectural Term. A Material Curve Sustained by Gravity As Rapture by Grief". The most startling effect is the way Finlay can, in the same breath so to speak, convey a severe high-mindedness and sheer fondness for the things of life; as he said

A lot of my work is to do with straightforward affection, (liking, appreciation), and it always amazes me how little affection for ANYTHING there is in art today.

His great work is the garden. It continued to be extended, almost up to the artist's death. It will still be open to visitors in the summer months. What's most striking is the care and fragility of it, the way it's not a great act of moulding, but a series of small piecemeal acts of arranging and placing. It exemplifies one of Finlay's watchwords: piety. The works are set in an environment that is only partly a human construct, in growing and encroaching nature, in changing wind, light and weather, and it respects that distinction, through scale and restraint. This conduct of art as an act of observance, not an act of mastery, gives the work its grace.

It reflects the fundamental axis of Finlay's vision: the encounter between the human and what is not the human. His art is an affirmation of our inhabitation, cultivation and working of the world; and, at the same time, an emphatic statement of human limits. It looks to where those limits are met, in wild green world, the boundless sea, the convulsions of nature and human destructiveness, death. Human life - man, a passer-by - is understood in relation to what is beyond it, a realm that is often characterised as the divine, the gods, to be honoured and propitiated. The perspective is pagan, classical, tragic.

For years Finlay never left the bounds of his isolated territory. He had a kind of "agoraphobia". He saw friends and visitors. The work and the campaigns were conducted by post. The exhibitions were organised first by his wife, and later - after their separation - by his assistant Pia Maria Simig. He only left to go to hospital. But when he suffered the first in a series of strokes, around the turn of the century, this home-boundness strangely cleared. In his last years he went to his openings, went to restaurants, visited friends, went abroad. Already-conceived projects continued to be executed. He never originated another work.

"He has made a chasm, which not only nothing can fill up, but which nothing has a tendency to fill up . . . Let us go to the next best: - There is nobody." Finlay is dead, and those words from William Gerard Hamilton's tribute, on the death of Samuel Johnson, are what I want to say too. In the art of the last 50 years, there's been nothing like it.

Tom Lubbock http://news.independent.co.uk/people/obituaries/article354247.ece

Ian Hamilton Finlay Individualistic Scottish artist and poet who ran his garden at Little Sparta as a separate city state Michael McNay The Guardian Wednesday 29 March 2006

Almost in the Scottish borders, south of the Pentland hills, lies Little Sparta. North, of course, is Edinburgh, the Athens of Scotland. The ancient enmity between these two civilisations was a re-creation in the 1960s by the Scottish artist and concrete poet Ian Hamilton Finlay, who has died aged 80, when he bought a farm called Stonypath, near the little community of Dunsyre, 25 miles southwest of the capital, and renamed it after the militaristic Greek city state often opposed to Athens.

If he had intended his creation as a metaphor for the old opposition between artist and establishment, it became reality in 1983, in a now mythical battle between Finlay, his supporters and a Strathclyde sheriff officer, celebrated today in a carved memorial stone at the entrance to the farm as "the first battle of Little Sparta".

In a rerun of the notorious case in which US customs attempted to tax Brancusi's abstract bronze sculpture, Bird, as an unreconstructed lump of bronze, the Strathclyde authority decreed that Finlay had turned his farmhouse into an art gallery and should pay higher rates. Not at all, he replied, it's a temple, and he refused to pay. The sheriff officer turned up at the gates of Little Sparta to seize artworks in lieu, but in front of television cameras summoned to the scene by Finlay, the artist and his irregulars repulsed him. Later, the sheriff returned unannounced and took his due, but this time the cameras were absent so the incident was not enshrined in the myth.

For a contemplative and amiable man, Finlay accreted a notable list of run-ins with the authorities and his friends. The poet Hugh MacDiarmid (Christopher Grieve) was best man at his first wedding (in 1945 to Marion Fletcher), but later the two fell out spectacularly and Macdiarmid described Finlay's work as vicious. The marriage did not last either. In 1987 Finlay was commissioned to create a garden in Versailles for the bicentennial of the French revolution; he lost the job after a French art magazine accused him of Nazi sympathies, even though he won a subsequent action for defamation.

The improbable roots of all this lay in the only semblance of education Finlay received: wartime service in the Royal Army Service Corps (RASC). He was born in Nassau, in the Bahamas, where his father (Finlay said) was a bootlegger; his parents soon returned to Scotland, but he left school at 13 and had only a year at Glasgow School of Art before the outbreak of war. To his experiences in the RASC he owed his fascination with the military hardware that became a leit-motif of his art.

But all this was to come. First, Finlay became a shepherd in Orkney, and began to warble his native woodnotes wild, though his poetry was closer to haiku than to Shakespeare. His fellow Scots did not receive it enthusiastically but the poets of Black Mountain College, a testbed of the arts in North Carolina, embraced it warmly. There, Josef Albers brought from the Bauhaus an approach that integrated art with product design and typography, and John Cage preached breaking down the barriers between art and life, that siren call of 20th-century art.

Across the Atlantic, Finlay was listening. Concrete poetry consolidates the shapes of lines and the choice of different fonts and sizes, as well as the meaning of words. In that sense, Lewis Carroll and Guillaume Apollinaire were forerunners, but modernists claim Finlay as first among equals - if not actually inventor. Certainly he moved on from postcards and poster poems to making poetry literally concrete by carving it into stone or, rather, ordaining it to be carved by craftsmen collaborators. A poem might consist of one word, but it had multiple authors. In 1961 he founded Wild Hawthorn Press to propagate his work, but he never reprinted the earlier slim volumes (slimmer than most) containing his verse and stories.

In 1966, two years after marrying his second wife, Sue MacDonald-Lockhart, he bought the five-acre Stonypath farm in Lanarkshire, with its derelict garden, renamed it, and from then on thought and worked as an artist philosopher, while Sue took charge of the planting. Among her flowers and shrubs he placed sculpture and ponds (one of them ambitiously called a loch) and sundials. People thought of gardens as a retreat, he once remarked, but his garden was an attack.

Sure enough, some of the classical figures in the garden wear camouflaged combat kit. He corresponded with Hitler's architect and fixer Albert Speer about the prison garden he had created in Spandau, and, in Little Sparta in 1982, Finlay added a series of works called Third Reich Revisited, containing references to Luftwaffe aircraft. Among the most provocative is a work based on the two shots Poussin had at a subject he called The Arcadian Shepherds, showing a group of men and a woman uncovering a tomb engraved with the Latin epigraph,

Et in Arcadia Ego (I too was in Arcady). Finlay took this allegory of the futility of life and embellished it with a tank bearing SS insignia.

He would not answer questions about his intention in subsuming symbols of the Third Reich into his art, and some critics have fought shy of endorsing his work in case something nasty about his politics was to come out of the woodwork. It seems unlikely. Like the gun barrels which pun on muscial instruments, the German regalia is part of a general metamorphosis - though it may have brought about the accusations which led to the loss of the Versailles commission.

Even though he created several other landscape installations - in Germany, Brittany, the Netherlands, and one in San Diego - the French project meant a lot to Finlay, and its loss was a setback: French revolutionary references had been central to much of his work, including a delicate, 12-piece dinner set for a last supper, bearing resonant revolutionary names such as Marie Antoinette, Charlotte Corday and the victim of her assassin's knife, Jean-Paul Marat.

Undaunted, Finlay created, with Nicholas Sloan, another modern homage to classicism in a garden at Stockwood park, Luton; and the Serpentine Gallery, in London, has a permanent installation in its grounds. One of the objects of his especial ire, the Scottish Arts Council, recently gave him a £30,000 award, Aberdeen University awarded him an honorary doctorate in 1987, and, at 77, he graciously accepted a CBE: all signs, surely, that peace had broken out at Little Sparta.

Sue survives him as do their children, Alec and Eileen.

· Ian Hamilton Finlay, artist, born October 28 1925; died March 27 2006

http://www.guardian.co.uk/obituaries/story/0,,1741621,00.html

Glasgow Herald Ian Hamilton Finlay Moira Jeffrey March 29 2006

The artist and poet Ian Hamilton Finlay, who died on Monday aged 80, spent his lifetime demonstrating that artistic greatness could be carved out of the most unlikely materials.

Some 40 years in the creation, his garden Little Sparta is a unique living work of art - combining poetry, sculpture, history and landscape design in the tradition of an 18th century philosophical garden.

A lifelong iconoclast and spiky individualist, Finlay was also an inspirational figure who found poetry in the everyday and whose fierce revolutionary temperament was matched only by his evident affection for the world.

Scotland was famously slow to recognise his significance. Nevertheless, by the time of his 80th birthday last year it was clear that he was finally regarded as by far the most important artist of the post-war era.

Little Sparta - hewn out of a bleak hill farm, Stonypath, on the edge of the Pentland Hills by Dunsyre, Lanarkshire - is the country's single most impressive work of contemporary art and is widely-acknowledged as Britain's most important post-war garden.

Born in Nassau, in the Bahamas, in 1925, Finlay returned to Scotland as a child. The family fortune, founded on bootlegging, was lost. His formal education was disrupted by the outbreak of war and his evacuation to Orkney.

After a brief stint at Glasgow School of Art, he joined the Royal Army Service Corps and saw action in Germany. After the war he worked for periods as a shepherd and labourer in Orkney and began writing.

His short stories of the 1950s were largely published in The Glasgow Herald, and some early plays broadcast by the BBC.

His poetry combined folk idioms, Scots language and radical experiment. In Edinburgh in 1961, alongside Jessie McGuffie Sheeler, he founded his imprint, The Wild Hawthorn Press, followed the next year by the journal Poor. Old. Tired. Horse.

Throughout the 1960s he moved towards the visual arts, making toys and kinetic sculpture and collaborating increasingly with print-makers and craftsmen.

In autumn 1966, Finlay and his wife Sue moved to Stonypath, where they set about creating a garden which was increasingly classical in its allusion. It is not the work of a horticulturalist, but an artist. Its attractive and simple planting less important than the 275 art works in the garden - which form a rich and complex sequence of statuary, landscape architecture and inscriptions.

Finlay's enthusiasms were diverse, yet achieved a remarkable consistency in his hands. Themes of classical philosophy, French revolutionary politics, pastoral poetry, contemporary warfare, sailing and sea-going permeate the garden and his printed works.

Little Sparta relied on a whole host of artistic collaborators, but remained the product of his distinctive direction.

Much of Finlay's career was marked by his conflict with authorities and institutions, which he turned into an art form in itself: a kind of combination of political theatre and performance.

In the early 1980s, a dispute with the Scottish Arts Council contributed to a period of neglect at home as his reputation grew abroad, particularly in France.

In 1983, a long-running rates row with Strathclyde Regional Council, over the garden gallery he regarded as a classical temple and they regarded as a rateable building, resulted in a sheriff officer's raid and spectacular stand-off that became known as the First Battle of Little Sparta.

The apparent contradiction between the reclusive rural poet and the angry artist was a theme running throughout Finlay's life.

Little Sparta is a place of solitude and contemplation but its ideas and sculptural motifs also tackle such challenging themes as the Third Reich and nuclear warfare.

Finlay's pursuit of beauty was often tempered with controversial or uncomfortable subject matter, driven by a sense of moral urgency.

Finlay was made a CBE in 2002, but he was also famously proud when the Communist Party of France presented him with a bust of the revolutionary Saint-Just in 1991. He regarded himself as a working artist until the end, despite the pressures of ill health.

Last summer, with three shows marking his 80th birthday, he chose a new presentation of work at Edinburgh's Inverleith House rather than a retrospective, and created a new garden work for his Edinburgh dealers, the Ingleby Gallery. Currently his work is appearing in the Tate Triennial exhibition at London's Tate Britain, alongside artists some five decades his junior. His legacy for younger artists includes his ability to fuse the written word with the material world.

His son, the artist Alec Finlay, has continued the tradition, with his own imprint for artists' books.

Above all, Finlay's lasting lesson is that dedication and hard work in pursuit of a singular artistic vision will eventually win out against the vagaries of fashion or establishment approval.

Before he died Finlay gifted the garden to the charitable Little Sparta Trust to ensure its survival and future upkeep. It is the only possible monument to a unique and irreplaceable figure.

He is survived by his son Alec and daughter Ailie.

http://www.theherald.co.uk/features/58988.html

For connoisseurs of the Stupid Obituary, there are a couple of good examples in the Times and the Telegraph:

http://www.timesonline.co.uk/article/0,,60-2106313,00.html

www.telegraph.co.uk/news/main.jhtml?viewÞTAILS&grid=&xml=/news/2006/03/28/db2801.xml

AND the following, also from today's Independent.

*"The Independent*

*29 March 2006*

*Art and nature: The fragile world of Little Sparta*

*The death of artist Ian Hamilton Finlay has left his extraordinary garden - a fusion of poetry, sculpture and plants - facing yet another challenge. Jonathan*

*Brown reports Published: 29 March 2006*

*Survival amid the raw, windswept beauty of the Pentland Hills has challenged generations of shepherds and farmers. Forty years ago, something altogether more fragile - a poetry garden - took its place in this unforgiving landscape. Dug out of an old potato field by the poet-artist Ian Hamilton Finlay and his wife,*

*Sue, the garden, despite the elements, flourished into a work of genius.*

*What they created was as much a challenge to the intellect as an aesthetic treat. Little Sparta, named in an ironic riposte to nearby Edinburgh - which boasts the nickname Athens of the North -blends heavyweight ideas and historical themes from European civilisation with the upland grandeur surrounding it.*

*Alongside the planting and landscaping, Hamilton Finlay used his terse poetry and sculpture to explore notions ranging from pre-Socratic philosophy to the idealistic failures of the French Revolution. So successful was he, that art historian Sir Roy Strong declared Little Sparta to be the "only original garden" to be created in Britain since 1945. In 2004, 50 leading Scottish artists voted it "the nation's greatest work of art".*

*But the death of Hamilton Finlay on Monday at the age of 80 has focused renewed attention on the vulnerability of his astonishing creation. A trust set up 11 years ago to secure Little Sparta for future generations, faces a constant financial struggle to maintain the artist's vision and preserve the integrity of his work. According to its treasurer, Jessie Sheeler, more than £50,000 is needed each year to preserve the seven acres of grounds. New projects, such as the creation of a hortus conclusus, or enclosed garden, out of a semi-ruined barn, and the preservation of the artist's home, where he lived and worked right up until his death, only add to the task. "Our hope is to be able to raise enough money to guarantee that the garden will be kept as Ian wanted it and keep it up to the standard he did," she said. One of the big dangers, however, is the threat of being overrun by visitors. There are few paths and the grasslands can quickly be churned into mud by the trample of feet. Last year the number of visitors was limited to 5,000. Despite Little*

*Sparta being virtually inaccessible by public transport, applications to visit were hopelessly oversubscribed.*

*The garden is divided into nine discrete areas. These range from a well-tended allotment to wild gardens of heather and grass, an area of clipped English parkland and a neo-classical temple pool. "Planting is used as part of the composition of the landscapes. There are trees, wild ferns, grasses, much of it indigenous. Ian tried to garden with a very light hand - he didn't want to distort nature," explained Ms Sheeler.*

*But explaining Little Sparta can be difficult, comments Paul Nesbitt, director of exhibitions at Inverleith House in Edinburgh, who has organised summer coach parties to the gardens and has been an enthusiastic champion of Hamilton Finlay. "You approach it through a landscape of bleak terrain. When you enter, you go into a world where you lose all sense of where you are but become acutely aware of yourself as a human being. Ian was so aware of the human condition. His moral philosophy and view of the world underpinned everything he did. He was an artist, poet, moralist and a fantastic gardener - he was good at all of them." Nicholas Serota, director of the Tate, said Little Sparta was a "unique contribution" to contemporary art. "In his work as a philosopher, poet and sculptor, [Hamilton Finlay] reinvigorated the classical tradition in art. His works combine beauty and precision in a celebration of the relationship between man and nature," he said.*

*Hamilton Finlay's relationship with the art establishment has not always been so benevolent. In 1978 he fell out in spectacular fashion with the Scottish Arts*

*Council after his work was withdrawn from an exhibition at an Edinburgh gallery.*

*In 1983 his feud with Strathclyde regional authority erupted into full-blown conflict - the so-called War of Little Sparta -when officials tried to seize artworks in lieu of unpaid business rates they claimed he owed.*

*The artist and his supporters prepared to repel the bailiffs and after a tense stand-off and some dramatic, staged explosions, the authority withdrew. The money was never collected and Strathclyde Region was later abolished.*

*Hamilton Finlay perhaps failed to achieve the financial rewards enjoyed by other contemporary artists, even though his reputation has continued to grow. He was shortlisted for the Turner Prize in 1985 and staged major exhibitions at the*

*Serpentine and the National Museum of Scotland in recent years.*

*But according to Ms Sheeler, his greatest achievement - Little Sparta - was earned through the "sweat of his brow". Maintaining it for posterity will require the exertion of others.*

*Survival amid the raw, windswept beauty of the Pentland Hills has challenged generations of shepherds and farmers. Forty years ago, something altogether more fragile - a poetry garden - took its place in this unforgiving landscape. Dug out of an old potato field by the poet-artist Ian Hamilton Finlay and his wife,*

*Sue, the garden, despite the elements, flourished into a work of genius.*

*What they created was as much a challenge to the intellect as an aesthetic treat. Little Sparta, named in an ironic riposte to nearby Edinburgh - which boasts the nickname Athens of the North - blends heavyweight ideas and historical themes from European civilisation with the upland grandeur surrounding it.*

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*Serpentine and the National Museum of Scotland in recent years.*

*But according to Ms Sheeler, his greatest achievement - Little Sparta - was earned through the "sweat of his brow". Maintaining it for posterity will require the exertion of others.”*

**1583. — Brian Kim Stefans** *01 Apr 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Ian Hamilton Finlay: a casual reminiscence*

From Free Space Comix: the blog:

http://www.arras.net/fscIII/

It's no secret that I am a huge Ian Hamilton Finlay fan. Finlay died of cancer last Monday at the age of 80.

I was lucky enough to meet Finlay's son, Eck, at a poetry reading I did in New York on St. Patrick's day. I forget exactly what year this was, it must have been 1996, when the holiday fell on a Sunday, or 1995, when it fell on a Friday (the most recent one on a Saturday was 1990, when I was still in college). I was subbing for Melanie Nielson, and because of the holiday the Ear Inn didn't want to host the reading. In any case, I read to a not very packed house at a tea shop near by with Norma Cole - the only other notable event was that I accidentally brushed dandruff into Jackson Mac Low's soup, and I met Erica Hunt that day but didn't know it was her because she sat alone, with her child, at the back (actually, very front) of the room, and I assume she was some woman who stopped by on a whim.

I saw Eck give a talk about his father's work later that week at Teacher's and Writers. Because his father was an agoraphobe, Eck used to give talks about his work around the world, which afforded him a great chance to meet poets outside of the UK.

I didn't see Eck much after that, but in 1998 I went to London to spend time with Miles Champion, and while there met Thomas Evans, a good friend of both Miles' and Eck's, who invited me to a party at Eck's apartment in Edinburgh. I remember being keen on seeing a reading in London at the same time at Subvoicive, the sort of equivalent of the Ear series over there, but it was an Ann Waldman reading, so I felt it was probably something I could miss being as I'd seen Ann read numerous times already. (I'll never forget the phone call I had with Tim Atkins about this dilemma - he said "a reading by Ann Waldman or a weekend on the Scottish shore. let me make your decision for you.")

So I took the train up to Edinburgh. It was packed with football revelers who were rather dismayed that their team, Newcastle, had just lost to Arsenal in some sort of final or other. (Miles and I had been chased by Arsenal fans the night before, so I don't think winning or losing changes much in terms of how much is imbibed.) It was early afternoon, but everyone on the train was drunk, drunk, drunk, and loud as hell. I knew I would hear it when I got up to go the bathroom, but it wasn't so bad in the end.

But Edinburgh was a relief. The Scottish cabby who managed to find Eck's place for me was a dear, or at least compared to London cabbies. The architecture really amazed me, and for the first time on that trip I felt like I was in another country. Not a "Blockbuster" sign in sight. The party was great - I won't go into details, but there were Gaelic songs, an intoxicated elder Scot with an eye for a much younger lady, the reading of much poetry, and the poet Gael Turnbull, who in a reversal had visited W.C.W. in Rutherford many (many) years before.

(I've just learned from Wikipedia that Turnbull, who died in 2004, also created "kinetic poems," which were "texts for installation in which the movement of the reader and/or of the text became part of the reading experience." Maybe I should stop believing in coincidence.)

The next day was, indeed, spent driving around the Scottish shore and through the hills of Fife, accompanied by Eck, two friends of his, the daughter of one of the friends named Sinead (who sang several of the Gaelic songs the night previous), and Thomas. I saw cows on hil-

lsides that looked right out of the cover of Atom Heart Mother <http://images.search.yahoo.com/search/images?p=atom+heart+mother&sm=Yahoo%21+Search&fr=FP-tab-img-t&toggle=1&cop=&ei=UTF-8> . We visited an artist who lived in a converted movie theater at the peak of a cliff that overlooked the shore, and I sat with Thomas on that shore as he regaled me with memorized lines from the letters of Jack Kerouac. Only an English poet would bother to memorize such things written in a haze of alcohol as if they were Samuel Johnson, but I certainly never faulted him for it! (Now that I think of it, it might have been Clark Coolidge he was quoting to me.)

We also visited Eck's childhood vacation home, which was overrun by spiders, and spent a good hour with Eck's mother, Sue, who helped build Little Sparta. She and Ian, who had known each other since childhood growing up on those hills, were estranged, but both still lived in Fife. I also saw gorse, which is good because now I can use the word "gorse" in poems and sound like I know what I mean, but the opportunity hasn't yet arisen.

I'm making a short story long, but this really was one of my finest weekends. I have several beautiful photographs to show you if you ever want to visit me.

We did finally get to the garden, the road to which is (if I remember correctly) only marked by the most crude of signs. Eck told me that Ian wasn't so keen on having visitors because he felt the poems "weren't there yet" - the foliage had not yet accrued to the degree that was ideal for their presentation. But because I was with Eck - who I didn't think liked me the night before when I was an uninvited guest but who turned out to be very friendly - we got in. (One memory also from that trip - I sang one of the few songs of my own that I memorized a cappella in the car as we were driving, a feat that will never be reproduced in my lifetime, or in yours.)

We approached the garden, I with great anticipation. It was almost anti-climactic to come upon Ian sitting on a stone bench in his long rubber boots looking at one of his poems right there at the entrance to the place. I would have much rather we had to muck around in his living room looking at stuff while he was upstairs getting decent. Nonetheless, the poem he was looking at was beautiful, and though we barely said anything to each other, I could tell immediately that he was a very gentle and kind man, not quite what I expected for a guy who lost a commission in France because he wanted the piece to be include a long row of working guillotines.

I'd tell you about walking around the garden and all the amazing things I saw, but you can look at the photographs (links below) and get your own sense of what it was like. Specific memories: going into the Temple of Apollo, which had once been a sort of small museum of IHF works but was now closed to the public because Ian had not been able to have it declared a religious site (rather than a cultural site, which is taxed much more). It was now a storage room - I saw several boxes of works that had just been shipped to Finlay from his collaborators (I photographed the mailing label on one of them).

The other memory was of Eck and his lady friend whose name I can't remember rowing around in the "Sea Eck" in the pond there. She was doing all the rowing, Eck was doing all the talking. Somehow this seemed hilarious to me because she was rather skinny and didn't look exactly like she was enjoying the imbalance of physical exertion. But that might just have been my satirist's eye acting up.

The hills are as bare as they appear in the photographs, and the parts covered in the foliage in the garden are as green and rich. The stones you see above, so difficult to photograph, are littered (if that's quite the word) on the outer edge of the garden, and they read: "The present order is the disorder of the future." I am not always able to quote this line properly - I even had to look it up just now - because I somehow believe the opposite to be true, but neither version cancels the other out. I'm not sure which is more optimistic than the other; it really all depends on where you sit on the Foucauldian fence (oh god, did I just use the word "Foucauldian"?).

> We didn't see Ian again until we left. There is a photograph in my shoebox of Ian and I with the sun setting behind us - a pretty awful photograph, as the sun really should have been upon us. You can't see either of our faces very well, but his arms are crossed and I am wearing my famous red gingham shirt. I was too nervous (and physically exhausted, given the previous evening's drunkenness - my entire London trip's drunkenness, you won't be surprised to hear) to say anything significant. But then again, I hardly expected to hit it off right away with Finlay, we are from quite different worlds. I've only ever rented, for example. I could have told him that my doctor was William Carlos Williams' son, but that's an ice breaker that works on too few occasions. I could have also told him that Robert Smithson was also from Rutherford - their work seems to have something to do with each other - but I didn't know it at the time.
>
> I wrote an article about Finlay for the St. Mark's Poetry Project Newsletter which Lisa Jarnot was kind enough to publish. John Tranter republished it in Jacket, and I think it convinced him to have an entire section devoted to Finlay's work, including a really excellent (much superior to mine) article by Drew Milne. I encourage anyone who reads this blog to take a peek at these articles and also at the links to photographs below.
>
> I don't have anything terribly profound to say about his work right now, except perhaps that he really enriched my thinking on what it means to be a "postmodern" artist - he was not "postmodern" in any convenient sense of the term, there is/was nothing obvious about Ian Hamilton Finlay, his politics, his aesthetics or his philosophy. He is the first concrete poet I knew whose work actually pointed to a larger world view that was not entirely a meditation on text and its paradoxes, or some easy comment on modern culture - his "vision of sweet philosophy" permeated everything he did, and he created an easy transport between his wee garden in Scotland and the greater (and most frightening) themes of Western Civ.
>
> Ok, that's a bunch of abstraction for you, but I did use the word "Foucauldian" earlier. He used many of the same techniques that artists like Bruce Nauman (script in neon lights) and several other conceptual and performance artists (words on the side of buildings, on gallery walls, appropriation, not to mention the "crates" event) but it all pointed to some vision that was, on the one hand, sublime, historical and full of sense of order and the ideal, but on the other anchored in the particular, the ephemeral. The garden may very well sink into ruin, but that seems to have been part of the plan (again, an echo of Smithson here, whose Spiral Jetty was meant to degrade beautifully, then disappear). Most of us are hoping for something a little better than that, at least for the immediate future.
>
> Thanks to mIEKAL aND for sending some of these links along to the ubuweb listserv. I append the New York Times obituary since it will eventually become a pay-only piece of reading; I hope they (and Jeffrey Julich) don't mind.
>
> Ian Hamilton Finlay's Garden Gallery Photography by Philip Hunter http://www.perlesvaus.easynet.co.uk/hippeis/gallery/little_sparta/
>
> The Little Sparta Trust http://www.littlesparta.co.uk/
>
> Little Sparta on Flickr http://www.flickr.com/photos/tags/littlesparta/
>
> The Death of Piety Ian Hamilton Finlay in conversation with Nagy Rashwan http://jacketmagazine.com/15/rash-iv-finlay.html
>
> The Mark Scroggins The Piety of Terror http://jacketmagazine.com/15/finlay-by-scroggins.html
>
> BKS on Ian Hamilton Finlay http://jacketmagazine.com/15/finlay-by-stefans.html
>
> Adorno's Hut Drew Milne http://www.jacketmagazine.com/15/finlay-milne.html
>
> Ian Hamilton Finlay on ubu.com http://www.ubu.com/historical/finlay/finlay.html
>
> Ian Hamilton Finlay, 80, Poet and Conceptual Artist, Dies
>
> By KEN JOHNSON for The New York Times

> *"Published: March 31, 2006*
>
> *Ian Hamilton Finlay, a Scottish poet and conceptual artist known for his neo-Classical-style sculptures inscribed with poetic texts as well as for his home and garden, an imaginative echo of ancient Rome in the Pentland Hills of Lanarkshire, died on Monday at a hospital in Edinburgh. He was 80.*
>
> *The cause was cancer, said Katherine Chan, director of the Nolan/Eckman Gallery, which represents Mr. Finlay in New York.*
>
> *The famously contentious Mr. Finlay began calling his home Little Sparta in 1980, partly to symbolize his refusal to compromise with the local authorities over whether a building dedicated to Apollo should be taxed as a religious or a commercial structure.*
>
> *Now maintained by a foundation, Little Sparta resembles the home of an ancient Roman philosopher-poet. Rustic and Classical-style stone carvings bearing literary quotations have been carefully placed throughout the property. One stone block, seemingly antique and tilted in the ground as if it were a ruin, presents the neatly chiseled words of the French revolutionary Louis de Saint-Just: "The world has been empty since the Romans."*
>
> *But the grounds are not completely given over to nostalgic traditionalism. Images of 20th-century warfare are also distributed about. The two posts of a stone-and-brick gateway, for example, are each topped by an oversize stone carving of a hand grenade.*
>
> *Mr. Finlay conceived and designed his sculptures, but hired craftsmen to produce them. He also created works for exhibitions in Europe and the United States and for public commissions. Although he had agoraphobia, which restricted his traveling, he had an internationally recognized career, and many visitors made the pilgrimage to Little Sparta.*
>
> *Mr. Finlay was on the short list for Britain's Turner Prize for contemporary art in 1985 and received the honorary appointment of a Commander of the British Empire in 2002. His work was selected to be part of the 2006 Tate Triennial, a survey of British contemporary art now on view at Tate Britain in London.*
>
> *Ian Hamilton Finlay was born on Oct. 28, 1925, in Nassau, the Bahamas, where his father was a bootlegger who smuggled rum into the United States during Prohibition. At 6 Mr. Finlay was sent to boarding school in Scotland. War cut short his education at 13, when he was evacuated to Orkney, an archipelago at the northern tip of Scotland. As a teenager he briefly attended the Glasgow School of Art before being called up in 1942 for duty with the Royal Army Service Corps.*
>
> *After the war, Mr. Finlay worked as a shepherd while producing paintings; short plays, which were broadcast by the BBC; and stories, which were published in The Herald of Glasgow.*
>
> *In 1961 Mr. Finlay founded the Wild Hawthorn Press, which initially published contemporary poets like Louis Zukofsky and Lorine Niedecker but later focused mainly on Mr. Finlay's poetry. In the early 60's he became interested in concrete poetry, in which the visual appearance of words was meant to count as much as the literary meaning. He also began producing short poems sandblasted on glass. One read simply, "Wave Rock."*
>
> *In 1966 Mr. Finlay and his second wife, Sue, moved to the cottage and grounds that would become Little Sparta, a patch of highlands then called Stonypath, 30 miles southwest of Edinburgh. It was to be his home for the rest of his life. Mr. Finlay's marriage to his first wife, Marion, ended in divorce. He is survived by his wife and their children, Alec Finlay and Ailie Simpson.*
>
> *Today visitors to Little Sparta are greeted by a bronze plaque mounted on a brick wall that nicely sums up Mr. Finlay's independent, high-minded and mercurial spirit: above the imposing, precisely modeled image of a machine gun, sentiments from the poet Virgil read, "Flute, begin with me Arcadian notes."*"

**1584.** **— Alison Croggon** *2 Apr 2006* ↑ **Register**

Thanks Brian, I enjoyed reading that. I hope to see that garden myself one day, I hope it's still there.

Very best

A

Alison Croggon

## Tory Dent

1958–2005

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American poet and art critic whose James Laughlin Award-winning poetry chronicled living with HIV;* HIV, Mon Amour *(1999). Died AIDS-related PML infection, in her East Village apartment.*

**1585. — Jeffrey Jullich** *28 Mar 2006* ↑ **Register**

*TORY DENT MEMORIAL READING - MAY 1st - NYU*

Please come celebrate the life and work of poet Tory Dent at the New York University Memorial Reading and Celebration of Tory Dent with Adrienne Rich Yusef Komunyakaa Sharon Olds Stanley Moss Marilyn Hacker Galway Kinnell

1 May 2006
8:00 PM
NYU Jurow Hall, 100 Washington Square East

New Yahoo! Messenger with Voice. Call regular phones from your PC for low, low rates.

## Stanisław Lem

1921–2006

*6 messages · 5 hands*

*Polish science-fiction writer and philosophical satirist whose books sold over 45 million copies in 50-plus languages;* Solaris *(1961). Died heart failure, in a Kraków hospital.*

**1586. — Halvard Johnson** *29 Mar 2006* ↑ **Register**

*RIP Stanislaw Lem (1921-2006)*

from "How the World Was Saved"

One day Trurl the constructor put together a machine that could create anything starting with n. When it was ready, he tried it out, ordering it to make needles, then nankeens and negligess, which it did, then nail the lot to narghiles filled with nepenthe and numerous other narcotics. The machine carried out his instructions to the letter. Still not completely sure of its ability, he had it produce, one after the other, nimbuses, noodles, nuclei, neutrons, naphtha, noses, nymphs, naiads, and natrium. This last it could not do, and Trurl, considerably irritated, demanded an explanation. “Never heard of it,” said the machine. “What? But it’s only sodium. You know, the metal, the element . . .” “Sodium starts with an s, and I work only in n.” “But in Latin it’s natrium.” “Look, old boy,” said the machine, “if I could do everything starting with n in every possible language, I’d be a Machine That Could Do Everything in the Whole Alphabet, since any item you care to mention undoubtedly starts with n in one foreign language or another. It’s not that easy. I can’t go beyond what you programmed. So no sodium.”

—Stanislaw Lem

in The Cyberiad

"He's the kind of guy who can brighten
a room . . . ."
--Milton Berle

Halvard Johnson

**1587. — David Israel** *29 Mar 2006* ↑ **Register**

Halvard,

superb, thanks.

I've heretofore known Lem only as the author of two science fiction works, each adapted by Andre Tarkovsky (his films Stalker and Solaris). Belatedly, hat-tips to the gentleman for this further fine thing — and for other such things we might perhaps enjoy yet in our lingering futures.

cheers,
d.i.

**1588. — Anny Ballardini** *29 Mar 2006* ↑ **Register**

I agree with the machine, with Hal, with David, thanks also for the quote Hal features by Milton Berle

**1589. — Ken James** *29 Mar 2006* ↑ **Register**

Quick point of clarification —

Tarkovsky's "Stalker" was based on the novel "Roadside Picnic" by the Strugatsky brothers, not a novel by Lem. A common misunderstanding.

— Ken James

**1590. — Halvard Johnson** *29 Mar 2006* ↑ **Register**

Got to confess that, for Lem, I omitted a crucial part of the Berle quote. See below.

"He's the kind of guy who can brighten
a room by leaving it."
--Milton Berle

Halvard Johnson

On 3/29/06, David Israel wrote:

**1591. — Murat Nemet-Nejat** *29 Mar 2006* ↑ **Register**

You have become a source of discoveries. Thanks.

Murat

---

# Jackie McLean

1931–2006

*3 messages · 3 hands*

*American alto saxophonist bridging hard bop and free jazz; founded the University of Hartford's African American music department;* Let Freedom Ring *(1962). Died after a long illness, in Hartford.*

**1592. — Aldon L Nielsen** *1 Apr 2006* ↑ **Register**

*Fwd: Sad News Regarding Jackie McLean*

March 31, 2006 Jazz Saxophonist Jackie McLean Dies at 73

*"By THE ASSOCIATED PRESS Filed at 11:11 p.m. ET*

*HARTFORD, Conn. (AP) — Jazz saxophonist Jackie McLean, a performer and teacher who played with legendary musicians including Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins, died Friday. He was 73.*

*McLean, a contemporary of some of the 20th century's most famed jazz musicians, died at his Hartford home after a long illness, family members told The Hartford Courant.*

*McLean was founder and artistic director of the Jackie McLean Institute of Jazz at the University of Hartford's Hartt School.*

*He and his wife, actress Dollie McLean, also founded the Artists Collective, a community center and fine arts school primarily for troubled youth in inner city Hartford.*

*University President Walter Harrison said that despite his many musical accomplishments, McLean was a modest man whose connections with his students lasted for decades after they left his classroom. ''He fully understood the way that jazz as an art should be passed down to students,'' Harrison said. ''He saw his role as bringing jazz from the 1950s and '60s and handing it down to artists of today.''*

*McLean, a native of Harlem in New York City, grew up in a musical family, his father playing guitar in Tiny Bradshaw's band. McLean took up the soprano saxophone as a teen and quickly switched to the alto saxophone, inspired by his godfather's performances in a church choir, he told WBGO-FM in Newark, N.J., in an interview in 2004.*

*McLean went on to play with his friend Rollins under the tutelage of pianist Bud Powell, and was 19 when he first recorded with Miles Davis.*

*He drew wide attention with his 1959 debut on Blue Note Records, ''Jackie's Bag,'' one of dozens of albums he recorded in the hard-bop and free jazz styles.*

*He also played with Charles Mingus and Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, experiences that he credited with helping him find his own style as he tried to emulate the famed Charlie ''Bird'' Parker. ''I never really sounded like Bird, but that was my mission,'' McLean said in the radio interview. ''I didn't care if people said that I copied him; I loved Bird's playing so much. But Mingus was the one that really pushed me away from the idea and forced me into thinking about having an individual sound and concept.''*

*After Blue Note terminated his recording contract in 1968, McLean began teaching at the University of Hartford. McLean taught jazz, African-American music, and African-American history and culture. He received an American Jazz Masters fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts in 2001, and toured the world as an educator and performer.*

*McLean, a heroin addict during his early career, also lectured on drug addiction research.*

*YAHOO! GROUPS LINKS*

*Visit your group "dimeadozenjazzforum" on the web."*

**1593.** **— steve dalachinsky** *2 Apr 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Fw: Jazz alto saxophonist Jackie McLean dies at 73*

Jazz alto saxophonist Jackie McLean dies at 73

HARTFORD, Connecticut —Jazz alto saxophonist Jackie McLean, a performer and educator who played with legendary musicians including Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins, died Friday. He was 73.

McLean was founder and artistic director of the Jackie McLean Institute of Jazz at the University of Hartford's Hartt School. He and his wife, actress Dollie McLean, also founded the Artists Collective, a community center and fine arts school in Hartford's inner city primarily serving troubled youth.

University of Hartford President Walter Harrison said Dollie McLean called him Friday with news of her husband's death.

"He fully understood the way that jazz as an art should be passed down to students," Harrison said. "He saw his role as bringing jazz from the 1950s and '60s and handing it down to artists of today."

McLean went on to play with his friend Rollins from 1948-49 in a Harlem neighborhood band under the tutelage of pianist Bud Powell. Through Powell, McLean met bebop pioneer Charlie "Bird" Parker, who became a major influence on the young alto saxophonist.

He made his first recording when he was 19 on Miles Davis' "Dig" album, also featuring Rollins, which heralded the beginning of the hard-bop style.

In the 1950s, McLean also played with Charles Mingus and Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, experiences that he credited with helping him find his own style.

"I never really sounded like Bird, but that was my mission," McLean said in the WBGO radio interview. "I didn't care if people said that I copied him; I loved Bird's playing so much. But Mingus was the one that really pushed me away from the idea and forced me into thinking about having an individual sound and concept."

McLean made his first recording as a leader in 1955. He drew wide attention with his 1959 debut on Blue Note Records, "Jackie's Bag," one of dozens of albums he recorded in the hard-bop and free jazz styles for the label over the next eight years. His 1962 album "Let Freedom Ring" found him performing with avant-garde musicians.

In 1959-60, he acted in the off-Broadway play "The Connection," about jazz musicians and drug addiction. McLean, a heroin addict during his early career, later went on to lecture on drug addiction research.

In 1968, after Blue Note terminated his recording contract, McLean began teaching at the University of Hartford. He taught jazz, African-American music, and African-American history and culture, setting up the university's African American Music Department, which later was named in his honor.

He took a break from recording for much of the 1980s to focus on his work as a music educator, but made his recording comeback in 1988 with "Dynasty," and later re-signed with Blue Note. His last Blue Note recordings included "Fire and Love" (1998), featuring his youthful Macband with son Rene McLean on tenor saxophone, and the ballads album "Nature Boy" (2000).

He received an American Jazz Masters fellowship, the nation's highest jazz honor, from the National Endowment for the Arts in 2001, and toured the world as an educator and performer.

**1594. — Mairead Byrne** *2 Apr 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Fw: Jazz alto saxophonist Jackie McLean dies at 73*

A great life in music. Watching Ken Burns' History of Jazz, I always get a jolt from Jackie McLean's speaking voice: laconic, surprising, and complicated all at the same time.

Harking back to an earlier thread, obviously any book of poetry by Wynton Marsalis is a book of poetry by me (if you know what I mean).

Mairead

*“ 04/02/06 12:55 PM >>>”*

University of Hartford President Walter Harrison said Dollie McLean called him Friday with news of her husband's death.

# Allan Kaprow

1927–2006

*4 messages · 4 hands*

*American artist who invented the Happening, staging some 200 participatory events blurring art and everyday life;* 18 Happenings in 6 Parts *(1958). Died in Encinitas, California.*

**1595. — Jerry Rothenberg** *5 Apr 2006* ↑ **Register**

*Allan Kaprow 1927-2006*

The following brief notice - from David Antin and the family of Allan

Kaprow - announces the death of our longtime friend and neighbor:

"Today Allan Kaprow, Master of the Happening, the radical artist whose work transformed the nature of art making forever, died peacefully in his home in Encinitas, California. Beginning as a painter, his work from the late fifties and early sixties, his spectacular and theatrical environments and performance pieces, overran the capacities of galleries and museums, as his increasingly austere psychological and spiritual pieces from the seventies on managed to elude all but the eager audiences who increasingly became participants and collaborators in the work. He leaves behind his wife Coryl and son Bram, and Anton, Amy and Marisa, his children with his former wife Vaughan Rachel."

**1596. — Daniel Godston** *6 Apr 2006* ↑ **Register**

That's really sad. Kaprow was an excellent writer too. I liked the things he wrote about Jackson Pollock, and the transcripts of directions for the happenings he created are fascinating to read.

In '99 I participated in a workshop he facilitated at Mills College, and that was great. One of my favorite moments was when he paired people up: one person drew a line on the ground with a piece of chalk, and the other person erased the line.

**1597. — Joel Weishaus** *6 Apr 2006* ↑ **Register**

*Allan Kaprow, 1927-2006*

"*-Tribute to Allan Kaprow (click image)* *http://emptymirrorbooks.com/thirdpage/tribute1.html*"

**1598. — mIEKAL aND** *17 May 2006* ↑ **Register**

*Fw: Allan Kaprow :: a memorial celebration*

Begin forwarded message:

"*Allan Kaprow 1927 - 2006 a memorial celebration Saturday, June 3, 2006 3:00 - 6:00 p.m. Visual Arts Facility University of California at San Diego 9500 Gilman Dr. La Jollla, CA 92093-0327 Directions: http://visarts.ucsd.edu/node/view/495/*"

# Stanley Kunitz

1905–2006

*6 messages · 6 hands*

*American poet who twice served as U.S. Poet Laureate, the second time at age ninety-five;* Passing Through: The Later Poems *(1995). Died at his Manhattan home at age 100.*

**1599. — alexander saliby** *14 May 2006* ↑ **Register**

*Stanley Kunitz 5/14/2006 RIP...*

Passing thru
few
leave fingerprints
on the minds
of others...

Once in a very great while though
a writer's friend
leaves more than his borrowed dust
on the rest of us.
Alex

> Passing Through
>
> Nobody in the widow's household
> ever celebrated anniversaries.
> In the secrecy of my room
> I would not admit I cared
> that my friends were given parties.
> Before I left town for school
> my birthday went up in smoke
> in a fire at City Hall that gutted
> the Department of Vital Statistics.
> If it weren't for a census report
> of a five-year-old White Male
> sharing my mother's address
> at the Green Street tenement in Worcester
> I'd have no documentary proof
> that I exist. You are the first,
> my dear, to bully me
> into these festive occasions.
>
> Sometimes, you say, I wear
> an abstracted look that drives you
> up the wall, as though it signified
> distress or disaffection.
> Don't take it so to heart.
> Maybe I enjoy not-being as much
> as being who I am. Maybe
> it's time for me to practice
> growing old. The way I look

at it, I'm passing through a phase:
gradually I'm changing to a word.
Whatever you choose to claim
of me is always yours:
nothing is truly mine
except my name. I only
borrowed this dust.

Stanley Kunitz

**1600. — derekrogerson** *15 May 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Stanley Kunitz, 1905-2006*

Stanley Kunitz passed away over the weekend at his Manhattan home

**1601. — Mairead Byrne** *15 May 2006* ↑ **Register**

There's a long piece in the current APR: "A Curious Gladness: A Conversation with Stanley Kunitz and Genine Lentine," almost serendipitously. Stanley Kunitz was an old man when I was young, and living in Provincetown. I thought he would be old forever. May he rest in peace, as he lived. Mairead

*“ 05/15/06 5:18 PM >>>”*

Stanley Kunitz passed away over the weekend at his Manhattan home

**1602. — Ron Silliman** *15 May 2006* ↑ **Register**
*LA Times Obit of Stanley Kunitz*

The Los Angeles Times today shows just how well written and thought out an obit might be for a poet:

http://tinyurl.com/k2n2n

**1603. — Carol Novack** *16 May 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Stanley Kunitz & the new issue of my magazine*

I used to see SK at the supermarket a couple of blocks down Sixth Avenue. I think I once said, I know who you are and I admire you and if you're looking for a pineapple, this one's going to be sweet. No I didn't but I should have. I know I did say something to him once, maybe about pears, but I don't remember. I was too surprised about being in the same stupid supermarket as he, the esteemed Stanley Kunitz. I used to see him with his wife. I gather she died before he did. I wondered when I saw him and said nothing. I wanted to invite him back to my apartment for a glass of wine but I didn't know his poetry. I only knew he was a poet. I was badly read. No time for poetry for years. I was fighting all the time.

So I say hello goodbye Stanley. I wish I had made a connection. But then again, maybe I wouldn't have found a connection. That happens sometimes. Sometimes we writers don't make connections with each other. Like other people don't. Nothing surprising about all this.

I've spend the last few weeks on my magazine. I think it's wonderful. Raymond Federman is our featured writer. We are all poets, artists, prose writers and "non-fiction" commentators. Of course, there is no such thing as non-fiction. I used to write legal briefs and memoranda. I should know. So anyway, drop by, please: http://www.madhattersreview.com.

Pax vobiscum — to all of you & to Stanley who pushed an enamel wired cart of groceries all by himself.

**1604.** **— Minky Starshine** *16 May 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Re: LA Times Obit of Stanley Kunitz (all is stirring, hope is stirring)*

As it should be when so many poets show how well written and thought out poems might be. That is a beautifully written article.

Are you, Buffaloes, under the debris of life digging out your poetry, or engaging in glandular activity?

To early studied loves and their loss, Deborah Poe

"She is a tree in spring Trembling with the hope of leaves Of which the leaves are tongues"

SK

*"-UB Poetics discussion group wrote: On Behalf Of Ron Silliman The Los Angeles Times today shows just how well written and thought out an obit might be for a poet: http://tinyurl.com/k2n2n"*

## Gilbert Sorrentino

1929–2006
*2 messages · 2 hands*

*American novelist, poet, and critic from Brooklyn known for formally inventive postmodern fiction rooted in American speech;* Mulligan Stew *(1979). Two forwarded announcements on the thread, about nothing, are omitted.*

**1605.** **— Herb Levy** *19 May 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Gilbert Sorrentino*

From the William Gaddis list, sad news about a great novelist, poet, essayist & editor.

Those of you who revere Sorrentino's work as much as I do will be saddened to hear he died yesterday, of heart problems brought on by other medical problems that have plagued him over the last year. A brilliant novelist, a superb critic, he will be missed. Those of you who don't know his work might try or His latest work of fiction, was just published a few months ago. Steve

**1606.** **— Pam Brown** *21 May 2006* ↑ **Register**

Dear Herb Levy,
Thank you for your post.
In the current Jacket magazine there is a feature on Gilbert Sorrentino edited by Australian poet Ken Bolton -

http://jacketmagazine.com/29/index.shtml

Those working at Jacket magazine were aware of his fragile health in recent months and are saddened to hear of his death.

Pam Brown

From the William Gaddis list, sad news about a great novelist, poet,
essayist & editor.

# György Ligeti

1923–2006

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*Hungarian avant-garde composer, a pioneer of micropolyphony in works like* Atmosphères *and the opera* Le Grand Macabre*, whose music reached mass audiences through Kubrick's* 2001: A Space Odyssey*. Died in Vienna.*

**1607. — mIEKAL aND** *12 Jun 2006* ↑ **Register**

*Fwd: [silence] György Ligeti died in Vienna at the age of 83*

Begin forwarded message:

> *"dear all,*
> *sad news re LIGETI*
> *Schott Music mourns for György Ligeti*
> *On Monday morning, the Austrian-Hungarian composer György Ligeti*
> *died in Vienna at the age of 83 after suffering from a serious*
> *illness. With him, we have lost one of the most effective and"*

**1608. — Pierre Joris** *16 Jun 2006* ↑ **Register**

*Recent Nomadics blog posts*

Recent Nomadics blog posts:

The Heine Prize, one last time
Thought is Made in the Mouth: Dada Sound Poetry and Manifestos
Poet Lariat
Gyorgy Ligeti (1923-2006)
Jean-Luc Godard's show of shows
Juan Cole's own take
Francisco Garcia Fitz responds

can be found here: http://pjoris.blogspot.com

apologies for crosspostings

Pierre

==========
"Blasphemy is a victimless crime." -- a t-shirt sent to Salman
Rushdie in the days of the Satanic Verses fatwa.

# Luis Jimenez

1940–2006

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American sculptor of Mexican descent known for monumental polychrome fiberglass works including Denver's Blue Mustang;* Vaquero *(1980). Died when a section of Blue Mustang fell from a hoist in his studio, severing a leg artery.*

## 1609. — charles alexander *15 Jun 2006* ↑ Register

*Luis Jimenez, 1940-2006*

I didn't know a lot about Luis Jimenez when I moved to Tucson in the mid-1980s, but I quickly came to think of him as one of the giants in the arts in this part of the country, with a following and reputation that spread far beyond.

Luis Jiminez, Sculptor, Dies in an Accident at 65

> *"By DAVID A. BELCHER Published: June 15, 2006*
>
> *Luis Jimenez, a sculptor whose color-splashed images of swirling dancers, roughneck cowboys in motion and the working class made him a controversial and easily recognized international figure in the art world, died Tuesday at his studio in rural Hondo, N.M. He was 65. Skip to next paragraph ACA Galleries New York "Vaquero" (1987), by the Southwestern sculptor Luis Jimenez.*
>
> *The Lincoln County Sheriff's Office in Carrizozo, N.M., said he died in an industrial accident.*
>
> *Mr. Jimenez was pronounced dead at the Lincoln County Medical Center in southern New Mexico, the Lincoln County Sheriff's Office said. He sustained injuries when one of three pieces from a 32-foot-high sculpture being moved from his studio came loose and pinned him against a steel support. The piece, commissioned by Denver International Airport, depicted a giant mustang horse and had been in development for nearly a decade, according to Jim Moore, former director of the Albuquerque Museum.*
>
> *Mr. Jimenez's massive fiberglass objects, depicting Hispanic and Native American dancers, cowboys and barrio workers with contorted faces and neon-colored, spray-painted clothing, are displayed prominently in public places and museums across the Southwest and the country. His work has been featured at the Art Institute of Chicago, the Museum of Fine Arts in Houston, the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Whitney Museum of American Art.*
>
> *The Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C., honored Mr. Jimenez's sculpture "Man on Fire" in 1979, when it became part of the Smithsonian's National Museum of American Art. The work, perhaps his best known, depicts a man in flames, and is based on the Aztec emperor Cuauhtémoc, who was burned alive by Spanish conquistadores. A casting of another of his sculptures, "Vaquero," which shows a bronco rider atop a shimmering, metallic-blue horse, sits outside the museum.*
>
> *Mr. Jimenez was born in El Paso in 1940. His father owned an electric sign shop, which exposed Luis to spray painting and welding. He moved to New York in 1966, returned to New Mexico in the early 1970's and found success — and controversy — as a sculptor of outdoor objects, which are featured prominently around Albuquerque, including at the University of New Mexico, in the neighborhood Martineztown and in the National Hispanic Cultural Center.*
>
> *Jimenez drew major attention, positive and negative, in 1983, when neighbors in the Old Town district in Albuquerque objected to a sculpture depicting a Native American caressing a dying woman, saying that it resembled a rape. More recently, Mr. Jimenez completed a*

> *sculpture of firefighters for the city of Cleveland, and was putting the finishing touches on the Denver International Airport piece, Mr. Moore said. "At the height of Minimalism in the 1960's, he chose to do something out of fashion," Mr. Moore said. "His work contributed to the rise of Pop Art, but it was more a willingness to do something so overtly meaningful at first glance."*
>
> *New Mexico's governor, Bill Richardson, ordered flags around the state to be flown at half-staff today and Friday.*
>
> *Rudolfo Anaya, professor emeritus of history at the University of New Mexico, said of Mr. Jimenez: "The kind of medium he used shocked the art world at first. It was first called outlandish and garish, but it spoke not only to Hispanics but to the world. In the coming years there will be a school of Luis Jimenez art." charles alexander / chax press fold the book inside the book keep it open always read from the inside out speak then"*

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## Malachi Thompson

1949–2006

*2 messages · 2 hands*

---

*American avant-garde jazz trumpeter from Chicago who led the Freebop Band and Africa Brass ensembles;* Spirit *(1989). Died of T-cell lymphoma, in Chicago.*

---

**1610. — Aldon L Nielsen** *18 Jul 2006* ↑ **Register**

*Fwd: FW: Malachi Thompson 1949-2006*

I just received this very sad news about Malachi Thmpson — a wonderful composer and trumpet player who was a great friend to poets — recorded with many of them over the years — I will imagine him somewhere playing his great "Ali Shuffle"

wrote:

> *"Malachi Thompson 1949-2006 Delmark Records has very sad news to report as our long time Delmark family friend and musician, Malachi Thompson, passed away yesterday morning at home,*
>
> *July 16th, 2006.*
>
> *Malachi (1949-2006) was a beautiful soul and an extremely kind man and will be dearly missed by so many people whose lives he has positively touched. Malachi was a brilliant trumpet player and composer, writer and jazz historian, and a highly influential advocate for jazz and arts education.*
>
> *As part of the 2nd generation of AACM,*
>
> *Malachi Thompson is best known for his innovative approach in combining free jazz with the discipline of bop and the emotion of the blues. Malachi sadly passed away from leukemia, which had been in remission for almost 20 years.*
>
> *Just like his main musical heroes, Coltrane and Lester Bowie, Malachi was more than a musician, but a musician with vision and purpose.*
>
> *Malachi's Africa Brass with Billy Harper will be performing in a tribute to Malachi Thompson at the world famous Chicago Jazz Festival on Friday, Sept 1 from 6-7pm at the Petrillo Main Stage.*
>
> *This will be a special tribute and very moving performance.*

> *I know Malachi was looking forward greatly to this anticipated event.”*

**1611.** **— Gerald Schwartz** *20 Jul 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Malachi Thompson*

E-Mail This

ARTS / MUSIC | July 20, 2006 Malachi Thompson, Trumpeter, 56, Dies

*“ By THE ASSOCIATED PRESS Malachi Thompson was a trumpeter and a leading figure in Chicago's experimental jazz scene.”*

---

## Mickey Spillane

1918–2006

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American pulp crime novelist, creator of detective Mike Hammer, whose books sold over 200 million copies;* I, the Jury *(1947). Died of pancreatic cancer, in South Carolina.*

**1612.** **— David-Baptiste Chirot** *18 Jul 2006* ↑ **Register**
*RIP MICKEY SPILLANE*

—

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## Louise Bennett

1919–2006

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*Jamaican poet and folklorist 'Miss Lou' who brought Jamaican Patois to literary and broadcast prominence;* Jamaica Labrish *(1966). Died collapsed at her home in Ontario, aged 86.*

**1613.** **— Tisa Bryant** *28 Jul 2006* ↑ **Register**
*The Passing of a Legend: Louise Bennett 1919-2007*

From Gus John

The Honourable Dr Louise Bennett Coverley O.M.

7 September 1919 - 27 July 2006

Miss Lou ded an gaan. Lang liv de Afrikaan Queen!

Miss Lou passed away at the Scarborough Grace Hospital, Toronto, Canada on 27 July 2006, having collapsed at her home earlier that morning.

Her death marks the passing of a legend. Never mind historical icons such as Alexander Bustamante and Norman Manley, Louise Bennett was the mother, father and soul restorer of the Jamaican nation. No one had done more to assist the Jamaican people in understanding themselves and their uniqueness as a people crafted from the ravages of slavery and colonialism than Miss Lou. The Honourable Marcus Mosiah Garvey focused upon the African identity of Jamaican and other African heritage people

in the diaspora and the need for us to reconnect with Africa and reclaim our heritage in the Motherland. Miss Lou devoted a lifetime to helping the nation to understand who it is, where it came from, how where it came from shaped who it is and how, in the process, ways of communicating were forged which were unique to Jamaica and the way the nation experienced and related to its world and to the world outside itself.

Louise Bennett was a child prodigy where the Jamaican language was concerned. Amazingly, while not yet a teenager, she determined that the language she and those around her spoke was the language that should be validated and used as a medium for expressing oneself in writing. She had experienced that language as the one in which ordinary people gave meaning to their lives, expressing their needs and wants, their joys and their sorrows, their aspirations and their regrets. Yet, the medium of teaching and instruction in school was not the language of the Jamaican people but a foreign language which the majority of the nation could neither speak nor write.

By the age of 14, she had written her first poem in Jamaican English, popularly called 'dialect' at the time. Her creative abilities were apparent even then and in her 20s she won a scholarship to attend the prestigious Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts (RADA) in London, graduating as a dramatist, actress and performer. She brought the art of dramatic expression to her exploration, interpretation and use of the Jamaican language, validating it as a language long before it was accredited as such in the 1960s, largely through the work of people like Frederic Cassidy and Robert Le Page.

The bibliography in the seminal writings of both these academics, especially

Jamaica Talk (Cassidy: 1961) and Dictionary of Jamaican English (Cassidy & Le Page: 1967) include references to Louise Bennett's work dating back to 1942 when the Gleaner published her Dialect Verses, one of her earliest published works.

Miss Lou worked with repertory companies in various parts of England where West Indian ex-servicemen and students from the islands as well as the Windrush generation of migrants would have settled.

She did more than most to develop an awareness and understanding of Jamaican folklore, of the sayings, proverbs and philosophies, the values and principles of the ordinary working people. Using the medium of poetry, drama and story telling in what was predominantly an oral tradition, Miss Lou put the Jamaican people in touch with themselves, with their wisdom, their irony and their quirkiness. Above all, she put them in touch with their inner selves and their connectedness to Africa by pointing up the fact that the entire society and its culture is riddled with African retentions. Those retentions could still be seen today in rites of passage, in religious practices, in music, in the vocabulary and forms of speech in the Jamaican language, in percussion, in food, in superstitions. Miss Lou brought it all alive through drama, poetry, prose, chants, dance and song, and through her radio and television shows that were hugely popular with people of all ages in Jamaican society, shows such as Laugh with Louise, Miss Lou's Views, The Lou and Ranny Show and the television show 'Ring Ding'.

When, in the 1960s and 1970s, children started to arrive in Britain in increasing numbers from Jamaica to join parents and entered British schools, a major issue in the

assessment of their 'intelligence' and their ability to cope with the schooling system was their language. Because they were not seen as having a language in its own right that was different from English, they were deemed to be speaking and writing broken English as a variant of 'standard' English and therefore judged as being poorly equipped to get on in the English schooling system. Louise Bennett's work was invaluable in that it provided the ammunition both to counteract those damaging and erroneous assessments and to give Jamaican speakers a sense of self and a confidence in the language that they spoke. It also helped to demonstrate that those Jamaican children and their parents were speaking an entirely different language and that they were being put at an educational disadvantage and subjected to damaging stereotyping if that were not recognised.

Miss Lou became ambassador at large for the Jamaican people, representing their country and its cultural heritage across the world and giving permission to those of us involved in song writing, music making, performance poetry, theatre and teaching, to claim the language and be assertive in our use and projection of it. As such, she inspired and created space for other early pioneers such as Andrew Salkey, Kamau Brathwaite, and latterly Benjamin Zephaniah and the world renowned Linton Kwesi Johnson.

Miss Lou married Eric Winston Coverley in 1954 and was widowed in 2002.

She was awarded the Order of Jamaica in 1974, the Order of Merit in 2001, the Institute of Jamaica.s Musgrave Silver and Gold Medals for distinguished eminence in the field of Arts and Culture and the Norman Manley Award for Excellence in the field of Arts. She held the Honorary Degree Of Doctor of Letters from the University of the West Indies and from York University in Toronto.

We in education and social and cultural life in Britain and Jamaicans at home and in the second diaspora worldwide owe her an enormous debt and give thanks for her long life and pioneering life's work.

Professor Gus John

Good fortune takes preparation

> **1614. — Charles Bernstein** *29 Jul 2006* ↑ Register
> I appreciate Tisa Bryant's notice about Louise Bennett, one of the great 20th century poets of the Americas. I have posted a tribute to Bennett at http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/bernstein/blog/
>
> Charles Bernstein

# Dewey Redman

1931–2006

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American free-jazz tenor saxophonist who played with Ornette Coleman and Keith Jarrett's American quartet;* The Survivors' Suite *(1976). Died of liver failure, in Brooklyn.*

**1615. — steve dalachinsky** *4 Sep 2006* ↑ **Register**

*sadly the great dewey redman died yesterday*

dew eyed red man ( for dewey redman )

unveils east of  shortcut score
head/coach loosed reins
fell short
      vast
           versus
                versatile
                      vein(e)s
pierced eligible whiskers
strung most villainous keys
unless levelled
battened
advertised brand of toastados
per flick   (slick)     super quicker
                  (stick) uh       d..k
privateyesaytion
in the deep end meant
polyband female-trumpeteer
deweyed red-man    sack-o x's
dances with the okeh years
nests now with gone out now with
the merciless
theme

steve dalachinsky & jim leftwich 09.03.06

# Steve Irwin

1962–2006

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*Australian wildlife conservationist and television personality known as* 'The Crocodile Hunter'*, whose documentaries reached hundreds of millions of viewers. Dead from a stingray wound while filming off north Quee. One forwarded announcement on the thread, about nothing, is omitted.*

**1616. — Gabriel Gudding** *4 Sep 2006* ↑ **Register**

*this wrecked me - steve "crikey" irwin is dead*

i really loved this man. my daughter clio and i loved watching him on Animal Planet. he really cared deeply for those animals, and was quite gentle with them.

"Television personality and environmentalist Steve Irwin has died from a stingray wound while filming off north Queensland.

Friends believe he may have died instantly when struck by a stingray as he filmed a sequence for his eight-year-old daughter Bindi's new TV series.

Irwin's friend of 20 years, Ferre De Deyne said Irwin had been struck by the stingray while filming. "The stingray just happened to be swimming around and out of the blue whacked his tail at him," he said.

"It is absolutely tragic. I have dived so many times with stingrays and they are usually very placid things," he said.

Known worldwide as the Crocodile Hunter, 44-year-old Irwin was famous for his enthusiasm for wildlife and his catchcry "Crikey!"

http://www.smh.com.au/news/national/steve-irwin-killed-by-stingray/2006/09/04/1157222051512.html?page=fullpage#contentSwap1

http://gabrielgudding.blogspot.com

Gabriel Gudding Department of English Illinois State University Normal, Illinois 61790 (office)

> **1617. — Joseph Thomas** *6 Sep 2006* ↑ **Register**
>
> *Steve Irwin*
>
> Gabe (and others)—
>
> I came across this short essay today, and it got me thinking about your comment that Steve Irwin loved the animals he used on his show (I didn't check your earlier post—but I seem to recall the word love there). At the time, I wasn't sure if you were being ironic—because, to me, his love seemed like a tough love if it was love at all. Anyway, here's this little article from MSNBC which I think you'll find interesting:
>
> Best,
> Joseph

## Sven Nykvist

1922–2006

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Swedish cinematographer, Ingmar Bergman's longtime collaborator, celebrated for naturalistic light, Oscar winner for* Cries and Whispers. *Died after years with aphasia, which had ended his career.*

**1618. — Halvard Johnson** *21 Sep 2006* ↑ **Register**

*RIP Sven Nykvist*

RIP

"Colorless green ideas sleep furiously."
—Noam Chomsky

Halvard Johnson

## Oskar Pastior

1927–2006

*3 messages · 2 hands*

*Romanian-born German poet and translator, the only German member of Oulipo, once a forced laborer in Soviet camps;* Offne Worte *(1964). Died in Frankfurt.*

**1619. — mIEKAL aND** *5 Oct 2006* ↑ **Register**

*Romanian-born German writer Oskar Pastior dies at 78*

Romanian-born German writer Oskar Pastior dies at 78

> *"The Associated Press*
>
> *Published: October 5, 2006* *http://www.iht.com/articles/ap/2006/10/05/arts/EU_A-E_BKS_Germany_Obit_Pastior.php*
>
> *BERLIN Oskar Pastior, a Romanian-born German writer who was celebrated for his creative use of language, has died, his publisher said Thursday. He was 78.*
>
> *Pastior died overnight in Frankfurt, where he was visiting the annual book fair, said Christine Knecht, a spokeswoman for the Carl Hanser Verlag publishing house. She did not give the cause of death.*
>
> *Among Pastior's early works was "Offne Worte" published in 1964; he made his literary debut in Germany in 1969 with "Vom Sichersten ins Tausendste," a collection of poems.*
>
> *Pastior was born on Oct. 20, 1927 in the Transylvanian city of Sibiu, where he lived as a member of the German-speaking minority.*
>
> *After being interned in Soviet labor camps following World War II, he returned to communist Romania in 1949 and studied German at the University of Bucharest. He worked in radio before turning to writing.*
>
> *Pastior fled to West Germany during a study trip to Vienna, Austria in 1968 and settled in West Berlin. He had been working on a book about his time in Soviet labor camps at the time of his death.*

*Germany's culture minister, Bernd Neumann, described Pastior as "one of the most significant authors of our time." "His virtuoso linguistic art is a pleasure but also a challenge for the reader," Neumann said in a statement. "Great seriousness and a passion for the word were evident in his playful linguistic experiments."*

*Details of survivors and funeral arrangements were not immediately available.*

*BERLIN Oskar Pastior, a Romanian-born German writer who was celebrated for his creative use of language, has died, his publisher said Thursday. He was 78.*

*Pastior died overnight in Frankfurt, where he was visiting the annual book fair, said Christine Knecht, a spokeswoman for the Carl Hanser Verlag publishing house. She did not give the cause of death.*

*Among Pastior's early works was "Offne Worte" published in 1964; he made his literary debut in Germany in 1969 with "Vom Sichersten ins Tausendste," a collection of poems.*

*Pastior was born on Oct. 20, 1927 in the Transylvanian city of Sibiu, where he lived as a member of the German-speaking minority.*

*After being interned in Soviet labor camps following World War II, he returned to communist Romania in 1949 and studied German at the University of Bucharest. He worked in radio before turning to writing.*

*Pastior fled to West Germany during a study trip to Vienna, Austria in 1968 and settled in West Berlin. He had been working on a book about his time in Soviet labor camps at the time of his death.*

*Germany's culture minister, Bernd Neumann, described Pastior as "one of the most significant authors of our time." "His virtuoso linguistic art is a pleasure but also a challenge for the reader," Neumann said in a statement. "Great seriousness and a passion for the word were evident in his playful linguistic experiments."*

*Details of survivors and funeral arrangements were not immediately available.*”

**1620. — Pierre Joris** *9 Oct 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Recent posts on Nomadics*

Recent Nomadics blog posts:

Jerome Rothenberg in Albany
Monday Night Experimental Cabaret
Oskar Pastior (1927-2006)
More from Meddeb
Kingdom Come, 1000 buddhas, Walt & Mearsheimer book
Twixt Art & Politics: the History of Pacifica
New Media, Poetry & Poetics

can be found at:

http://pjoris.blogspot.com

**1621. — Pierre Joris** *23 Oct 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Recent Nomadics blog posts*

Check out these recent Nomadics blog posts at http:// pjoris.blogspot.com:

Pastior Prize & Interview
My French Mexico City Blues
Good News for the Living Theatre
Michail Ryklin on Russia post-Politkovskaya
Raúl Zurita's INRI
Weekend Noticings

& have a great week!

> Pierre
>
> ==========
> "As democracy is perfected, the office of president represents,
> more and more closely, the inner soul of the people. On some
> great and glorious day the plain folks of the land will reach their
> heart's desire at last, and the White House will be adorned by
> a downright moron." -- H.L. Mencken (1880-1956)

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# Brad Will

1970–2006

*18 messages · 10 hands*

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*American anarchist activist, poet, and Indymedia videojournalist active in Lower East Side squatting and community-garden defense, shot while filming the 2006 Oaxaca teachers' uprising, his death later ruled an extrajudicial execution;* video documentation of the Oaxaca teachers' strike *(2006). Dead from three bullet wounds after an attack by shoote.*

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**1622. — mIEKAL aND** *28 Oct 2006* ↑ **Register**

*Fwd: brad will RIP*

This is devastating news, Brad was a good friend & had just spent a long weekend here at Dreamtime a few months ago. ~mIEKAL

> *"just in case you hadn't heard* *http://www.narconews.com/Issue43/article2223.html*
>
> *Brad Will, New York Documentary Filmmaker and Indymedia Reporter, Assassinated by Pro-Government Gunshot in Oaxaca While Reporting the Story Photographer Oswaldo Ramirez of the Daily Milenio Wounded in Attack by Shooters for Ulises Ruiz Ortiz in Santa Lucia El Camino*
>
> *By Al Giordano The Other Journalism with the Other Campaign in Chihuahua*
>
> *October 27, 2006*
>
> *Brad Will, 36, a documentary filmmaker and reporter for Indymedia in New York, Bolivia and Brazil, died today of a gunshot to the chest when pro-government attackers opened fire on a barricade in the neighborhood of Santa Lucia El Camino, on the outskirts of Oaxaca, Mexico. He died with his video camera in his hands.*
>
> *Brad Will in Chetumal, Quintana Roo Photo: D.R. 2006 Narco News Brad went to Oaxaca in early October to document the story that Commercial Media simulators like Rebecca Romero of Associated Press distort instead of report: the story of a people sick and tired of repression and injustice, who take back the government that rightfully is theirs. In that context, his assassination is also a consequence of what happens when independent media must do the work that Big Media fails to do: to tell the truth. My friend and colleague since 1996 when we labored together at 88.7 FM Steal This Radio on New York's Lower East Side, I bumped into him again in Bolivia in 2004 during a public reception held by the Narco News School of Authentic Journalism, and again on the Yucatán peninsula last January where he came to cover the beginnings of the Zapatista Other Campaign – Brad died to bring the authentic story to the world.*
>
> *Brad went to Oaxaca in early October knowing, assuming and sharing the risks of reporting the story. His final published article, on October 17, titled "Death in Oaxaca," reported the assassination of Alejandro García Hernández on the barricades set up by the Popular As-*

*sembly of the Peoples of Oaxaca (APPO, in its Spanish initials). Brad wrote: "…went walking back from alejandros barricade with a group of supporters who came from an outlying district a half hour away—went walking with angry folk on their way to the morgue—went inside and saw him—havent seen too many bodies in my life—eats you up—a stack of nameless corpes in the corner—about the number who had died—no refrigeration—the smell —they had to open his skull to pull the bullet out—walked back with him and his people "… and now alejandro waits in the zocalo—like the others at their plantones—hes waiting for an impasse, a change, an exit, a way forward, a way out, a solution—waiting for the earth to shift and open—waiting for november when he can sit with his loved ones on the day of the dead and share food and drink and a song—waiting for the plaza to turn itself over to him and burst —he will only wait until morning but tonight he is waiting for the governor and his lot to never come back—one more death—one more martyr in a dirty war—one more time to cry and hurt—one more time to know power and its ugly head—one more bullet cracks the night —one more night at the barricades—some keep the fires—others curl up and sleep—but all of them are with him as he rests one last night at his watch…"*

*Brad Will's Assassins Photo: D.R. 2006 El Universal Last September 26, Brad, on his way to Mexico, wrote me: "hey al it brad from nyc—it would be great to get yr narco contacts in oaxaca—i am headed there and want to connect with as many folks as posible—are you in df? —i should be stopping though there and it would be great to go out for a drink solid brad"*

*Knowing of Brad's hard luck covering other stories (he had been beaten by police in New York and in Brazil doing this important but dangerous work), his difficulty with the Spanish language, and of the greater risk for independent reporters who haven't been embedded over time (and thus known by the people) in Oaxaca, I pleaded with him not to go, to instead go to Atenco and report on the story there of the arrival of Zapatista comandantes: "Our Oaxaca team is firmly embedded. There are a chingo of other internacionales roaming around there looking for the big story, but the situation is very delicate, the APPO doesn't trust anyone it hasn't known for years, and they keep telling me not to send newcomers, because the situation is so fucking tense… If you are coming to Mexico, I would much more recommend your hanging around DF-Atenco and reporting that story which is about to begin. The APPO is (understandably) very distrustful of people it doesn't already know. And we have enough hands on deck there to continue breaking the story. But what is about to happen in Atenco-DF needs more hands on deck."*

*Brad replied that same night, undeterred: "hey thanks for the quick get back—i have a hd professional camera—i have heard reports about the level of distrust in oax and it is disconcerting—i think i will still go—i wont tell them you sent me and i am open to other suggestions on how to spend my time—i dont know what is happening in atenco in the coming days—i may connect with la otra capitulo dos somewhere along the way—great to hear from you—do you have a cell / phone number? solidaridad b rad"*

*I was not surprised that he decided to go to Oaxaca anyway. Brad had always taken risks: whether riding freight train box cars across the North American plain, or bunkering in his Fifth Street squat in 1996 when police and the wrecking ball invaded, his life had been one of courage. I gave him my cell phone number in case of emergency. He wrote back on October 7, three weeks ago: "hey al brad here—thanks for the contacts and info—i landed in df feeling pretty ill and then came straight to oax and am plugged in—if you want to share your contacts down here it would be very helpful—i think I will stay down here for a month—nancy said you had a contact with a human rights lawyer who might help journalists not get deported – please help me with that information as well—i know you are busy and look forward to seeing more of your work peace b rad"*

*In those emails are the words of a valiant compañero who, knowing full well that this story could be his last, decided to share the risks with the people whose cause he reported.*

*Also sharing the risks today in Santa Lucia El Camino, Oaxaca was photographer Oswaldo Ramírez of the daily Milenio, wounded by gunfire. It was Milenio reporter Diego Osorio who confirmed the news of Brad's death at 4:30 this afternoon. He also said that in another corner of the city, outside the state prosecutor's office, gunmen fired at other APPO members, that three were wounded, and that one schoolteacher is reported dead, but was unable so far to confirm that report.*

*Photo: D.R. 2006 El Universal Brad Will was known and liked throughout the hemisphere, and in its media centers from New York to Sao Paulo to Mexico City. Tonight his body lies in the same Oaxaca morgue he visited and wrote about last week. He will not go silently into the long night of repression that the illegitimate governor Ulises Ruiz Ortiz, President Vicente Fox and his illegitimate successor Felipe Calderon have created in Oaxaca, and, indeed, in so much of Mexico. It was inevitable that soon an international reporter would join the growing list of the assassinated under the repressive regimes of Mexico (others had already been raped and beaten in Atenco, only to be deported from the country last May). Tonight it was Brad, doing the responsible and urgent work, video camera in hand, of breaking the Commercial Media blockade.*

*Speaking at a public meeting of the Other Campaign in Buaiscobe, Sonora, when the news came in about Brad's death, Zapatista Subcomandante Insurgente Marcos, upon receiving a briefing of the day's events in Oaxaca, told the public and the press: "We know that they killed at least one person. This person that they killed was from the alternative media that are here with us. He didn't work for the big television news companies and didn't receive pay. He is like the people who came here with us on the bus, who are carrying the voices of the people from below so that they would be known. Because we already know that the television news companies and newspapers only concern themselves with governmental affairs. And this person was a compañero of the Other Campaign. He also traveled various parts of the country with us, and he was with us when we were in Yucatán, taking photos and video of what was happening there. And they shot him and he died. It appears that there is another person dead. The government doesn't want to take responsibility for what happened. Now they tell us that all of the people of Oaxaca are mobilizing. They aren't afraid. They are mobilizing to take to the streets and protest this injustice. We are issuing a call to all of the Other Campaign at the national level and to compañeros and compañeras in other countries to unite and to demand justice for this dead compañero. We are making this call especially to all of the alternative media, and free media here in Mexico and in all the world."*

*Tonight, from the Oaxaca City Morgue, Brad Will shouts "Ya Basta!" – Enough Already! – to the death and suffering imposed (as Brad, a thoughtful and serious anarchist, understood) by an economic system, the capitalist system. His death will be avenged when that system is destroyed. And Brad Will's ultimate sacrifice exposes the Mexican regime for the brutal authoritarian violence that the Commercial Media hides from the world, and thus speeds the day that justice will come from below and sweep out the regimes of pain and repression that system requires. Brad gave his life tonight so that you and I could know the truth. We owe him to act upon it, and to share the risks that he took. Goodbye, old friend. Your sacrifice will not be in vain.*

*Update, 10:30 p.m. Oaxaca: The Popular Assembly of the Peoples of Oaxaca (APPO) has confirmed that schoolteacher Emilio Alfonso Fabián has died from three bullet wounds after an attack by shooters for Ulises Ruiz Ortiz outside the state government palace.*

*Kristin Bricker reported for this story from Sonora*”

**1623.** **— Jonathan Skinner** *30 Oct 2006* **↑ Register**
*Brad Will*

Brad Will was a friend: a friend of poetry, of the environment, of free speech and media, of justice. (He was a fearless champion of the community pocket gardens across Manhattan's Lower East Side, as they came under siege in the Giuliani Administration. He also interviewed many poets on his show for the microradio station, Steal This Radio.) This is sad news. Check out the story, and if you feel inclined, please sign the petition. Thanks.

JS

As most of you are aware, our friend Brad Will was shot and killed in Oaxaca Mexico last Friday, October 27th while covering the civil unrest there. 3 others were killed as well.

Brad's brutal death must be addressed. Here is a small step we can take.

Please sign and pass on this petition to all your friends. Let's try to get a few hundred signatures by Friday, November 3rd.

To sign the petition, simply click the link below, sign, and pass on to your friends! (or paste into your browser).

http://www.gopetition.com/online/9996.html

The petition is being sent to U.S. Embassy in Mexico, Consular Agent in Oaxaca, Mark A. Leyes

To view the press release on the death of Brad by U.S. Ambassador Garza, go the U.S. Embassy website: http://mexico.usembassy.gov/mexico/ep061027Will.html

Several news sources are currently covering the story: gin

There are 12 messages totalling 915 lines in this issue.

Topics of the day:

1. Jail conditions for Canadian aboriginals a 'disgrace' 2. The first Petit Mal 3. 'Cross' Shows Jesus As Being a Black Man (2) 4. melancholia's tremulous dreadlocks issue 7 5. Alex Caldiero, Leonard Gontarek and Jane Ormerod will read Sunday at ABC No Rio celebrating CLWN WR 6. Little Magazines/Small Presses/Mimeo Revolution (2) 7. Dirty Updates! 8. ODYSSEY premiere/release party at MIX NYC 11.12! 9. Cara Hoffman audio at Factory School 10. call for digital art

Jail conditions for Canadian aboriginals a 'disgrace': ombudsman

Monday, October 16, 2006 CBC News

http://www.cbc.ca/canada/story/2006/10/16/native-prisoners.html

Aboriginal offenders are routinely discriminated against by the corrections system and are far less likely to get parole or be rehabilitated by their experiences in jail, the ombudsman for federal prisons says.

Releasing his annual report into conditions in federal prisons, correctional investigator Howard Sapers said the challenges faced by aboriginal people in Canadian jails amounts to "a national disgrace".

"Despite years of task force reports, internal reviews, national strategies, partnership agreements and action plans, there has been no measurable improvements in the conditions for aboriginal offenders during the last 20 years," said Sapers at a news conference in Ottawa.

He said the overall incarceration rate for aboriginal Canadians was nine times higher than for the population at large and the situation was even worse for aboriginal women.

One in three inmates in federally-run women's prisons were aboriginal, he said, with almost half of them in maximum security institutions.

Aboriginals often sent to maximum security prison

He said there was "routine overclassification" of native prisoners, who were far more likely to be sent to maximum security prison than offenders from other backgrounds.

"That means they [aboriginal offenders] often serve their sentences away from family, community, their friends and elders," Sapers said, "They are sent into segregation more often … severely limiting access to rehabilitative programs and services that are intended to prepare them for their release."

Parole is routinely denied or revoked, often on technical grounds, he said.

Sapers called on the federal government to address the situation urgently with new programs, more resources and consultations with aboriginal leaders and communities.

Angus Toulouse, of the Ontario Regional Council of the Assembly of First Nations, said poverty, inadequate educational and employment opportunities, alcoholism and domestic abuse were among the reasons for overrepresentation.

"Where disadvantaged socio-economic factors lead to overrepresentation of First Nations peoples in the criminal justice system, this is systemic discrimination," said Toulouse.

Public Safety Minister Stockwell Day has said he will consider the findings of Sapers's report but there is no evidence of systemic discrimination against native offenders in the prison system.

The president of the Native Women's Association of Canada said the alarming rise in the number of aboriginal women who are incarcerated affects all Canadians.

"If this was the case for non-aboriginal people, I'm almost certain that Canadians would react and demand that something be done," said Beverly Jacobs.

-"I testified/My mama cried/Black people died/When the other man lied" — chuck d \ "Be a friend to the oppressed and an enemy to the oppressor" —Imam Ali Ibn Abu Talib (as)

"They want to see us breathless. We will not be. They want to see us tired. We refuse to be. They want to see what our strength is. We will not show it in advance. We will continuously surprise them." — Julia Wright

"We restate our commitment to the peace process. But we will not submit to a process of humiliation." --patrick o'neil

"...we have the responsibility to make no deal with the oppressor" --harry belafonte

"...these people generate wars in Asia and Africa,...These are the people who, in the last century, caused several devastating wars. In one world war alone, they killed over 60 million people.... In the near future, Allah willing, we will put you to trial in courts established by the peoples...."-- mahmoud ahmadinejad

http://www.sidebrow.net/2006/a047braithwaite.php

http://radio.indymedia.org/uploads/just_a_sec_for_whiteboys_in_afrika__downy_dub____.mp3

http://cleveland.indymedia.org/uploads/2006/07olivet___h.a.t.s_in_the_square___loud_ruffa1b.mp3

http://vancouver.indymedia.org/?q=node/315

http://radio.indymedia.org/news/2005/10/7255.php

http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderByÚte

http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/

Jesse Crockett wrote:

> *"Petit Mal Too bad you can resolve matters that need your wan sensory input. — should i go on, ? okay, the whole rubric of this minor is available at http://denacht.blogspot.com, for those interested to read about fourteen more. (My apologies to those who suffer from real absence seizures.) Jwc"*

'Cross' Shows Jesus As Being a Black Man

http://apnews1.iwon.com//article/20061025/D8KVQNBO0.html

Oct 25, 2:23 PM (ET)

*"By SANDY COHEN*

*(AP) This undated photo released by Nu-Lite Entertainment shows Jean Claude LaMarre, who wrote, directed... http://apnews1.iwon.com/image/20061025/FILM_BLACK_JESUS.sff_LA302_20061025141922.html?date 061025&docidØKVQNBO0*

*LOS ANGELES (AP) - It's a familiar image for millions of Christians: Jesus Christ, with a crown of thorns, hanging from the cross. What color is he? In a controversial new film opening Friday, he is black. "Color of the Cross" tells a traditional story, focusing on the last 48 hours of his life as told in the Gospels. In this version, though, race contributes to his persecution.*

*It is the first representation in the history of American cinema of Jesus as a black man. "It's very important because (the film) is going to provide an image of Jesus for African-Americans that is no longer under the control of whites," says Stephenson Humphries-Brooks, an associate professor of religious studies at New York's Hamilton College and author of "Cinematic Savior: Hollywood's Making of the American Christ."*

*What Jesus looked like has long been debated by theologians around the world. Different cultures have imagined him in different ways, says Stephen Prothero, chairman of the religion department at Boston University. In Japan, Jesus looks Japanese. In Africa, he is black. But in America he is almost always white, like the fair-haired savior painted by Leonardo Da Vinci in "The Last Supper" in 1495.*

*While some black churches have images of a black Jesus behind the altar and others have claimed Christ was black, Prothero says "none of those arguments or images have filtered much into the mainstream."*

*Filmmaker Jean Claude LaMarre set out to change that with "Color of the Cross." LaMarre, who plays Jesus, wrote, directed and financed the film. It will open in 30 theaters in predominantly black neighborhoods. "Black people in this country are the only race of people who worship a god outside their own image," says LaMarre, 38, adding that showing Christ as a black man is "the most poignant way to deal with the issue of race in this country because it goes to the heart of how we look at the world."*

*It also provides a positive image of blacks, something that's been scant in the U.S., says the Rev. Cecil "Chip" Murray, longtime leader of L.A.'s First African Methodist Episcopal Church and a producer of the film. "It could be revolutionary because, for four centuries in our nation, blacks have been at the lowest end of the stratum," he says. "I think it will traumatize the United States more than it will foreign nations who, to some extent, don't have a centuries-old concept of equating black with negativity."*

*Humphries-Brooks agrees. Other countries are likely to view the film "in a more detached manner," he says, "because of the way (they) see our race-relations problem."*

*Why does race matter in the story of Christ? "Jesus isn't in the hands of historians," Prothero says. "What we have now is our own debate and, in that debate, race has to be a factor because race is a big predicament in American life."*

*Film is a powerful place to have the discussion, says Humphries-Brooks, who calls the medium "one of the last places that is quasi-public for the formation of values in America." "Artistic and aesthetic views are as important in developing religious values as the words we speak. Everybody goes to the movies. Not everybody goes to the same church."*

*Filmmaker LaMarre thinks the film can only have a positive effect. "The message is that color, a colored Jesus Christ, doesn't matter," he says. "That's why the movie is important. When you have one prevailing image out there, it suggests color does matter."*"

On the Net:

http://www.colorofthecross.com

_____ Change address / Leave mailing list: http://ymlp.com/u.php?
Hosting by YourMailingListProvider

see also: Canada ranked low in UN native report http://www.cbc.ca/canada/story/2005/04/11/UNNatives-050411.html

—Stay Strong

"We restate our commitment to the peace process. But we will not submit to a process of humiliation." --patrick o'neil

"...we have the responsibility to make no deal with the oppressor" --harry belafonte

http://www.sidebrow.net/2006/a047braithwaite.php

http://radio.indymedia.org/uploads/just_a_sec_for_whiteboys_in_afrika__downy_dub____.mp3

http://cleveland.indymedia.org/uploads/2006/07
olivet___h.a.t.s_in_the_square___loud_ruffa1b.mp3

http://vancouver.indymedia.org/?q=node/315

http://radio.indymedia.org/news/2005/10/7255.php

http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderByÚte

http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/

The seventh issue of melancholia's tremulous dreadlocks is live, featuring work by:

Anne Heide - Brian Mornar - Chris Tonelli - Daniela Olszewska - Ellen Kennedy - Kathleen Rooney - Michael Rerick - Tao Lin - Tim Earley

art by Adrian Landon Brooks

mtd is a biweekly online poetry journal edited by Andrew Lundwall and François Luong.

http://mtd.celaine.com

_____ Find a local pizza place, music store, museum and more...then map the best route! http://local.live.com?FORM=MGA001

at ABC No Rio celebrating CLWN WR

So nice to see you mention Leonard Gonterek's name on the poetry list,

Leonard was a great force on the Philly Poetry scene when I was there from 86-92. For people like myself who were "too street poet for the academics, and allegedly too academic for the street poets" (and at the time in Philly it was pretty damn 'either/or'), Leonard's work was very helped widen the range in ways that gave a lot of younger poets and writers hope and permission. Have fun at the > reading...

Chris

*"Alex Caldiero flew in from Utah for this reading. Leonard Gontarek > will be Amtraking in from Philadelphia. Jane Ormerod, yes, will be > walking up from downtown. All to excite and entertain you. Three great poets celebrating the rebirth of CLWN WR. Please come and hear them. You won't be disappointed! ABC No Rio Celebrates CLWN WR!!! Sunday, October 29, 7:00 p.m. Alex Caldiero Leonard Gontarek Jane Ormerod introduced by Bob Heman editor/publisher of CLWN WR/Clown War since 1971 hosted by Patricia Carragon for ABC No Rio $5.00 donation ABC No Rio, 156 Rivington Street ("F" Train to Delancey – walk north one block)"*

I've always found this topic to be really interesting. There are two issues at play here that I think get undue attention: 1.) arguing over the race of Jesus of Nazareth is to project the socially constructed ideas of race from our era into an era when the ideas of race were completely different. So to say that Jesus was white or Jesus was black or Jesus was Asian is entirely anachronistic. 2.) From a theological perspective, the issue that the article posted brings up, that people worship G-d in their own image, well, that's a little strange, isn't it, when the basic idea is that we were created in H-s image? I mean, really when it comes right down to it, all the people in the world probably look nothing like G-d, but if you took the common characteristics of all of us, then you'd get that "image of the divine" that we were created in, right? So focussing on Jesus's race is really only a way of further distancing your imagge of god from what he actually looks like, since it's a way of enforcing difference rather than likeness. 3.) which is not to say that Black folks aren't completely right to point out that a blond haired blue eyed jesus is pretty fucking dumb, just saying maybe the muslims got it right when they decreed there would be no images of God or The Prophet. It makes a lot

more sense from a practical view. If nobody has an idea what they look like, then they really could look like everybody. everybody with a y chromosome at least.

Ishaq wrote:

> *'Cross' Shows Jesus As Being a Black Man*
> *http://apnews1.iwon.com//article/20061025/D8KVQNBO0.html*
> *Oct 25, 2:23 PM (ET)*
> *By SANDY COHEN*
> *(AP) This undated photo released by Nu-Lite Entertainment shows Jean Claude LaMarre, who wrote, directed... http://apnews1.iwon.com/image/20061025/FILM_BLACK_JESUS.sff_LA302_20061025141922.html?date 061025&docidØKVQNBO0*

On the Net:

http://www.colorofthecross.com

see also: Canada ranked low in UN native report http://www.cbc.ca/canada/story/2005/04/11/UNNatives-050411.html

—Stay Strong

"We restate our commitment to the peace process. But we will not submit to a process of humiliation." --patrick o'neil

"...we have the responsibility to make no deal with the oppressor" --harry belafonte

http://www.sidebrow.net/2006/a047braithwaite.php

http://radio.indymedia.org/uploads/just_a_sec_for_whiteboys_in_afrika__downy_dub___.mp3

http://cleveland.indymedia.org/uploads/2006/07olivet__h.a.t.s_in_the_square__loud_ruffa1b.mp3

http://vancouver.indymedia.org/?q=node/315

http://radio.indymedia.org/news/2005/10/7255.php

http://ilovepoetry.com/search.asp?keywords=braithwaite&orderByÚte

http://www.lowliferecords.co.uk/

Hello, Mr. Zeitgeist...

I was at a reading in St. Paul yesterday, and the topic of small press publishing today was a central theme in the after- conversation.

Do you have a venue in mind for the conference?

Tom

> *From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:] On Behalf Of Christopher Harter*
>
> *CFP: "Small Presses/Little Magazines of the Mimeograph Revolution: Their Audiences and the Role of Printing Technologies" Proposed Panel for The Society for the History of Authorship, Reading and Publishing (SHARP) Conference, Minneapolis, Minnesota July 11-15, 2007*
>
> *The readership for twentieth century little magazines and small presses has often been considered a narrow one, with the majority of readers being those interested in experimental or avant-garde literature.*
>
> *The Mimeograph Revolution of the 1960s resulted in an explosion in the number of little magazines and small presses, particularly in the United States, Canada and the UK. While the focus continued to be on "new writing," the community of publishers and writers of this movement brought a grassroots ethos to literary publishing in opposition to what was perceived to be the domination of academic criticism and the commercialization of mainstream publishing. As Curt Johnson and Diane Kruchkow have stated, the 1960s small press "provided an environment...in which one could discover literature first-hand."*
>
> *In recognition of SHARP's 2007 theme, "Open the Book, Open the Mind," this panel seeks to explore how this discovery took place for readers of these publications by examining the role of different printing technologies and production methods employed during this "revolution" and how they affected the target audience for these publications. Exactly what were the production methods used under the*

> *banner of the Mimeo Revolution and how did they differ from each other and from publications of earlier eras? What, if any, divergences were seen in the traditional audience for literary work produced by little magazines and small presses?*
>
> *How did this grassroots effort differentiate itself from the more conservative academic quarterlies and commercial publishers? The panel encourages papers that take a historical look at literary publishing with a focus on the publication and production of these works, rather than a critique of the work within, or how the styles of writing originating during this time affected the publication of that work. Papers may examine individual presses or magazines or take a wider view of the era. Send a one page abstract and brief CV by November 20, 2006, to Christopher Harter.* http://dirt-zine.blogspot.com
>
> *NOW*
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> *AT*
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> *JOURNAL OF MINIMALIST*
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> *THEORY .....*
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> *GEOF HUTH on "The Art of Pwoermds" . . .*
>
> *DIRT interviews ARAM SAROYAN . . .*
>
> *Visual art by IRA JOEL HABER and JESSE FERGUSON . . .*
>
> *Poetry by ANDY GRICEVICH and AVERY BURNS . . .*
>
> *Full review of "Concrete Movies" by NICO VASSILAKIS . . .*
>
> *MARK YOUNG does short fiction . . . & more!*
>
> *Philip Primeau Editor, *Dirt** http://dirt-zine.blogspot.com"

Good question. I think that the small press "revolution" is so important to poetry. Many people would not be read if it weren't for these small presses—and now we have moved on to online journals, which I disapproved of at first, but now have a great deal of respect and affection for these sources of new poets and poetry.

"Tom W. Lewis" wrote: Hello, Mr. Zeitgeist...

Do you have a venue in mind for the conference?

Tom

> "*From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:] On Behalf Of Christopher Harter*
>
> *How did this grassroots effort differentiate itself from the more conservative academic quarterlies and commercial publishers? The panel encourages papers that take a historical look at literary publishing with a focus on the publication and production of these works, rather than a critique of the work within, or how the styles of writing originating during this time affected the publication of that work. Papers may examine individual presses or magazines or take a wider view of the era. Send a one page abstract and brief CV by November 20, 2006, to Christopher Harter.*"
>
> FYI!
>
> Art is the accomplice of love.
>
> Begin forwarded message:
>
> "****PLEASE PASS IT ON TO NYC FRIENDS*** Dear Friends of Pocket Myths, of Redbird Films, of Andrea Lawlor, and of Bernadine Mellis: Along with MIX NYC, we are having a big reading/screening/performance/party to celebrate the release and premiere of our epic collaboration (see full list of contributors below!), THE ODYSSEY: book & dvd extravaganza. When: November 12, 8pm Where: 3LD Art & Technology Center, 80 Greenwich Street, Theater #1 (R or 1 to Rector, 2 3 4 5 to Wall Street, J M Z to Broad, A C to Fulton) Admission: $12 More about the festival: ***The first 24*

*people to arrive will receive a FREE COPY of THE ODYSSEY.*** ***You can also buy it at the event for $20.*** It's the closing night of the MIX experimental film festival!*

*We are both very excited. This will be the world premiere of the film, and many of the filmmakers will be in attendance. We'll have readings from the book by writers including Emily Abendroth, Ida Acton, Ari Banias, Julia Bloch, Laura Jaramillo, Andrea Lawlor, Robin Lewis, Kara Lynch, Delia Mellis, Ariana Reines, Frances Richard, and Jen Welch. Musical guests include Ryder Cooley with Gretchen Hildebran, Sara Jaffe, and Red Heart the Ticker. Can't wait to see you there! Love, Andrea and Bernadine p.s. there will feasting too THE ODYSSEY Contributors: Emily Abendroth, Ida Dewey Acton, Justin Audia, Ari Banias, Bill Basquin, Julia Bloch, Lizzy Bonaventura, Popahna Brandes, CAConrad, Anita Chao, Jason Coyle, Paula Cronan, Cybele, Courtney Dailey, Amanda Davidson, Steve Dolph, Ryan Eckes, Tonya Foster, Cathy Halley, Kara Hearn, Gretchen Hildebran, Michael Hyde, Xylor Jane, Laura Jaramillo, Laska Jimsen, Judith Jordan, Andrea Lawlor, Jennifer Lee, Rebecca Lee, Robin Coste Lewis, Kara Lynch, Laura Mays, Mary McDermott, Bernadine Mellis, Delia Mellis, Miranda F. Mellis, Dori Midnight, EE Miller,Megan Milks, Lamby Morreale, Eileen Myles, Christian Nagler, Maggie Nelson, Miranda Pierce, Mendal Polish, Corinna Press, Ariana Reines, Irit Reinheimer, Frances Richard, Rachel Robbins, Sara Seinberg, Davina Semo, Juliana Snapper, Miriam Klein Stahl, Senseney Lea Stokes, Zoe Strauss, Samuael Topiary, Laurie Weeks, Jen Welch, David West, and Rebecca Yaffe.*"

Listen to independent journalist and fiction writer Cara Hoffman read her story "The Mouse's Sister" during a visit to New York City on October 28, 2006.

http://factoryschool.org/pubs/hoffman/wedding/

24 minutes; 11 megabytes; mp3 format

As a part of the Art of the Animal Symposium, 27-28 November, Gold Coast, Australia ( conference website), we are curating a companion net-based digital art exhibition. This is a juried exhibition with prizes for the top three artworks in each category (prizes to be announced, but expect the unusual). For more details: http://www.eagleandowl.com/animalartcall.html Theme of Exhibition: In order to compliment and expand on the discussions/papers presented at the symposium, all artworks should be related to or address in some way one or more of the following inquires (or convince us otherwise) (animals=non-human): If animals were to create with digital tools what would they create? How would they create? Digital Artworks inspired by animal creativity, or the creations of animals. Relate animal and human creativity/art. Should we even have such distinctions? Digital Artworks which explore how we perceive animal creativity. How to > Submit: Deadline: November 6, (artworks will be reviewed as they are received) All artworks submitted should be web ready and be sent via a URL that contains the artwork.

Public tools such as youtube or flickr are fine for the jury process Send an e-mail with the following to both addresses:> w.nelson[removetext]@[removetext]gu.edu.au artofanimal[removetext]@[removetext]gmail.com Artist(s) name, affiliation, contact details and a brief bio. Title of Artwork, URL for jury review, and one paragraph description of how the artwork relates to the exhibition themes.

End of POETICS Digest - 28 Oct 2006 to 29 Oct 2006 (#2006-303)

**1624. — Maria Damon** *30 Oct 2006* ↑ **Register**

i had written a paper two years ago for an ACLA panel on "THe Use Value of the Avant-garde" in which i used Brad Will's writing from Goiania, Brazil, as an instance of "avant-garde" documentary news coverage. I was so shocked to hear his name on the news Saturday morning. He was a good friend of good friends, and i feel as if by writing about his writing i got to know him too. I am very sad and am happy to sign the petition and pass it on. deaths like this in the poetry community (like that of Ramez Qureshi some years ago) make me feel that this listserv can be, in fact, a very intimate space where we come to know and depend on each other and feel it when the fabric has been torn... love to all, md

**1625. — D. Wellman** *30 Oct 2006* ↑ **Register**

*Last Brad Will video*

http://video.google.com/videoplay?docid=-3664350201077731285

Donald Wellman

**1626. — David A. Kirschenbaum** *1 Nov 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Brad Will Writing on Brazil in Boog City*

Hi all,

I thought some of you might be interested in revisiting this lengthy piece our late friend Brad Will wrote for Boog City in the spring of 2005--"Fragments of a Shattered Hope: Brazil Makes War on Sohno Real Squatters."

**1627. — Andy Gricevich** *1 Nov 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Brad Will*

The news of Brad Will's death keeps coming in from so many corners. I didn't know him, but he knew so many of my friends, and friends of friends, in the worlds of folk music, activism, and poetry... my condolences to any of you who knew him.

Here's to the people struggling in Oaxaca, and to Brad Will, who was telling that story.

Andy Gricevich http://ndgwriting.blogspot.com

*

From Judy Ancel of the Kansas City Cross Border network, via Anne Feeney, labor singer:

Send a letter to President Fox at the email address below and tell him we are watching them and to stop the repression and violence against the people of Oaxaca and the teachers union local #22 and resolve the conflict peacefully:

Sample letter (please write your own):

Dear President Fox:

For months we have been worried about the massing of repressive force threatening the teachers union and APPO in Oaxaca by state authorities of Governor Ulysses Ruiz. Now it appears they have begun the repression against people operating radio station Planton and shooting at people in the plaza. Newspapers are reporting that primary school teacher Emilio Alonso was gunned down and that Indymedia reporter Brad Will was shot in the chest and killed in the municipality of Calicante and a photographer Oswaldo Ramirez was shot and wounded. There are rumors that other teachers have been shot and killed and that there are many injured.

Is your government planning to repeat the shame of the massacre at Tlatelolco in 1968, which people around the world still remember? We are watching with alarm. We urge you in the strongest terms to stop the repression and violence against the people of Oaxaca and the teachers union. You must use your power to stop Governor Ruiz from committing a massacre.

*

In the morning language leaks
in.  The world too always early
for representation, too late
not never  only by a marked
difference.  A small hole at the stomach
deflates scale, we who know those
who knew  sucked to the edge
of the bubble faster than shots find
a heroic
coupling only
makes class
war
boring
in
slow
motion

arrival of
news at distances,
too many to
want to count.
A drill
or siren warning.

*

Six month strike.
Squirrel chase rattles across the ceiling. That's
how time gets marked
and pulled from circulation. Last night
we watched Breathless, and the guy who couldn't make connections
said that people lie about Mexico. He didn't mean Ulises Ruiz Ortiz.
It's starvation and repression that make the struggle against them
so tiring. The Times says, â€œdesire for orderâ€
when it's desire that's hunted,
worn down.

*

The belly vulnerable
to bullets, to hunger or
to being filled.
The gut is that hole
felt in the heart.

--AMG

Cheap Talk? Check out Yahoo! Messenger's low PC-to-Phone call rates.

**1628. — D. Wellman** *1 Nov 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Brad Will and Oaxaca*

Oaxaca

I had written my nine-months pastoral reverie An intersection in Oaxaca of avant-garde aesthetics and the peoples' revolution acknowledged, always to be incomplete Then the confrontations and after some months, the violencia erupted .... I was able to write, disciplina, for I received news gratefully, even hopelessly jarring news, I wrote:

*“Faces of the oppressed become crowds A machete scored with letters A People United See he moves moving along the wall The shadow of his camera A white shirt, the boys shout Distant gunfire Black smoke of burning tires Only kids, running, throwing stones Let me pass Then the red truck backs, bang against the gate Shots follow The camera spins crazily The focus, granular from the first frame And rests on the pavement under the claw of death An insupportable stench adheres to the walls In the glare of tear gas exhort desired order in the throes of what you and I feared to have become Disculpame*

*Commemorating the assassination of Brad Will, Oaxaca, Friday, Oct. 27, 2006”*

**1629. — Tisa Bryant** *1 Nov 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Latest from Oaxaca: First Hand Report [Re: Brad Will]*

I didn't know Brad, but I have a friend, Eric Larson, from Brown Univ. who is in Oaxaca now and has been for months, sending out an email account of happenings.

What follows are the two most recent reports I've received from him. The first, I just got tonight, around 9pm. The second is from 10/29, and *caution*, it includes an account of Brad Will's murder, and may be upsetting. There were two attachments for action with the second email. let me know if you want them, and I'll send them to you.

Thanks.

Tisa

it's gonna be an intense night. we just found this out that they're gonna come at us ....

Please forward widely

Priistas are planning to remove CIPO out of the neighborhood by force!

This part of Santa Lucia is enemy territory. It is near Barricade Three, the Pr'ista attack of last Friday, and the site of Brad Will's murder. It's also where the CIPO house is located. When the Pr'istas first set up their barricades, some were directly in front of the CIPO house, one using materials that had been propped up against the outside wall. Now, less than a week after Brad Will's murder, some of the same Pr'istas have agreed to "dislodge" CIPO from the neighborhood. If history, recent and distant, teaches us anything, their method will be violence. It is important that they know that acts of violence will not go unseen, even in this small neighborhood that they control. Please contact some or all of those listed below; tell them that if CIPO is attacked, that the Mexican state is responsible. And please also keep this in mind as solidarity actions are planned and carried out.

Contact the State Commission on Human RIghts in Oaxaca at:
Central Oaxaca - 011 52 (951) 513 51 85
011 52 (951) 513 51 91
011 52 (951) 513 51 97

la Red Oaxaque–a de Derechos Humanos
4
rodhmx@prodigy. net.mx
<http://mail.yahoo.com/config/login?/ym/Compose?
To=>
rodhmx@yahoo. com.mx

Vicente Fox Quesada
Presidente de la Republica
Residencia Oficial de los Pinos Casa Miguel Aleman
Col. San Miguel Chapultepec, C.P. 11850
Distrito Federal, Mexico
6
376
E-mail directory at: http://www.presiden cia.gob.mx/ directorio/
<http://www.presidencia.gob.mx/directorio/>

Contact Nearest Mexican Consulate
Directory at http://mexonline. com/consulate. htm
<http://mexonline.com/consulate.htm>

and this, from October 29:

Friends, We've been stuck in the house. Mysteriously, last night a Yahoogroups email list a bunch of us use in Oaxaca went down. And, in the CIPO house, we've spent much of the last 8 hours trying to get the internet connection back up. The Feds have entered the city. I'm including a couple things here. For the past few nights, and some days, I've been protecting a CIPO member. On Tuesday night / early Wed. morning, we (Vicky, her family, myself, and a group of fifty or so neighbors) created barricades around a local primary school. The neighbors of this poor colonia built that school through cooperation and barter and "tequio." But PRIistas opened it by force on Monday. The neighbors weren't going to let them continue. And that morning, the fifty of us -- most with rocks, sticks, big firecrackers, etc. -- stared down more than 150 of them, perhaps 150 yards away. As the time came .... they never came at us. The PRIistas coordinated their attacks in a much more aggresive manner on Friday. While I was out in the colonia, some other compas were in my neighborhood, and here's their account (below). As for the attachment: it's a statement by CIPO meant to be spread around the world. Don't mourn, organize, right? While we avenge the deaths of the fallen we need to continue to protect, and fight with, the living, and especially those, like Vicky, whose lives are in danger. The attachment, then, is an English translation of the CIPO statement (thanks, SLAM).(Spanish version, too)

A group of folks on this list are helping plan actions for this week.
Who else wants to be on the list? How should we do this? Some of you
were/are part of either Boston CIPOsolidaridad or the
not-quite-established Providence CIPOsolidaridad or LA CIPOsolidaridad.
Do you want to volunteer?

En lucha, Eric

ps. during the PRIistas attacks you could see, from the upper floor of the CIPO house, some neighbors lobbing rocks from behind their concrete fences at the movement people. There's lots of PRi in this neighborhood, and that's why the PRI paramilitaries could seek cover in houses and businesses. That also means, as all the contradictions here start to coalesce into one, the neighborhood is less and less safe for CIPO. If the PRI doesn't fall, it's gonna be a witch hunt here.

pps. to answer someone's question, yes, you still can send money to CIPO or to teacher's delegations, through me. You can send a check to me at 2866 Lilac Lane, Fargo, ND 58102, or, better, you can deposit money in my account. Email me for the account number.pps. to answer some others' question, the answer must be yes: the key to these actions has to be disruption. it's the way they do it here and something must be working.

Account of the Pr’ista attack in Santa Lucia del Camino in Oaxaca, Mexico

Attacks across the city kill at least 4.

NOTE: This account is not meant to be a complete account of the day, it is meant to be from the perspectives and experiences of two people in the midst of what can only be described as a battle in the streets of Santa Lucia, in Oaxaca. We know that other things happened in other neighborhoods, and that other things probably happened in our vicinity. This is our best effort at capturing the events that we experienced and witnessed.

On Thursday night, Barricade Three in Santa Lucia del Camino set up a little earlier than normal. Reinforcing the barricades for Friday's day of action required more trucks and buses than usual. At times, it was a chaotic scene with cami—n after cami—n joining the barricade and people unsure of where they should go. Eventually things calmed down. Many more people than usual guarded the barricade and the tranquility of the night had many regulars taking time to lie down, if not sleep. As day broke, the barricade took on the feel of a community holiday or small block party with small children running about. At what felt like an informal pot-luck, people brought tortillas and beans, sandwiches, bread, and arroz con leche. Most chose to not cover their faces, despite this being a regular practice at the barricades. Up to this point, the only "contentious" moment was the permitted approached of a chicken truck that surprised several people.

Sudenly, about a dozen people started shouting, donning masks, picking up Molotov cocktails (known as bombas Molotov) and cohetes (large bottle rockets typically shit out of PVC pipes the people call bazookas), and collecting rocks and sticks. A small group moved forward to see why a truck that was part of the barricade (about 200 feet away) was moving and investigate a commotion on the other side of that barricade. After advancing about 100 feet, the group spotted 150 to 200 Pr’istas (supporters of the authoritarian PRI party that ruled Mexico for 70 years and currently "rule" the state of Oaxaca) marching toward the barricade. The cohetes were fired into the air to warn the Pr’istas not to approach. The warning was ignored.

The tiny group of defenders fell back to the barricade and gathered more supplies.

It was a chaotic situation.

Prioritizing in the moment, a split second decision was made to leave our bags, in part because rocks from the Pr’istas were already falling where our bags lay.

As we sprinted down side streets to the closest barricade, there were shouts for children to go inside their homes to safety.

At the next barricade, people were banging on poles and railing to sound the alarm and rally the neighborhood to fight the Pr’ista advance.

People came out of their homes and armed themselves with sticks, machetes, metal poles, cohetes and rocks.

Once a fairly large crowd had gathered several people started shouting "Vamos, compa–erQos, Vamos!" (Let's go) and "Avanza!" (advance).

People began advancing to the fallen barricade and the Pr’istas, spreading out along the width of the four-lane highway, it's median, and sidewalks.

Both sides fired their cohetes, and as we drew nearer rocks started flying from both sides. We pushed the Pr’istas back passed the remnants of the now disassembled barricade. There was a lull of about thirty seconds as we populated the area around the barricade before many decided to chase the still-visible Pr’istas only about 100 feet away from us.

Though most of them retreated faster than we advanced, one unlucky Pr’istas was forced to choose his own safety and well-being over that of his fancy SUV.

The look of regret was visible on his face as rocks crashed to the ground around him and he turned and ran.

The SUV, lacking a license plate, briefly became the target instead of the retreating Pr’istas.

Tires slashed, windows smashed, someone decided to ensure that it was beyond use and set it ablaze.

While some focused their attention on the SUV, some continued to chase the Pr’istas.

Most Pr’istas had scattered into nearby homes and businesses, so people re-grouped back at the barricade.

As we all clustered in the intersection, the two of us looked around and estimated that there were at least 500 people ready to defend their neighborhood. We were both amazed by what we were seeing. Neither of us had ever witnessed such an incredible display of collective self-defense. We both nearly cried at the inspiring sight of people successfully working together to ward off aggression without centralized leadership. The barricade reclaimed, sandbags replaced, and the Pr’istas pushed back, the battle appeared for a few moments, to be over.

We're unsure as to the exact reason for the second advance, but we believe that Pr’istas were again spotted at the next intersection where they had scattered minutes before. As we cautiously advanced, walking in cover when possible, shots were heard from the intersection and everyone ducked or ran for cover. Many corporate news outlets, most notably those relying on AP "reporter" Rebeca Romero (widely believed to be on Ulises Ruiz's payroll), have claimed it was "unclear" as to who shot first. It was the Pr’istas. From the ground, on the receiving end of the gunfire, there is no doubt as to who shot first. There is nothing "unclear" about it. It was the Pr’istas, shown by El Universal photos and local television to be armed to the teeth, who shot first.

After the shooting stopped, the group moved quickly to the other side of the road and to the corner where the shots had originated from. The attacking Pr’istas had retreated back away from the highway and deeper into the neighborhood. Fifty to 100 people slowly advanced north a block into the neighborhood while 200 people gradually moved up, either by going north, or approaching it from the west by way of the barricade. Again the group moved north, taking cover by vehicles parked along the street. In addition to shooters at the far end of the street, more Pr’istas were taking cover inside a building along the street. The building was targeted with Molotovs, rocks, bricks, and cohetes. Someone kicked the door in before Pr’istas down the street started shooting again and we had to retreat back to the end of the block. This gave the Pr’istas time to close and blockade the door. A few attempts with similar results gave way to milling about, as we waited for reinforcements. One block west towards the barricade, about 100 people had gathered to take cover from additional Pr’istas

on that street. Soon we heard a truck roar to life and a few minutes later, compa–eros in a dump truck came to provide shielding for another advance. In the first such advance, the truck went too far down the road, shooting started again, at which point we fell back to the end of the block. Most waited there while the truck maneuvered itself horizontally across the street in front of the gate of the targeted building. Once the truck was ready, another advance began and the truck smashed open the gate. Another round of shooting began, and again everyone took cover and began to withdraw.

At this point, Brad Will, an Indymedia reporter from New York, was shot in the abdomen as he was filming. Many people ran to carry him around the block and down the street. As we waited for a car to arrive to take him to the hospital, efforts were made to keep him conscious and breathing, including CPR. As Brad showed signs of consciousness and movement, the crowd surrounding him cheered. He was carried into a car and driven to the hospital. Moments later, as people were still taking in what happened, it started to rain. People gathered up the Molotovs and cohetes and got them out of the rain. About a half hour later, people started to gradually head back to the barricade.

When we arrived at the barricade, we learned from a teary-eyed compa–ero that Brad had died on his way to the hospital. People from APPO such as Flavo Sosa arrived at the scene and were attempting to coordinate with the rest of the city where there had been other attacks. Hundreds of bottles were being filled and prepared as Molotov cocktails. Thanks to the help of several compa–eras, we recovered one of our bags; though the other which contained a passport, several forms of id, travelers checks, over $1,000 pesos (most of which was intended to be used for the barricade), a video camera, is gone and was presumably stolen by the Pr’istas. Hundreds remained at the barricade for the night. The two of us went to a compa–ero's house to rest, write and watch the news.

As of this writing, the Pr’istas have set up their own barricades within the neighborhood, APPO has activated the mobile brigades, 4 or 5 people have died, dozens injured, and barricade 3 remains up, reinforced, and alert. Among the attackers were local municipal police (such as Abel Santiago Z‡rate and Juan Carlos Soriano Velasco) and politicians/PRI thugs (such Manuel Aguilar and Pedro Carmona, the man identified as Brad Will's killer), all from the neighborhood. Though the two of us had slightly differing expectations of how the day would pan out, neither of us expected an attack of this kind or magnitude in broad daylight. The diversity of people who fought the Pr’ista attackers was astounding. We saw young kids helping to gather cohetes and Molotovs. We saw old women armed with rocks making their way to the front. We saw people wearing circle As, hammer and sickles, and people who didn't wear their political identity on their sleeves. In the end, it didn't matter who you were, only what side you stood on.

La lucha sigue; the struggle continues.

"Tenemos dos manos y un coraz—n para luchar." "We have two hands and a heart to struggle."

**1630. — Nathaniel Siegel** *8 Nov 2006* ↑ **Register**
*a memorial for Brad Will in New York City*

Dear Poetics List:

on Saturday November 11th from 1-5pm a memorial for Brad Will St. Marks Church East 10th Street and 2nd Avenue New York City

The memorial will be followed by a procession lead by Stephen Said Smith, Tofu, and The Hungry Marching Band to community gardens in the East Village.

**1631. — mIEKAL aND** *8 Nov 2006* ↑ **Register**
*the Brad Will foundation*

the Brad Will foundation

The Will Family is establishing a foundation in the memory and celebration of Brad Will's life and work to further his vision of making the world a better place.

Mission

The Brad Will Foundation is a new non-profit organization (501(c) (3)). The organization's mission is to support and contribute to non-violent groups dedicated to the advancement of underserved people and communities throughout the world.

Pledges/Donations

If you would like to contribute to the foundation please share your wishes. We will follow-up with you once the non-profit foundation is

**1632. — David A. Kirschenbaum** *9 Nov 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Memorial for Brad Will, Saturday 1-5 at St. Mark's Church in-the-Bowery*

hi all,

sending this note along from my friend jenny smith.

best,
david

in-the-Bowery

Hi everybody.

I wanted to make sure everyone knew that Brad's memorial will be this Saturday at 1:00 at St. Mark's Church, 2nd Ave and 10th St in Manhattan.

There will also be other events for most of the weekend, there is more information about everything at www.friendsofbradwill.com.

Hopefully we can all come together and help each other get through this. A note about the memorial follows this mail. Also, I'm sorry if you got this email and don't know who I'm talking about — I am sending this to a lot of people because Brad knew a lot of people, and I want to make sure everybody who wants to remember him has the opportunity to attend the memorial. Please spread the word to anyone you know who you think might have known brad. This is a very DIY affair, and I want to make sure the word gets out. Thank you.

Love,
Jenny

As people began to plan, plot and scheme for the memorial of that most-notorious schemer and co-conspirator, Brad Will, the very first thought in the room was to have *all* of us participate in the creation of this moment. To that end, space will be created for all of you to contribute in whatever way you choose to do so. There will be a DIY collage wall; there will be a place to record your memories; there will be songs sung together; there will be bread broken together. So, whatever you got- poems, words, photos, paintings, drawings, banners, flyers, flowers, puppets, drums, instruments, food, tea, coffee, liquor, whatever...

BRING IT!

PS- We encourage you try to bring your own reusable utensils, plates, and mugs for food and drink in order to use less paper and plastic products.

Please also help outreach to folks who would like to come, especially those who do not access to the internet.

**1633. — mIEKAL aND** *10 Nov 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Fwd: [dreamtime] Brad memorial webcast tomorrow*

Begin forwarded message:

*"PLEASE FORWARD WIDELY For those unable to attend tomorrow's memorial for Brad Will, there will be a live audio stream of the event at St. Mark's Church from 1:00-5:00pm tomorrow, November 11th. You can access that stream by copying and pasting the following URL into your radio player's*

*URL input. Very easy in itunes, for instance. http://liveradio.indymedia.org:8000/asc.mp3.m3u Dreamtime Village hypermedia / permaculture ecovillage http://www.dreamtimevillage.org*"

**1634. — Pam Grossman** *11 Nov 2006* ↑ **Register**
*brad will/brooklyn rail*

Hi there. A friend forwarded this article/remembrance, which a friend of his wrote about Brad Will for the "Brooklyn Rail." I think it's very lovely:

http://brooklynrail.org/2006-11/express/remembering-brad

In other news, I agree with Chris S. that this crop of democrats will be held to perhaps impossibly high standards—"If they can't make everything better, forget it." The only thing I can think of that would "make this war better" would have been to listen to the people, in and out of government, who were offering evidence for why it should not have begun. God knows there is nothing "optimal" about where we are now; but I am trying to hold onto optimism nonetheless, and hoping everyone will realize that a world where the numbers of people murdered internationally—shot dead, bombed, starved, whatever it is—are smaller, is an improvement, if not any kind of perfect fix. (Ah, but S.H. was killing Iraqi civillians, yes? But so have we been. Have we killed fewer of them? Does anyone really know? I'd like to see those numbers. Or, scratch that; I don't know if I want to see them.) Count me, too, as cautiously optimistic, Pam

**1635. — mIEKAL aND** *14 Nov 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Fwd: [dreamtime] Brad Will Memorial MP3s @ Radio4All*

Begin forwarded message:

"*Please feel free to post and forward these URLs. Audio recorded and compiled by your friends at the August Sound Coalition (http://radio.socialtechnology.net/) Brad Will Memorial St Mark's Church New York, NY November 11, 2006 http://www.radio4all.net/proginfo.php?id 518 Segment 1 John Wright "Hobo's Lullabye" (partial) Frank Morales Introduction Simon discusses current situation in Oaxaca "Brad's Song" by Stephanie Rogers Brandon Jourdan Dyan Neary + video http://www.radio4all.net/proginfo.php?id 519 Segment 2 David Rovics Rockdove Collective Meditation Jenny Smith, John Wright and Mark Read sing "I'll Fly Away" Al Penley speaks Ann Waldman, Phil Good and Bernadette Mayer read poems Julie Patton Pastrami sings "A Drop of Water" Roger Manning http://www.radio4all.net/proginfo.php?id 520 Segment 3 Brant Sharman Lower East Side video footage of Brad Aresh Javadi, Harry Bubbins and Emily Nobel Maxwell read excerpts from "We Are Everywhere" Tofu sings "Willie Says" Pria/Warcry Andy Stern + Brad's sister Wendy read Brad's last dispatch from Oaxaca Stephan Said sings "It Rose from the Dead" to Hungry March Band procession (partial)*"

**1636. — mIEKAL aND** *16 Nov 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Village Voice cover story on Brad Will*

The Inconvenient Death of Brad Will

"*by Sarah Ferguson Around the world, activists and friends who knew Will—and many people who didn't—were having the same visceral reaction. Within hours of his shooting by plainclothes gunmen firing on a group of striking demonstrators, images of his murder ricocheted around the Web. There were photos of Will's limp body being carried through the streets by frantic demonstrators screaming for help. Equally shocking were the pictures posted by El Universal and other Mexican media showing his alleged killers firing brazenly into the crowd, as if aiming at the cameras. The same gunmen who shot Will also wounded a photographer for the Mexico City daily Milenio, who was at Will's side. http://villagevoice.com/news/0646,ferguson,75024,2.html*"

**1637. — mIEKAL aND** *16 Nov 2006* ↑ **Register**

a footnote to the article. Dreamtime Village has never been & will never be a "commune". Sarah should know better than that. ~mIEKAL

**1638. — Mark DuCharme** *4 Dec 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Tragic news -- kari edwards*

I knew kari. I'm totally in shock.

I'm trying to remember the last time I saw her: I think it was at/after a reading in the Left Hand series in Boulder. This would have been a few years ago.

This is a major loss, as others have expressed. Her project seemed to particularly take shape & momentum within the last several years. Too soon. This is a sad day.

As an addendum, I also knew Brad Will, whose death has been discussed in other threads on this list. His death also struck me personally; I was going to post something on this list about it, including an elegy I wrote for him, and collaborative poems he, I & Danika Dinsmore wrote, once upon a time; but I grew too busy, & now the moment seems to have already passed.

I mourn the deaths of people I never imagined could pass so swiftly. I hope the powers of whatever-will-be shall forestall such useless loss, at least for now or in the future.

Mark DuCharme

i am still in shock. kari was a truly wonderful human being, and a terrific friend. kari shared with such courage. What a loss this is. Tim

_____ Fixing up the home? Live Search can help http://imagine-windowslive.com/search/kits/default.aspx?kit=improve&locale=en-US&source=hmemailtaglinenov06&FORM=WLMTAG

**1639. — David A. Kirschenbaum** *16 Dec 2006* ↑ **Register**
*Boog City 38 Available*

Please forward

Boog City 38

Available

featuring:

***Our Politics section, edited by Christina Strong

Brad Will Presente!

—"For me Brad defined a certain type of radicalism, an uncompromising way of living life. Treesitter. Folk-Punk. Anarchist. Pagan. Dumpster diver. Squatter. The dude wasn't play-acting, he was a true believer. I loved him and admired him." —from Brad Will Presente! by Mark Read

—"A line repeated from his last dispatch in Oaxaca, Mexico, Œshe is in the darkŠ waiting for the earth to shift and to openŠ.' Stealing from his own work." —from New Year's Day 2006, Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church Marathon Reading by Brenda Coultas

—"The Oaxaca story has until now not gotten major U.S. coverage. It has been a largely nonviolent effort by teachers and social movements to oust the corrupt and authoritarian PRI Governor Ulises Ruiz, who stole the election in 2004." —from Brad Will Presente!: Anarchy in Oaxaca by Chuck Collins

—"The crowd was incredibly diverse in age, occupation, life; grizzled community gardeners stood next to activists, next to poets, next to musicians. Brad had so many passions it was wonderful to see all of them together." —Remembering A Passionate Life by Marcella Durand

***Our Printed Matter section, edited by Mark Lamoureux

—"Playing off of a back story of fairy tales, ingénues, and the trappings of literary girlhood, Treadwell throws it all in, shakes it up, and pours out a constantly shifting landscape that is tinged with real panic." —from 31 Flavors of Paradigm Subversion, Cornstarch Figurine by Elizabeth Treadwell (Dusie Press), reviewed by Maureen Thorson

—”Abstract syntax and sound tremble in balance with metaphor and meaning; pure form is gently, sadly, lovingly, and cruelly degraded into its particulars like Rorschach blots.“ —from Look Inside, Look Inside; Razor Love by John Duvernoy (Unlock the Clockcase); reviewed by Hugh Oster

***Our Music section, edited by Jon Berger

—”ŒYou stay in the van if you have to before you stay in a hotel, you stay on the floor of the club or, hopefully, thank god, someone gives you their place to stay. Those are the kind of things I learned, that and playing loud and fast,’ says Brook Pridemore.“ —Singing for His Life: A Conversation with Brook Pridemore by Mike Ferraro

***Our Features section, edited by Stephen Dignan

—”ŒYou better hustle out before all the fish is gone,’ he says, pointing to his watch and raising an eyebrow. ŒIt’s 4:00 a.m., Sandy. Chop chop, pal.’“ —from The Fulton Fish Market, One Year Gone by Dignan

***Art editor Brenda Iijima brings us work from Chicago’s Tiffany Holmes

***Our Poetry section, edited by Laura Elrick and Rodrigo Toscano

—Taos, New Mexico’s Jeff Conant with How October Collects its Flowers Para l@s que luchan toda la vida

October, spacious and fierce, will make no more room for death or darkness. Under the rain, watch

—Brooklyn Heights’ Kish Song Bear with The Farm

If a farm-soft mattress Loses the farm

Go to the library And request a Dream receipt

—Flushing, Queens’ Shanxing Wang with Excerpt from Thus Speaks the Poet-in-Residence

Solemnly we abuse delinquency every chance we get, bend to me. I would hope to never have to abuse form. But by speaking clearly and sending metaphors that we mean what we say, we’ve affected the words in a positive way.

*And photos from Indymedia Brazil and Lauren Terilli.

---

And thanks to our copy editor, Joe Bates.

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---

## Ellen Willis

1941–2006

*1 message · 1 hand*

---

> *American essayist and radical feminist, the New Yorker's first pop music critic, who coined the term 'pro-sex feminism';* Beginning to See the Light *(1981). Identified in the notice as "writer". Died lung cancer.*

---

### 1640. — Alan Sondheim *11 Nov 2006* ↑ Register

*Goodbye, Ruby Tuesday (fwd)*

> "-http://www.thenation.com/blogs/notion?pid=138811 *Th Nation BLOG | November 9, 2006*
>
> *Goodbye, Ruby Tuesday*
>
> *By Liza Featherstone*
>
> *I've received some sad news. The writer Ellen Willis, one of my heroes, died this morning of lung cancer, much too young (64). I will miss her lucid thinking about culture and politics,*

> *bracing scorn for sentimental obfuscation (whether from the right or the left), radical vision of a better society and gift for the art of writing.*
>
> *Though Willis wholeheartedly participated in sixties counterculture, she wrote incisively about its foolishness. A policeman's daughter, she described demonstrators' cop-hating as "another pretense that white bohemians and radicals are as oppressed as ghetto blacks," and "fierce bohemian contempt for all those slobs who haven't seen the light."*
>
> *A founding member of Redstockings, Willis was an articulate champion of seventies radical feminism, but wrote equally well about the pleasure-hating eighties, with its drug wars, censorship and the rise of the "right to life" movement. She was deeply committed to a vision of love between free people, and through that lens, the social control decade took on a fresh desolation. She was eloquent about the extent to which fear of the libido not only energized the evangelical far right but had permeated feminism. Writing about feminist anti-porn crusades, she urged women not to "accept a spurious moral superiority as a substitute for sexual pleasure, and curbs on men's sexual freedom as a substitute for real power." Yet she admitted that the sexual radicals like herself didn't have all the answers, and had "failed to put forth a convincing analysis of sexual violence, exploitation and alienation."*
>
> *Writing during this period, she created an alter ego for herself — and anyone else trying to live a passionate life in hostile times — an alienated character called Ruby Tuesday, periodically adrift from a cohesive community or social movement, asserting deviant desires in a culture that pretends we all want the same things.*
>
> *But despite Willis's sense of isolation and libertarian commitment to the individual — both of which pervade her writing in every era — she never lost sight of the importance of social movements: "The struggle for freedom, pleasure, transcendence is not just an individual matter. The social system that...as far as possible channels our desires, is antagonistic to that struggle; to change this requires collective effort."*
>
> *Like her character Ruby Tuesday, who ends up seducing reporters who come to interview her, Willis was boldly optimistic about the transformative powers of desire, and the threateningly political implications of happiness. "The power of the ecstatic moment," she writes, "This is what freedom is like, this is what love could be, this is what happens when the boundaries are gone — is precisely the power to reimagine the world, to reclaim a human identity that's neither victim nor oppressor."*
>
> *Like many feminists of my generation, I revered Ellen Willis and have been deeply influenced by her writing. I didn't know her well as a person, however. Once at a party, I decided I had to talk to her, and tell her how much I admired her work. She seemed mortified, though not altogether displeased. After that, whenever we'd run into each other, she was pleasant enough, but always shy and awkward. I would often see her circling a party alone, apparently not finding anyone she was inclined to chat with, or any cluster she wanted to join. Still, I'm glad I got to tell her that I was a huge fan. I hope she enjoyed hearing that, at least a little bit.*
>
> *(I should admit, I'm plagiarizing myself somewhat. I've written about Ellen Willis's work before, in a "What Are They Reading?" on the Nation's website, and in a review of her 1993 book No More Nice Girls, the first piece I ever wrote for the Nation, which ran in the magazine October 4 of that year.)*”

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## Robert Lockwood Jr.

1915–2006

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American Delta blues guitarist, the only player taught directly by Robert Johnson, fixture of King Biscuit Time radio;* Delta Crossroads *(2000). Died cerebral aneurysm and stroke.*

**1641. — Aldon L Nielsen** *22 Nov 2006* ↑ **Register**

*Robert Jr. Lockwood - RIP*

First Ruth Brown, and now Robert Jr. Lockwood. Lockwood died Tuesday evening at age 91. He was our last direct link back to Robert Johnson, and just about the only person to play Johnson's Delta style on the twelve string guitar. I first met Lockwood when he used to appear at the Smithsonian Folk Festival and I was a kid hanging around the musicians trying to see how they worked their wonders. My last visit with him was here at Penn State when he appeared just a couple years ago.

We'll be playing the blues at our house this Thanksgiving.

---

## kari edwards

1954–2006

*13 messages · 9 hands*

*American poet and artist who wrote and lived outside the categories of gender and often signed the work NO GENDER;* a day in the life of p. *(2002),* iduna *(2003),* obedience *(2005), and a posthumous book that won the first Lambda award in transgender poetry. Studied at Naropa under Anne Waldman. Died in San Francisco of a pulmonary embolism on their fifty-second birthday. The list's own dead, and the ground of a separate volume; the notice here is a memorial announcement rather than a first report, the news having reached this list through the Los Angeles poetry community eighteen days later.*

**1642. — Jane Sprague** *20 Dec 2006* ↑ **Register**

*Fw: kari edwards memorial reading, Thursday, Dec, 21, 2006, 7pm*

Please join the Los Angeles poetry community and High Energy Constructs in honoring the life and work of poet, artist, and (trans)gender activist, kari edwards. kari died of heart failure at the age of 52 on Saturday, December 2, 2006. kari's life and work was an ongoing revolution of body and language, as well as a revelation of human potential. Not only a dear friend and supporter of High Energy Constructs, kari was also one of the artists included in High Energy Constructs' Fall 2006 exhibition, Many Happy

Returns. kari's work as a gender activist, radical writer, and social sculptor was - and will continue to be - some of the most honest, compassionate, and evolved necessary action in today's world.

Friends and poets, Marcus Civin, Jen Hofer, Mary Kite, Eileen Myles, Michael Smoler, Justin Veach, and others gather to read, perform, and speak in memory and tribute to the spirit of kari edwards, on Thursday, December 21, 2006, at 7 pm.

a reading for kari edwards Thursday, December 21, 2006 7 pm (this is a free and open event)

For more information regarding this gathering please call .

kari edwards (1954 - 2006) was a poet ,artist and gender activist , winner of New Langton Art's Bay Area Award in literature (2002); was the author of have been blue for charity , BlazeVox (2006); obedience , Factory School (2005); iduna , O Books (2003); a day in the life of p ., subpress collective (2002); a diary of lies , Belladonna #27 by Belladonna Books (2002); obLiqUE paRt(itON): colLABorationS , xPress(ed) (2002); and post/(pink), Scarlet Press (2000), as well as poetry editor for Transgender Tapestry magazine. edwards' work has appeared in numerous publications, such as anthologies Blood and Tears: Poems for Matthew Shepard , Painted leaf Press (2000), and Electric Spandex: anthology of writing the queer text , Pyriform Press (2002); as well as been exhibited throughout the United States , including Denver art museum, New Orleans contemporary art museum, University of California — San Diego , and University of Massachusetts — Amherst . edwards' work can also be found in Bombay Gin, Belight Fiction, In Posse, Mirage/Period(ical), Van Gogh's Ear, PuppyFlower, Vert, 88: A Journal of Contemporary American Poetry, Narrativity, Shampoo, xStream, Rain Taxi, Big Bridge, Nerve Lantern, muse-apprentice-guild, Avoid Strange Men, Bird Dog Magizine, RealPoetik, Raised in a Barn, and The International Journal of Sexuality and Gender Studies.

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**1643.** **— Julie Kizershot** *10 Jan 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Memorial Reading for kari edwards in Denver- help?*

A call for poetic community organizing—

Edge Gallery in Denver is putting together a memorial show for kari edwards, visual artist, writer, and gender activist, who passed away suddenly last month.

kari's partner Fran Blau has asked me to put out a call for anyone who might be in the area (or not) who would be able to coordinate a reading during that time. kari's show will be up from March 2 to the end of that month and they wish to have the reading at the gallery to pay tribute. Below is the contact for Mark Brasuell who is putting on the show. If anyone is able to help, please contact him directly or email me and I will pass word along to Fran.

If you were a friend or fan of kari's, this is a good time to honor her. Sadly, 'm not able to coordinate it, or I would myself!

Mark Brasuell

Thanks to one and all!

Julie Kizershot

**1644. — michelle detorie** *15 Jan 2007* ↑ **Register**
*WOMB POETRY VOLUME ONE IS LIVE*

~*~Womb Poetry Vol.1 : Hives & Covens~*~ http://www.wombpoetry.com/

dedicated in memory to kari edwards

* t h r u m * <http://www.wombpoetry.com/hives.html> : kari edwards : Eileen Tabios : Barbara Jane Reyes : Elizabeth Treadwell : Ann Bogle : : Alison Cimino :Susan B.A. Somers-Willett : Amy King : Kristy Bowen : Julie Choffel : : J.B. Rowell : Ebony Golden : Jenna Cardinale : Juliet Cook : Susan Morrison-Kilfoyle : : Holaday Mason : Toti O'Brien : Jessica Schneider : Karen McBurney : Sunnylyn Thibodeaux : : Sarah Mangold : Meagan Evans : Jennifer Bartlett : Marcia Arrieta : Michele Miller : : Priscilla Atkins : Anne Elezebeth Pluto : Marie Buck : Michalle Gould : Anne Heide : : Susan Meyers : Melissa Eleftherion : Susan Settlemyre Williams : J. Elizabeth Clark :

* s p a r k l e * <http://www.wombpoetry.com/hives.html> <http://www.wombpoetry.com/hives.html

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* c h i m e * <http://www.wombpoetry.com/hives.html

: a chapbook by Julia Drescher :

Enjoy! Happy New Year!

Best, Michelle Detorie

—~*~W_O_M_B~*~ http://www.wombpoetry.com

**1645. — Craig Allen Conrad** *26 Jan 2007* ↑ **Register**
*REMINDER: kari edwards memorial event this saturday in Baltimore----------*

Put together in kari's honor by Michael Ball as part of the i.e. reading series

for details: _http://ieseries.wordpress.com/_ (http://ieseries.wordpress.com/)

we miss you kari

**1646. — Michael Tod Edgerton** *6 Feb 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Re: QUEERING LANGUAGE READING, Sat Feb 10th at the BPC, 8 PM*

Hey, Tim, never heard back from you on this—should I assume you weren't able to use any of the pieces I sent for this issue?

Best,
Tod

Tim Peterson wrote:

*"Join us for a poetry reading to celebrate the publication of the forthcoming EOAGH Issue 3: Queering Language (journal edited by CA Conrad, kari edwards, Paul Foster Johnson, Erica Kaufman, Jack Kimball, Tim Peterson, and Stacy Szymaszek, featuring over 100 writers including some rare surprises) Event hosted by Tim Peterson & Nathaniel Siegel Featuring readings by Jen Benka, Mark Bibbins, Julian Brolaski, Regie Cabico, David Cameron, Abigail Child, Jen Coleman, Allison Cobb, Marcella Durand reading Nicole Brossard, Joe Elliot, Corrine Fitzpatrick, E. Tracy Grinnell, Brenda Iijima, Jeffrey Jullich, Amy King, Bill Kushner, Rachel Levitsky, Ben Malkin, Filip Marinovich, Eileen Myles, Martha Oatis, Akilah Oliver, Austin Publicover, and Christina Strong Saturday February 10th, 2007 8pm-10pm @ The Bowery Poetry Club 308 Bowery (@ Bowery & Bleecker) http://www.bowerypoetry.com Admission $5.00 Proceeds will go to a charitable fund established in the memory of kari edwards. "There's the mute probability of a reciprocal lack of understanding" - Mei-mei Berssenbrugge 8:00? 8:25? 8:40? Find a flick in no time with theYahoo! Search movie showtime shortcut."*

**1647.** **— Craig Allen Conrad** *8 Feb 2007* ↑ **Register**
*kari edwards POETRY MEMORIAL EVENT now online*

The entire event is online at ROCK HEALS, click and go...

**1648.** **— Tim Peterson** *10 Feb 2007* ↑ **Register**
*EOAGH Issue 3: Queering Language*

Announcing

EOAGH: A Journal of the Arts Issue 3: QUEERING LANGUAGE

for kari edwards (1954-2006)

at the CHAX Press website: http://chax.org/eoagh/issue3/issuethree.html

EDITED BY
CA Conrad
kari Edwards
Paul Foster Johnson
Erica Kaufman
Jack Kimball
Tim Peterson and
Stacy Szymaszek

FEATURING

Kazim Ali
Antler
John Ashbery
Micah Ballard
Jeffrey Beam
Jen Benka
Mark Bibbins
Gregg Biglieri
Julian T. Brolaski
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Jay Thomas
David Trinidad
Tony Towle
John Tyson
Stephen Vincent
Alli Warren
Jonathan Williams
Stephanie Young
Rachel Zolf
Magdalena Zurawski
Jason Zuzga

* * *

Thanks to everyone who helped make this possible!

Don't forget: the NY Release Party and Reading on Saturday happens at 8 PM at the Bowery Poetry Club.

A Philadelphia release party and reading is also in the works; more info soon.

* * *

SUBMIT to EOAGH: A Journal of the Arts at

http://chax.org/eoagh/submit.htm

**1649. — Tom Beckett** *14 Feb 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Galatea Resurrects #5 is Launched*

We are pleased to announce the new issue of Galatea Resurrects #5 at _http://galatearesurrection5.blogspot.com/_ (http://galatearesurrection5.blogspot.com/) For convenience, I'm cutnpasting the Table of Contents below.

Please visit us at _http://grarchives.blogspot.com_ (http://grarchives.blogspot.com/) if you would like information on sending review copies or volunteering reviews. Reviewers unable to make this issue's deadline can also submit their reviews for the next issue, whose deadline is May 5, 2007.

Best,
Eileen Tabios

GALATEA RESURRECTS #5

February 14, 2007

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Mark Young reviews BEEN BLUE FOR CHARITY by kari edwards

Guillermo Parra reviews Micah Ballard’s poems in 6x6 #5; BETTINA COFFIN; ABSINTHIAN JOURNAL; SCENES FROM THE SARAGOSSA MANUSCRIPT; UNFORESEEN; DEATH RACE V.S.O.P.; EVANGELINE DOWNS; and NEGATIVE CAPABILITY IN THE VERSE OF JOHN WIENERS

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Nicholas Manning reviews NIGHT SEASON by Mark Lamoureux

Eileen Tabios reviews FIRST ADVENTURES OF COL AND SEM by Dan Waber

J. LeClerc reviews BOWERY WOMEN: POEMS, Ed. by Marjorie Tesser & Bob Holman

Ivy Alvarez presents a Chap Roundup reviewing MY LIGHTWEIGHT INTENTIONS by Pam Brown; SURFACE TENSION by Mackenzie Carignan and Scott Glassman; TRANSLATIONS FROM AFTER by Joel Chace; OH MISS MARY by Jim McCrary; DOVEY & ME by Strongin; and THE NAME POEMS by Jeffrey Cyphers Wright

Julie R. Enszer reviews A HALF-RED SEA by Evie Shockley

Nicholas Manning reviews TRACT by Jon Leon

Mary Jo Malo reviews BLOOD AND SALSA / PAINTING RUST by Jonathan Penton

Rebecca Mabanglo-Mayor reviews THE GODS WE WORSHIP LIVE NEXT DOOR by Bino Realuyo

Eileen Tabios reviews THE ALLEGREZZA FICCIONES by Mark Young

Jeannine Hall Gailey reviews NAVIGATE, AMELIA EARHART'S LETTERS HOME by Rebecca Loudon

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*Mario E.*

*Mireles reviews excerpts from NOT EVEN DOGS by Ernesto Priego; Matsuo Bash’s*

*“The Narrow Road of the Interior" in The Norton Anthology of World Masterpieces, Ed. Maynard Mack; and Octavio Paz’s "The Tradition of the Haiku" in Convergences: Essays on Art and Literatur.*

*William Allegrezza reviews ELAPSING SPEEDWAY ORGANISM by Bruce Covey*

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*Eileen Tabios reviews*

*THE PLANT WATERER AND OTHER THINGS IN COMMON by Kathryn Rantala*

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*WAS PURELY GIRLS by Angelo Suarez*
*BACK COVER What it*
*Means to be Missy WinePoetics' Dawgs*"

**1650. — Craig Allen Conrad** *13 Mar 2007* ↑ **Register**
*.....QUEERS!*

HAHA! made you look.

A never before published Jack Spicer short story, the hidden treasures of Alexandra Grilikhes, and over a hundred poets Queering the language!

THE BEST PART IS it's FREE and online: To see the journal click here: http://chax.org/eoagh/issue3/issuethree.html

reading launch for EOAGH: A Journal of the Arts, Issue 3: Queering Language

Saturday, March 24th, 6pm to 8pm ROBIN'S BOOKSTORE http://www.robinsbookstore.com/ 108 S. 13th St. Philadelphia

hosted by Tim Peterson & CAConrad

Readers will include: Dodie Bellamy, Kyle Conner, CAConrad, Jim Cory, Sarah Dowling, Maria Fama, Chris Gullo, hassen, Mytili Jagannathan, Anne Kaier, Candace Kaucher, Erica Kaufman, Kevin Killian, Janet Mason, Cathleen Miller, Ashraf Osman, Tim Peterson, Stephen Potter, Sina Queyras, Nathaniel Siegel, Stacy Szymaszek, Eleanor Wilner, Jason Zuzga

Dodie Bellamy will read the kari edwards editorial statement Eleanor Wilner will read the poems by the late Almitra David Jim Cory will read the poems by the late Karl Tierney CAConrad will read the poems by the late Alexandra Grilikhes

EOAGH Issue 3 – Queering Language was edited by CAConrad, kari edwards, Paul Foster Johnson, Erica Kaufman, Jack Kimball, Tim Peterson, and Stacy Szymaszek.

This online publication includes the work of over 100 contributors as well as editors' statements on this project.

*Issue 3 of EOAGH is dedicated to the memory of kari edwards (1954-2006) dear friend, mentor, colleague, crusader.

**1651. — Frances Blau** *19 Mar 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Memorial reading for kari edwards*

Hi,

Frances Blau, Marcus Civin, Kevin Killian, Roxi Hamilton, Elizabeth Treadwell has sent you an Evite Ecard. View your eCard and send your own for FREE.

View my eCard: http://www.evite.com/app/ecards/view/view.do?cardID=YFWHFBBFZUQHJLQAQHYJ&crID=IPHUFEVHPORSYXJNKPLF&src=RE

View My eCard: http://www.evite.com/app/ecards/view/view.do?cardID=YFWHFBBFZUQHJLQAQHYJ&crID=IPHUFEVHPORSYXJNKPLF&src=RE

Thank you,

The Evite Team

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**1652. — amy king** *8 Apr 2007* ↑ **Register**
*kari edwards on miporadio*

kari edwards' audio here ----> http://www.miporadio.net/kari_edwards/index.html

Need Mail bonding? Go to the Yahoo! Mail Q&A for great tips from Yahoo! Answers users.

**1653. — amy king** *8 Apr 2007* ↑ **Register**

Incidentally, the second poem is hypnotic~

kari edwards' audio here ----> http://www.miporadio.net/kari_edwards/index.html

No need to miss a message. Get email on-the-go with Yahoo! Mail for Mobile. Get started.

**1654. — Tim Peterson** *21 Apr 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Now on PennSound: NYC EOAGH QUEERING LANGUAGE LAUNCH*

NOW AVAILABLE ON PENNSOUND

"Queering Language" Reading Launch A Poetry Reading to celebrate the publication of EOAGH Issue 3: Queering Language Hosted by Tim Peterson (as Trace) with Nathaniel Siegel

http://writing.upenn.edu/pennsound/x/Queering-Language.html

Recorded at the Bowery Poetry Club, New York. February 10, 2007

Issue 3 of EOAGH, Queering Language was edited by CA Conrad, kari edwards, Paul Foster Johnson, Erica Kaufman, Jack Kimball, Tim Peterson, and Stacy Szymaszek. This journal issue is dedicated to the memory of kari edwards

> 1. Introduction by Tim Peterson and Nathaniel Siegel (3:18) 2. "Eros, born of chaos" by Jen Benka and Carol Mirakove (3:35) 3. "Prophlaxis" "From Here to Where" and "And Further, More" by Mark Bibbins (2:31) 4. "Faggot Love Songs" and "Sea Aloe Sonnet" by Julian Brolaski 5. "Love Letter to Andrew Cunanan" by Regie Cabico (3:10) 6. "The Venerated Muse" and "the Lemonade Man" by David Cameron (2:56) 7. "Lust" by Abigail Child (5:16) 8. "Ode to Pluto" by Jen Coleman (3:12) 9. "from Green Wood" by Allison Cobb (1:52) 10. "Napes" by Nicole Brossard, read by Marcella Durand (2:00) 11. "the transcendent brow of a househusband, or the point of origin for her departure was" by Corrine Fitzpatrick (2:36) 12. "from Dear Land" by E. Tracy Grinnell (3:16) 13. "I Am Here" "Quote from “For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide When the Rainbow is Enuf" (by Ntozake Shange) and "from Sailor Porn" by Brenda Iijima (3:01) 14. "Never is Less" "On the Way to Dinner, an Objective Remark Written Down" and "“Sometimes Black" by Amy King (5:27) 15. "Jock" and "Fun Going Down" by Bill Kushner, read by Nathaniel Siegel (1:56) 16."from Neighbor" by Rachel Levitsky (4:37) 17. "Follow That Bliss" by Ben Malkin (2:19) 18. "A Bracelet for Nina" by Filip Marinovitch (4:12) 19. "Dear Andrea" by Eileen Myles (3:03) 20. "Untitled" by Martha Oatis (2:18) 21. "In Aporia" by Akilah Oliver (3:43) 22. "Let's Have Sex" by Austin Publicover (3:19) 23. "God is not a woman" "Nudity" and "Sexualis" by Ashraf Osman (4:01) 24. "Embarrassment of Riches" by Tim Peterson (2:15)

---

# James Brown

1933–2006

*8 messages · 7 hands*

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*American singer and bandleader, the 'Godfather of Soul' and central progenitor of funk, extensively sampled in hip-hop;* Papa's Got a Brand New Bag *(1965). Died pneumonia, on Christmas Day.*

---

**1655. — Chris Stroffolino** *25 Dec 2006* ↑ **Register**

*Strong JB*

Just thought I'd mention this here first---

James Brown died last night....73

If you don't know his Xmas album, now you got two reasons to play it today...

now back to your talk about Allen Iverson, etc...

> **1656. — David-Baptiste Chirot** *25 Dec 2006* ↑ **Register**
>
> James Brown made two Christmas albums. I have over 70 James Brown lps and hundreds of singles by him, produced by him, by his spin off bands and etc etc
>
> One of the greatest musicans/composers/performers of the 20th century
>
> "I Can't Stand My self (When You Touch Me)" lp from mid Sixties is one of the the most revoluitonary records made—the kick off beats of sonic/word universes opening ever since . . .
>
> I don't think he is gone, just off stage—the "cape act" has no end!
>
> **1657. — Maria Damon** *25 Dec 2006* ↑ **Register**
>
> just heard. v sad. he had so so much life in him. james brown live at the apollo and tibetan chanting monks are my most faithful x-country driving music...for decades now.

**1658. — Nick Piombino** *25 Dec 2006* ↑ **Register**

I also hold a treasured memory of James Brown headlining at the Apollo in the mid-sixties, especially the unforgettably unique close to his act; he fell to the stage again and again, each time an assistant running out to him in mock alarm, tossing still another silver or gold robe over him, and each time JB throwing off the robe, jumping up and playing a further encore. This continued for what must have been 30 minutes or more. The legend was that once JB had actually passed out from exhaustion during a performance and had then memorialized this occasion in future performances. This is ineradicable inspiration.

**1659. — Jennifer Karmin** *26 Dec 2006* ↑ **Register**

*James Brown & Bush*

For Immediate Release Office of the Press Secretary December 25, 2006

President and Mrs. Bush Saddened by Death of James Brown

"Laura and I are saddened by the death of James Brown. For half a century, the innovative talent of the 'Godfather of Soul' enriched our culture and influenced generations of musicians. An American original, his fans came from all walks of life and backgrounds. James Brown's family and friends are in

**1660. — Phil Primeau** *27 Dec 2006* ↑ **Register**

Makes sense, Dubya has lotsa good memories of blowing lines off James Brown vinyls.

**1661. — Chris Stroffolino** *15 Jan 2007* ↑ **Register**

*Rebegging (fluffy) band new brag*

thanks for sharing these thoughts...feelings....words...

i like that these words don't seem to approach the subject judgmentally (or, if so, only by judging the impulse to judge...)

what is the feeling of "a massive ego" anyway?

something to be lost in the process/product of creation?
something to be found (and/or gained) in said process?
or, sometimes, both simulatanously?
I wonder if I've been trying to articulate something like the
"poetics of James Brown"
off and on since boxing day eve-eve,
James Brown's relation to "the massive ego?'
James Brown, as a verb as much as a noun, even to himself...
to DO the "James Brown"
and the more strictly speaking "poetic" analogues or
references of same...
"how can we tell the dancer from the dance" etc...

or Whitman's "massive ego"---so massive it is also on another level
an impersonal force
(not merely "no ideas but in things"), but relational,
dramatic, so-called 'eastern'
notions of the self----
ah, some may need to call it anti-intellectual—in Brown's case—
but "Think" from the early 60s can be as intellectual as any
Bob Dylan or Stravinski....Ashbery..

just some rudimentary notes right now... more later... perhaps 'elsewhere...'

Chris

*"For that matter, thinking that you have something others should read also takes a massive ego . . . putting any creation of yours out into the world and thinking others would or should care is all of the same impulse, n'est pas? That gets to the whole question of why we create at all??? Is this merely a lesson of the internet? Doesn't the barrage of new books at the front table of Barnes & Noble (paid for*

> *by Random House), the new releases at Tower Records (probably paid for by some record label), etc. etc. etc. confirm that impulse? Fluffy Just to think that you have something others should hear takes a massive ego (one of the great lessons of the Internet). I suppose the audience will confirm or disprove that.*"

**1662. — linda norton** *15 Jan 2007* ↑ **Register**

I remember a Paris Review interview with authors and associates of the editor Bob Gottlieb. His egotism was the subject of much commentary, but one remark stood out:"The thing about Bob's ego is, it's like a huge umbrella, big enough for two people."

## 2007

# Tillie Olsen

1912–2007

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*American writer and activist whose fiction of working-class mothers' silenced creativity became foundational to feminist literary studies;* Tell Me a Riddle *(1961).*

**1663. — J. Kuszai** *3 Jan 2007* ↑ **Register**

*Tillie Olsen dies at 94*

Here is the NY Times obit:

http://www.nytimes.com/2007/01/03/books/03olsen.html

**1664. — Eireene Nealand** *11 Jan 2007* ↑ **Register**

*Re: rhythm 'n meter in poetry--a basic teaching/learning question*

thank you guys, this is great, i did try out that red meter thing on the computer.

does anyone have any opinions on pinsky's discussion of rhythms being created out of vowels and constonants? (the consonants being the things that stop sounds and the vowels being something of a continuous flow of air at least).

which takes us into olsen's unfurling flow of the line, which takes us to Olsen and the breath.

are we still talking about rhythm? can rhythm be discussed separately from quesitons of rhyme?

what am i missing in there.

and memorize, yes, good, happy to memorize, just tell me what (i confess i'm as concerned for my own learning as that of my students, if such a separation can be made).

i'm a bit concerned that tennyson, as lovely as the first lines are:

"break, break, break/against thy cold grey stones/o sea"

if rhthms are copied stanza by stanza will lead to that stilted rhyming poetry that i fear from my students (and occasionally from myself). any ideas about how to move from tennyson to free verse?

maybe it's just the wrong poem that i'm starting out with.

maybe dr. seuss really will do it?

e

> "*no doubt i'll catch all sorts of flack for this, but being of the (it seems minority in poetry circles) opinion that there are multiple levels of stress in English, I think part of the problem a lot of people have in hearing meter is that when you tell them all syllables are stressed or unstressed and they get*

> *confused because you then have to tell them that syllables that sound stressed to them are actually unstressed, and that syllables that don't sound as stressed as others actually are stressed. which is what you get when you cling to archaic notions about the sounds of language that are borrowed from largely dead languages like Ancient Greek, Latin, and Anglo Saxon. I just don't see much purpose in trying to shoe-horn as complex a language as English into such a simple rhythmic framework as is offered by the traditional foot and two value scansion of classical prosody. On Thu, 11 Jan 2007, Eireene Nealand wrote: does anyone have any advice about how to teach or learn about rhythm and meter? i tried all of that scansion business, pacing up and down in front of the class beating out rhythms and such and it was quite a disaster last year so i'm hoping to find something better—and ways for myself to learn more about this too. i've read and read about the subject, but does anyone have any good activities around the ideas of rhythm and poetry?"*

---

# Binoy Majumdar

1934–2006

*3 messages · 3 hands*

---

*Indian Bengali poet linked to the Hungry Generation, seen as Jibanananda Das's successor, who fused mathematics with lyric;* Phire Esho, Chaka *(1960).*

---

**1665. — Chris Stroffolino** *12 Jan 2007* ↑ **Register**

*Binoy Majumdar (1934-2006)*

Aryanil Mukherjee asked me to forward this news.... Chris

Binoy Majumdar (1934-2006), an Indian poet (Bengali), recently passed away. Binoy was a brilliant, eccentric, obscure and controversial poet whose life and work await chapters of penetrating research. Binoy is an extremely rare poet – it is hard to find a parallel in the western hemisphere. The intense purity with which geometry, mathematics, science and logistics fill the bone-marrow of his poetry, distinguises his rare genre. Despite being a fine and talented engineer, a brilliant, innovative mathematician and an even more brilliant poet, Binoy led a rather distraught and disoriented life of extreme poverty. Failed by one-sided love [for Gayatri Chakraborty (later Spivak)], he lost his mental composure and attempted suicide several times in his life. At times, he would turn violently schizophrenic. In the 1990s, the state government of West Bengal, upon request from fellow poets, provided some support. It didn't restore his physical and mental health. However, during his stay at the state-run hospital, he wrote a book -"haaspaataale lekhaa kabitaaguchchha' (Hospital Poems) which won him the prestigious national poetry award (Sahitya Academy Purashhkaar). Today, Binoy has a huge following among poets three or four decades younger.

Here is an introductory link. Please read –

http://www.kaurab.com/poetry_peripherals/binoy.html

=

> **1666. — Murat Nemet-Nejat** *13 Jan 2007* ↑ **Register**
> Binoy Majumbar's poems are fantastic. They remind me also of Turkish poetry.
>
> **1667. — Barry Schwabsky** *14 Jan 2007* ↑ **Register**
> There are some amazing lines there. "Can I smell my own hair?" So who's going to undertake the complete English translation? Any volunteers out there?

> Murat Nemet-Nejat wrote: Binoy Majumbar's poems are fantastic. They remind me also of Turkish poetry.

---

## Alice Coltrane

1937–2007

*4 messages · 4 hands*

*American jazz harpist, pianist, and composer, pioneer of spiritual jazz, widow of John Coltrane and ashram founder;* Journey in Satchidananda *(1971). Dead of respiratory failure.*

---

**1668. — mIEKAL aND** *14 Jan 2007* ↑ **Register**

*Alice Coltrane Dies*

Alice Coltrane Dies At 69
Jazz Pianist Was Also A Spiritual Leader
January 14, 2007

> *"Los Angeles Times http://www.courant.com/news/nationworld/hc-coltrane0114.artjan14,0,2553918.story*
>
> *LOS ANGELES — Alice Coltrane, the jazz performer and composer who was inextricably linked with the adventurous musical improvisations of her late husband, the legendary saxophonist John Coltrane, has died. She was 69.*
>
> *Coltrane died Friday at West Hills Hospital in Los Angeles, according to family friends. She had been in frail health for some time and died of respiratory failure.*
>
> *Though known to many for her contributions to jazz and early new age music, Coltrane, a convert to Hinduism, was also a significant spiritual leader and founded the Vedantic Center, a spiritual commune now in Agoura, Calif. A guru of growing repute, she also served as the swami of the San Fernando Valley's first Hindu Temple, in Chatsworth.*
>
> *For much of the past 40 years, she was also the keeper of her husband's musical legacy, managing his archive and estate. Her husband, one of the pivotal figures in the history of jazz, died of liver disease on July 17, 1967, at the age of 40.*
>
> *A pianist and organist, Alice Coltrane was noted for her astral compositions and for bringing the harp onto the jazz bandstand. Her last performances came in the fall, when she participated in an abbreviated tour that included stops in New York and San Francisco, playing with her saxophonist son, Ravi.*
>
> *She was born Alice McLeod in Detroit on Aug. 27, 1937, into a family with deep musical roots. Anna, her mother, sang and played piano in the Baptist church choir. Alice's brother Ernie Farrow was a bassist who played professionally with groups led by saxophonist Yusef Lateef and vibes player Terry Gibbs.*
>
> *Alice began her musical education at the age of 7, learning classical piano. Her early musical career included performances in church groups and as well as in top-flight jazz ensembles led by Lateef, guitarist Kenny Burrell and saxophonist Lucky Thompson.*
>
> *After studying jazz piano briefly in Paris, she moved to New York and joined Gibbs' quartet.*
>
> *She met John Coltrane in 1963 while playing an engagement with Gibbs' group at Birdland in New York City. "He saw something in her that was beautiful," Gibbs, who has often taken credit for introducing the two, told the Los Angeles Times.*

> *She left Gibbs' band to marry Coltrane and began performing with her husband's band in 1965, replacing pianist McCoy Tyner.”*

**1669.** **— elen** *14 Jan 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Alice Coltrane Passes at 69*

Sad, sad news. I had the privilege of seeing her perform late last year during the San Francisco jazz festival - one of the most memorable concerts I've ever seen. She and her son Ravi played together - along with John Coltrane's original bassist and drummer. They ended the show with a tribute to Coltrane. Everyone stood up. Many were crying.

If you've never listened to Alice Coltrane's harp and piano playing, you must. Her music is galactic, necessary.

-elen

http://www.latimes.com/news/printedition/california/la-me-coltrane14jan14,1,1300733.story?coll=la-headlines-pe-california

Alice Coltrane, 69; performer, composer of jazz and New Age music; spiritual leader
By Jon Thurber, Times Staff Writer
January 14, 2007

Alice Coltrane, the jazz performer and composer who was inextricably linked with the adventurous musical improvisations of her late husband, legendary saxophonist John Coltrane, has died. She was 69.

Coltrane died Friday at West Hills Hospital and Medical Center in West Hills, according to an announcement from the family's publicist. She had been in frail health for some time and died of respiratory failure.

Though known to many for her contributions to jazz and early New Age music, Coltrane, a convert to Hinduism, was also a significant spiritual leader and founded the Vedantic Center, a spiritual commune now located in Agoura Hills. A guru of growing repute, she also served as the swami of the San Fernando Valley's first Hindu temple, in Chatsworth.

For much of the last nearly 40 years, she was also the keeper of her husband's musical legacy, managing his archive and estate. Her husband, one of the pivotal figures in the history of jazz, died of liver disease July 17, 1967, at the age of 40.

Alice began her musical education at age 7, learning classical piano. Her early musical career included performances in church groups as well as in top-flight jazz ensembles led by Lateef, guitarist Kenny Burrell and saxophonist Lucky Thompson.

After studying jazz piano briefly in Paris, she moved to New York and joined Gibbs' quartet.

"As fascinating - and influential - as her later music was, it tended to obscure the fact that she had started out as a solid, bebop-oriented pianist," critic Don Heckman told The Times on Saturday. "I remember hearing, and jamming with, her in the early '60s at photographer W. Eugene Smith's loft in Manhattan. At that time she played with a brisk, rhythmic style immediately reminiscent of Bud Powell.

"Like a few other people who'd heard her either at the loft or during her early '60s gigs with Terry Gibbs, I kept hoping she'd take at least one more foray into the bebop style she played so well," he said.

She met her future husband in 1963 while playing an engagement with Gibbs' group at Birdland in New York City.

"He saw something in her that was beautiful," Gibbs, who has often taken credit for introducing the two, told The Times on Saturday. "They were both very shy in a way. It was beautiful to see them fall in love."

Gibbs called her "the nicest person I ever worked with. She was a real lady."

She left Gibbs' band to marry Coltrane and began performing with his band in the mid-1960s, replacing pianist McCoy Tyner. She developed a style noted for its power and freedom and played tour dates with Coltrane's group in San Francisco, New York and Tokyo.

She would say her husband's musical impact was enormous.

"John showed me how to play fully," she told interviewer Pauline Rivelli and Robert Levin in comments published in "The Black Giants."

"In other words, he'd teach me not to stay in one spot and play in one chord pattern. 'Branch out, open up . play your instrument entirely.' . John not only taught me how to explore, but to play thoroughly and completely."

After his death, she devoted herself to raising their children. Musically, she continued to play within his creative vision, surrounding herself with such like-minded performers as saxophonists Pharoah Sanders and Joe Henderson.

Early albums under her name, including "A Monastic Trio," and "Ptah the El Daoud," were greeted with critical praise for her compositions and playing. "Ptah the El Daoud" featured her sweeping harp flourishes, a sound not commonly heard in jazz recordings. Her last recording, "Translinear Light," came in 2004. It was her first jazz album in 26 years.

Through the 1970s, she continued to explore Eastern religions, traveling to India to study with Swami Satchidananda, the founder of the Integral Yoga Institute.

Upon her return she started a store-front ashram in San Francisco but soon moved it to Woodland Hills in 1975. Located in the Santa Monica Mountains since the early 1980s, the ashram is a 48-acre compound where devotees concentrate on prayer and meditation.

Known within her religious community by her Sanskrit name, Turiyasangitananda, Coltrane focused for much of the last 25 years on composing and recording devotional music such as Hindu chants, hymns and melodies for meditation. She also wrote books, including "Monumental Ethernal," a kind of spiritual biography, and "Endless Wisdom," which she once told a Times reporter contained hundreds of scriptures divinely revealed to her.

In 2001 she helped found the John Coltrane Foundation to encourage jazz performances and award scholarships to young musicians.

In addition to Ravi, she is survived by another son, Oren, who plays guitar and alto sax; a daughter, Michelle, who is a singer; and five grandchildren. Her son John Coltrane Jr. died in an automobile accident in 1982.

**1670. — Vernon Frazer** *14 Jan 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Alice Coltrane Dies*

Thanks for posting this, mIEKAL. It is sad. Although I didn't follow her music very much after Trane's death, I enjoyed what she did with his last group, which left a lot of other people in the dust. I like music that rearranges my central nervous system through ecstatic experience.

It's curious the piece came from the Hartford Courant. Despite my issues with the city, it's home to a lot of good jazz musicians and knowledgeable listeners. The notice didn't appear in today's Sun-Sentinel.

**1671. — Aldon L Nielsen** *14 Jan 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Alice Coltrane Passes at 69*

I have a recording of the LA performance of that Coltrane tribute concert featuring Alice and Ravi — They were doing great work — giovanni singleton visited Alice Coltrane's ashram last year — maybe she'll write something about it soon

# Molly Ivins

1944–2007

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*American political columnist, the country's most widely syndicated liberal voice, famed for satirical Texas-flavored skewering of George W. Bush;* Molly Ivins Can't Say That, Can She? *(1991). Died of breast cancer, at home in Austin.*

## 1672. — Alan Sondheim *1 Feb 2007* ↑ Register

*Columnist Molly Ivins Dies (fwd)*

This message is in MIME format. The first part should be readable text, while the remaining parts are likely unreadable without MIME-aware tools.

--0-2087307194-1170307158=:8549

> *"-Columnist Molly Ivins Dies By JOHN MORITZ STAR-TELEGRAM AUSTIN BUREAU*
>
> *Star-Telegram (Ft. Worth, TX) http://www.dfw.com/mld/dfw/16591107.htm January 31, 2007*
>
> *AUSTIN — Molly Ivins, whose biting columns mixed liberal populism with an irreverent Texas wit, died at 5:30 p.m. Wednesday at her home in Austin after an up-and-down battle with breast cancer she had waged for seven years. She was 62.*
>
> *Ms. Ivins, the Star-Telegram's political columnist for nine years ending in 2001, had written for the New York Times, the Dallas Times-Herald and Time magazine and had long been a sought-after pundit on the television talk-show circuit to provide a Texas slant on issues ranging from President Bush's pedigree to the culture wars rooted in the 1960s. "She was magical in her writing," said Mike Blackman, a former Star-Telegram executive editor who hired Ms. Ivins at the newspaper's Austin bureau in 1992, a few months after the Times-Herald ceased publication. "She could turn a phrase in such a way that a pretty hard-hitting point didn't hurt so bad."*
>
> *A California native who moved to Houston as a young child with her family, Ms. Ivins was diagnosed with breast cancer in 1999. Two years later after enduring a radical mastectomy and rounds of chemotherapy, Ms. Ivins was given a 70 percent chance of remaining cancer-free for five years. At the time, she said she liked the odds.*
>
> *But the cancer recurred in 2003, and again last year. In recent weeks, she had suspended her twice-weekly syndicated column, allowing guest writers to use the space while she underwent further treatment. She made a brief return to writing in mid-January, urging readers to resist President Bush's plan to increase the number of U.S. troops deployed to Iraq. She likened her call to an old-fashioned "newspaper crusade." "We are the people who run this country," Ms Ivins said in the column published in the Jan. 14 edition of the Star-Telegram. "We are the deciders. And every single day, every single one of us needs to step outside and take some action to help stop this war. "Raise hell," she continued. "Think of something to make the ridiculous look ridiculous. Make our troops know we're for them and are trying to get them out of there. Hit the streets to protest Bush's proposed surge."*
>
> *She ended the piece by endorsing the peace march in Washington scheduled for Saturday. 01-27 "We need people in the streets, banging pots and pans and demanding, "Stop it, now!' " she wrote.*
>
> *The spice of Texas*
>
> *Born Mary Tyler Ivins on Aug. 30, 1944, in Monterey, Calif., Ms. Ivins was raised in the upscale River Oaks section of Houston. She earned her journalism degree at elite Smith*

> *College in Massachusetts in 1965. From there she ventured to Minnesota, taking a job as a police reporter for the Minneapolis Tribune.*
>
> *Growing weary of the winters in the Upper Great Lakes and missing the spice of Texas food and its politics, Ms. Ivins moved to Austin to become co-editor of the Texas Observer, long considered the state's liberal conscience.*
>
> *Nadine Eckhardt, the former wife of the late Texas novelist Billy Lee Bramer and who later married former U.S. Rep. Bob Eckhardt of Houston, said Ivins soon made herself a fixture in the Austin political and cocktail party scene in the early 1970s. "That's where she became the Molly Ivins as we've come to know her," said Eckhardt, an Ivins friend for nearly four decades. "The Observer had such wonderful writers doing such wonderful stories at the time, and Molly was always right in the middle of everything."*
>
> *Her writing flair caught the attention of the New York Times, which hired her to cover city hall, then later moved her to the statehouse bureau in Albany. Later, she was assigned to the Times' Rocky Mountain bureau in Denver.*
>
> *Even though she wrote the Times' obituary for Elvis Presley in 1977, Ms. Ivins said later that she and the sometimes stodgy Times proved to be a mismatch. In a 2002 interview with the Star-Telegram, Ms. Ivins recalled that she would write about something that "squawked like a $2 fiddle" only to have a Times editor rewrite it to say "as an inexpensive instrument." Ms Ivins said she would mention a "beer belly" and The Times would substitute "a protuberant abdomen."*
>
> *So Ms. Ivins returned to Austin in 1982 to become a columnist for the Dallas Times-Herald and reconnecting with such political figures as Ann Richards, who would later become governor, and Bob Bullock, then the hard-drinking state comptroller who later wielded great power as lieutenant governor.*
>
> *Trademark language*
>
> *The column provided Ms. Ivins the freedom to express her views with the colorful language that would become her trademark. She called such figures as Ross Perot, former U.S. Sen. John Tower and ex-Gov. Bill Clements "runts with attitudes." As a candidate for governor, George W. Bush became "Shrub," a nicknamed she never tired of using.*
>
> *Surprised became "womperjawed." A visibly angry person would "throw a walleyed fit."*
>
> *Ms. Ivins, who was single and had no children, told readers about her first bout with cancer in a matter-of-fact afterword in an otherwise ordinary column. "I have contracted an outstanding case of breast cancer, from which I fully intend to recover," she wrote on Dec. 14, 1999. "I don't need get-well cards, but I would like the beloved women readers to do something for me: Go. Get. The. Damn. Mammogram. Done."*
>
> *Ms. Ivins authored three books and co-authored a fourth. She was a three-time finalist for a Pulitzer Prize and had served on Amnesty International's Journalism Network, but the iconoclastic writer often said that her two highest honors were being banned from the conservative campus of Texas A&M University and having the Minneapolis police name their mascot pig after her when she covered the department as a reporter during one of her first jobs in the newspaper business.*
>
> *Funeral arrangements were pending.*
>
> *John Moritz, © 2007 Star-Telegram.com and wire service sources. All Rights Reserved.*
>
> *http://www.mercurynews.com*"

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**1673.** **— Alexander Jorgensen** *31 Jan 2007* ↑ **Register**

This is sad, indeed. For me, ranks up there with the passing of so many "heroic" voices.

AJ

Need a quick answer? Get one in minutes from people who know. Ask your question on www.Answers.yahoo.com

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# Anna Nicole Smith

1967–2007

*22 messages · 14 hands*

*American model and television personality, Playboy Playmate of the Year in 1993, whose marriage to an eighty-nine-year-old Texas oil billionaire and the inheritance case that followed made her a tabloid fixture for a decade. She was thirty-nine and died of accidental combined drug intoxication in a hotel room in Hollywood, Florida. Aaron Belz's notice proposes a special issue of Painted Bride Quarterly and then says, in the same paragraph, that he is not being ironic; Twenty-two messages establish that the list could not decide either.*

**1674.** **— Aaron Belz** *8 Feb 2007* ↑ **Register**

*RIP Anna Nicole - The end of an era*

Folks-An era has ended. Anna Nicole Smith died today in a hotel room in Hollywood, Florida. She was 39 years old. I am hopeful that works of art, music, literature, etc. are forthcoming to commemorate her life and mourn her tragic death. A special issue of Painted Bride Quarterly, perhaps.

Oh, maybe I sound ironic, but I really am feeling this one.

Aaron

**1675.** **— Alan Sondheim** *8 Feb 2007* ↑ **Register**

I've followed her career fairly closely, watched the 'reality show,' and was fascinated; she resisted easy summaries, but there was always a violent edge to things around her that felt exhausted. She died ten years older than Anita Berber and six than Christ.

========== Work on YouTube, blog at for theory; also check WVU Zwiki, Google for recent. Write for info on books, cds, performance, dvds, etc. ==========

**1676.** **— Haas Bianchi** *9 Feb 2007* ↑ **Register**

Such lament. I am sure that there is a PHD thesis somewhere in this.

**1677.** **— Aaron Belz** *9 Feb 2007* ↑ **Register**

Yes, such lament. Here's my poem to mark the occasion. It's not very good—like yesterday's news— Belz

ANNA NICOLE SMITH (1967-2007)
You said you wanted to make a name for yourself.
What kind of name? They asked. Anna Nicole Smith
you replied in a tiny voice—then found
a husband's worth of love in a man named Howard Stern
who, not a DJ, knew the logic of your reply.

**1678. — Aaron Belz** *9 Feb 2007* **↑ Register**
*I was serious...*

Hey folks - my poem, and my sense of loss, is real. The Anna Nicole Smith story is complex and symbolic of our age. I think the fact that you read the poem as "making fun" might speak more to your own academic detachedness rather than anything inherently lighthearted about the poem I posted.
Aaron

**1679. — Suzanne Burns** *9 Feb 2007* **↑ Register**
*Re: RIP Anna Nicole - The end of an era*

Ahhh, Anna Nicole. Thanks for the mammaries.
Suzanne
(Sorry, had to get that in....)

*"Yes, such lament. Here's my poem to mark the occasion. It's not very good—like yesterday's news— Belz ANNA NICOLE SMITH (1967-2007) You said you wanted to make a name for yourself. What kind of name? They asked. Anna Nicole Smith, you replied in a tiny voice— then found a husband's worth of love in a man named Howard Stern who, not a DJ, knew the logic of your reply."*

**1680. — Alan Sondheim** *9 Feb 2007* **↑ Register**
*Anna Nicole Smith*

She always fascinated me. Like Michael Jackson she broke a lot of taboos, she couldn't be placed. Her reality show was time slowed, almost milky. Howard K. Stern talked Ivy League, she murmured. Her son was there. I never knew what I was watching. I was constantly thrown off, in a way that her son's death was thrown off, and her death, now, is thrown off.

She couldn't be placed: just as soon as you had it figured out, it transformed. I did guess that she and Howard were lovers; it was an odd subtext to the show. The photographs were sexy but meta-sexed; they didn't register properly, there was always something else going on. On another list people rave Anita Berber; there's a relationship.

So poetics? Yes because this doesn't fit, it fractures, it breaks the discourse of the Law, however you want to define it. It's not only semantics, it's syntax that's broken down, just as reporters couldn't get "hold" of Michael Jackson.

Then again, her life and death say something about our notions of beauty, a kind of inconceivable sexuality associated with it, the body can't keep up. What's incarnate falls apart; it's always already fallen apart.

Finally, there are very real class (economic, geographic, educational) issues here; like Tonya Harding, she couldn't keep up (I remember TH's mother saying she couldn't raise an ice princess), or she kept up, on her own track, in her own way, which is something few of us get to do.

This really was upsetting.

**1681. — (unsigned)** *9 Feb 2007* **↑ Register**
Eloquent, Alan. If I write a very short thanks it would be taken for irony, wouldn't it? It's not.
_____ Ren Powell

**1682. — Ruth Lepson** *9 Feb 2007* ↑ **Register**

amen to you both

**1683. — Laura Winton** *9 Feb 2007* ↑ **Register**

I was no fan of Anna Nicole Smith. I could never really figure out what she was famous *for* and saw her as more of the trend of people who are famous for being famous (not unlike Paris Hilton). But it seems that of late she had turned very quickly into something of a tragic figure and her death has made me rethink maybe how *long* she might have been a tragic figure without many people really knowing or recognizing it. So I do feel this sadness about it without knowing really why and at the same time I feel that to find out somehow perpetuates something about her and about our culture that I'm not sure I want to participate in further.

Does that make any sense at all???

**1684. — Alan Sondheim** *10 Feb 2007* ↑ **Register**

Our culture is perpetuated in any case, of course; what's important is what one does in relation to it; at best perhaps, one can take a critical and/or empathetic stand. I've heard the 'famous for being famous' in relation to a number of people, and I think in a way it begs the question. How can one open this short-circuit? For me, it's related to causation; one always looks for cause and effect - we're brought up to believe this. But causality is problematic, and the questions that Anna Nicole Smith raises may literally be unanswerable, and at the same time 'eternally' vulnerable (or susceptible) to theory - the descriptions, analyses, go on and on, just as Tonya Harding appeared in scholarly works as well as innumerable pop venues.

One element of interest is that such analyses can be applied anywhere, anywhen; from Anna Nicole Smith to far more 'important' matters such as world conflicts, issues of fundamentalism, etc., (for me) to realize just how fragile causality (and its accompanying enunciation of specific effect/affect) is. In other words, I think it's fine not to have answers, ethical structures, etc., in one's life.

I hope this makes sense - it's late at night. I do want to add that if you watched the reality show, the tragedy came through rather starkly; there were times literally couldn't watch.

Finally, I really don't know what she's perpetuating (or was used to perpetuate); there are many other models for exaggerated sexuality for example.

**1685. — (unsigned)** *10 Feb 2007* ↑ **Register**

Alan,

I do think it makes sense. (Perhaps the assumption that the original comments were derisive is because they seemed to come so quickly out of the gate- at least I think that's why I jerked to that kind of reading).

I am not at all sure that this is where you were going, but I wonder if social ethical structures are descriptive and not determining structures-the way zoologists classify animals. What do you do with the platypus?

Now, that probably makes no sense.

I heard an interview with Edward Albee regarding the revival of Who's Afraid. . . he said, "there comes a point when a play is famous for being famous".

And I don't think it's a new phenomenon.

**1686. — Wystan Curnow** *10 Feb 2007* ↑ **Register**

Causality will be as fragile or robust as proximity allows. 'Our' culture is for me 'your' culture, and all the posts on this subject have proceeded from 'you', her 'fellow Americans.' You are seemingly (at your best) closer to 'ANS' than I imagine myself to be. Wystan

**1687. — (unsigned)** *10 Feb 2007* ↑ **Register**

Please.

I have never seen the reality series, because it isn't on the free stations in my country. But unless you are living on the moon, your culture is most certainly touched by American mass media. 60 minutes is popular in Iraq. Afghan children know who Brittany Spears is. ANS was all over billboards in Scandinavia a few years ago- as model for H&M.

If you even know who Anne Nicole Smith is, yet claim a kind of superior distance to American pop culture (am I interpreting you correctly?)- this strikes me as absurd and self-deceiving.

One would hope that your comment simply means you believe we Americans are more inclined to explore the cultural context of an individual tragedy rather than believing that somehow we Americans uniquely identify with the kind of celebrity foibles and worse. _____ Ren Powell

**1688. — Alison Croggon** *10 Feb 2007* ↑ **Register**

Ren, I think, perhaps presumptively, that Wystan is reacting to that inclusive "our" rather than placing himself above mass culture. Being touched or even colonised by a culture does not, after all, make it one's own. American culture is, for me as well, "your" culture. Of course this doesn't mean at all that exchange isn't possible, but on the whole it's preferable if it's mutual exchange, rather than all one way. And people do get tired of having their differences expunged, even if it's well meaning.

All best

**1689. — (unsigned)** *10 Feb 2007* ↑ **Register**

Alison,

It wouldn't surprise me if I am the one being presumptive. I have been lately. I apologize.

I do also have an overdeveloped defence response to stereotypes regarding the tabloid mentality associated with Americans.

A lot of things assumed to be Americanization are actually not. Like reality television.

Seeing that this listserv is Buffalo.edu, it seems to me unnecessary for anyone posting "our" to be compelled to preface it with "as Americans".

So, reading a posting which objects to this, which expresses a dissociation from ANS based on national cultural identity. . . I do (perhaps mistakenly) draw a conclusion regarding the person's motivation to do so.

And now I'm going to keep my fingers still and go back to reading what everyone has to say about poetry.

Apologies again,

Ren

**1690. — Alexander Dickow** *10 Feb 2007* ↑ **Register**
*ANS and F Sherlock*

All,
All this Anna Nicole Smith talk is fine by me one way
or the other, but shouldn't we be talking about Frank
Sherlock, who's apparently very ill? Seems like the
time for talking about dear fellow-poets, rather than
celebrities.
Cheers to Aaron for his caring, though, and others,
still.
Amicalement,
Alex

www.alexdickow.net/blog/

les mots! ah quel désert à la fin
merveilleux. -- Henri Droguet

**1691. — Anny Ballardini** *10 Feb 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Anna Nicole Smith*

Tabloid culture is the easiest and juciest way to talk and talk and talk, rumbling mouths nothing to do with the Talking Heads, nor with Aaron Belz or Alan Sondheim, so long

**1692. — David-Baptiste Chirot** *10 Feb 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Re: haiku and Anna Nicole Smith*

Thank you so much for your letter Anny Ballardini! Anna Nicole Smith is non-stop on cable news—and here at buffalo list, too—(though is the discussion here "innovative" and "questioning recieved forms and styles" and so actually superior to the tablod and news reporting?—the analysis by alan sondheim for example is given within abt first ten seconds by the tabloids, and then contually surpassed in as Anny writes, "talk talk talk talk"

actually very much the talk talk talk and barrage of images interviews quotes—is the creation via Tragedy, of a Saint—being elevated into the Heavens of the Spectacle—the allusions which media makes and Anna Nicole continaully made to Mailyn —link her immediately to that Sainted image and sacrifical Tragedy—yet there are also many background murmruings of the ever onging Sanctification of Princess Di—and lost in the depths Jayne Mansfield as well, though she is a Lesser Saint than Marilyn and Di and Anna Nicole—(whose name also conjures resomating imagery of the tragic tall blonde Nicole Simpson Brown—)

the Tragedy of the lowly  little girl's frairy tale princess' dream and attainment of real Princess fame and fortune via beauty and wealthy, powerful men—(Jayne Mansfield married literally a "Strong Man"—famous body builder—and Jayne, like Anne Boleyn—decapitated though not by any King's decree other than those of the  women who are the Fates)—and treacheries along the way of those who don't want to allow the princess to become a Queen—so that they die tragically, experience martyrdoms—and become beloved above all among "the people"—their loyal subjects as it were—and then transformed into Saints for the Adoration—talk tlak tlak tlak and images images images—with scandal always attendent—mysteries of fathers, of children, courts of law—social barriers transgressed—the manipulation by media and media manipulation by "star"—it is an endless pagentry and each new princess/Saint contributes her own unique variations on the theme, on the relics, on the forms of Adoration and memorialization—each contributes to the enhancement of the others—for the glory of the firmaments where the Stars are existing in Eternal Light—for secular fallen worlds, a new form of religion/opiate of the masses—and for the masters and mistreeses in charge, more pagentry, bread and circuses to keep "the people" from wanting to pay attention to the Bad news which is being jettisoned in all the pomp and glory, all the mysteries of fatherhood, of legal ranglings over Gold—posseions—and the mysterious deaths—natural/suicidal/murder by conspiracy—the triumph of the female Saint over the male desire to dominate and condemn and destroy them—the lovers who along the way adored or betrayed-Saint Joan and her Inquistors—burning at the stake and like Artaud's victim, signalling through the flames—before the Ascension—so many powerful forces unleashed in the tabloid world's energies—in the drug store the other night going from magazine cover to magaine cover, tabloid sheet to tabloid sheet cover—a whole procession of images of the Saints and martyrs among the Stars—their sufferings, weight, child, man, money, career dramas rising and falling in the melodramtic rhythms of a word/music/image ritualized ceremonial Stations of the Cross in a serial form—not just the imagery, but the use of words, their typogrpahies in the immense visual/sound serial feuillton poem/drama—and who is still with one—stil going strong—LIZ!!!—since childhood LIZ has been there—ruling the living heavens—a kind of Patron Saint of the Tabloids—endlessly dy8ing almost and being reborn—endless finding husbands and lovers—and moving on to another one—so as never to be dull or boring by having tthe same againg companion—for her eteranl youth—Madonna has made a career out of running her own tabloids to go laong withthose that surround her—Demi—Katie—Barbara Mandrell (back with her stolen tour bus in the front page news—on cable----straight out of country song—)—Hillary—(lately joining the ones who seem destinied for their

stops in rehab—according to some of the Tabloid iconogrpahy—)—Halle—Venus—Whitney—Oprah—Visitations by Mary, Our Lady of Guadalupe, Serena, Shakira—a long gallery of icons one passes by in the altar area of the cash register-alongside the little boxes for donations to various organizations for children's diseases—and now Anna Nicole will for a while be the one whose Adoration will burn with the finest flame—for some months to come— as she becomes a permanent part of the Spectacle of Stardom Sainthood—her Ascension attained—into that Eternal Company

The Tabloids are really the Living Presence of ancient energies which negentropically regenerate—rther than run down—and continually gather more Saints, more intensity with each new form of media—icons of the Goddesses since times immemorial—Cleopatra—Helen of Troy

in one of his autobriographical novels Blaise Cendrars writes of the forms of Tabloids and feuilleton photo-novels he finds in the farthest reaches of Brazil—and writes of how these—with the Stars, the monsters (aliens, Big Foot, etc—), the horoscopes and predictions of Nostradums, Book of revelations—how al these anceint "interprepations of dreams", love potions, methods of Better Health and Beauty—al of it, the belief in the stars of the Screen and of the Horoscopes—are al truly signs of the ancient world which have never been expunged for all the "progress" in history—but have only made uses of progress and progress made uses of them—to burn ever brighter, be ever more proliferating, ever more Glora in Excelsus

re the discussion of haiku—Joe—(message below)—there is something rather paradoxically humorous about invoking the Words of the Welcome Message—a number of writers have presented themselves as poets who are anti-the-rules and anti-the -forms —by inclination and style—of form in their own senses of form—renovators and innovators—in both the Spirit and Letter of the Law—of the List—which actually if you think of it is a bit oxymoronic—that is—the Rules of the List demand innovation, renovation, investigation questioning, creation possibly of the unimagined, untried, unexpected, impossible, improbale

the Rules of the lLst—now arent some of the same people who invoke all sorts of rule breaking—the ones who are insisting on referrring back to the Rules?!—i can't help it, i find this very funny

for if one were a rule breaker in such Rules' context—wouldn't a way of breaking these rules be to consider seriously the rules of a form "untried, unimagined" by oneself??—let alone by the type of innovative poetry that is intended by the Rules—(when there are rules re in-novation, let alone renovation, investigation, —one knows implicity that this means only certain kinds of innovation will be recognized—leading to domination, denomination, demonization and many other forms of debilitation)

if one is so opposed to rules, forms and classifications—why then quote a set of rules, and use said rules to as it were silence the claims of other forms of rules—?

i mean if one is truly a rule breaker—wouldn't one also just chuck these rules, too?—and listen to other rules of form, other forms of rules—rather simply One Form of Rlues, The Rule of One Form?—One Form Rules? (i .e. the "innovative, rneovative, investigative" one—yet—innovative, renovative, investigative—according to Whom—in the words of M. Foucault—to invoke a Voice of Authority so as to be a good Rule follower for the nonce as it were—, "Who Speaks?"—through the Message and Rules—whose innovation is one engaging with?—what if one truly engaged in innovations which were of some other sort entirely?—truly being a rule breaker breaking rules?

or is there fear of such "chaos" being introdced into the system, or fear of other rules than that of the Message

why is it one cites these rules in order to turn a deaf ear as it were to a set of rules existing in an other form of poetry? does not the kind of innovation being asked for here consist of its own sets of rules?

you see, if someone sends the Message to question, to investigate—Rules, Forms, Authorities—does this not also entail a questioning of the authority, of the Rules—which are making this Call?—becuase one must, truly, if being embarked on quesdtoning, question who it is that is asking for investigations, innovations, questionings—other swise one is still truly a follower of the Law, in spirit and letter—and not an independent questioner, but one doing so at the behest of others, for purposes which must be indeed perhaps for their benefit?

i am writing this both very humourously and very seriously

remember the period of "Let a Hundred Flowers Bloom" in China?—a brillaint bit of work by Chairman Mao and company—a Welcome Message as it were was sent out to al the people of China—"Let a Hundred Flowers Bloom"—a new openness! everyone was encourgaed to come forward with their questionings, suggestions for innovations and renovations and investigations—for al voices to be rasied in order to have a great conversation, a great exchange openly of ideas—on how to renovate and innovative and redecorate and investigate the way things were being run by the sytem, by the great Chairman Welcomer Mao himself—each person who brought forward something of use for improving the existing sytem would be a great contributor to the cause, to the nation

the excietment and joy with which this edict was met was incredible—people came forward with literally millions of suggestions, new ideas, things learned on how to improve this and that glitch—and once they had al come out in the open, O Hundred Blooming Flowers-whack whack whack!!! off with their heads!! and a Hundred Flowers Doomed

this is a true story, the life and death parable, which i always think of when i hear that there are rules for innovations—because—look what happens—a person writing of an other form of poetry and trying to make clear its form, and advocate for a study of its history, examples, in order to understand it and to attempt a beginning of its practice—is told—basically to stuff it—becuase the rule here is we don't have any uses for rules—("other than our own")—so isn't one advocating that as the Rules say there are no other rules to be bothered about—than the Rule here—isn't one becoming a kind of cop or soldier in the service of the Rule of the Rules—and so—ready and willing to chop off the heads of anything with other rules, and —one feels it is implied—with innovations which aren' t in the spirit of the kind of innovations being asked for by the Rules and its followers citiing them?

do you see why i find this both very humourous and also a serious question?

to really be questioning and investigating—one needs to be open to lsiten—to a great many forms and their sets of rules, to have an interest in learning and understandig what is different—just as one needs to question and investigate also what it means to be a rule breaker and yet a follower of Rules—how this might affect one's ability to have a questionng which leads to understanding—rather than a questioning which leads to silencing, ridicule or wilful ignorance and arrogance

Yeats wrote that poetry comes from the struggle with oneself, rhetoric and politics of the argument with others

the questioning and invetsigation—one needs to begin with oneself—am i really a rule breaker?—do i really believe in sometimes following the rules and sometimes not—and what helps me make these decisisons?—why do i reject the rules of form—yet advocate strongly the Rules of a list telling me to question them?— do i question another's authority because it was one i am not familiar or interested in one? do i question the authority by which i claim authority to question the rules followed by others? if i am questionng the authority of others to set certain rules and abide by them—why then do i not question myself for followng certain rules and abiding by them? is my authority to question others rules and authorities higher than their power to believe in them abide by them and create by them? and is my authority to question only based on a belief in the authority which allows me this form of questioning? what proofs do i have to make me believe my authority of rules is higher than that of others and their follwing theirs while i follow mine? am i nothing more than a blindly obediant follower of Rules when i say that others are?

"some things are so serious that all one can do is laugh"—werner heisenberg—he of the Uncertainty Principle

as the song says

still i wonder still i wonder who'll stop the rain

or as the old saying goes: "remember the first time you were ripped off by a head?" "question authority"—means al authorities—including the one telling you to question other's authority it means questining one's own authority

so once i send this i am going to question my authority in sending this

which isn't authority at all—other than experience in many coiuntries and situations—of many auhtorites of al forms —controlling one's existence or trying to convince one of one's freedoms—auhtorites and rules exist—even when asking one to ask questions—for purposes of their own

just as charity is said to begin at home, so questioning is best begun at home—in oneself—and with the rules one is following on someone's authority in order to questions rules—(i.e.—don't listen to me either!!)(remember the wise Russian Proverb President Reagan used to love to endlessly repeat and mispronounce?—"Trust, but Verify"!!!) you see—there are no free rides at the carnival—if you think that there are—then perhaps you have listened to a cunning old carnie con—in the guise of something looking like a Benevolent Authority for all you may know—without question and investigating=-and truly —remeber tohave some good laughs at all one finds in the funhouse mirror distortions within and without oneself-!!! in the sense of affectionate community-(and as the creator at one time of a series of zollage (xeroxed collage) zines called "NO ACCIDENT: The Journal of Extra-Sensory Paranoia") david-bc now back to my own tabloid life and work!!!

*"But Dan, how would you *know* whether a *poet* knows "the history of the poem, its implications" etc.? — unless of course you feel you can glean same from a reading of (e.g.) the poem itself?*

*Stephen Vincent makes the proper point, in any case, even against MDW's reasoned argument in favor of such knowledge.*

*This is, after all, a list devoted to discussing "those directions in poetry that are committed to innovations, renovations, and investigations of form and/or/as content, to the questioning of received forms and styles, and to the creation of the otherwise unimagined, untried, unexpected, improbable, and impossible." (I quote from the Poetics List Welcome Message.)*

*The question before us is a typical question, really, applicable to haiku or to any rec'd form: at what point is taking liberties deemed acceptable, or unacceptable, and why?*

*There are surely histories of poetry, in the U.S. (e.g.), in the 20th century (e.g.) — a history of resistance to received forms — to suggest that some (of us) will be inclined to mess with rec'd forms, with (or without) the possession of such knowledge. Whether the results are successful, well — they're not not successful simply b/c they've deviated from the norm. If you think you can read a given example and suss out whether the poet has *not* acted with sufficient knowledge, very well then. But that's a mite tougher to do, and to argue, than simply to compare and contrast with what the formal rules might say such items ought to attempt. Pardon me, but simple deviation from the norm does not (as I see it) an unsuccessful poem make, haiku or otherwise, nor does it suggest a lack of associated knowledge.*

*That said, I opt for as much knowledge of the formal rules as one has a stomach for.*

*At any rate, I daresay it will require a much more sophisticated approach to form generally to persuade most on this list not to mess with rec'd form. Where I part company with MDW is in my assertion that haiku are no different, finally, than sonnets (or any other poetic form) insofar as the inherent legitimacy of altering associated constraints. Again, how is one to *prove* that one has the knowledge sufficient to being granted license (poetic license) to alter form? Or, again, are we saying that all such knowledge will be evident in the poetry itself? One way to almost guarantee that nobody messes with form is to argue that a given poem must exhibit evidence of such knowledge.*

*I hope you all see the conundrum at work here. So, I'd like someone to explain to me — seriously now — why some of the haiku posted here DON'T work when understood as "questioning of received forms and styles" (see above). Or even better, how it is that some of the haiku posted here, lionized or no, do *not* reveal sufficient knowledge of haiku.*

*Unless the problem is simply one of naming — i.e., that we ought not to call a haiku that which merely resembles same — then a judgment is being made as to how best to approach this matter of poetic form, and resistance thereto.*

*That's not pertinent simply to haiku — that strikes at the heart of what a list like this is supposed to be about.*

*Best,*

*Joe*

*I think the writer is reacting to Bowering's and Schwabsky's lionizing of Padgett's and Violi's poems, respectively, and not the poems themeselves.*

*I agree with Vincent that morphing is necessary, but MDW makes a good point, one that shouldn't have to be made. Know the history of the poem, its implications and subtleties, and THEN subvert it.*

*On 2/9/07, Davey Volner wrote: I trust the writer understands that both Violi's haiku and Padgett's are satirical?*

*On 2/9/07, Michael Dylan Welch wrote:*

*If Paul Violi's "Don't look at my face. / No change, just large bills. / One wrong move will be your last." poem blows your mind, wonderful. It's quite arresting, I agree. But it's not because it has anything to do with haiku (except for the obvious overlap with haiku of having brevity, which > gives the poem focus). So the problem here is either you or the poet labelling it as a haiku. For an overview of reasons why it has little to do with haiku, see my online essay "Becoming a Haiku Poet" ( > http://www.haikuworld.org/begin/mdwelch.apr2003.html). Or see the 2005 edition of *Poet's Market* (Writer's Digest Books, 2004), in which I have an essay on haiku and applying its techniques and aesthetics to the writing of longer poetry. Comments welcome.*

*By the way, wordplay on "low-ku," "noir-coup," or whatever, is another mark of haiku poetasters. So are most poems about haiku. I went through this stage, too. But I got over it. This is the kind of trivia I got over (from the esteemed pen of Mr. Daniel Zimmerman): flag haiku one two three four five six seven eight nine ten e-leven twelve thirteen*

*A wee bit of reseach in haiku literature would reveal, by the way, that haiku nearly never have titles, and there are important reasons why. As Charlie Rossiter says, do some *serious* research and study of the genre before proclaiming work as being haiku, let alone saying that you "don't think there can be a haiku better" than the example by Paul Violi. As strong as Violi's poem may be as poetry, and as clear as its virtues are (I could see myself publishing it too), it has nearly nothing to do with haiku, and is easily torn apart for failing as haiku.*

*And a quick, respectful message to George (Bowering): You say, "Best US haiku I know is Ron Padgett's:"*

*Seven syllables Eleven syllables Seven syllables*

*I have to hope your tongue is in your cheek. But if so, why? Why promote a poem that doesn't take the genre seriously? If you mean to damn all American poems by favouring such an obviously clueless one, then that seems to suggest an unfamiliarity with the best haiku written in English. And if your tongue's not in your cheek, why would you say this is a good haiku? Have you read Cor van den Heuvel's *Haiku Anthology*, just for starters?*

*For a slightly dated annotated list of recommended books on haiku, visit http://mensaww.org/HaikuBooks.htm.*

*Chris Stroffolino also writes that one of the "shorthand staples of early 20th c.---eliot's objective cor-relative? or no ideas but in things?" . . . "seems to distort/reduce too the haiku suggestiveness."*

*I would answer by saying this: Because haiku — perhaps more than any other poetry (because it's so short) — relies on the emotive power behind things, the notion of the objective correlative increases its suggestiveness rather than distort or reduce it. We have an immediate reaction to the word chair that's different, say, than our reaction to the word soup. And think, too, of how we react differently to "easy chair" compared with "electric chair." I'm just naming things with these examples, but these objects correlate to immediate emotions or feelings, or connotations and associations. Even a "stone" will carry some feeling for us when we read the word in a poem, though of course the nature of that feeling may vary from person to person. There's more to the concept of the objective correlative than just this, of course, but haiku relies on the emotive power of things perhaps more strongly than other poetry. To the extent that haiku is mostly objective, focusing on nouns a nd things such as they are (yet presented in such a way to imply a relationship and an intuitive feeling), haiku strongly rely on the emotive weight associated with each thing named in the poem. Certainly there are subjective or nonliteral elements in some haiku (such as in Shiki's poem, "for me going / for you staying / two autumns," or Basho's haiku about the cicada's cries piercing the rocks), but not every haiku is or needs to be strictly objective. It's a matter of finding balance, within each poem, and in a particular poem relative to other poems. They are*

*examples of controlling the objectivity and subjectivity, and typically, where there's a subjective element in haiku, it's usually in the context of something that's > clearly objective — something that grounds the rest of the poem so the subjective element isn't overpowering.*

*Sure, you can do ____ (whatever: fill in the blank) in a haiku — but not > necessarily often (heck, even have a title once in a very rare while, if it somehow really needs it). Haiku is not a strict set of rules (don't think that I think it is). Rather, haiku is a field of multiple targets, and a good haiku will hit multiple targets at once, but not necessarily all of them — and occasionally miss one or two of them (on purpose) that certain people might feel are more important and should never be missed. That's why it's good to see haiku as a continuum with other kinds of poetry. Poetry first, labels later (if at all). But, I hasten to say, as soon as you label something as haiku, it had better be a proper understanding of haiku that you mean — and for too many folks, that's not the case.*

*Michael P.S. To discuss another poem offered here, from Eric (*

*Golf Haiku*

*Robin watches drive, waits until I leave the tee, probes divot for worm.*

*Here are some problems with this "haiku" (which I would hope would be among the 1,000 haiku one writes before trying to publish any — a task that haiku writer Jim Kacian set for himself):*

*1. It has a title, which haiku avoid (and in this case, the title is redundant — we know from the poem that it's about golf, and we don't need to be condescended to and be told it's a haiku; in other "haiku" that have titles, the title is a sort of cheating — adding a fourth line). 2. It drops natural articles in the first and third lines (a robin, a/my drive, the divot). Paul O. Williams, writing in *The Nick of Time: Essays on Haiku Aeshetics*, calls this tontoism. It arises when a person is insufficiently accomplished at crafting the poem to make it properly fit a form (if they wish to follow a prescribed syllable count), or if they think somehow that it's "better" simply to be briefer (if they're not following a set form).*

*Ted Kooser has written that a good poem is like looking at tropical fish through the bottom of a glass-bottom boat, and that you don't want things to clatter down onto the glass as you look, or see smudges on the glass, and thus make you aware of where you're looking from. Rather, you want to be totally absorbed in what you're seeing, to experience IT as much as possible. As soon as you resort to tontoism, you show the apparatus, the scaffolding, and also reveal that following an arbitrary syllable count like an obedient school boy is more important than crafting good content.*

*(Let form be an extension of content!) The words of a good poem should be as invisible as possible, letting you feel the meaning or experience the image as sharply as possible — this is why haiku is sometimes called the "wordless poem" (Alan Watts; Eric Amann). My goodness, the haiku crime of tontoism should be punishable by a lifetime of having to listen to Rod McKuen poetry speeded up to chipmunk speed. That's such a basic matter of crafting. I would have expected better on this discussion list. 3. It is presented as a sentence (ending with a period, even), and is oblivious to the fragmentary nature of haiku.*

*Starting with a lowercase letter in this case would also prevent the misreading of "Robin" as a person's name, which muddies the interpretation of this poem. The lopping off of the article ("a robin") is another contributor to the wooliness in this line. 4. It lacks the two-part juxtapositional structure that focuses our attention on a specific emotion that we can figure out (the poem lacks implication and reverberation). Haiku, too, are usually not narrative like this one, and are usually best if they avoid a cause/effect presentation. 5. The poem is choppy and awkward. 6. Because of the worm, I suppose we can imagine it's spring or summer (I'd have to check the history of "worm" as a seasonal indicator), but the seasonal element isn't strong here.*

*(That doesn't bother me too much, > though.) A strong seasonal element, however, can greatly deepen the effect of a poem by tapping into seasonal or natural archetypes, and alluding to > other poems about the same subject (allusion and a technique known as honkodori is common in Japanese poetry). 7. The biggest problem is that this is a so-what poem. There's no implication, nothing for the reader to figure out. I like the image well enough — that a bird is waiting for your divot to look for worms (that's either a smart robin, or a lazy one). But that's all there is too it, and it's obfuscated by the awkward and un-necessary syntax, all in the name of 5-7-5.*

*But something more needs to be left out, to be implied. Consider, for example, this poem: "an old woolen sweater / taken yarn by yarn / from the snowbank." When students in my classes figure out that it's about a bird taking bits of yarn for a nest in spring, their faces light up with realization — they "get it." Yet no bird is mentioned. Most of the time, if a haiku doesn't leave something out to be "got," then it fails as a haiku, no matter how well the objectivity or subjectivity is controlled, whether it employs a kigo or kireji equivalent, or shasei (sketching form life) techniques — and more.*

*And through all of this, of course, it's irrelevant whether the poem is 5-7-5 or not.*

*On the good side, this poem is objective, but the POINT of using objectivity is to create some sort of subjective reaction — an emotional or intuitive moment. And this poem feels too shallow in its use of*

*objective description to have created enough of a leap, overtones, or reverberation. It's got a greater starter image for a haiku, that haiku don't end with images, they start with them. -----Original Message-----I don't think there can a haiku better than this one by Paul Violi, which I am proud to have published in a magazine I co-edited many years ago. I don't believe it follows a single one of your rules, nor does it follow the conventional syllable count, but it blows my mind:*

*Don't look at my face. No change, just large bills. One wrong move will be your last.*
*Check out the new AOL.*
*Most comprehensive set of free safety and security tools, free access to millions of high-quality videos from across the web, free AOL Mail and more. — http://hyperhypo.org/blog*
*http://www.pftborder.blogspot.com"*

**1693. — Joe Amato** *10 Feb 2007* ↑ **Register**

David, yes, of course, to all that! There are "rules" (having to do with poetry, for some) and "rules" (in this case, having to do with context, for anyone subbed to this list). I was reproducing the context "rules" not to enforce them, but to give some idea of why some people around here might resist the notion that the "rules" (having to do with poetry) are to be rather scrupulously adhered to.

For me, then, the "rules" of context explain in part the dynamics of the list. I sense some dismay hereabouts on the part of some that others might not wish to follow the "rules" of poetry. Well, but have a look at what this list is presumed to be about.

That said, I for one enjoy hearing about, and being educated in, formalities, formalisms incl. But this doesn't mean that I'm inclined to forgo my own creative impulses, which — if I do say so — have generally been at least somewhat informed by the "rules." So perhaps the approach ought to be more like, "I'm not sure you're prepared to accept these rules [of haiku], but here they are, and please know that some regard same with considerable gravity." That would at least acknowledge the legitimacy of others who conduct their poetic practice w/o deference to such "rules."

Anyway, there's a paradox at work here, certainly. On my office door is taped a little cartoon that depicts two guys, both in suits, one sitting behind a desk, and the other standing before him, saying, "I'll be happy to do innovative thinking. What are the guidelines?"

That about sums it up, no? And it certainly sums up my experience at times teaching creative writing, along with most else.

Best,

do you see why i find this both very humourous and also a serious question?

Yeats wrote that poetry comes from the struggle with oneself, rhetoric and politics of the argument with others

"some things are so serious that all one can do is laugh"—werner heisenberg—he of the Uncertainty Principle

as the song says

so once i send this i am going to question my authority in sending this

Stephen Vincent makes the proper point, in any
case, even against MDW's reasoned argument in
favor of such knowledge.

That said, I opt for as much knowledge of the
formal rules as one has a stomach for.

On 2/9/07, Davey Volner wrote:

**1694. — Jesse Crockett** *10 Feb 2007* ↑ **Register**
*easy on the ego*

Somewhere amidst the anna nicole smith \ haiku smackdown was lost our invitation to read the latest instance of listenlight <http://listenlight.net>, the most unlikely poetry journal in the universe, presently featuring

> Christine Hamm, Caleb Puckett, Kimberly Truitt, Lisa Jarnot, Ridley Sindios, C A Conrad, Amanda Chiado, Suchoon Mo, Noah Eli Gordon, Sarah Veglahn, Joshua Marie Wilkinson
>
> I'd really love its release date proximity page rush acclivity be kept intact.
>
> Best regards, Jesse Crockett, editor

**1695. — Laura Winton** *11 Feb 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Anna Nicole Smith*

> As far as my comments goes about perpetuating something, it wasn't really about sexuality or femininity. It was more the idea that for me to find out more about her life at this point would be to perpetuate — I just lost the perfect phrase I had — this gaze into her life, this public voyeurism that reality tv and people "famous for being famous" has encouraged.
>
> I don't buy that Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf is famous for being famous. There was something in the first place that led people to know about the piece. A film, a play, etc. I realize it is a phrase that gets bandied about a lot, but I think that says something about the condition of things. I had a professor once who said things become clichés for a reason.
>
> That said, I'm still sorry for her tragedies.

---

## Artie Gold

1947–2007

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Canadian poet, wildest and most daring of Montreal's 1970s Vehicule Poets, influenced by Spicer and O'Hara;* Even Yr Photograph Looks Afraid of Me *(1975).*

**1696. — Rob McLennan** *15 Feb 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Artie Gold 1947-2007*

a sad email from Endre Farkas, that Montreal poet Artie Gold died on February 14th

one of the original vehicule poets, info on him here:

http://www.vehiculepoets.com/ http://www.track0.com/ogwc/authors/gold_a.html

rob

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## Gene Frumkin

1928–2007

*5 messages · 3 hands*

*American surrealist-inflected poet, longtime University of New Mexico professor who edited Blue Mesa Review and taught Joy Harjo;* Saturn Is Mostly Weather *(1992). Died in Albuquerque.*

**1697. — Bruce Holsapple** *25 Feb 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Gene Frumkin 1928--2007*

I just learned that Gene Frumkin has passed away. I don't know the details.

**1698.** **— Halvard Johnson** *26 Feb 2007* ↑ **Register**
*RIP Gene Frumkin (1928-2007)*

Escalator

The escalator
is a dangerous enemy
who could trip you
one step at a time.
This is how the mind works,
synthesizing dream with substance.
Or as Jung
alternates
with Freud.
The substitution
of ground for holiness
claims voice as a reason
for old tribes locating
the sun
as figures
in the act, at the window.

The future derives
from sleep, evolves into gods
and animals.
This is a process
that F. chilled into
vintage prose.
Jung warmed
to the blooded world,
not alone. The human collective
describes the enormity
of a single voice. How the
minotaur
poses like God
in his mystical cellar.

Yet F. too brings the good news
that deciphers time
in focus, traveled by a map,
as if one could say
there it is! now is as good
as anywhere.
Everything is abstract
in its origin almost
as if Plato
believed in the verity
of his good republic.

The escalator goes flat by
steps. It continues
as breath does:
two men in blue suits with vests.
The moving sidewalk is
no less.
It slows into watchword, and if F.
abhorred the occult,
Jung compared sexuality
in the psychic order

to a hidden grammar,
dogma on the harpsichord.
Organized
mystery, lens-defined
hyperbole.
A science rises from obsession,
shaped like the Golem of Prague,
but who remembers
his song?
Jung catches flies
instead of fish.
F. hangs his briefs
on the line.
The world is all
alone,
all there is
to imitate.
Time limps behind
the escalator, F. stands
with a stopwatch,
Jung with a camera.
Mind in slow motion, caught in breath.

--Gene Frumkin

fr. Freud by Other Means
[Albuquerque: La Alameda Press, 2002]

Hal

Halvard Johnson

**1699. — (unsigned)** *14 Mar 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Gene Frumkin/ Call for Work*

The next issue of Saint Elizabeth Street will be dedicated to Gene Frumkin. Please submit poems, stories, notes, and so on relating to Gene and his poetry.

Thanks.

Jen B.

_____ With tax season right around the corner, make sure to follow these few simple tips.

**1700. — Bruce Holsapple** *14 Mar 2007* ↑ **Register**

Hi Jennifer

I think John Tritica, Mary Rising Higgins, Larry Goeckel, and Stefi Weisburd (for example) would have something to contribute. They don't subscribe to the Buffalo Listserv. Do you have addresses for them? There will be a memorial reading soon. Would you like me to announce your issue? If you had a flier, I would print it & hand it out.

Also, I have two recordings by Gene on CD. Would you like copies?

Bruce Holsapple

**1701. — (unsigned)** *15 Mar 2007* ↑ **Register**
*More on Gene Frumkin Issue of SES*

Regarding submissions for the Gene Frumkin issue of SES.

We prefer email submissions in the text of ONE word document. Our address is

If you need to submit via regular mail, our address is 136 Freeman St. Apt 1A Brooklyn, NY 11222.

> Please send poems, photos, essays, notes, letters, and so on.
>
> The dealine is April 30th.
>
> Best, Jennifer

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# Leroy Jenkins

1932–2007

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American free-jazz violinist and composer, AACM member and co-founder of the Revolutionary Ensemble, pioneer of creative string improvisation;* The People's Republic *(1976). Died in Brooklyn, NY.*

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**1702. — Tom Orange** *26 Feb 2007* ↑ **Register**

*Leroy Jenkins 1932-2007*

Born in Chicago, composer and violinist Leroy Jenkins was one of the most important musicians to emerge from the AACM (Association for the Advancement of Creative Musicians), the legendary collective of which he was a member until his death in 2007. Like many of the Association's members, Jenkins studied under the legendary Walter Dyett at DuSable High School, where he learned the alto saxophone.

He received a music degree (in violin) from Florida A&M University, where he studied composition and the classical masters of the violin. Subsequently, he taught music both in Mobile, Alabama (1961-5) and in the Chicago schools (1965-9). During the latter period, Jenkins joined the AACM. He made his first recording with Muhal Richard Abrams, Anthony Braxton, and Leo Smith in the sixties before achieving international acclaim in Paris along with Braxton, Smith, and the Art Ensemble of Chicago. In 1970 Jenkins moved to New York, where he founded the Revolutionary Ensemble, the critically acclaimed ensemble which recorded 7 albums and toured North America and Europe.

When many of the AACM musicians left during 1969, Jenkins went to Europe with Anthony Braxton & Leo Smith. There, with drummer Steve McCall, they were called the Creative Construction Company. He also played with Ornette Coleman, whose house he & Braxton stayed at when they subsequently moved to New York City.

Playing with Taylor (1970) and Braxton (1969-72), he also worked with Albert Ayler, Cal Massey, Alice Coltrane, Archie Shepp & Rahsaan Roland Kirk. Between 1971-7, he played in his Revolutionary Ensemble, a trio featuring Sirone (Norris Jones) on bass & trombone, and drummer/pianist Jerome Cooper. Thereafter, he toured the US & Europe, led the Mixed Quintet (Jenkins and 4 woodwind players), a blues-based band called Sting, and again played with Cecil Taylor.

Jenkins continually reinvented his own language in music. His was an extraordinary bonding of a variety of sounds associated with the black music tradition, while simultaneously bridging with European styles. His intermeshing of jazz and classical

influences left critics wondering at his musical identity; however, as one San Francisco Chronicle critic said, "Jenkins is a master who cuts across all categories."

Jenkins received a number of major commissions and was in demand for experimental and theater-based work. Mother of Three Sons, a dance-opera collaboration with Bill T. Jones, premiered in Aachaen, Germany and had ten performances. The Rockefeller Foundation, National Endowment for the Arts, Meet the Composer, and Mutable Music awarded him numerous commissioning funds and grants to support several new theater works. Among them are Fresh Faust (a jazz-rap opera), which was performed in workshops in Boston at the Institute of Contemporary Arts; The Negro Burial Ground (a cantata), performed at The Kitchen, New York City; and The Three Willies (a multimedia opera), performed at the Painted Bride, Philadelphia. He was also commissioned to create new works for the Brooklyn Philharmonic, the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, the Albany Symphony, the Lincoln Center Out of Doors, and the Kronos Quartet.

Among his recordings are 3 Compositions of New Jazz (1968; Delmark); Lifelong Ambitions (1977; Black Saint; with Muhal Richard Abrams); Space Minds, New Worlds, Survival America (1978; Tomato); Live (1992, Black Saint); Carla Bley's Escalator Over The Hill and Braxton's Three Compositions Of New Jazz.

Leroy Jenkins died on February 24, 2007, in Brooklyn, NY.

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## Jean Baudrillard

1929–2007

*8 messages · 6 hands*

> *French sociologist and philosopher of media and consumer culture who formulated the concept of hyperreality, author of* Simulacra and Simulation *and* The Gulf War Did Not Take Place*, a touchstone of postmodern theory. Died at his home in Paris.*

### 1703. — Charles Bernstein *6 Mar 2007* ↑ Register

*Jean Baudrillard (1929-2007)*

French philosopher Jean Baudrillard dies

> *"The Associated Press March 6, 2007 [] PARIS: Jean Baudrillard, a French philosopher and social theorist known for his provocative commentaries on consumerism, excess and what he said was the disappearance of reality, died Tuesday, his publishing house said. He was 77. Baudrillard died at his home in Paris after a long illness, said Michel Delorme, of the Galilee publishing house. The two men had worked together since 1977, when "Oublier Foucault" (Forget Foucault) was published, one of about 30 books by Baudrillard, Delorme said by telephone. Among his last published books was "Cool Memories V," in 2005. Baudrillard, a sociologist by training, is perhaps best known for his concepts of "hyperreality" and "simulation."*

**1704. — Alan Sondheim** *12 Mar 2007* ↑ **Register**
*A/Rose for Baudrillard*

A/Rose for Baudrillard

I have troubled sleep; nightmares become me. Recently I traded in for a copy of Sartre, Troubled Sleep, signed by him, scrawled signature to a friend. Barthes was hit by a van I think, all these men and some women but less women - Derrida, Foucault, Deleuze, Guattari, Lyotard, Baudrillard, Althusser, Lacan, bounded by what seems the cold war iron of Badiou. Kristeva, Cixous, Irigaray, Wittig, perhaps are still alive. I raised myself on all of them and now they're divided among the militants, the academics, the pieces of 'deconstruction' applicable to any analysis where something or other falls apart, 'simulacrum' following DeBord's 'specta-cle' where 'revolution' became synonymous with natural skin care and something everyone did against the name of 'freedom.' I don't mean to say anything here, I wonder about the doubting that once swayed the world, Jabes, Blanchot, or what I read as doubting, never say anything unless said to oneself, withdrawn, proffered as kind of a peripheral speech. This wasn't them, my reading, what I garnered, that excitement, Merleau-Ponty, at the birth of the world, its bearing, re-borning. Vietnam is now mute, May 68 almost forty years ago and most of us humans have never thought of burning monks. Tibet is a foregone conclusion; can one imagine the Dalai Lama back at the Potala? Bohm kept on moving; he was close to insane with the stress of homelessness. I wait for my first stroke, but none of the others, none of them, none of you, will speak to me. I'll go to heaven or hell with stitches in my mouth. I'll try to say something about the world. My eyes grow wider and wider.

**1705. — Ann Bogle** *13 Mar 2007* ↑ **Register**

Alan,

God-damn beautiful.

(Publish this in higher places — to the future. I just read Emily Dickinson's by her sister-in-law. Obit's of Baudrillard treated it like something for the funny pages, ha ha ha, like not death, like a thought.)

AMB

**1706. — Lanny Quarles** *13 Mar 2007* ↑ **Register**

Wonderful Alan,

Arrows, Errors, Arroz, Ars.. the mediation between the apophatic and cataphatic empuseams is the meat mata materia, philosophy as rack, the suffering ground in its useless solipsism or its grotesque abundance of meaning, that flopping itself is both the sine of the times and the gasping of the fish of the word as a horrible messianism of the pathetic.

i had the thought that baudrillard just ends up looking like another sun baked truck-driver with a spreading nose..

keep on truckin'/ riots in columbia

the greatful dead? oh no! how, how?

**1707. — Stephen Vincent** *13 Mar 2007* ↑ **Register**

> *"I'll go to heaven or hell with stitches in my mouth."*

Come on, Alan - not to make light, or take away the darkness fro your piece - I suspect it's highly unlikely that you will us in or anybody in "stitches"!!

Stephen V http://stephenvincent.net/blog/

**1708. — Lanny Quarles** *13 Mar 2007* ↑ **Register**

please to note the over under - sine wave assoc. as well.. weaving, etc. mappings as in encoded strings.. not to mention the "crestroughing" @ freq. etc.. alan usually stays away from the popular register.. though in this sense, a fairly venerable one..

> darkness.. hmm.. actually where the eye boundaries difference.. it has been said / of early eyes..
>
> pilot seams asaunter / only takes 3 corners to make a square, or its abstraction an extraction of noise or is it the noise itself, a self-fecundating, organic "standing wave"..
>
> you are definitely not qualified to answerve..

**1709.** **— Alan Sondheim** *13 Mar 2007* ↑ **Register**

Three corners as long as nothing's askew...

========== Work on YouTube, blog at for theory; also check WVU Zwiki, Google for recent. Write for info on books, cds, performance, dvds, etc. ==========

**1710.** **— Ruth Lepson** *17 Mar 2007* ↑ **Register**

unlike simulacrum this piece has a 3-dimensional quality that comes not from a deceptive surface but a felt reading—thanks for it

---

## Tony Scott

1921–2007

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*American jazz clarinetist who pioneered blending jazz with Asian traditions and meditation music;* Music for Zen Meditation *(1964). Died prostate cancer, in Rome.*

**1711.** **— Nick Piombino** *31 Mar 2007* ↑ **Register**

*Tony Scott dies*

Tony Scott dies

The great jazzman, Tony Scott http://www.tonyscott.it/ who played his sax and clarinet on a number of classic  Billy Holiday songs, creator of *Music for Zen Meditation* and other innumerable great albums, died this week at age 85.  He lived in Rome in the latter part of his life, and is survived by his wife Cinzia, who lives in Rome, two daughters and a grandchild.

Times Obit for Tony Scott http://www.nytimes.com/2007/03/31/obituaries/31scott.html

**1712.** **— Vernon Frazer** *31 Mar 2007* ↑ **Register**

Nick

Thanks for passing this along. I didn't hear a lot of his playing, but what I heard struck me as very interesting.

---

# Kurt Vonnegut

1922–2007

*5 messages · 4 hands*

*American novelist whose satirical, darkly humorous anti-war fiction drew on his survival of the Dresden firebombing;* Slaughterhouse-Five *(1969). Died brain injuries from a fall at his home.*

**1713. — Dillon Westbrook** *11 Apr 2007* ↑ **Register**

*Kurt Vonnegut (1922-2007)*

Just seeing a headline, Vonnegut passed away. SF Chronicle has a decent obit: http://sfgate.com/cgi-bin/article.cgi?f=/n/a/2007/04/11/ national/a212252D92.DTL

sad, but a long productive life writing.

**1714. — Daniel Godston** *12 Apr 2007* ↑ **Register**

*Kurt Vonnegut*

Novelist Kurt Vonnegut dies at age 84 By CRISTIAN SALAZAR, Associated Press Writer

NEW YORK - Kurt Vonnegut, the satirical novelist who captured the absurdity of war and questioned the advances of science in darkly humorous works such as "Slaughterhouse-Five" and "Cat's Cradle," died Wednesday. He was 84.

Vonnegut, who often marveled that he had lived so long despite his lifelong smoking habit, had suffered brain injuries after a fall at his Manhattan home weeks ago, said his wife, photographer Jill Krementz.

The author of at least 19 novels, many of them best-sellers, as well as dozens of short stories, essays and plays, Vonnegut relished the role of a social critic. Indianapolis, his hometown, declared 2007 as "The Year of Vonnegut" — an announcement he said left him "thunderstruck."

He lectured regularly, exhorting audiences to think for themselves and delighting in barbed commentary against the institutions he felt were dehumanizing people.

"I will say anything to be funny, often in the most horrible situations," Vonnegut, whose watery, heavy-lidded eyes and unruly hair made him seem to be in existential pain, once told a gathering of psychiatrists.

A self-described religious skeptic and freethinking humanist, Vonnegut used protagonists such as Billy Pilgrim and Eliot Rosewater as transparent vehicles for his points of view. He also filled his novels with satirical commentary and even drawings that were only loosely connected to the plot. In "Slaughterhouse-Five," he drew a headstone with the epitaph: "Everything was beautiful, and nothing hurt."

But much in his life was traumatic, and left him in pain.

Despite his commercial success, Vonnegut battled depression throughout his life, and in 1984, he attempted suicide with pills and alcohol, joking later about how he botched the job.

"I think he was a man who combined a wicked sense of humor and sort of steady moral compass, who was always sort of looking at the big picture of the things that were most important," said Joel Bleifuss, editor of In These Times, a liberal magazine based in Chicago that featured Vonnegut articles.

His mother killed herself just before he left for Germany during World War II, where he was quickly taken prisoner during the Battle of the Bulge. He was being held in Dresden when Allied bombs created a firestorm that killed an estimated tens of thousands of people.

"The firebombing of Dresden explains absolutely nothing about why I write what I write and am what I am," Vonnegut wrote in "Fates Worse Than Death," his 1991 autobiography of sorts.

But he spent 23 years struggling to write about the ordeal, which he survived by huddling with other POW's inside an underground meat locker labeled slaughterhouse-five.

The novel, in which Pvt. Pilgrim is transported from Dresden by time-traveling aliens from the planet Tralfamadore, was published at the height of the Vietnam War, and solidified his reputation as an iconoclast.

"He was sort of like nobody else," said Gore Vidal, who noted that he, Vonnegut and Norman Mailer were among the last writers around who served in World War II.

"He was imaginative; our generation of writers didn't go in for imagination very much. Literary realism was the general style. Those of us who came out of the war in the 1940s made it sort of the official American prose, and it was often a bit on the dull side. Kurt was never dull."

Vonnegut was born on Nov. 11, 1922, in Indianapolis, a "fourth-generation German-American religious skeptic Freethinker," and studied chemistry at Cornell University before joining the Army.

When he returned, he reported for Chicago's City News Bureau, then did public relations for General Electric, a job he loathed. He wrote his first novel, "Player Piano," in 1951, followed by "The Sirens of Titan," "Canary in a Cat House" and "Mother Night," making ends meet by selling Saabs on Cape Cod.

Critics ignored him at first, then denigrated his deliberately bizarre stories and disjointed plots as haphazardly written science fiction. But his novels became cult classics, especially "Cat's Cradle" in 1963, in which scientists create "ice-nine," a crystal that turns water solid and destroys the earth.

Many of his novels were best-sellers. Some also were banned and burned for suspected obscenity. Vonnegut took on censorship as an active member of the PEN writers' aid group and the American Civil Liberties Union. The American Humanist Association, which promotes individual freedom, rational thought and scientific skepticism, made him its honorary president.

His characters tended to be miserable anti-heros with little control over their fate. Vonnegut said the villains in his books were never individuals, but culture, society and history, which he said were making a mess of the planet.

"We probably could have saved ourselves, but we were too damned lazy to try very hard... and too damn cheap," he once suggested carving into a wall on the Grand Canyon, as a message for flying-saucer creatures.

He retired from novel writing in his later years, but continued to publish short articles. He had a best-seller in 2005 with "A Man Without a Country," a collection of his nonfiction work, including jabs at the Bush administration ("upper-crust C-students who know no history or geography") and the uncertain future of the planet.

He called the book's success "a nice glass of champagne at the end of a life."

In recent years, Vonnegut worked as a senior editor and columnist at In These Times. Bleifuss said he had been trying to get Vonnegut to write something more for the magazine, but was unsuccessful.

"He would just say he's too old and that he had nothing more to say. He realized, I think, he was at the end of his life," Bleifuss said.

Vonnegut, who had homes in Manhattan and the Hamptons in New York, adopted his sister's three young children after she died. He also had three children of his own with his first wife,

Ann Cox, and later adopted a daughter, Lily, with his second wife, the noted photographer Jill Krementz.

Vonnegut once said that of all the ways to die, he'd prefer to go out in an airplane crash on the peak of Mount Kilimanjaro. He often joked about the difficulties of old age.

"When Hemingway killed himself he put a period at the end of his life; old age is more like a semicolon," Vonnegut told The Associated Press in 2005.

"My father, like Hemingway, was a gun nut and was very unhappy late in life. But he was proud of not committing suicide. And I'll do the same, so as not to set a bad example for my children."

___

Associated Press writers Michael Warren, Hillel Italie and Chelsea Carter contributed to this report.

**1715. — David Baratier** *12 Apr 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Kurt Vonnegut, Pilgrim*

The time before last that I saw Kurt Vonnegut he was smoking a lucky strike and asked me if I was a writer and I said "that is what they brought me in for" and he said "me too" and we sat there watching all of the traffic go by.

**1716. — Gerald Schwartz** *13 Apr 2007* ↑ **Register**

Here's the poem he delivered at my commencement several centuries ago:

Hey, Sonia, Please meet me in Fredonia. I'll give you a begonia. What do you say? Won't ya?

Afterwards a group of about seven of us took him up the road to see Twain's house. And I told him that the funeral parlor the next house up was a stop on the underground railroad during the time M. T. was there. And he wondered aloud "about how many of the good people of Hadleyburg* were corrupted by that knowledge."

* Hadleyburg is generally considered to be modeled after Fredonia, New York.

**1717. — David Baratier** *13 Apr 2007* ↑ **Register**

Please forgive me, I made a mistake.
It was, of course, a Pall Mall.

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## Sol LeWitt

1928–2007

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American artist, a founder of conceptual and minimal art, known for over 1,200 wall drawings and modular cube structures;* Wall Drawing #122 *(1972). Died of complications of cancer, in New York.*

**1718. — Tom Orange** *12 Apr 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Sol LeWitt (1928-2007)*

hello all,

this is already old news but i did not see notice of it pass through here yet...

tom orange

Sol LeWitt, Master of Conceptualism, Dies at 78

> *"By MICHAEL KIMMELMAN Sol LeWitt's deceptively simple geometric sculptures and drawings and ecstatically colored and jazzy wall paintings established him as a"*

# Nancy Shaw

1962–2007

*6 messages · 6 hands*

*Canadian poet, art critic, and curator in Vancouver's avant-garde writing scene, frequent collaborator with Catriona Strang;* Scoptocratic *(1992).*

### 1719. — Charles Bernstein *17 Apr 2007* ↑ Register

*Nancy Shaw (1962-2007)*

Christine Stewart wrote to me last night that Nancy Shaw had died. I asked her to send me a brief obituary notice, which I am forwarding to the list. All who knew Nancy will join Christine and me, and the Kootenay School of Writing poetry community, in raging against her death but also celebrating her poetry, poetics, and contribution to the world our poetry collectively makes.

*****

Nancy Shaw born May 24th, 1962, died early Monday morning April 16th, 2007. A founding member of the Kootenay School of Writing in Vancouver, Shaw authored Affordable Tedium (Tsunami 1991) and Scoptocratic (ECW Press 1992). She also collaborated on several chapbooks with Catriona Strang, including Busted (Coach House Books 2001, http://www.chbooks.com.) and most recently Cold Trip (Nomados 2006). In addition, Shaw was a visual artist, curator and wrote for various art catalogues.

A service will be held in Vancouver at St.Andrew's-Wesley Church, 1022 Nelson Ave. at 1:00 PM, Saturday April 21, 2007. Instead of flowers, please donate to the BC Cancer Fund.

I should have been listening To every word you sang Rapt pious chant [from Cold Trip]

Other publications include:

"McLuhan, or Modernism in Reverse Glenn Wilmot" Canadian Journal of Communication Volume 21, No. 1. 1999. http://www.cjc-online.ca/viewarticle.php?id=511&layout=html

"The Method is the Message: Rethinking McLuhan Through Critical Theory" Canadian Journal of Communication Volume 24, No. 1. 1999. http://www.cjc-online.ca/viewarticle.php?id=510&layout«stract

Alan Gilbert to Nancy Shaw, Notes on Cultural Poetics. Open Letter Eleventh Series, No. 3, Fall 2001 http://slought.org/files/downloads/publications/openletter/03a.pdf

"Cloning Scapegoats Martha Stewart Does Insider Trading" Social Text 21.4 (2003) 51-67 http://muse.jhu.edu/journals/social_text/v021/21.4shaw.html

**1720. — Chris Stroffolino** *17 Apr 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Virginia Tech/Nancy Shaw*

Yes. Please don't take this as flippancy, but it's fortuitous for those who need to deflect attention from the Gonzales hearing for instance....

Also, R.I.P Nancy Shaw, who I deeply admired.

Chris

*"When I first saw the headline "massacre", I actually thought it was referring to the carnage of the most recent car bombs (what, 54 dead?) No disrespect to the dead at Virginia, it is unambiguously a terrible thing, but there is something deeply discomforting about the coverage.*

*All best*

*A*

*On 4/18/07, Stephen Vincent wrote: from recovering neo-con, Andrew Sullivan.*

*To the point.*

*Imagine that this kind of massacre happened every day. Imagine a police force that was far too small to even respond to most of them. Imagine this occurring repeatedly for years until the perpetrators and their accomplices became the de facto power-brokers throughout the land. Imagine the shootings also being accompanied by the brutal torture of victims. Imagine families never having finality on whether their own siblings or parents or children have been murdered or not.*

*This is Iraq today. Now think of the justified rage many feel at the VT campus police chief and university president for misjudgments. Now imagine them presiding over several more massacres in the same place. Ask yourself: why do we not feel as enraged by those responsible for security in Iraq? Are those victims not human beings too? Are they not children and mothers and fathers and sons? Are we not ultimately responsible for them, having destroyed the institutions of order in their country?*

*(forward from Susan Schultz, the poet, publisher in Hawaii)"*

**1721. — Poetics List Administrator** *18 Apr 2007* ↑ **Register**
*NANCY SHAW*

*"-was one of the most lovely, intelligent, creative, humane, people i'd ever"*

**1722. — Rob McLennan** *19 Apr 2007* ↑ **Register**
*new(ish) on rob's clever blog*

new(ish) on rob's clever blog

— festival notes, day two, maybe three, maybe four — Nancy Shaw (1962-2007) — John Newlove documentary on BRAVO! this Thursday — festival notes, day one (to blog, or not to blog?) — The Peter F Yacht Club #7 — Erin Moure's O Cadoiro, poems — some upcoming rob mclennan readings, Ottawa + Toronto — ropewalk, poems by Angela Carr, and songs for the dancing chicken by Emily Schultz — Ongoing notes & more notes: early April, 2007 — The Bindery, Shane Rhodes — Catherine Kidd's Missing the Ark — (interview) Cameron Anstee questions, Carleton University, April 2007 — The Griffin Poetry Prize Announces the 2007 Canadian and International Shortlist ; An Unprecedented 483 Eligible Books Submitted — (poem) poem for cheryl referencing diane arbus & werner herzog — falling in love, falling in love with poetry — Matrix 76: Robert Allen Tribute (and Sina Queyras) — Robin Blaser: The Fire & The Holy Forest — a note on (literary) history — Introduction: There Is No Mountain: Selected Poems of Andrew Suknaski (draft), Chaudiere Books, 2007 — Artie Gold Memorial — Birk Sproxton Obituary, from the Red Deer Advocate — rob mclennan at the ottawa international writers festival — Brad Cran's "Cinma Vrit and the Collected Works of Ronald Reagan: A History of Propaganda in Motion Pictures" from Fence magazine, Volume 9, No. 2 — call for submissions: who wears short shorts? — meditation, mennonites, poetry & prairie thinking: Di Brandt's So this is the world & here I am in it & Patrick Friesen's Earth's Crude Gravities — Birk Sproxton, 1943-2007 — today is my 37th birthday — blog on blog redux — a brief note on "political" (what's that?) poetry

www.robmclennan.blogspot.com

+ some other new things at ottawa poetry newsletter, www.ottawapoetry.blogspot.com

+ some other other new things at the Chaudiere Books blog, www.chaudierebooks.blogspot.com

**1723. — Aaron Vidaver** *21 Apr 2007* ↑ **Register**
*4 Nancy Shaw Links*

Facsimile digital edition of Affordable Tedium (1987) http://tinyurl.com/24ezsa

Shelagh Rogers ?Canadian Emergency? interview (1994)

**1724. — Ann Bogle** *25 May 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Re: blog-posted poems? Horismus*

Sorry, I didn't fully search the Lanham Rhetorical Handlist first. Wikipedia credits Proudhon. My question is: What is "property is theft" in rhetoric? As I look for references to Proudhon and Puttenham, I find this one on catachresis (Puttenham's "abuse"): from Pope's Peri Bathous:

Mow the Beard, Shave the Grass, Pin the Plank, Nail my sleeve.

... sounds like Bob Dylan.

Here's an example of "chiasmus" from Samuel Johnson:

"Your manuscript is both good and original; but the part that is good is not original, and the part that is original is not good."

... sounds like me.

Congeries is here. It means "word heaps."

And, at last, p. 85, Proudhon's "property is theft" is an example of Horismus, in logic, a clear, brief, pithy definition; for example, Shaw's "economy is the art of making the most of life." In rhetoric, a definition by opposites, as in Proudhon's "property is theft." Puttenham describes the difference between logical and rhetorical meanings thus: " ... wisdom is a prudent and witty foresight ... this definition is Logical. The Orator useth another manner of definition, thus: Is this wisdom? no it is a certain subtle knavish crafty wit, it is no industry, as you call it, but a certain busy brainsickness."

In a message dated 5/25/2007 8:40:02 A.M. Central Daylight Time, writes:

> *"I always thought it was Proudhon... On May 24, 2007, at 7:09 PM, Ann Bogle wrote: In a message dated 5/24/2007 3:30:21 P.M. Central Daylight Time, writes: "What is property? Property is theft." A nickel to the person who puts a name on this quote... George Puttenham, author of The Arte of English Poesie, 1589. That is according to Richard A. Lanham, A Handlist of Rhetorical Terms, 2nd"*

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## Roy DeForest

1930–2007

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American painter of the Bay Area Funk art movement, known for colorful comic fantasy worlds populated by dogs;* Country Dog Gentlemen *(1972). Died after a short illness, in Vallejo, California.*

**1725. — Stephen Vincent** *25 May 2007* ↑ **Register**
*New de blog*

New de Blog: http://stephenvincent.net/blog/

1. Roy DeForest, painter, 77, who passed away this last week. An image and account of working with Roy to make a unique 26 panel, accordion-fold trade/artist book when I was with Bedford Arts, Publishers during the late eighties. The book's title, indeed the longest title I ever published:

Journey To The Far Canine Range And The Unexplored Territory Beyond Terrier Pass

2. My 91 year old Mom - On Poetry, New Poems, and her curious responses to the sight of my new book:

"It's complicated to write poetry, isn't it, Mom?" "Better than not writing it at all."

3. Of course, anything you might not already know about ordering Walking Theory, my new book.

A good three day weekend to all!

Stephen Vincent http://stephenvincent.net/blog/

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## Michael Hamburger

1924–2007

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*German-born British poet, critic and translator celebrated for English versions of Hölderlin, Celan and Sebald;* The Truth of Poetry *(1969). Died at his home in Suffolk.*

**1726. — Barry Schwabsky** *11 Jun 2007* ↑ **Register**

*MIchael Hamburger obit, The Independent*

Michael Hamburger Distinguished translator and poet Published: 11 June 2007

Michael Peter Leopold Hamburger, poet and translator: born Berlin 22 March 1924; Assistant Lecturer in German, University College London 1952-55; Lecturer, then Reader, in German, Reading University 1955-64; FRSL 1972-86; OBE 1992; married 1951 Anne File (one son, two daughters); died Middleton, Suffolk 7 June 2007.

With the death of Michael Hamburger, the English language takes leave of one of its most gifted and gently influential poets as well as the 20th-century's most distinguished and prolific translator of German poetry.

Hamburger was born in 1924 into an upper-middle-class German-Jewish family in the Berlin district of Charlottenburg. Nine years later, the Nazi takeover put an end to the Weimar Republic and precipitated the family's emigration to Edinburgh and London. The later English translator of Goethe's poems once remarked on the "alacrity" with which he had come into the world on the very day, 22 March, of Goethe's death and famous cry for "more light". Such auguries of promise may be taken with a pinch of salt, and yet no account of the unity of Michael Hamburger's life and work could choose to ignore the almost uncanny coincidence of the date of his death with that of the German poet to whom he devoted so much of his lifework as a translator: Friedrich Hölderlin.

Hamburger first encountered Hölderlin's verse while a pupil at Westminster School. By 16 he had already begun to translate this greatest of German poets, who was

practically unknown to British readers at the time. His youthfully ambitious Poems of Hölderlin (1943) was the first of more than a hundred books Hamburger published. He continued to add to this for almost 70 years, with the most recent edition of Friedrich Hölderlin: poems and fragments appearing as recently as 2004 from Anvil Press, where he was lucky to find, in Peter Jay, a devoted editor and publisher of his poetry and translations.

Hamburger recalled his astonishment at the interest generated in 1943 by the English publication of this difficult German in the middle of a war with Germany. An infantryman in training at Maidstone Barracks when the book came out, he was "benignly but firmly advised" by his company commander to represent his regiment by accepting the Poetry Society's invitation to give a Hölderlin talk and reading. According to Hamburger, the possibility of such "absurdities" in Britain was what made that war "worth fighting".

Hölderlin in 1943 may have been a stranger in English, but it was only later, in what he called the "second phase" of his work as a translator, that Hamburger began to re-enact the essential tensions of a poetry as "far removed from any poetic convention obtaining either in German or English, in his lifetime or later". In so doing he "Hölderlinised" his English in much the same way as Hölderlin, in his own translations, had "Sophoclised" his German.

It is possible that Hamburger wrote his own first poetry, too, under the spell of Hölderlin. The still very readable poem which opens his Collected Poems (1995) carries the almost lapidary title "Hölderlin. / Tübingen, December 1842". The earliest in his first collection Flowering Cactus (1950), "Hölderlin" was also his first published poem beyond the Westminster School magazine, contributed to an anthology of writing from Oxford and Cambridge while he was a student at Christ Church, Oxford. The poem adopts the despairing persona of Hölderlin's final years, when a state of "homelessness" followed what Hamburger would come to refer to as Hölderlin's "change of identity" (rather than madness). Asked whether the German poet had influenced his later verse, he would point only to "Hölderlin's breathing", a prerequisite of the arching syntax of his own impressive longer poems "Travelling", "In Suffolk", "Late" and "From a Diary of Non-Events".

Hamburger's early identification with Hölderlin's plight, as well as his lifelong commitment to finding a "home" for the German poet in English, may have had roots in the vicissitudes of his own predicament - his "displacement" aged nine from one culture and language to another. Of his early impulse to translate from German (besides his decade-long preoccupations with Hölderlin and the German-Jewish poet Paul Celan, translations of work by Büchner, Rilke, Hofmannsthal, Trakl, Brecht, Eich, Huchel, Grass, Enzensberger and W.G. Sebald flowed from his pen), Hamburger wrote: "It is possible that I should never have started translating in my adolescence if that hadn't been a bridge to a culture lost to me in every other regard."

Recollections of his early years are included in Hamburger's autobiographical work, A Mug's Game (1973, revised in 1991 as String of Beginnings). Until quite recently, however, he had thought that it was his father's political foresight that had hastened the family's sudden departure for Edinburgh, where, with the help of George Watson's College, Hamburger began his career as an "Englishman". But a group of German students researching the events of 1933 at the Charité, the university

hospital in Berlin where his father held a prestigious chair in paediatric medicine, were able to inform him that his father had been dismissed in one of the first directives of the National Socialist authorities. The rest of the family followed - without his paternal grandmother, however, whose death at the hands of the Nazis he movingly commemorated in a poem about Adolf Eichmann ("In a Cold Season", 1961).

Hamburger described the first year of his exile in Britain and in the English language as the equivalent of a child being thrown into water so that it may learn to swim. In all his descriptions of his early years he stressed the "gloomy" and "claustrophobic" quality of his Berlin childhood, where the flat was like a "prison". Life in Edinburgh, where he soon became a member of a boys' street-gang, was a "liberation" from an "introversion that had become morbid."

The author of more than 20 volumes of poetry and many volumes of essays, whose seminal study of the tensions in European poetry, The Truth of Poetry (1969), the critic Michael Schmidt has ranked alongside William Empson's Seven Types of Ambiguity, Erich Auerbach's Mimesis or Donald Davies's Thomas Hardy and British Poetry, Hamburger often joked - not without rancour - about British reviewers of his poetry who would "brand" him "better known as a translator", or a "passionate breeder of rare apples" (which he was), or "a renowned German poet".

The most powerful influences on his early poetry were not Hölderlin or Rilke, but Yeats and Eliot. Later on he came to agree with the critic G.S. Fraser, who, noting the cloying effect of the Irish poet's manner in Hamburger's verse, described it as "ghosting for the ghost of Yeats". As for Eliot, Hamburger eventually came to see that the great man's "doctrine of impersonality, taken too literally", had kept the aspirant poet in "a cage of decorous generalities" and that Eliot's notion of the "objective correlative", "improperly understood", had made him "distrust the data of his immediate experience".

It was not until after his marriage to Anne File - the actress and poet Anne Beresford - and their move in 1955 to a house and large garden in Tilehurst, near Reading, that Hamburger began to set the close observation of his surroundings and sensual impressions against the dictates of taste and poetic convention. It was here that he discovered his appetite for what he called "the roughage of lived experience". It was here, too, that he began to write poems in which loyalty to the primacy of experience could admit the intense exchange of dream, memory and observation. If this was a slow and late development, it was later intensified by the family's move in 1976 from London to Suffolk, where Hamburger wrote poetry - often emerging from the work to which he applied himself in his garden and orchard until the day of his death - which will be remembered as his best.

Reflecting on aging and dying in the month of his 80th birthday, he wrote of the peculiar freshness and urgency he sensed in the 17th-century George Herbert's poem "The Flower" ("And now in age I bud again./ After so many deaths I live and write"). It is to be hoped that poets centuries his junior will also derive sustenance and guidance from Hamburger's own poetry. His essay "The Survival of Poetry" defines an idea of contemporaneity that links him with Herbert and Hölderlin: "To a poet, language is all that it has ever been and is capable of becoming, all it has ever done or is capable of doing. In a sense, too, every poet who has ever written anywhere can be his or her contemporary in timelessness."

Iain Galbraith

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> **1727. — Nick Piombino** *12 Jun 2007* ↑ **Register**
> I appreciate your posting Iain Galbraith's obit of Michael Hamburger. I also know Michael Hamburger mainly as one of the best translators of Celan but also as the writer of a superb book about poetry, *The Truth of Poetry* (1969) which contains hundreds of fascinating quotes and comments, from and about modern writers, artists and critics, a highly individual selection immensely useful in its own right that encapsulates a history and commentary concerning modern poetry that for me, in both literary and literary/political acumen, has never been surpassed.. For over 35 years, the book has never been long out of my reach.
>
> Even a very quick glance at the index reveals the range of poets and others, from the major to the minor, from innumerable countries, that Hamburger wrote about and quoted, over 500 in this book of 354 pages: Adorno, Amis, Arp, Bartok, Brecht, Baudelaire, Benn, Bly, Bonnefoy, Bunting, Celan, Chesterton, Connolly, Cid Corman, Crane, Creeley, Marlene Dietrich, Eluard Fortini, Groddek, Guillen, Ian Hamilton, Heissenbuttel, Hikmet. Ionesco, Hughes, Jaccotet, James, Jandl, Jarry, Jiminez, Klebnikov, Kafka, Kenner, Langer, Leopardi, Lowell, MacDiarmid, MacLeish, MacNeice, Medawar, Merwin, Mon, Montale, Moore, Nietzche, Charles Olson, Orwell, Pascal, Paz, Peguy, Perse, Peyre, Poe, Ponge, Prada, Prevert, Raine, Richards, Riding, Roethke, Rosewicz, Ryuichi, Sachs, Schickele, Seferis, Snyder, Stein, Stramm, Swenson, Tomlinson, Vallejo, John Wieners, WC Williams, Wilde, Wittgenstein. James Wright, Yeats, Ysenin, Zukofsky.
>
> (from Brecht)
>
> "I need no gravestone, but
> If you need one for me
> I wish the inscription would read:
> He made suggestions. We
> Have acted on them.
> Such an epitaph would
> Honour us all."
>
> On 6/11/07 9:28 AM, "Barry Schwabsky" wrote:

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## Mary Ellen Solt

1920–2007

*3 messages · 3 hands*

*American concrete poet and professor whose flower-shaped visual poems and landmark 1968 anthology defined concrete poetry;* Concrete Poetry: A World View *(1970).*

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**1728. — Jilly Dybka** *27 Jun 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Mary Ellen Solt*

Hello

Mary Ellen Solt has passed on, according to this article http://www.heraldtimesonline.com/stories/2007/06/27/news.qp-5492708.sto

It requires subscription access to view, however. (I don't have one.)

Jilly

**1729.** **— Mairead Byrne** *27 Jun 2007* ↑ **Register**

I'm sorry to hear this. Her work is very crisp still; she laid down a terrific structure in Concrete Poetry for updating; also her concrete flowers in the John Hay Library at Brown University are an experience. Good work, well done. Mairead

*"Jilly Dybka 06/27/07 10:43 AM >>>"*

Hello

Mary Ellen Solt has passed on, according to this article http://www.heraldtimesonline.com/stories/2007/06/27/news.qp-5492708.sto

It requires subscription access to view, however. (I don't have one.)

Jilly

**1730.** **— Skip Fox** *27 Jun 2007* ↑ **Register**

Mary had been a friend of mine for a few weeks one summer while we camped out in the Rare Books Room at Buffalo in Capen Hall. Delightful and fun. Very sorry to see her go. I was afraid that the subject line mean what it did.

*"-UB Poetics discussion group On wrote: Behalf Of Mairead Byrne I'm sorry to hear this. Her work is very crisp still; she laid down a terrific structure in Concrete Poetry for updating; also her concrete flowers in the John Hay Library at Brown University are an experience. Good work, well done. Mairead Mairéad Byrne Associate Professor of English Rhode Island School of Design 2 College Street Providence, RI 02903 Jilly Dybka 06/27/07 10:43 AM >>> Hello Mary Ellen Solt has passed on, according to this article http://www.heraldtimesonline.com/stories/2007/06/27/news.qp-5492708.sto It requires subscription access to view, however. (I don't have one.) Jilly"*

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## Dmitri Prigov

1940–2007

*7 messages · 5 hands*

*Russian conceptualist writer and artist, a Moscow Conceptualism leader who had written nearly 36,000 poems. Died heart attack in Moscow.*

**1731.** **— Philip Metres** *17 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

*Dmitry Prigov, RIP*

I posted this on my blog today, in memory of Prigov:

Eugene Ostashevsky sent me an email yesterday with news of the passing of a great poet, artist, and cultural laborer, Dmitry Prigov. One of the great innovators and tireless experimenters of his generation, Prigov's massive poetic and artistic output (he once promised to write 25,000 poems) has yet to receive full acknowledgement or readership in the United States. As far as I know, the only full-length collection of his poems to appear in English has been Fifty Drops of Blood, translated by Cris Mattison and published by Ugly Duckling Presse. In honor of his life and work, I'm posting a few Prigov poems I translated a few years back. Tomorrow, I'll post an interview of Prigov that I did in 1996, versions of which appeared in COMBO. He was electrifyingly intelligent, hilariously gesticulating, and humanely generous to me, a young American stuttering his Russian and misunderstanding the scope of his project.

Some Prigov poems:

1.

In Japan I would be Catullus And in Rome I would be Hokusai And in Russia I am the same guy Who would have been Catallus in Japan And in Rome, Hokusai.

2.

The plumber goes into the winter yard He looks: and the yard is already spring. It's the same way as with him now—He was a schoolboy, and now he's a plumber.

And the farther the more—farther is death, And before that ripe old age And before that, and before that, And before that—as is now, a plumber.

3.

In the cafe of the house of Literators Poliseman drinks beer Drinks in his usual manner, Not even seeing the literary workers

But they all look at him. Around him it is light and empty And all of their different arts In his presence don't mean anything

He represents life, Appearing in the form of Duty. Life is short, but Art is long. And in the battle Life wins

4.

Here is the Poliseman standing in place Watching everything, remembering Everything around and here is his pride The ambulance dressed all in white flies up to him Raises a fan of spring splashes Hands entwined they're walking together The heavens above them melt The ground disappears in this place.

5.

It's not important the recorded milk production Cannot be compared to the real milk production Everything that's recorded is recorded in the heavens And if it will come to be not in two or three days Nevertheless it's really important when it will And in some high sense it's already come true And in some low sense everything will be forgotten And it's nearly been forgotten already

> **1732. — mIEKAL aND** *17 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**
> *Dmitri Prigov, 66; artist and influential poet of the post-Soviet era*
>
> Dmitri Prigov, 66; artist and influential poet of the post-Soviet era From Times Wire Reports July 17, 2007
>
> Dmitri Prigov, 66, an avant-garde artist and poet considered one of the most influential writers of the post-Soviet era, died Monday in a Moscow hospital, the RIA-Novosti news agency said.
>
> Prigov had been in intensive care since a heart attack July 7.
>
> A prolific poet, Prigov's work has been widely published since the late 1980s, but he was perhaps best known in the West for his live performances, which incorporated visual and musical elements.
>
> He and his close friend, Lev Rubenstein, were leaders of the so-called conceptualist school, which arose in unofficial Soviet art in the late 1960s. They were believed to have been the first in Russia to regard performance as an art form.

Until he fell ill, Prigov was planning to return to the ideals of his youth and participate in a performance in which he would sit in a wardrobe as it was hauled up 22 flights of stairs at Moscow State University and read poems all the way to the top, the Moscow Times reported.

**1733. — Jacob Edmond** *18 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Dmitry Prigov dies*

St. Petersburg Times

Issue #1289 (55), Tuesday, July 17, 2007

Poet Prigov Dies

*"MOSCOW (AP) — Dmitry Prigov, one of the most influential poets of the post-Soviet era, died early Monday in a Moscow hospital, the RIA-Novosti news agency reported. He was 66. Prigov had been in intensive care since suffering a heart attack July 7. He and his close friend Lev Rubenstein were leaders of the so-called conceptualist school, which arose in unofficial Soviet art in the late 1960s. They were the first in Russia to see performance as a form of art."*

**1734. — David-Baptiste Chirot** *17 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Dmitry Prigov (and perhaps Araki Yasusada)*

Many deep thanks to Igor Satanovsky for his excellent piece re Dmitry Prigov, included in this post

Dmitry Prigov was also interested in and created many hyperauthorships—among them, as hypothetically posited by Mikhail Epstein, being that of Araki Yasusada.

*"A further "appearance" of Dmitry Prigov's that is very interesting and appropriately "strange" is that in his "Commentary and Hypotheses" which is one of the appendices that appears in Doubled Flowering From the Notebooks of Araki Yasusada—Mikhail Epstein posits two Russian writers as possible candidates for the "real" authorship of the Yasusada writings. One of the writers—"Hypothesis #2"—is Dmitry Prigov. (The other is Andrei Bitov.) Prigov's work, accompanied by a manifesto, Epstein points out, is included in the anthology Third Wave : The New Russian Poetry edited by Kent Johnson (the American poet most often pointed to as the "real author" of the Yasusada) and Stephen M. Ashby. Epstein offers evidence of both Prigov and Bitov—close acquaintances according to Epstein----having the opportunity and known proposed writings which never were published—of presenting their respective manuscripts to Johnson while in Russia, and their finding their way to publication not in Russian, but as English translations, purporting to be translations from the Japanese."*

Thanks Igor, clear reason to take note—

*Igor Satanovsky * wrote:

*"Ye, Dmitry Aleksandrovich Prigov was a very interesting figure. Born in 1940, the same year as J.Brodsky, K.Kuzminsky and R.Kostelanetz, he truly came to spotlight only in the 80s, being a phenomenally gifted performer of his own writing. An artist by education, Prigov has been experimenting with various traditional and avant-garde poetic/artistic modes since the early 60s, including visual and typographic poetry (Sackners have some examples in their archive). By the late 70's, he settled into very disciplined conceptual work, which at its core had a performance persona of Prigov as a cross between a mad Soviet intellectual and a traditional Russian «holy schizo», *yurodivyi. *In reality, he was probably one of the most consistently brainy and able thinkers of contemporary Russian culture, transporting his visual obsessions and artistic strategies into the verbal arts. He was too productive for his own good, writing, according to various estimates, 36000 to 40000 short poems. Russian public never absorbed even one percent of that, content to hear Prigov perform his most popular poems about President Reagan, and Soviet policeman, «millitsaner», from the 80's. Prigov didn't seem to mind, and thought that the public at large was not ready to absorb his more challenging work anyway.*

*Prigov's poetic signiture's always been secondary to his persona, but it's very persistent and recognizable. His poems usually start in a traditional poetic meter, but veer off to a prosaic final line. They are often satirical, sharply social and absurdist in nature, contrasting several social, literary or ideological contexts to a revealing result. One good example is this poem from _Reagan's Image in the Soviet Literature_ series:*

*Reagan doesn't want to feed us He makes a serious mistake It's only over there that they believe You've got to eat to live*

*But we don't need his bread We'll live on our Idea It'll come to him quite suddenly: Hey, where are they? -But we've already settled in his heart.*

*What we have here is a deconstruction of the late Soviet identity as that of the collapsing revolutionary empire begging its capitalist enemies to feed it, while shedding the dying revolutionary rethoric (*We'll live on our Idea*) for the newly appealing eastern-christian- orthodoxy makeup (*_But we've already settled in his heart*_). Prigov's one of the first to notice, but there is more to his work.*

*He is another of my favorites, which reveals how the best of Prigov's work can be subtle, sly and seriously uncanny at the same time.*"

When mad Jews Call Russia their Motherland And do better than a Russian Where they are not even invited And where invited, they do, too And where they themselves invite —She stands in all her beauty Russia, the Motherland of Jews.

The line _*And where they themselves invite -*- has a lot to do with _jewish invitations_ that is, refers to Israel, often called among Russians the sixteenth Soviet republic. Prigov's work is full of shifting and transporting identities, that's probably why his it has been so important to the post-Soviet cultural scene.

His later writing often had a much darker tone. He would pick a theme from the media headlines, say, Sexual Harassment, and develop it into a book-length poetic cycle, approaching his topic from all imaginable angles.

As a true performance artist, close in some ways to Situationists, Prigov had an uncanny ability to mimic and blend in any social context, adapting and compromising discourses left and right. In that sense, he never was a dissident in the Soviet period. That is, he distrusted any kind of direct heroic or romantic sentiment, and kept his distance from both the Traditionalist and the Traditional Russian Avantgard camps, declaring himself to be a classicist. He was one strange and fascinating classicist, I gotta tell you that.

igor satanovsky, new york

** mIEKAL aND wrote on 7/17/07, 2:53 PM:

Prigov, 66; artist and influential poet of the post-Soviet era
From Times Wire Reports
July 17, 2007

Prigov had been in intensive care since a heart attack July 7.

**1735. — Simon Schuchat** *18 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Dimitry Prigov RIP*

Prigov was a monumental poet, also a fine graphic artist, whose writings before and after the end of the Soviet Union were equally wonderful. I translated his long list poem "During me" (Pri mne) in Skanky Possum several years back — I would recommend that as a somewhat different side from the writings Philip provides below.

I heard Prigov read back when I lived in Moscow (it was probably 2001), a work with musical (taped) accompaniment about "the Englishwoman and the Russian revolution," a spectacular performance.

another loss.

Subject: Dmitry Prigov, RIP

I posted this on my blog today, in memory of Prigov:

Need a vacation? Get great deals to amazing places on Yahoo! Travel.

**1736. — Philip Metres** *19 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**
*More Prigov: An Interview*

Yesterday, I posted my (unpublished) interview on my blog, www.behindthelinespoetry.blogspot.com with Dmitry Prigov, taken in 1996. It illuminates Prigov's project, first and foremost, but it also provides a glimpse into the landscape of Russian poetry, art, and culture from a postmodern perspective. Prigov's postmodernism

was not a desiccated version of Western postmodernism; it was entirely his own, and, for this young writer, completely eye-opening and generative. On a political note, one of the prophetic moments in the interview is when he discusses how the new "other," the new enemy for Russia that would replace the "capitalist," will be "the Chechen." He says: "I think that the enemy has shifted to the Muslims—they will now be accused of being the devil."

**1737. — David-Baptiste Chirot** *19 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Images by Prigov, link to reading/lecture, lps, his film star turn--"and "Fortress Laboratory"*

At my blog entry for yesterday "Sembrar la memoria Dmitry Prigov" one may

*"find some examples of Prigov's visual works—he made tens of thousands so is but a drop in the oceans —as well the dvd cover for the film he appeared in, the covers for some lps he collaborated/participated on, some comments on his relation with hyperauthorships (Chinese and Yasusada among many as noted in post yesterday & "sowing of memory" as other forms of sowing "leaves of grass" as well as a video link to a lecture/reading by Prigov from 2002 and sites for work of Mikhail Epstein and Gerald Janecek. At the same site as Prigov's reading/lecture are among others ones by Robert Creeley and A. Dragomoshenko."*

today's entry has truly terrifying article on the "Fortress Laboratory" and "show room"(Gaza) for the megabusiness of "homeland securities" weapons and equipments, control of populations, State Terrorism, and the attendant Corporate Mercenary armies, Coporate "cleanup/recovery" operations— etc—as the big "Fashion Show" for these approaches----in relation with art works —from artists in many media around the world and myself—in relation to these at the blog for over a year ongoing—(one of the major Themes has been Walls—sites/sights/cites of these from/with/for/by many different points of view, uses, media —their anti-possibilites and possiblities of finding ways to make cracks in them etc—the many different ways of "writing on the wall"—"writing through the wall"—etc—) "Where life had no value, death had its price." Billions of dollars . . . involved in the "creation and production" of death

http://davidbaptistechirot.blogspot.com

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## Sekou Sundiata

1948–2007

*6 messages · 4 hands*

*American poet-performer and New School professor who fused verse with jazz, funk and Afro-Caribbean rhythms;* The Blue Oneness of Dreams *(1997). Died heart failure, after years of kidney disease and cancer.*

**1738. — Daniel Godston** *18 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Sekou Sundiata*

I just heard that Sekou Sundiata passed away this morning... Very sad news. He was an amazing poet and performer.

**1739. — Daniel Godston** *18 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

forwarded —

From: Cathy Zimmerman [ mailto: ]

Sent: Wednesday, July 18, 2007 2:46 PM

Dear Friends and Colleagues,

It is with deep sadness and the heaviest of hearts that we inform you that Sekou Sundiata, the eloquent and much loved poet, performer, artist activist and educator, passed away this morning July 18, 2007 at 5:47am at the age of 58 due to heart failure.

Sekou Sundiata fell ill earlier this month as he was preparing for the European premiere of his latest epic music/theater piece, the 51st dream state, at the Stimmen Festival in Germany. In early June he performed, blessing the boats, at the Spoleto Festival in S.C. and delivered a keynote presentation at the 13th Annual Pedagogy and Theatre of the Oppressed International Conference in Minneapolis. He leaves behind a full schedule of performances, community residencies and keynote speeches.

Mr. Sundiata's untimely passing is a profound loss not only to his family and innumerable friends, colleagues and students but also to all of the individuals and communities whom he touched and changed through his performances, music, writings, public talks, interviews and conversations.

Mr. Sundiata is survived by his wife, Maurine (Kazi) Knighton, daughter Myisha Gomez, stepdaughter Aida Riddle, grandson Amman and his mother Virginia Myrtle Feaster, two brothers William and Ronald and lots of nieces, nephews, aunts and uncles. Cards can be sent to Maurine at 296 Stuyvesant Avenue, Brooklyn, New York 11221. Donations in memory of Sekou may be made to the National Kidney Foundation at 30 E. 33rd Street, Suite 1100, New York NY 10016. Details regarding funeral arrangements will be forthcoming.

We have attached here some additional information about Sekou Sundiata and his work. Please feel free to contact us for further information.

In the words of Sekou,

All of a sudden., Cathy, Ann, Jordana, Milka and Emily MAPP International Productions

excerpt from the 51st (dream) state by Sekou Sundiata:

What if we were Life
Or Liberty
Or the Pursuit of something new?
Between the rocks below
and the stars above
What if we were composed by Love?
And what if we could show
that what we dream
is deeper than what we know?
Suppose if something does not live
in the world
that we long to see
then we make it ourselves
as we want it to be
What if we are Life
Or Liberty
and the Pursuit of something new?
And suppose the beautiful answer
asks the more beautiful question,
Why don't we get our hopes up too high?
What don't we get our hopes up to high?
High!

**1740.** **— Halvard Johnson** *18 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

Sorry to hear that. We were colleagues for a while at the New School. My wife and he were colleagues for years.

Here's a sample:

http://www.salon.com/audio/2000/10/05/sundiata/

Hal

"I can't understand it. I can't even understand
the people who can understand it."
—Queen Juliana of the Netherlands

Halvard Johnson

**1741. — Tom Savage** *19 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

Death seems everywhere this morning. The wonderful Sekou Sundiata and the superb tenor Jerry Hadley whom I reviewed (my first review, actually) in the opera The Great Gatsby and who thrilled me in his unforgettable performance in Stravinsky's Rake's Progress. At least Sundiata died by natural causes. Hadley shot himself in the head.

"steve d. dalachinsky" wrote: forwarded —

From: Cathy Zimmerman [ mailto: ]

Sent: Wednesday, July 18, 2007 2:46 PM

All of a sudden., Cathy, Ann, Jordana, Milka and Emily MAPP International Productions

excerpt from the 51st (dream) state by Sekou Sundiata:

Yahoo! oneSearch: Finally, mobile search that gives answers, not web links.

**1742. — Daniel Godston** *20 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Sekou Sundiata interview rebroadcast*

Today Terry Gross will be rebroadcasting her interview with Sekou Sundiata on "Fresh Air": http://www.npr.org/templates/rundowns/rundown.php?prgId=13.

**1743. — Michael Robins** *20 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Sekou Sundiata - from NYTimes*

http://www.nytimes.com/2007/07/20/arts/music/20sundiata.html

July 20, 2007

Sekou Sundiata Dies at 58; Performer of Text and Sound

*"By MARGALIT FOX*

*Sekou Sundiata, a poet and performance artist whose work explored slavery, subjugation and the tension between personal and national identity, especially as they inform the black experience in America, died on Wednesday in Valhalla, N.Y. He was 58 and lived in Brooklyn.*

*The cause was heart failure, said his producer, Ann Rosenthal. At his death, Mr. Sundiata was a professor in the writing program of Eugene Lang College of New School University.*

*Mr. Sundiata's art, which defied easy classification, ranged from poems performed in the style of an oral epic to musical, dance and dramatic works infused with jazz, blues, funk and Afro-Caribbean rhythms. In general, as he once said in a television interview, it entailed "the whole idea of text and noise, cadences and pauses."*

*His work was performed widely throughout the United States and abroad, staged by distinguished organizations like the Brooklyn Academy of Music and the Spoleto Festival U.S.A. Among Mr. Sundiata's most recent works was "the 51st (dream) state," an interlaced tapestry of poetry, music, dance and videotaped interviews that explores what it means to be an American in the wake of 9/11.*

*His other works include "Udu," a staged oratorio about slavery in present-day Mauritania, with music by Craig Harris; "blessing the boats," a one-man show, autobiographically inspired, about Mr. Sundiata's experiences of heroin addiction, a debilitating car crash and a kidney transplant; and "The Circle Unbroken Is a Hard Bop," a collaboration with Mr. Harris about black Americans coming of age in the 1960s.*

*Writing in The New York Times in 1993, D J. R. Bruckner reviewed a production of "The Circle Unbroken" at the Nuyorican Poets Cafe:*

*"This is a remarkably smooth work, its complex stories and ideas bound together by the vivid, memorable poetry of Mr. Sundiata. And in one tornadic scene, the poet lets the audience hear all at once the range of his vocabulary and voice: Mr. Sundiata becomes a young, crazed homeless man on the*

> *street, and in eight minutes pours out a torrent of grief, humor and shrewd insight that leaves one simply astonished."*
>
> *Mr. Sundiata was born Robert Franklin Feaster in Harlem on Aug. 22, 1948; he adopted the African name Sekou Sundiata in the late 1960s. He earned a bachelor's degree in English from City College of New York in 1972 and a master's degree in creative writing from the City University of New York in 1979.*
>
> *He is survived by his wife, Maurine Knighton, known as Kazi; a daughter, Myisha Gomez of Manhattan; a stepdaughter, Aida Riddle of Brooklyn; his mother, Virginia Myrtle Singleton Feaster of Kingstree, S.C.; two brothers, William Feaster of Belleville, N.J., and Ronald Feaster of Manhattan; and one grandchild.*
>
> *Mr. Sundiata, who performed with the folk rock artist Ani DiFranco as part of her Rhythm and News tour in 2001, released several CDs of music and poetry, including "The Blue Oneness of Dreams" (Mouth Almighty/Mercury Records) and "longstoryshort" (Righteous Babe Records). His work was also featured on television, on the HBO series "Def Poetry" and the PBS series "The Language of Life."*"

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# Ingmar Bergman

1918–2007

*58 messages · 30 hands*

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*Swedish film director and writer of some sixty films made largely with one company of actors and one cinematographer, Sven Nykvist, who has an entry of his own here;* The Seventh Seal *(1957),* Persona *(1966). He was eighty-nine and died at home on Fårö. Halvard Johnson's notice consists of a subject line, a quotation from Brecht, and a signature block. Fifty-eight messages followed, more than the list gave any poet that year.*

---

**1744. — Halvard Johnson** *30 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

*RIP Ingmar Bergman (1918-2007)*

Hal

"Art is not a mirror held up to reality,
but a hammer with which to shape it."
—Bertolt Brecht

> **1745. — Aryanil Mukherjee** *30 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**
>
> thanks for the information. a stupendous loss for the world of cinema. Of the magic 5 - fellini-ray-godard-kurosawa-bergman, now only Godard remains.
>
> aryanil
>
> "-
>
> *UB Poetics discussion group On wrote:*
> *Behalf Of Halvard Johnson*
> *Hal*
> *"Art is not a mirror held up to reality,*
> *but a hammer with which to shape it."*
> *--Bertolt Brecht*
>
> *Halvard Johnson*"
>
> halvard@
>
> **1746. — Peter Ciccariello** *30 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**
>
> I can think of very few people that have influenced me more, as a young man, than Ingmar Bergman. R.I.P.

**1747. — Tom Savage** *30 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

I too am saddened by the death of Ingmar Bergman. I have scenes from The Seventh Seal playing in my head right now. No one made better films than he did both at his peak and after. I saw many of them, including Sarabande, his last film, which was wonderful. After he stopped making films, he returned to the theater. Every couple of years, he brought his company to the Brooklyn Academy of Music. I'm sorry I never saw any of their productions, particularly one of a play by Schiller. Also, of course, his movie of The Magic Flute, probably the best film of an opera ever made. Regards, Tom Savage

Halvard Johnson wrote: Hal

"Art is not a mirror held up to reality, but a hammer with which to shape it." —Bertolt Brecht

Be a better Heartthrob. Get better relationship answers from someone who knows. Yahoo! Answers - Check it out.

**1748. — Aryanil Mukherjee** *30 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

Almost equally enthralling and film-like is his autobiography - The Magic Lantern.

**1749. — Anny Ballardini** *30 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

don't really know if fellini was that high (or ray) mais a chacun son gout, I'd rather have pasolini there

**1750. — Christophe Casamassima** *31 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

you forgot Tarkovsky... No one made films like he did. It was like holding your breath.

But Bergman, what an utter loss.

**1751. — Diane DiPrima** *30 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

Yes, on reading the list of "five" Pasolini was who I thought about. And Fellini was who I questioned. . . in the long haul.

**1752. — Mark Weiss** *30 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

Myself, I'd keep Fellini for 8 1/2 and Satyricon, if I didn't need to make room for Visconti. Godard and Kurosawa are givens. And if limited to five (assuming we're talking about the post-Renoir generations) I'd add Almodovar and Wenders. Never had much interest in Bergman, tho his later films redeem the earlier ones for me.

Mark

**1753. — Crane's Bill Books** *30 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

Dreyer, Bresson... maybe the Magic 5 should be expanded to ten? J. A. Lee

**1754. — Ruth Lepson** *31 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

yes Tarkovsky—I even tried to write a poem abt his films. I remember the night I saw my first Bergman films still. Add Bunuel.

On 7/30/07 12:24 PM, "Christophe Casamassima" wrote:

**1755. — Gabrielle Welford** *30 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

and fellini for la strada. g

412 / Virus Database: 268.18.4/705 - Release Date: 2/27/2007

**1756. — George Bowering** *30 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

But wouldn't Luis Bunuel make it necessary to have a group of 6?

**1757. — Aryanil Mukherjee** *31 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

Diane Di Prima voted for Pasolini too.

Pasolini could indeed displace anyone from the list, perhaps Godard. He was a good poet too which leaves me a soft spot. Same stands true for Tarkovsky. In fact, Bergman at some point in his career expressed deep admiration for him, saying something like cinema didn't exist

without Tarkovsky. Kurosawa said the same about Ray. One could profess to include Antonioni too. There are other greats who had a much shortlived career.

The body of work, its richness, topical range, the power to create brilliant human documents, the courage to experiment with the apparatus and the craft, the condition in which they made films - all these factors counted for my Magic 5.

It requires a lot of guts to discount someone like Ray. If you've seen "The Chess Players" (Shatranj ki Khilari) or "The Lonely Wife" (Charulata) or "The Hero" (Nayak) you'd know. What makes him even greater is the aspect ratio (defined as the ratio of the final footage to the initial amount shot) of his films. He maintained an aspect ratio of 8 over his entire film career. This means for every 8 feet of film he shot, 1 foot made it into the final cut. That's the lowest aspect ratio one could think of when it comes to the acclaimed. Kurosawa had a ratio of 400, Hitchcock 265, let's not even try to think of Spielberg. Even the Nouvelle Vague directors who stood for cheap film-making couldn't even dream of making such small budget films. Ray was a gifted commercial artist and used that skill to prepare detailed drawings of every single frame, every single movement within the frame. He was a perfectionist who would sometimes rehearse his artists for about 20-25 times because they couldn't get some Bengali or English accent correct. He was an exceedingly talented musician and composed his own music. In many of his films he wrote the story, the screenplays, dialogs, did the casting himself, wrote and composed the music, designed sets/garments and finally directed the film. I don't know of any other film director who managed so much himself.

Truffaut, back in 1956 at the Cannes film festival made a statement which he might have felt really sorry about for the rest of his life. He tried his very best to swallow his once spoken words. He left the theatre in the middle of the screening of Ray's "Song of the Little Road" saying, " I have no interest in the life of an Indian farmer".

As for Fellini, I would emphatically argue if Satryicon was his best film. How could we forget La Dolce Vita, 8-and-a-half, La Strada, Ginger and Fred! I thought very few handled the modern classic narrative like him. Very few wrote a human document like Fellini or Ray or Kurosawa.

We all have our own favorites but all of my magic 5 are "high", really "high". They can be displaced but not discounted.

Anyway, here we are to remember Ingmar Bergman, an equally stunning artist.

**1758.** **— Aryanil Mukherjee** *31 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

sure. maybe we could do a POETICS TOP-12 or TOP-15 when all the raised hands have been counted. no has said - Truffaut by far! Or Eisenstein (maybe not Kalatozov for his low low turn over). and as poets, how could we forget Jean Cocteau ? Or Alain Resnais.

**1759.** **— Halvard Johnson** *31 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

Add Herzog. Add Kubrick. Add Wertmuller.

Hal

Sal si puedes.

**1760.** **— Christophe Casamassima** *31 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

The thing with Fellini is this: my parents know shit about art, but whe it comes to Fellini, they equate his films with their daily lives (they're foreigners). It's the only thing they can relate to with me. I think Fellini took the absurd, the extravagent, and made it my parents'.

**1761.** **— Tom W. Lewis** *31 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

*Re: RIP Michaelangelo Antonioni (1912-2007)*

you guys forgot Antonioni, and now he's dead...

died on the same day as Bergman — so why did the news media hold off reporting it?

NYT * July 31, 2007 Michelangelo Antonioni, 94, Italian Director, Dies

*"By RICK LYMAN Michelangelo Antonioni, the Italian director whose chilly canticles of alienation were cornerstones of international filmmaking in the 1960s, inspiring intense measures of admiration, denunciation and confusion, died on Monday at his home in Rome, Italian news media reported today. He was 94. He died on the same day as Ingmar Bergman, the Swedish filmmaker who died at his home in Sweden earlier Monday. "With Antonioni, not only has one of the greatest living directors been lost, but also a master of the modern screen," said the mayor of Rome, Walter Veltroni. His office said it was making plans for Mr. Antonioni's body to lie in state on Wednesday, Reuters reported.*

*Tall, cerebral and resolutely serious, Mr. Antonioni harkens back to a time in the middle of the last century when cinema-going was an intellectual pursuit, when purposely opaque passages in famously difficult films spurred long nights of smoky argument at sidewalk cafes, and when fashionable directors like Mr. Antonioni, Alain Resnais and Jean-Luc Godard were chased down the Cannes waterfront by camera-wielding cineastes demanding to know what on earth they meant by their latest outrage. Mr. Antonioni is probably best known for "Blow-Up," a 1966 drama set in Swinging London about a fashion photographer who comes to believe that a photograph he took of two lovers in a public park also shows, hidden in the background, evidence of a murder.*

*But his true, lasting contribution to cinema resides in an earlier trilogy - "L'Avventura" in 1959, "La Notte" in 1960 and "L'Eclisse" in 1962 - which explores the filmmaker's tormented central vision that people had become emotionally unglued from one another. ... http://www.nytimes.com/2007/07/31/movies/31cnd-antonio.html?_r=1&hp=&oref=slogin&pagewanted=print -----Original Message-----UB Poetics discussion group wrote: On Behalf Of George Bowering But wouldn't Luis Bunuel make it necessary to have a group of 6? gb On Jul 30, 2007, at 2:25 PM, Mark Weiss wrote: Myself, I'd keep Fellini for 8 1/2 and Satyricon, if I didn't need to make room for Visconti. Godard and Kurosawa are givens.*

*And if limited to five (assuming we're talking about the post-Renoir generations) I'd add Almodovar and Wenders. Never had much interest in Bergman, tho his later films redeem the earlier ones for me. Mark At 04:15 PM 7/30/2007, you wrote: Yes, on reading the list of "five" Pasolini was who I thought about. And Fellini was who I questioned. . . in the long haul. From: Anny Ballardini Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group don't really know if fellini was that high (or ray) mais a chacun son gout, I'd rather have pasolini there_ On 7/30/07, Aryanil Mukherjee wrote: thanks for the information. a stupendous loss for the world of cinema.*

*Of the magic 5 - fellini-ray-godard-kurosawa-bergman, now only Godard remains. aryanil -----Original Message-----From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:] On Behalf Of Halvard Johnson Hal "Art is not a mirror held up to reality, but a hammer with which to shape it." —Bertolt Brecht Mr. G. Bowering Okanagan born."*

**1762. — Tom Savage** *31 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Re: RIP Ingmar Bergman (1918-2007)*

Why are we playing a numbers game instead of discussing Bergman? For the record (?), any list of great filmmakers without Renoir and Carne is woefully incomplete. Anyway, of the postwar generation, a new death has to be recorded today. Michelangelo Antonioni died early today or yesterday. The last film I saw of his, called Passenger or The Passenger, was wonderful. Regards, Tom Savage

George Bowering wrote: But wouldn't Luis Bunuel make it necessary to have a group of 6?

**1763. — steve dalachinsky** *31 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

this argument is rediculous fellini bergman pasolini godddard etc all masters and so many more why do this silly top ten

billy wilder fritz lang

**1764. — Suzanne Burns** *31 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

Anything by Tarkovsky recharges my poetry batteries. :-) Bergman, Dreyer, Godard... God yes.

Suzanne

**1765. — George Bowering** *31 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

Yeah. Add Budd Boettticher.

**1766. — Anny Ballardini** *31 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

I was not clear and I apologize. I put Man Ray into doubt because he is an artist par excellence for me, and that could go even beyond cinematography. Why not Pasolini as well? Because for me his cinema is better than his writings and his paintings.

**1767. — Anny Ballardini** *31 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

On a second thought I do not like that "beyond." What I might use is "distinct from" cinematography. His versatility tended more towards the arts rather than cinema tout court. This is the way I see Man Ray, probably not as you do.

**1768. — Karl-Erik Tallmo** *31 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

Swedish daily Dagens Nyheter had a special today about Ingmar Bergman, with two of the articles translated into English. One is written by one of Sweden's more prominent theater critics, Leif Zern:

Love and Daemons See http://www.dn.se/DNet/jsp/polopoly.jsp?d=2712&a=675578

Then there is an article by the Bergman biographer Maaret Koskinen:

Death has wrapped its large mantle around Bergman See http://www.dn.se/DNet/jsp/polopoly.jsp?d=2712&a=675560

Many have emphasized Bergman's visual genius (achieved in co-operation with Sven Nyqkist) and his great interest in music, and that his greatest love actually was the theater, not film - but I think one aspect that is seldom mentioned is the special rhetoric, the very special verbal flow articulated through his actors, e.g. Erland Josephson and Gunnar Bjornstrand, and of course Max von Sydow. But also the famous "Bergman women" sometimes excel in these almost breathless verbal outbursts.

There is a similarity here with another Swedish director, Hasse Ekman, who also had a very special talent for a sort of smooth eloquence, but Bergman's characters (think Erland Josephson in "Scenes From a Marriage") are mostly ironic, sarcastic, bitter or just lost in this world, while Ekman was always elegant and made even misery seem somehow endurable through his mere voice and timbre.

I think this use of voices and voice quality together with often very non-oral literary utterances have not attracted as much attention as I think they should. Bergman used his actors as a composer chooses instruments for a piece of music. Somebody wrote the other day that Bergman managed to deal with all these existential topics without being pretentious. I think he was very pretentious - but he got away with it beautifully, partly I believe through this very special use of certain actors and their marvellous, not to say idiosyncratic, diction.

See also http://www.ingmarbergman.se/

/Karl-Erik Tallmo

KARL-ERIK TALLMO, writer, artist, journalist etc.

**1769. — amy king** *31 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

John Cassavettes, yes! Someone already wrote Akria Kurosawa, yes?

Anything Krystof Kieslowski.

Dare I throw Chris Marker into the mix? And Wim Wenders?

Ruth Lepson wrote:

*"and cassavettes & who cd forget 'Nashville' http://www.amyking.org/blog Luggage? GPS? Comic books? Check out fitting gifts for grads at Yahoo! Search."*

**1770. — David-Baptiste Chirot** *31 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

Wang Kar-Wei, Abbas Kiostami, Fassbinder, Tarkovsky, Bunuel... Murnau, Ozu, Dreyer, Welles, Griffith, Vertov, Catherine Breillat—one cd go for quite a few!! Melies, Lumiere,

Feuillade—Eisentstein, Mizoguchi, Jean Renoir, Andrej Wajda, Bertolucci, i blanked out on his name—who made the Dogma films and Dancer in the Dark, the Kingdom, Dogville, etc—many moreat their best John Woo and Johnnie To—Oshima—Miyazake—Abel Gance—Agnes Varda—i shd stop—> Date: Tue, 31 Jul 2007 14:20:29 -0700> From: > Subject: Re: RIP Ingmar Bergman (1918-2007)> To: > > John Cassavettes, yes! Someone already wrote Akria Kurosawa, yes? > > Anything Krystof Kieslowski. > > Dare I throw Chris Marker into the mix? And Wim Wenders? > > > Ruth Lepson wrote:> and cassavettes & who cd forget 'Nashville'> http://www.amyking.org/blog> > > ----------> Luggage? GPS? Comic books? > Check out fitting gifts for grads at Yahoo! Search. _____ See what you're getting into...before you go there.

**1771. — Tisa Bryant** *31 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

I just watched L'ECLISSE for the 5th time (I wrote a piece on it; be out soon), but love the inexplicable actions of THE PASSENGER and L'AVVENTURA.

Haven't watched Bergman since last year (AUTUMN SONATA); will return to him, "my first film love". I think PERSONA was the first I saw of his, at the Brattle Theater in Cambridge, MA. My film school. I remember one particular evening, at the end of a failed love affair that hadn't quite ended, I watched three Bergman films (WILD STRAWBERRIES was one) in a row. But sadly, I've always attempted to watch THE SEVENTH SEAL late at night, and I've always fallen asleep. He taught me about light, dark, silence and the layered frame (I think someone said something about his depth of field, or some suchness).

Bergman's women...and Woody Allen's, Godard's, Cassavetes', Fellini's, etc...it's more than amazing, what these women have done for film, in film, made visible, palpable...in an expression of the inexpressible (to quote Blonde Redhead, a propos a Vitti), from director to actor. didn't a book on Monica Vitti just come out? I remember reading a review in BookForum, I think.

My "Indelible Imagemakers" list, in no order, hella long, and really, it could change tomorrow, and well it should; there are at least 20 filmmakers for my every mood. As for the top whatever, and voting, etc? Not interested. I'll leave that to some academy. These folks' works haunt, mark, stay with me, and I keep returning, seeking them out for more:

Antonioni Bergman Jean-Pierre Melville Alain Resnais Renoir Fellini Almodovar Kubrick Godard Kurosawa Cassavetes Sembene Ousmane (died last month; was also a novelist) Bela Tarr Coppola Ozu Jacques Rivette Billy Wilder Charles Burnett (and not just for KILLER OF SHEEP) Satyajit Ray Flora Gomes (and all the overlooked "African New Wave" filmmakers of the late 80s -early 90s, along with the "Hong Kong New Wave") Otto Preminger Shohei Imamura Tsai Ming Liang Chris Marker (I dare!) Scorcese Luchino Visconti Stanley Kwan Claire Denis Oscar Micheaux George Cukor Chantal Akerman Nancy Savoca Fassbinder Spike Lee John Sayles Apichatpong Weerasethakul (let's see, 10 years from now, what's up) Tarkovsky Agnes Varda

It's all so intertextual! That's what makes the ongoing conversation of cinema so interesting to me. And why the list, really, means nothing. But I couldn't help it!

About to watch Pasolini's MAMA ROMA, and Theo Angelopoulos' THE WEEPING MEADOW; some buyer's on point at the Brooklyn Public Library. I also really liked Bertolucci's BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

Peace and light to the spirits of Igmar Bergman and Antonioni as they pass through this world to the next, and much thanks to them for leaving so much of themselves, and their vision, with us.

Tisa

‥‥‥

**1772. — George Bowering** *31 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

What about One Shot Bodine?

Luggage? GPS? Comic books? Check out fitting gifts for grads at Yahoo! Search.

Geo. Bowering, DLit A devotee of Veronica Lake

**1773. — Jonathan Skinner** *31 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Two birds flown*

I was going to lurk this one out. But then Antonioni had to fly off—on the same day as Bergman! Wow: speechless.

Love to hear that conversation. Whatever the topic at St. Peter's Gates, I'm sure there'd be plenty of long, pregnant silences . . . just looking at the clouds.

Picking only five directors from a century of cinema feels absurd. But I admit I was tempted to write in Antonioni. If I could only pick one Italian, I'd pick Antonioni. (A hard choice: Pasolini, Fellini, Visconti and others superb too.) Pasolini was one of the greatest neorealists (Mama Roma, Accatone) but got too literary for film as he went on. That said, he's probably in my top ten list of poets. Don't get me wrong: it's all great stuff. But if I had to choose between Pasolini's best films and Antonioni's . . .

I feel I owe my eyes to L'Avventura. It's probably the number one film, if I had to choose. (Sight and Sound puts L'Avventura second, behind Citizen Kane. Have to think about that one.) I remember first feeling the pleasure of the medium, the edges of the frame, the texture of celluoid, with L'Avventura. No one makes angst look so good (with the help of Vitti, Mastroianni, Scheider, Nicholson and others). And no director had a more architectural sense for film, than Antonioni.

This, and the religious experience, was confirmed with the restored release of The Passenger, last year. You have to see it on the big screen. In the otherwise excellent NY Times obit (for once, an obit written like an obit should be—I guess Lyman had a few years to work it), the final shot of that film is mischaracterized as "meandering": in fact, the camera describes an omega.

I'll go out on a limb and say that Zabriskie Point may be one of the best films made about California, probably just behind Chinatown.

Let's not forget the great Michel Serrault, also flown yesterday. "C'est la fin de la reflexion," says Isabelle.

JS

**1774. — Pierre Joris** *1 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Re: RIP Ingmar Bergman (1918-2007)*

yeap, ridiculous — strange that you 'muricans seem to swoon exclusively over eurappian directors — if I think back on my eurappian youth, & the movies that counted then (for me & my buddies, but also for a number of those european directors mentioned as among the 5 best) I would have to put 1/2 dozen american directors in there immediately: Ford, Wells, Hawks, Walsh, Hitchkock (the Us version), Peckingpaw to begin with & then all the great US comedy directors such as Wilder and all those whose names don't jump off my tongue right now... good lord! I want at least fifty movie makers in there from Eisenstein & Abel Gance to Woody Allen & Stan Brakhage & beyond!

**1775. — Tom Savage** *1 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**

Thank you for including the wonderful Thai director of Syndromes & A Century. (Is that the correct name of his recent movie? I think so. I saw it not long ago at the IFC movie house in NYC. ) It will be interesting indeed to see where his films go from here. Thanks, Tom Savage

George Bowering wrote: What about One Shot Bodine?

Luggage? GPS? Comic books? Check out fitting gifts for grads at Yahoo! Search.

Geo. Bowering, DLit A devotee of Veronica Lake

Be a better Heartthrob. Get better relationship answers from someone who knows. Yahoo! Answers - Check it out.

**1776. — Gerald Schwartz** *1 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**

Yes, and that list could begin with King Vidor and perhaps continue along with Buster Keaton...

**1777. — Dan Coffey** *1 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**

Haven't seen any mention of Guy Maddin yet. Only time is keeping him from the eventual "top x directors" list.

I recently saw an early Bergman film ("Port of Call") and was amazed at how cemented his vision was so early on.

**1778. — Mark Weiss** *1 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**

For the very little that this thread is worth, it seemed to be post-Renoir, i.e., post-Citizen Kane and much of the best Ford, Sturges, Hawks, etc.

The most interesting US directors of the past say 20 years, in my book, are Jonathan Demme and Alan Rudolph, both of whose careers have suffered bigtime from the demands of Hollywood. I've never understood the appeal of Woody Allen.

Mark

**1779. — Tom W. Lewis** *1 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**

no John Huston? did "Annie" skunk his chances for eternal fame?

"*From: Anny Ballardini*

*Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group*"

**1780. — Anny Ballardini** *1 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**

nor did I, even if there are some memorable quotes ___I will forever remember him with his pills and fear of dying and of living - now that you make me think back I might even like him (talking of Woody Allen)

**1781. — Aryanil Mukherjee** *1 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**

I'm the one to be blamed, I started this. My initial 5, or ok, lets say 10, pertained to Bergman's generation. Now we have names from virtually every age of cinema. What makes me glad is that from a "silly" naming game we are now into a movie-mood sharing specific films, personal experiences, nostalgias etc.

Great names have come up. Talking about American cinema, we went as far back as Vertov, but sadly no one mentioned D W Griffith whom I would call the father of modern cinema. Also, we forgot Charles Chaplin - he made a lot of films here, in Chicago and NY. Going around the world, I can't think of a film director better known internationally.

Notable omissions I can think of are -

Hungary - Zoltan Fabri, Marta Meszaros, Zanussi, the Czech new wave heros - Milos Forman, Jiri Menzel, Vera Chitilova France - Louis Malle, Robert Bresson India - Ritwik Ghatak, Mrinal Sen Cuba - Tomas Alea Poland - Roman Polanski Germany - Volker Schlondroff, Marguerite Von Trotta Turkey - Yilmaaz Gunay Iran - Mohsen Makhmalbaf, Zafar Panahi Brazil - Nelson Pereira

**1782. — c. s. giscombe** *1 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**

*Re: directors (bergman, antonioni, etc.)*

I've generally found Bergman just a touch over-wrought though I endlessly admire "Persona" and the oddly insistent "Smiles of a Summer Night." (And, for that matter, "Shame.")

I saw Antonioni's "Blow-Up" when it first came out, when I was in high school—the Catholic Motion Picture Office/ Legion of Decency ratings were posted once a week in the school library and "Blow-Up" was "Condemned" which made it a must-see. The film of course gave me a great deal more than I expected—certainly it was one of the big events of my adolescence—and I'm glad this week that I was able to see Antonioni himself when he was a visiting artist, a "Professor at Large," at Cornell in the 1980s. The main public event of his visit was a screening of the three-hour, almost unbearably bleak, version of "The Passenger." He stepped up to the microphone, softly thanked the audience for coming, and simply had the projectionist start the movie.

And since Steve Russell mentioned "Pennies From Heaven," I'll note that it was written by Dennis Potter, who died a few years ago. Potter, who was British, had decided at some point that he would work exclusively in television and he used his decision to good effect. "Pennies From Heaven" was made originally as a mini-series for the BBC in 1978 and starred Bob Hoskins—I found it when it was re-broadcast on PBS in 1980 or so. It's still probably the best thing I've ever seen that was done for TV. Potter also wrote the very fine "Singing Detective," also a BBC mini-series—both it and "Pennies From Heaven" are findable these days and quite worth watching.

**1783. — (unsigned)** *3 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**
*some TC lit folks ok+ bergman*

hello all,

was on my way to a twin cities book festival meeting (rain taxi, and everyone there ok) when the bridge went down, saw the smoke from the truck fire obscuring the mpls. skyline from the Lake street bridge. the reports of missing and casualties is lower than they projected last night, though the divers are still looking in the cars through the day and into the next week.

can't tell you what a shock it is, to have traveled that bridge so many times. A physicist friend of mine works in a lab at the base of the bridge. she'd left early yesterday to help a friend move. the building, which houses a particle accelerator, was ok, and they're now using it for recovery operations.

so far, haven't heard of anyone in the TC lit community who was involved or near the bridge.

also can't describe the gratitude I feel for the concern here on the list for all here. thank you *all* for your thoughts and good wishes.

if you're looking to donate, check out www.kstp.com and the red cross.

on a lighter note, to follow the bergman thread, for those of you who turn to DVDs of old tv show for comfort, from Northern Exposure:

Grandma Woody: "The thing that's so amazing about Bergman, aside from his terrific Swedish gulit . . . is he doesn't try to explain away the apparent meaninglessless of life. His films are not mere quietist exercises anymore than they're, uh, pat expressions of radical subjectivism . . ."

Ed Chigliak: "yeah . . ."

**1784. — Tisa Bryant** *3 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**
Rebecca, I've never seen Northern Exposure, but that cracked me up! Thank you. And I am glad to hear that everyone, as far as you know, is okay in the literary TC.

Tisa

?!@#$&*?!@#$&*?!@#$&*?!@#$&*?!@#$&*?!@#$&*?!@

When you ain't got no money, you gotta get an attitude.

Richard Pryor

**1785. — Tisa Bryant** *3 Aug 2007* **↑ Register**
*Re: RIP Ingmar Bergman (1918-2007)]*

I refrained from listing any more directors than I did!

I have also had a hard time accepting the cinematic genius of DW Griffith because of the racist narrative he was putting forward using it. Other people are able to make the needed separations in order to see; to say he offends me isn't saying much. For me BIRTH OF A NATION is a feature-length overlay in assaultive practices, and I've never bothered to see anything else he's made because of it. But seeing DJ Spooky's REBIRTH OF A NATION at a special screening in Providence allowed me to see and understand his craft, in terms of what he, technically, was doing with the camera and its cinematic, not national narrative, effects, though we're still (not) reckoning with where the twain did and still meet, on screens around the world. I finally watched all three hours of it two years ago. I was still infuriated, but then I was like, "Oh. That's an iris shot." Still, my response to that as-yet-unspoken call to Griffith was the oft-unappreciated Oscar Micheaux. I do, however, love Steve Erickson's novel invocation of Griffith and cinema, DAYS BETWEEN STATIONS.

Though I've seen works from all the directors on your list of omissions (except Ghatak and Sen, so I'm on the move), Chaplin, for instance, isn't part of my body because I've spent scant time watching his films, my four-year tenure at Modern Times Bookstore and left-leaning politics notwithstanding. All the Buster Keaton I've seen in my life has been during a meza plate lunch at Olive Tree on MacDougal & W. 3rd. Busby Berkeley: I've seen "That's Entertainment" profiles on him, then the obvious references to him in Matthew Barney's CREMASTER cycle. If anything, I see for myself a need to revisit these works, since I may simply be having some psycho-trigger issues around all American silent films, thanks to Griffith. This gets conflated into what I see as the aesthetic *scariness* of silent films: contrast, frames per second and jerky motion, mouths moving with no sound, etc. Unintentional eeriness. I saw NOSFERATU as a child at Camp Lapham when I was 8. Keaton's makeup freaks me out. Then, in terms of the gaze, I can't comfortably project myself into that (or the majority of cinematic) landscape(s); it's not *my* neck that cranes back for a kiss from X leading man, nor am I that man, though a project of my own version of PURPLE ROSE OF CAIRO, for instance (what happens when a 1980s black girl steps into a circa 1939 movie) could be very interesting. I do love Julie Dash's short film, ILLUSIONS, for engaging in the old movie/identity conversation with panache.

Pierre said something about Americans going for foreign films, and I want to comment on that, briefly, and expand on the above, just to say that I must, for continued mental health, allow myself cinematic escapes from the American national narrative as its perpetuated in film, because there are other possibilities for the image-not-as-metaphor, not as racial or Other marker than the Griffith legacy allows. Something about survival, subjectivity and perspective, than simple swooning. We Americans are quite varied in that respect, and, judging from what I've seen from Francophone African filmmakers (and Vietnamese filmmakers, too, I believe), so are the French. Etc.

I do swoon over Lubitsch, though, and Cukor, Wilder, Hawks, Huston, Sturges, Vidor. I especially like b/w films that have that glitter-gloss, like THE SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS, or BORN YESTERDAY. I also love melodramatic films like Sirk's, and those of his ilk, and enjoy the continuum as evidenced in Fassbinder and Todd Haynes, among others. If the Brattle Theatre was film school for me, my mom was film school K-12. Before AMC on cable, it was all about UHF on weekends for old (30s, 40s, 50s) film. It's been a delight to spend time seeing what the rest of the world was up to, cinematically, during those times, dig the cross-pollination, especially during/after WWII. I also loved/hated the Rock Hudson/Doris Day/Bobby Darin-esque romantic romps. To be that carefree....

I was just working on this quote from Tarkovsky, in which he says that people go to the cinema for time, time spent, not had or lost. For an enhanced living experience.

So our lists, if we agree with Tarkovsky, are not ridiculous and to be apologized for or silenced, but, yes, Aryanil, the beginnings of a much bigger, deeper conversation.

Thanks for starting this!

back to work....

Tisa ********** To create form out of the nature of our tasks with the methods of our time—this is our task.

**1786. — Tom W. Lewis** *3 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Re: some TC lit folks ok+ bergman*

Northern Exposure was one of the smartest shows on TV in the early 90s — I had real hope for pop culture back then, in my yoof! (there's a great episode that parodies Fellini, among others)

just put up a map on my blog showing where the bridge is/was in relation to where we live — I created it for my California relatives, who either don't realize the borders of the Twin Cities are coterminous, or else think we're all crammed into a singularity: a dot on the national weather map.

http://minnesotan-ice.blogspot.com/2007/08/where-we-are-where-bridge-was .html

(fyi, as the river straightens out along a north-south axis, it becomes the border between Minneapolis and Saint Paul: therefore, we live on the SP side)

**1787. — Tisa Bryant** *4 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**

Awesome!

And thanks for the map; I've never been to Minneapolis. I made my first real visit to the midwest just last year, Wisconsin (both Kenosha and Wausau), so I'm still pondering the wonder that is Lake Michigan.

Question to all: should we be worried that Mark Nowak hasn't said anything about being okay? Did I miss something?

********** There is no energy in reproducing life. Stories are not imitations of reality. They create new realities. The difference between creating and reproducing is the difference between painting a tree with broad brush strokes and tracing its outline from a photo.

**1788. — Maria Damon** *4 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**

at least one of the northern exposure writers was one of a contingent of hampshire college grads (from my era, the 70s) who relocated to homer, alaska, for a # of years after college. i guess he turned his adventure into something substantively creative. sorry, all, i just can't help bragging about hampshire college, my hippie school from way back when...xo, md

**1789. — Aryanil Mukherjee** *5 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Re: RIP Ingmar Bergman (1918-2007)]*

Tisa

I enjoyed reading your long response to my "sinful" confession. As for the cinematic genius of D.W.Griffith, yes, I meant his technical contributions which were really ground breaking and much needed at that time. His technical contributions must have advanced the art of cinema several years or maybe decades. Likewise, Robert J Flaherty made an unequivocal contribution, I tend to think, with his 1922 documentary Nanook of the North.

Satyajit Ray, back in the seventies, said in an interview, " I think what six hundred years of English literature had achieved from Chaucer to Joyce, cinema had covered in sixty years". If that is true, Griffith Flaherty etc. deserve a heartfelt thanks from their successors.

Ghatak's films, like Gunay's, might be hard to find. He is an absolutely brilliant, sound and cerebral auteur who would simultaneously overplay with emotions, at times, purposely. A large gamut of his films deal with the partition theme - Partition of a country, a society,

culture, disintegrating morality, dilapidating humanism etc. But it is also balanced with hope, with the lust of living on. Many believe, if he had a little luck on his side, was a little more diciplined, a little less alcoholic and much more compromising, Ghatak would have shot into fame even before Ray, in Indian scene. Today he is hardly known in his own country except his state. His films once had a wide Russian audience, also French, George Sadoul was his best connoisseur. Some University libraries here in the US, have him archived- I don't know which ones.

The Tarkovsky quote is really poetic and will continue to spark for a long time. Just last night, I was interviewing poet John Ashbery. Many of us have our own special reasons to hate or love his poetry. I have a very deep admiration for his work although I have read him in the recent years only. He is known to have drawn a lot from cross-artistic, multi-aesthetic domains. He was telling me last night that lately he watches movies a lot and is influenced by many younger directors like Guy Maddin, Jorgen Leth etc.

I can't explain why, but Ashbery's poem "This Room" have always reminded me of Ingmar Bergman's "Wild Strawberries". That didn't Ashbery, he said, "yes, I think there is a scene in the film where the old Professor enters a room which he seems to remember"....I think it wasn't a room but a mansion-garden where he revisits his younger days.

The garden I entered is the reverie of this garden

For me, films excite poetry, they let us juggle with our memories (time spent), hand-holding us and at a point we begin to realize we are juggling more than what was ours, other experiences have been thrown into the mix, the cloth we wear, have spun out to cover lives that were not ours.

Thanks for providing a little doze of inspiration

To create form out of the nature of our tasks with the methods of our time—this is our task.

**1790. — Aryanil Mukherjee** *5 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Allen on Bergman*

This week's Time Magazine has a Woody Allen interview where Allen speaks about Bergman. Has anyone read it ?

Aryanil

**1791. — Maria Damon** *5 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Re: some TC lit folks ok+ bergman*

mark's okay. i thought he responded to the list, maybe it was just to me.

**1792. — Fluffy Singler** *5 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**

I was thinking that too. The fatalities themselves were pretty low — more injuries than fatalities. Hopefully he's just traveling or hasn't been online much.

**1793. — Murat Nemet-Nejat** *6 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Allen on Bergman*

No,

The worst impulses of Woody Allen (his desire to be the critics' darling) meets the weeker Bergan. For me the great Bergman movies are the later ones, made for T.V.: Fanny and Alexander and Scenes from a Marriage, when he had stopped talking to dead people on the beach playing chess. Is that not embarrassing after a certain age?

I though perhaps I will still like Smiles of A Summer Night, but I am not sure. I was never able to go through Persona a second time.

Fanny and Alexander is absolutely great, a haunting movie. I love the Hamlet production in it and the incredible decor of the house and that wierd horse carriage in which some members of the family travel.the Sergio Leone movies, maybe Who Shot Liberty Valence

At one time, woody Allen had made an analysis of Shane for The New York Times, as one of the few American movies he liked. He gave the impression he was slumming. Who among lovers of Westerns consider Shane as their favorite Western? Nobody. Maybe The Man Who Shot Liberty Valence, maybe The Man from Laramie, but Shane? Alright, maybe The Searchers or The Red River or even the one where Spencer Tracy is a severe pater familia and has a Mexican wife. Has anyone seen the Western directed by Marlon Brando?

My favorite Woody Allen movies: Broadway Danny Rose (where he has learnt to laugh at himself), Radio Days (I just love this one), Crimes and Other Misdemeanors, Bananas.

Has anyone sat through an Antonioni movie recently?

Ciao,

Murat

Ciao,

**1794. — Halvard Johnson** *6 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**

Sitting through those is always a pleasure for me. Last one was The Passenger, just a week or two ago. Currently looking forward to sitting through La Notte and L'Eclisse—again, for the first time in years.

Hal

"The bacon too carries on its modest
love affair."
--Tony Towle

Halvard Johnson

**1795. — Tom Savage** *6 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Re: RIP Ingmar Bergman (1918-2007)]*

Try D.W. Griffith's Intolerance, if you can find a decent print of it. It's the great film he made immediately after Birth of a Nation, which you can bury if it bothers you, as it should. There is another good one called Orphans Of The Storm. Still, while there's no denying the sinister impact of Birth of a Nation, not only are some of Griffith's films wonderful, they played an important role in the development of film narrative. Regards, Tom Savage

Tisa Bryant wrote: I refrained from listing any more directors than I did!

Thanks for starting this!

Moody friends. Drama queens. Your life? Nope! - their life, your story. Play Sims Stories at Yahoo! Games.

**1796. — Catherine Daly** *6 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Allen on Bergman*

Allen has a new book of comic shorts out; I haven't read it yet (my husband just checked it out of the library). While I won't argue that he is a brilliant story writer, I want to mention that the first footnote I saw in a work of fiction was in a Woody Allen story. Aren't all footnotes out of context essentially comic? Eileen Tabios — opinion?

Then he makes all his actors give out of context performances. Hmm.

Sleeper is a great movie. It completely revises the chase scene.

Shane is a great movie. Is it a great Western? Who cares. They just redid 3:10 to Yuma with Russell Crowe.

P.S. The album of the Italian folk whistlers who did all the whistling on the Leone soundtracks is just wonderful.

**1797. — Halvard Johnson** *6 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**

E.g., the fuzzy Robin Williams in Deconstructing Harry?

Hal

"If you're not nervous, you're not paying attention." —Miles Davis

Halvard Johnson

**1798. — Tom Savage** *6 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Re: RIP Ingmar Bergman (1918-2007)]*

Since you (Tisa?) mention Alain Resnais, did you know he just made a marvelous new film called Coeur (in French) but relabeled here as Private Fears in Public Places? It played at IFC in New York City for quite awhile. I don't know where it is available now but it is definitely worth tracking down.

Tisa Bryant wrote: I refrained from listing any more directors than I did!

Thanks for starting this!

Moody friends. Drama queens. Your life? Nope! - their life, your story. Play Sims Stories at Yahoo! Games.

Yahoo! oneSearch: Finally, mobile search that gives answers, not web links.

**1799. — Tisa Bryant** *6 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Allen on Bergman*

I'm waiting for La Notte from le net flix...

Watched Pasolini's Mamma Roma, Angelopoulos' The Weeping Meadow, and Fellini's Intervista. Going on an Angelopoulos bender, definitely. He's great!

*"On Aug 6, 2007, at 1:17 AM, Murat Nemet-Nejat wrote: Has anyone sat through an Antonioni movie recently?"*

**1800. — Tisa Bryant** *6 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Re: RIP Ingmar Bergman (1918-2007)]*

Thanks, Tom, and yes, I did see Private Fears in Public Places at IFC, and really loved it. I'm glad he's still working with theatrical staging in his films, and I was also intrigued by how smooth his narrative line is. I was ready to work harder, but was also just happy to feel charmed by it. A kind of pathetic magicalism. I loved the color, and the transparencies of emotion, season, as well as secret desire/pasts. Lots of fun. I wish I spoke better french, though. Something about the title of the film (in French) confused me.

I think my favorite films of his are Mon Oncle d'Amerique, Stavisky, and Providence. Well, Muriel, too. And Night and Fog. Okay. I love all I've seen of his films. I haven't seen Pas sur le Bouche yet, though. Gotta move it up in my queue. It's buried.

I'll also check out Griffith's other films; thanks for the suggestions.

Best,

Tisa
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~
To see your drama clearly is to be liberated from it.
~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

On Aug 6, 2007, at 1:13 PM, Thomas savage wrote:

To create form out of the nature of our tasks with the methods of our time—this is our task.

Luggage? GPS? Comic books? Check out fitting gifts for grads at Yahoo! Search.

— 476 / Virus Database: 269.10.25/926 - Release Date: 7/29/2007 11:14 PM

---------- Moody friends. Drama queens. Your life? Nope! - their life, your story. Play Sims Stories at Yahoo! Games.

**1801. — Rachel Loden** *11 Sep 2007* ↑ **Register**
*recently on wordstrumpet*

If you're so inclined: these and other posts . . .

> http://wordstrumpet.blogspot.com/
>
> * Ange Mlinko, _The Children's Museum_
>
> * _The Code of the Woosters_ (shower-reading and other oddities)
>
> * The Young and the Restless (obsessions of the tiny male)
>
> * A Walk with Nathaniel Hawthorne (my great grandmother's sister, Rebecca Harding Davis: her encounters with Hawthorne and others)
>
> * Like a Radio in the Dark (the mysterious Mr. Bowering)
>
> * Poets, Unbearable and Otherwise (your friends and mine)
>
> * Something More Substantial Than Fame (the view from Henry David Thoreau's attic)
>
> * Three Parodies of Ingmar Bergman
>
> * Comedy, Cruelty, and Control (and the connections between them)
>
> * Lady Sovereign (is a blog a sort of castle with its lord, its gentleman-soldiers, its mounted men-at-arms and its vassals?)
>
> * The Price of the Ticket (my quarrels with the blogosphere)
>
> * The Shock of the Necessary (Bill Knott and Linh Dinh)
>
> * Prisoners of Love: Poetry and the Stockholm Syndrome (a few thoughts on Bill Knott)
>
> * Your Mind Is On Vacation and Your Mouth Is Working Overtime
>
> * And Now For Something Completely Different (a poem)
>
> * Survival of the Fittest Groceries (what gets play, what doesn't)
>
> * The Baffling Mr. Abramson
>
> * Why Is American Poetry Culturally Deprived? (Kenneth Rexroth)
>
> * Either the Audience Wins or You Do: Harold Pinter, Audience Pleasure, and Other Musings
>
> * Borat and Bromige: Further Adventures (what do they have in common?)
>
> -- Rachel Loden
>
> http://wordstrumpet.blogspot.com/

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## Michelangelo Antonioni

1912–2007

*12 messages · 10 hands*

---

> *Italian modernist film director whose alienation trilogy beginning with* L'Avventura *and international hit* Blowup *reshaped art cinema through subdued, open-ended narratives, honored with the Palme d'Or and an honorary Academy Award. Died at his home in Rome, Italian.*

---

**1802. — Tom W. Lewis** *31 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

*Re: RIP Michaelangelo Antonioni (1912-2007)*

you guys forgot Antonioni, and now he's dead...

died on the same day as Bergman — so why did the news media hold off reporting it?

NYT * July 31, 2007 Michelangelo Antonioni, 94, Italian Director, Dies

> *"By RICK LYMAN Michelangelo Antonioni, the Italian director whose chilly canticles of alienation were cornerstones of international filmmaking in the 1960s, inspiring intense measures of admiration, denunciation and confusion, died on Monday at his home in Rome, Italian news media reported today. He was 94. He died on the same day as Ingmar Bergman, the Swedish filmmaker who died at his home in Sweden earlier Monday. "With Antonioni, not only has one of the greatest living directors been lost, but also a master of the modern screen," said the mayor of Rome, Walter Veltroni. His office said it was making plans for Mr. Antonioni's body to lie in state on Wednesday, Reuters reported.*
>
> *Tall, cerebral and resolutely serious, Mr. Antonioni harkens back to a time in the middle of the last century when cinema-going was an intellectual pursuit, when purposely opaque passages in famously difficult films spurred long nights of smoky argument at sidewalk cafes, and when fashionable directors like Mr. Antonioni, Alain Resnais and Jean-Luc Godard were chased down the Cannes waterfront by camera-wielding cineastes demanding to know what on earth they meant by their latest outrage. Mr. Antonioni is probably best known for "Blow-Up," a 1966 drama set in Swinging London about a fashion photographer who comes to believe that a photograph he took of two lovers in a public park also shows, hidden in the background, evidence of a murder.*
>
> *But his true, lasting contribution to cinema resides in an earlier trilogy - "L'Avventura" in 1959, "La Notte" in 1960 and "L'Eclisse" in 1962 - which explores the filmmaker's tormented central vision that people had become emotionally unglued from one another. ... http://www.nytimes.com/2007/07/31/movies/31cnd-antonio.html?_r=1&hp=&oref=slogin&pagewanted=print -----Original Message-----UB Poetics discussion group wrote: On Behalf Of George Bowering But wouldn't Luis Bunuel make it necessary to have a group of 6? gb On Jul 30, 2007, at 2:25 PM, Mark Weiss wrote: Myself, I'd keep Fellini for 8 1/2 and Satyricon, if I didn't need to make room for Visconti. Godard and Kurosawa are givens.*
>
> *And if limited to five (assuming we're talking about the post-Renoir generations) I'd add Almodovar and Wenders. Never had much interest in Bergman, tho his later films redeem the earlier ones for me. Mark At 04:15 PM 7/30/2007, you wrote: Yes, on reading the list of "five" Pasolini was who I thought about. And Fellini was who I questioned. . . in the long haul. From: Anny Ballardini Reply-To: UB Poetics discussion group don't really know if fellini was that high (or ray) mais a chacun son gout, I'd rather have pasolini there_ On 7/30/07, Aryanil Mukherjee wrote: thanks for the information. a stupendous loss for the world of cinema.*
>
> *Of the magic 5 - fellini-ray-godard-kurosawa-bergman, now only Godard remains. aryanil ----- Original Message-----From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:] On Behalf Of Halvard Johnson Hal "Art is not a mirror held up to reality, but a hammer with which to shape it." — Bertolt Brecht Mr. G. Bowering Okanagan born."*

**1803. — Halvard Johnson** *31 Jul 2007* **↑ Register**
*RIP Michelangelo Antonioni (1912-2007)*

Today's Special

G(e)nome http://www.xpressed.org/fall03/genome.pdf

**1804. — Tom Savage** *31 Jul 2007* **↑ Register**
*Re: RIP Ingmar Bergman (1918-2007)*

Why are we playing a numbers game instead of discussing Bergman? For the record (?), any list of great filmmakers without Renoir and Carne is woefully incomplete. Anyway, of the postwar generation, a new death has to be recorded today. Michelangelo Antonioni died early today or yesterday. The last film I saw of his, called Passenger or The Passenger, was wonderful. Regards, Tom Savage

George Bowering wrote: But wouldn't Luis Bunuel make it necessary to have a group of 6?

**1805.** **— David-Baptiste Chirot** *31 Jul 2007* **↑ Register**
*Michelangelo Antonioni, 94, Italian Director, Dies*

From::: NYTimes.com: Michelangelo Antonioni, 94, Italian Director, DiesDate: Tue, 31 Jul 2007 09:52:28 -0700

Michelangelo Antonioni, 94, Italian Director, Dies

> *By RICK LYMAN*
>
> *The director's chilly canticles of alienation were cornerstones of international filmmaking in the 1960s.*

**1806.** **— Ruth Lepson** *31 Jul 2007* **↑ Register**
*Re: RIP Michelangelo Antonioni (1912-2007)*

your synaesthesia is wonderful, convincing

**1807.** **— Anny Ballardini** *31 Jul 2007* **↑ Register**
*Re: RIP Ingmar Bergman (1918-2007)*

I was not clear and I apologize. I put Man Ray into doubt because he is an artist par excellence for me, and that could go even beyond cinematography. Why not Pasolini as well? Because for me his cinema is better than his writings and his paintings.

> *Diane Di Prima voted for Pasolini too.*
>
> *Pasolini could indeed displace anyone from the list, perhaps Godard. He was a good poet too which leaves me a soft spot. Same stands true for Tarkovsky. In fact, Bergman at some point in his career expressed deep admiration for him, saying something like cinema didn't exist without Tarkovsky. Kurosawa said the same about Ray. One could profess to include Antonioni too. There are other greats who had a much shortlived career.*
>
> *The body of work, its richness, topical range, the power to create brilliant human documents, the courage to experiment with the apparatus and the craft, the condition in which they made films - all these factors counted for my Magic 5.*
>
> *It requires a lot of guts to discount someone like Ray. If you've seen "The Chess Players" (Shatranj ki Khilari) or "The Lonely Wife" (Charulata) or "The Hero" (Nayak) you'd know. What makes him even greater is the aspect ratio (defined as the ratio of the final footage to the initial amount shot) of his films. He maintained an aspect ratio of 8 over his entire film career. This means for every 8 feet of film he shot, 1 foot made it into the final cut. That's the lowest aspect ratio one could think of when it comes to the acclaimed. Kurosawa had a ratio of 400, Hitchcock 265, let's not even try to think of Spielberg. Even the Nouvelle Vague directors who stood for cheap film-making couldn't even dream of making such small budget films. Ray was a gifted commercial artist and used that skill to prepare detailed drawings of every single frame, every single movement within the frame. He was a perfectionist who would sometimes rehearse his artists for about 20-25 times because they couldn't get some Bengali or English accent correct. He was an exceedingly talented musician and composed his own music. In many of his films he wrote the story, the screenplays, dialogs, did the casting himself, wrote and composed the music, designed sets/garments and finally directed the film. I don't know of any other film director who managed so much himself.*
>
> *Truffaut, back in 1956 at the Cannes film festival made a statement which he might have felt really sorry about for the rest of his life. He tried his very best to swallow his once spoken words. He left the theatre in the middle of the screening of Ray's "Song of the Little Road" saying, " I have no interest in the life of an Indian farmer".*
>
> *As for Fellini, I would emphatically argue if Satryicon was his best film. How could we forget La Dolce Vita, 8-and-a-half, La Strada, Ginger and Fred! I thought very few handled the modern classic narrative like him. Very few wrote a human document like Fellini or Ray or Kurosawa.*
>
> *We all have our own favorites but all of my magic 5 are "high", really "high". They can be displaced but not discounted.*
>
> *Anyway, here we are to remember Ingmar Bergman, an equally stunning artist.*
>
> *Aryanil -----Original Message-----From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:] On Behalf Of Anny Ballardini don't really know if fellini was that high (or ray) mais a chacun son gout, I'd rather have pasolini there_*
>
> *On 7/30/07, Aryanil Mukherjee wrote: thanks for the information. a stupendous loss for the world of cinema. Of the magic 5 - fellini-ray-godard-kurosawa-bergman, now only Godard remains. aryanil -----Original Message-----From: UB Poetics discussion group [mailto:] On Behalf Of Halvard Johnson*

> *Hal "Art is not a mirror held up to reality, but a hammer with which to shape it." —Bertolt Brecht*
>
> *Halvard Johnson*"

**1808. — Anny Ballardini** *31 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

On a second thought I do not like that "beyond." What I might use is "distinct from" cinematography. His versatility tended more towards the arts rather than cinema tout court. This is the way I see Man Ray, probably not as you do.

**1809. — George Bowering** *31 Jul 2007* ↑ **Register**

What about One Shot Bodine?

gb

> "*My "Indelible Imagemakers" list, in no order, hella long, and really, it could change tomorrow, and well it should; there are at least 20 filmmakers for my every mood.*
>
> *As for the top whatever, and voting, etc?*
>
> *Not interested.*
>
> *I'll leave that to some academy.*
>
> *These folks' works haunt, mark, stay with me, and I keep returning, seeking them out for more:*
>
> *Antonioni Bergman Jean-Pierre Melville Alain Resnais Renoir Fellini Almodovar Kubrick Godard Kurosawa Cassavetes Sembene Ousmane (died last month; was also a novelist) Bela Tarr Coppola Ozu Jacques Rivette Billy Wilder Charles Burnett (and not just for KILLER OF SHEEP) Satyajit Ray Flora Gomes (and all the overlooked "African New Wave" filmmakers of the late 80s -early 90s, along with the "Hong Kong New Wave") Otto Preminger Shohei Imamura Tsai Ming Liang Chris Marker (I dare!) Scorcese Luchino Visconti Stanley Kwan Claire Denis Oscar Micheaux George Cukor Chantal Akerman Nancy Savoca Fassbinder Spike Lee John Sayles Apichatpong Weerasethakul*
>
> *(let's see, 10 years from now, what's up) Tarkovsky Agnes Varda*
>
> *It's all so intertextual!*
>
> *That's what makes the ongoing conversation of cinema so interesting to me.*
>
> *And why the list, really, means nothing.*
>
> *But I couldn't help it!*
>
> *About to watch Pasolini's MAMA ROMA, and Theo Angelopoulos' THE WEEPING MEADOW; some buyer's on point at the Brooklyn Public Library. I also really liked Bertolucci's BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.*
>
> *Peace and light to the spirits of Igmar Bergman and Antonioni as they pass through this world to the next, and much thanks to them for leaving so much of themselves, and their vision, with us.*
>
> *Tisa ¨¨¨

**1810.** **— Jonathan Skinner** *31 Jul 2007* **↑ Register**
*Two birds flown*

I was going to lurk this one out. But then Antonioni had to fly off—on the same day as Bergman! Wow: speechless.

Love to hear that conversation. Whatever the topic at St. Peter's Gates, I'm sure there'd be plenty of long, pregnant silences . . . just looking at the clouds.

Picking only five directors from a century of cinema feels absurd. But I admit I was tempted to write in Antonioni. If I could only pick one Italian, I'd pick Antonioni. (A hard choice: Pasolini, Fellini, Visconti and others superb too.) Pasolini was one of the greatest neorealists (Mama Roma, Accatone) but got too literary for film as he went on. That said, he's probably in my top ten list of poets. Don't get me wrong: it's all great stuff. But if I had to choose between Pasolini's best films and Antonioni's . . .

I feel I owe my eyes to L'Avventura. It's probably the number one film, if I had to choose. (Sight and Sound puts L'Avventura second, behind Citizen Kane. Have to think about that one.) I remember first feeling the pleasure of the medium, the edges of the frame, the texture of celluoid, with L'Avventura. No one makes angst look so good (with the help of Vitti, Mastroianni, Scheider, Nicholson and others). And no director had a more architectural sense for film, than Antonioni.

This, and the religious experience, was confirmed with the restored release of The Passenger, last year. You have to see it on the big screen. In the otherwise excellent NY Times obit (for once, an obit written like an obit should be—I guess Lyman had a few years to work it), the final shot of that film is mischaracterized as "meandering": in fact, the camera describes an omega.

I'll go out on a limb and say that Zabriskie Point may be one of the best films made about California, probably just behind Chinatown.

Let's not forget the great Michel Serrault, also flown yesterday. "C'est la fin de la reflexion," says Isabelle.

JS

**1811.** **— Alan Sondheim** *1 Aug 2007* **↑ Register**

I agree about L'Avventura. But I don't understand these lists and ratings; they remind me of Sartre's hit parade. Films open different and complex worlds and picking directors cuts through that complexity, reduces it to a list which has nothing to do with them, their meanings to us, the way we live through them, the diegesis of our lives. I'm surprised that listing was a close to initial reaction. Antonioni had a great affect on my own video- and filmmaking, just as, in another world, Derrida or Lyotard had. But I think of sitting in theaters, walking out with amazing gifts I never expected, or reading texts that illuminated everything for me, that arced from horizon to horizon, that opened portals to thought and then quietly allowed the portals themselves to vanish - thinking of these, of them, of so many other deaths, our own among them, as if we are also in the very way of passing. - Alan

**1812.** **— Tom Savage** *1 Aug 2007* **↑ Register**
*Re: RIP Ingmar Bergman (1918-2007)*

Thank you for including the wonderful Thai director of Syndromes & A Century. (Is that the correct name of his recent movie? I think so. I saw it not long ago at the IFC movie house in NYC. ) It will be interesting indeed to see where his films go from here. Thanks, Tom Savage

George Bowering wrote: What about One Shot Bodine?

Luggage? GPS? Comic books? Check out fitting gifts for grads at Yahoo! Search.

Geo. Bowering, DLit A devotee of Veronica Lake

Be a better Heartthrob. Get better relationship answers from someone who knows. Yahoo! Answers - Check it out.

**1813.** **— c. s. giscombe** *1 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Re: directors (bergman, antonioni, etc.)*

I've generally found Bergman just a touch over-wrought though I endlessly admire "Persona" and the oddly insistent "Smiles of a Summer Night." (And, for that matter, "Shame.")

I saw Antonioni's "Blow-Up" when it first came out, when I was in high school—the Catholic Motion Picture Office/ Legion of Decency ratings were posted once a week in the school library and "Blow-Up" was "Condemned" which made it a must-see. The film of course gave me a great deal more than I expected—certainly it was one of the big events of my adolescence—and I'm glad this week that I was able to see Antonioni himself when he was a visiting artist, a "Professor at Large," at Cornell in the 1980s. The main public event of his visit was a screening of the three-hour, almost unbearably bleak, version of "The Passenger." He stepped up to the microphone, softly thanked the audience for coming, and simply had the projectionist start the movie.

And since Steve Russell mentioned "Pennies From Heaven," I'll note that it was written by Dennis Potter, who died a few years ago. Potter, who was British, had decided at some point that he would work exclusively in television and he used his decision to good effect. "Pennies From Heaven" was made originally as a mini-series for the BBC in 1978 and starred Bob Hoskins—I found it when it was re-broadcast on PBS in 1980 or so. It's still probably the best thing I've ever seen that was done for TV. Potter also wrote the very fine "Singing Detective," also a BBC mini-series—both it and "Pennies From Heaven" are findable these days and quite worth watching.

---

## Brooke Astor

1902–2007

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American philanthropist, socialite and writer who as Vincent Astor Foundation chairwoman funded New York cultural institutions;* Patchwork Child: Early Memories *(1962). Died pneumonia at age 105.*

**1814.** **— Tom W. Lewis** *13 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**
*Brooke Astor RIP (1902 - 2007)*

> *"Of course Gioia was also CUTTING funding to all kinds of other organizations at the time, which helped fuel my anger."*

this reminded me of the death notice in today's paper: speaking of funding, does that mean the Astor estate is going to start paying out the incredible sum she willed to the Poetry Foundation?

---

## Philomene Long

1940–2007

*2 messages · 1 hand*

*American poet of Venice Beach, Poet Laureate of Venice, author of Queen of Bohemia;* The Queen of Bohemia *(1997).*

**1815. — Catherine Daly** *24 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**

*Philomene Long died*

Philomene Long (married to poet John Thomas), author of Queen of Bohemia, Cold Eye Burning at 3 am, and many other books and chapbooks, and one of the seminal members of the Venice beat community just died.

That's all the info. I have right now, but I will be looking around for memorial service info., etc.

> **1816. — Catherine Daly** *29 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**
>
> *philomene long: LA memorial service*
>
> There is a service at the Zen Center of Los Angeles Today August 29th at 7:00 p.m. parking is available within the compound.

## Mary Rising Higgins

1944–2007

*5 messages · 5 hands*

*American experimental poet of Albuquerque whose visually scored pages invite alternative soundings;* )cliff TIDES(( *(2005).*

**1817. — charles alexander** *27 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**

*Mary Rising Higgins*

Mary Rising Higgins died last night, August 26, about 7pm.

I know she was in hospice care, but I don't know the details of her medical condition.

Her books in recent years: Cliff Tides (Singing Horse Press, 2005), Locus Tides (Potes & Poets Press, 2003), O'Clock (Potes & Poets Press, 2000), Red Table(s (La Alameda Press, 1999), presented an amazing body of work over a short period of time. I felt lucky to know her and hear her read her work.

charles alexander / chax press

fold the book inside the book keep it open always
read from the inside out speak then

Chax Press (studio)

chax.org 650 E. 9th St. Tucson, AZ 85705

> **1818. — Jill Jones** *28 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**
>
> That is sad news. I had a a copy of her book O'Clock, all the way over here, and admired her work greatly.

Thanks, Charles, for passing along the news.

*“chax.org 650 E. 9th St. Tucson, AZ 85705”*

_____ Jill Jones

Where the Sea Burns. Wagtail Series. Picaro Press

**1819. — Halvard Johnson** *27 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**

A great loss! Mary was one of the most adventurous and inventive poets/writers I know.

*“chax.org 650 E. 9th St. Tucson, AZ 85705”*

**1820. — Jonathan Skinner** *28 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**

This is sad, sad news. I'm surprised though not shocked as I know Mary had survived cancer earlier in life. Indeed, I believe that was the new lease that impelled her to such an amazing and radical production.

From the 1999 Red Table(s on she has published some of the most exquisite and uncompromising poetry of our times. Ran her "Scaffolds to K" in an issue of ecopoetics (no. 3). One of the most beautiful things we were lucky to be able to publish.

More than almost any other contemporary writer I know of (post-Ronald Johnson), Mary's work has explored the fractal patterns at work in all materials, across species and languages. A kind of no holds-barred cosmic fire irrigating her elegant compositions, informed and structured by specific (observed) knowledge of other lives, especially botanical and avian.

We'd lost touch in the past year, though I continued to look forward to meeting her in person. Another reminder how little one can take for granted, in this short life . . .

I still have Locus Tides, and O'Clock, waiting to be reviewed.

In the meantime, thanks for the adventures in writing, Mary. Happy travels . . .

JS

from "Black Top River Fires / a Corona"

Grace length, a fresh uncertain sea we branch in back flipped through calm and storm childhood expirations a fresh rooted ribbon grass love pulls into why, perhaps fractals compose the house or spawn July . . .

minutiae's dogged trek eastward through traffic weft where I can't help skipping after red shift dwarf and puny star target landscape dreamed by someone . . .

Hallucinogenic skin over cat voice dawn navigates place in spooled thread space spark . . .

colossal virus being electronic drift here we slip turn rushing tesselate flight wake tossed to whirl cued grackle frame reach out of drum lift foot bent bridge span stretch where none of it will finish in time . . .

plumb fallen launch spurred to snowtipped summer mooring grace length, a fresh uncertain sea we branch in.

(red table(s, La Alameda Press, 1999)

from "Scaffolds to K"

dust shadow mountains reshape loves me knot, loves me

sun speeds a farther north lane sky corner, loves me

catalpa petals, drop one by one, scuff patch grass

new mown, weeded, then monsoon sand lit gust flurries

rain cool clearing early June afternoons burst in

predicted chaos average repeating along

scaffolds at K, velar capped and frost peaked, to

flavor the grained silence cloud squared thermals re|place

> re|verse re|place all day's labyrinth to search the
> voice listening inflects, clew spin space and matter
> through impossible architecture terms come to
> (ecopoetics 03, 2003)

**1821. — Bruce Holsapple** *29 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**

John Tritica & I interviewed Mary last February, before her final illness, & we will be looking for a venue soon. Also, I recorded Mary several times for Vox Audio, & those CDs are available thru Vox. Back-channel for a titles.

Bruce

---

## Hilly Kristal

1931–2007

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American club owner, founder of CBGB, launchpad of the punk and new wave scene;* CBGB, founded 1973. *Died of complications from lung cancer.*

**1822. — David A. Kirschenbaum** *29 Aug 2007* ↑ **Register**

*R.I.P. Hilly Kristal*

Back in 2002, we had the good fortune to interview CBGB's founder Hilly Kristal for our Rock, Rock, Rock and Roll Hall of Fame Issue. I thought I'd share his words and those on or by the people who were a part of the scene he helped foster.

Best,
David

http://welcometoboogcity.com/boogpdfs/bc04.pdf

Issue 4, March 11-25, 2002

The Rock, Rock, Rock and Roll Hall of Fame Issue

-The induction of the Ramones and the Talking Heads by James Wilk -With interviews by music editor James Wilk of Hilly Kristal, owner of CBGB's; Seymour Stein, the man who signed both bands; and Linda Stein, co-manager of the Ramones. -A Centerfold poster of The Ramones playing CBGB's in 1977 -James Wilk reviews Joey Ramone's recently released solo album -Nancy Seewald reviews Richard Hell's book Hot and Cold -Greg Fuchs expounds on the relevance of critic laureate Lester Bangs -The editor on seeing The Ramones in Montreal

Poem by Emma Straub

Photos by Brian Ach and Danny Fields.

---

# Bill Griffiths

1948–2007

*12 messages · 8 hands*

*English poet of the British Poetry Revival, Old English scholar and North East dialect lexicographer, founder of Pirate Press and co-author of* A Dictionary of North East Dialect*;* The Mud Fort *(2004).*

**1823. — richard owens** *14 Sep 2007* ↑ **Register**

*BILL GRIFFITHS (1948-2007)*

British poet and scholar Bill Griffiths was found dead in his home today. Tom Raworth reported earlier that Griffiths was found dead in his home with the television, radio and a computer on.

Aside from running Aram and Pirate Press, Griffiths was an Anglo-Saxon scholar educated at King's College, London, where after receiving his PhD he cataloged the Eric Mottram archive. His first poems were published in the 1970s, in the Poetry Review then under the editorship of Eric Mottram. He was part of and heavily influenced by Bob Cobbing's Writers' Forum. In short, he did a lot, was part of a lot and helped to promote the work of others through his own various imprints.

For those unfamiliar with his work, Salt brought out Mudfort, a selected poems, a couple of years back. There is also the Salt Companion to Bill Griffiths, a collection of essays on and interviews with Griffiths. The companion is edited by William Rowe and both the companion and Mudfort are still available.

heavy loss / sad day. Bill was a generous man and its a shame to see him exit out so early.

thanks to Matt Chambers for bringing this terrible news to my attention.

RO

damn the caesars, the journal damn the caesars, the blog

Be a better Heartthrob. Get better relationship answers from someone who knows. Yahoo! Answers - Check it out.

**1824. — mIEKAL aND** *14 Sep 2007* ↑ **Register**

*Bill Griffiths*

via Tom Raworth's website:

"Bill Griffiths

A short and by inference shocking note from Tom Pickard at dawn: I’m assuming Bill Griffiths is dead. Bill was a genuine in a poetic and academic world of mostly arseholes.

he was in hospital last week but discharged himself and went to do his dialect gig at the tower on Saturday but felt so ill he went yem half way through. I think it was a heart attack as he was found with the radio and tv and computer on. He’ll be badly missed–such an asset to this region and a good comrade, like they say.

We exchanged notes only a week ago, about his Dialect talks at the Mordern Tower: his last words:

Well, the first year we had about 5 visitors (by mistake?), 2nd
year about 20 genuine callers, this year…whee knaas? Perhaps a riot

over how to pronounce the word butterlowey, with defenestrations and arrows arc-ing ower the ramparts.

Assuming I get there myself. Prostate seems to be growing unduly, my photo must be on every CCTV in every public convenience in the region. Am due an op “in the next six months” but they have a grand sense of humour up here.

Hope celebrity Cambridge suits ye still. A friend’s mother lives in Trumpington, which is a bend in the road and a few houses and an admirable church. She is now an old widow with a cat, how about that!

Have run out of rhymes, but save some up for Saturday,
seeya oneday
Bill

We won’t, Bill: and I fucking regret it."

Here's his Wikipedia page:

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bill_Griffiths

**1825. — William James Austin** *15 Sep 2007* ↑ **Register**

Shit!! Another "brilliant" gone to ground. We'll miss you, Bill. Best, Bill

**1826. — Ann Bogle** *16 Sep 2007* ↑ **Register**

This is sad. Sorry to those who know him. I've noticed a drop off in obituary announcements on Poetics — I think the obituaries are very important in alerting us to the contributions and accomplishments of people who have worked in the arts & poetry. I have hoped the drop off is due to fewer recent deaths — we have been blessed in recent years in the long lives of our poets!

**1827. — Bobbi Lurie** *16 Sep 2007* ↑ **Register**

Dear Ann, thank you for this post. i really appreciate it. what you say is important. thank you, bobbi

**1828. — Rob McLennan** *16 Sep 2007* ↑ **Register**

i agree completely; check out this recent post, too, for late Canadian poet Margaret Avison:

http://robmclennan.blogspot.com/2007/08/margaret-avison-1918-2007-in-review.html

if we won't talk about each other's accomplishments, who will?

**1829. — Pierre Joris** *16 Sep 2007* ↑ **Register**

Bill was an old & dear compañero – I posted a little note for him & a poem of his yesterday on Nomadics blog: http://pjoris.blogspot.com

Another old friend of his and mine, Bill Sherman, has posted a lovely homage to Bill Griffiths you shouldn't miss on his blog: http://omoopart3.blogspot.com

Pierre

> *“Dear Ann, thank you for this post. i really appreciate it. what you say is important. thank you, bobbi -----Original Message-----This is sad. Sorry to those who know him. I've noticed a drop off in obituary announcements on Poetics — I think the obituaries are very important in alerting us to the contributions and accomplishments of people who have worked in the arts & poetry. I have hoped the drop off is due to fewer recent deaths — we have been blessed in recent years in the long lives of our poets! AMB ********** See what's new at http:// www.aol.com — poet/editor/publisher ...STANZAS mag, above/ground press & Chaudiere Books (www.chaudierebooks.com) ...coord.,SPAN-O + ottawa small press fair ...13th poetry coll'n - The Ottawa City Project .... 2007-8 writer in residence, U of Alberta * http:// robmclennan.blogspot.com/”*

The poet: always in partibus infidelium — Paul Celan

**1830.** **— Bobbi Lurie** *17 Sep 2007* ↑ **Register**

Dear Pierre, thank you so much for this link to your blog. i read it and i'll go back there to read some more. i'm gonna read the other blog that you listed too. thank you again, bobbi

**1831.** **— Barry Schwabsky** *19 Sep 2007* ↑ **Register**

*Fwd: Bill Griffiths appreciation*

Received from Ken Edwards of Reality Street:

A nice appreciation of Bill appeared in the Newcastle local paper The Journal – you can read it here

http://icnewcastle.icnetwork.co.uk/journallive/culture/tm_method=full%26objectid=19805663%26siteid=50081-name_page.html

Thanks to Peter Hodgkiss for drawing my attention to it.

Ken Edwards Reality Street Editions 63 All Saints Street Hastings, East Sussex TN34 3BN www.realitystreet.co.uk

**1832.** **— Pierre Joris** *22 Sep 2007* ↑ **Register**

*New Posts on Nomadics Blog*

check out these recent posts on Nomadics blog: http:// pjoris.blogspot.com

Maurice Blanchot at 100
Equipage is re-launching
Death of a poet and scholar: Bill Griffiths
Recent signandsight features
Bill Griffiths (1948-2007)
Mary Beach & Claude Pélieu are Back!
Further News re Pessoa

be well – I will spend a few hours today reading in Blanchot's "The Infinite Conversation."

Pierre

The poet: always in partibus infidelium -- Paul Celan

**1833.** **— Pierre Joris** *23 Sep 2007* ↑ **Register**

*Bill Griffiths obituary in The Guardian*

Ken Edwards just sent this email:

Will Rowe's obituary of Bill Griffiths appeared in yesterday's (Sat 22 Sept) Guardian.

You can read the online version at

http://www.guardian.co.uk/obituaries/story/0,,2174637,00.html

I have written one for The Times, and will let you know if and when it appears.

Ken Edwards
Reality Street Editions
63 All Saints Street
Hastings, East Sussex TN34 3BN

www.realitystreet.co.uk

Visit the Reality Street stand at the Small Publishers Fair, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1 from 11am-5pm on Saturday 13 October

**1834.** **— richard owens** *4 Oct 2007* ↑ **Register**

*Damn the Caesars: vol iii, blog updates, paypal*

Damn the Caesars Vol. III is out and available through the website, which can be accessed by clicking on the link below.

> Contributors include: Thomas Meyer, Steve McCaffery, Karen Mac Cormack, Dale Smith, Bill Griffiths (1948-2007), Stan Mir, Peter Finch, Thom Donovan, Sotere Torregian, Michael Kelleher, Richard Deming, Rachel Levitsky, Jonathan Greene, and Billy Childish.
>
> Vol III features:
>
> Contemporary Korean Poetry translated by Brother Anthony of Taize, Lee Sang-Wha, Lee Hyung-Jin, and Yoo Hui-Suk. Poets include Ko Un, Kim Seung-Hui, Ynhui Park, Lee Si-Young, and Chonggi Mah.
>
> Previously untranslated work by Andrzej Bursa introduced by Kevin Christianson, and translated by Christianson and Halina Ablamowicz.
>
> This volume can be purchased through the website via Paypal.
>
> Lastly, we've updated Damn the Caesars the Blog! Recent entries include:
>
> Carla Harryman: Open Box Pilot/ P-Queue/ DTC Launch Bill Griffiths (1948-2007) The Haunting: Vigilance 1917 Christian Brett & Bracket Press Brian Mornar's Repatterning
>
> damn the caesars, the journal
>
> damn the caesars, the blog
>
> Building a website is a piece of cake. Yahoo! Small Business gives you all the tools to get online.

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## Herschel Baron

1913–2007

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American poet and labor activist in the Philadelphia poetry scene, blacklisted in the McCarthy era. Dead of meningitis years ago.*

**1835. — Craig Allen Conrad** *6 Oct 2007* ↑ **Register**

*Herschel Baron: Philadelphia Poet and Activist has passed away*

I've posted this same annoucement with a photo of Herschel on The PhillySound today: http://PhillySound.blogspot.com

The news has just reached me that Herschel Baron died on October 1st of lung cancer. The last time I saw him was on a bus going down Chestnut Street. He had tubes in his nose, and he was very unstable on his feet. I was on my way to see Frank Sherlock at Jefferson and it was a day or two after we had learned his diagnosis was meningitis. Herschel couldn't see very well, but he recognized my voice. When I told him about Frank he told me a story about someone he knew who had died of meningitis years ago. My mind wasn't exactly focused on what Herschel was saying so that's about all I remember, except that as he stood to get off at his stop he told me to take care of myself and that he hoped my friend would be okay.

That was nice, those parting words, now that I'm thinking about them. We didn't always have nice words between us over the years. In 1984 when I first met him he was very involved with New Formalist poet friends of his who were being published in QRL (Quarterly Review of Literature). Herschel had a way of talking to me like he needed to teach me something, saying things like, "If you're not in QRL you're not worth being

read," charming things like that. Looking back I feel fortunate to have been raised by a hotheaded mother and if I didn't like what I read then that was that.

There was one amazing incident I witnessed in the 1980s where I discovered who he was and what he had been through in this world while at a reading for the victims of MOVE. Herschel was one of the readers, and he made a big deal about the taping of the reading, demanding to not be taped. Some people were annoyed that he was making such a fuss. I asked Gil Ott why Herschel was doing this. Gil told me how Herschel had lost his job back in the 50s at RCA in Camden because he and other labor organizers were called into Senator McCarthy's hearings and were accused of being communists. Herschel's life was very difficult for some time after that, out of work, painted red, tossed aside. It's something he never got over, so it seems when I think about how he reacted to that taping of the MOVE event in the 80s, yelling, "THEY JUST BURNED DOWN A WHOLE BLOCK OF THE CITY AND YOU TRUST THESE PEOPLE TO NOT COME AFTER YOU!? YOU PEOPLE ARE NAIVE ABOUT HOW THIS WORLD WORKS!" He had been very brave as a young man, stuck his neck out to help make the world better for all his fellow workers. It was sad to see how haunted he remained by the witch hunt he and his friends had endured. And although Herschel and I never saw eye-to-eye on poetry, ever, I had a lot of respect for the suffering he had gone through to help change the world.

Over the last few years I would see Herschel on Chestnut Street waiting for a bus and we would talk, and it was always good, though he was worried about his health, and before that worried about his wife's health. Once in a while he would ask me if I still saw this poet, or that poet. He brought up Scott Norman at one point. In particular the famous reading at Jimmy Tyoon's old place The Middle East (I don't know what it's called now), where Scott pulled a knife on Daniel Kiener in the middle of Daniel's poem about Israel needing to defend the homeland. Herschel, and Etheridge Knight, and Lamont Steptoe, Bob Small, and a whole lot of others were there, in fact I'm pretty sure it was Jerome Rothenberg who tackled Scott, but maybe I'm wrong about that. But Daniel was reading in his normal fashion, screaming, throwing his fists up and down, his long, long white beard flying all over the place. Scott jumped over a chair and lunged at him with a knife. It was just a small knife, but still, it was a knife. While Scott was being restrained, screaming about freeing the Palestinians with his face pushed into the floor, Herschel took his pipe out of his mouth and started yelling, "WHY ARE POETS SO GOD DAMNED CRAZY ALL THE TIME!? CAN'T WE EVER GET ALONG!? IT'S CRAZY HOW WE ACT! CRAZY! CRAZY! CRAZY!" There was a lot of that kind of drama back then, every week it seemed there was some new drama.

Even though Herschel was always trying to get me to understand the genius of David Slavitt and other New Formalists, he had a healthy respect for Allen Ginsberg. When Ginsberg read at the Painted Bride Arts Center one of the people who clapped the loudest was Herschel. Ginsberg did a brilliant reading of Sunflower Sutra, and it was so good that I have always hoped it was taped. Anyway, I remember Herschel telling Ginsberg how we need more brave poets like him, something like that, and Ginsberg gave him the Buddhist prayer hands and nod and smile.

Herschel was a cranky, fierce old guy, even back in 1984 when I was just 18 he was old and fierce. While he was intolerant of poetry he didn't like, I admire that he always let you know what he liked and didn't like. You never had to second guess Herschel. He had no time for games because he took his poetry seriously. And if you took it seriously as well, even if you didn't agree with him, he enjoyed the opportunity to tell you how wrong you were. In his own way I think that he valued those who valued poetry, no matter what kind of poetry. I'll think of him on Chestnut Street.

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## Laura Ulewicz

1930–2007

*2 messages · 1 hand*

*American Beat-era San Francisco poet who ran the I-Thou Coffee House and influenced Jack Gilbert;* The Inheritance *(1967). Died after a short illness.*

**1836. — Stephen Vincent** *14 Oct 2007* ↑ **Register**

*Laura Ulewicz 1930 - 2007*

Laura Ulewicz Detroit,Michigan, May 1930 - Locke, California, October 2007

Within One Temperate Zone (2)

It wasn't on the map. heat stalled the car At the valley or base of the 10th hill. Lost. A post office side the town of San Sinduda. Not On the map. I asked Carl, "Who do you suppose has ever climbed that hill?" In a thousand Years maybe one Indian. A ranch-hand After cattle. A bull after a cow. Two boys in black jeans leaned against a log fence Playing a pocket radio and cursing Loud to beat the vastness down. A matter Of will and hot jazz. I said, "It's pretty Tame here" - being, of course, wrong. I might Have meant "too wild with people". And so we climbed, Until the car should cool, more to escape Noise than to discover. That seconded The wrong. Yet, pausing for breath on the ascent, Carl told me how on his mother's grave in Concord, While drunk, he first made love to another man. In Concord - where the hills are monumented With Hawthorne, Melville, Walden Pond, and our first Revolution for severance - the fought one. Now we looked eastward across a namelessness Of hills. For beyond this one was another equal In size, and beyond it another, until Our minds, wanting to fix, were trapped in freedom. Often I dream I open a hundred doors And behind each door there is only another door. Laura Ulewicz from The Inheritance, Turret Books, London, 1967

For more on Laura, http://stephenvincent.net/blog/

Stephen Vincent

**1837. — Stephen Vincent** *19 Oct 2007* ↑ **Register**

*New de blog / Days of the Dead, etc.*

http://stephenvincent.net/blog/

Some new pieces. As always, appreciate your feedback. Amazing, by the way, with a link from Ron Silliman's blog, and attention here, the note on the late Laura Ulewicz drew over

> 400 visitors! More readers than she had in a long, long time. Yes,working on altering obscurity into printed light.
>
> Days of the Dead - Valencia Street (San Francisco)
>
> October and the dead come close, real close. The couple - in their Sunday best - used to live at the top of the hill on Liberty near Sanchez Street. Back down here on Valencia, they are happy to glad hand and give a smile to everyone...
>
> Haptics in Bilbao:
>
> ...A Haptic: a pulse, a register, a music, the soft-architecture turned to marks (blue, black). The script in advance of script. To pray with ones hands and fingers. To not, never - well, now and then - stop.
>
> Days of the Dead - Red Ghosts at Work Red Ghosts? Maybe it's the change of season, the cast of shadows, a dark that comes earlier and earlier, but suddenly the neighborhood is sporadically full of red troops crossing the sidewalk!
>
> A good weekend to you, and do what we can to stop giving consent to those who presume to represent us and continue to condone and perpetuate torture. Bad for the economy, and way bad for the soul.Stephen Vincent http://stephenvincent.net/blog/

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## Vernon Bellecourt

1931–2007

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*American Ojibwe activist and American Indian Movement leader who fought the use of Native names as sports mascots. Died of pneumonia.*

**1838. — David-Baptiste Chirot** *15 Oct 2007* ↑ **Register**

*AIM Leader Vernon Bellecourt Dies at 75*

Vernon Bellecourt—an inspiration & example whose spirit will live always in the struggles of indigenous peoples world wide.

(on a recent democracynow, the President of Bolivia, the first indigenous person elected to head a Sate, noted that the international act of recognition of the Rights of Indigenous Peoples helped make his election a reality. He also noted that four countries voted against these recognitions of rights—the USA, Canada, Australia and New Zealand. When the 14th Amendment was passed into Law in the USA, it excluded American Indians from the recognition of Equal Rights. This has influenced American Foreign policy worldwide, always supporting settlers, colonists, repressive regimes against indigenous peoples.

**1839. — Gerald Schwartz** *17 Oct 2007* ↑ **Register**

*WaBun Inini*

> "We don't like your
> chicken feathers, your
> paint, your cheap
> Hollywood chants."
>
> —WaBun Inini, Man of Dawn, Vernon Bellecourt, dead at 75, as Cleveland comes 1 game closer to being in the World Series...

Gerald S.

---

# Norman Mailer

1923–2007

*17 messages · 11 hands*

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*American novelist, essayist and filmmaker who pioneered New Journalism with combative social and cultural commentary, co-founder of the Village Voice and two-time Pulitzer winner for* The Armies of the Night *and* The Executioner's Song*;* The Naked and the Dead *(1948). Died acute renal failure, a month after lung surgery.*

---

**1840. — Maria Damon** *10 Nov 2007* ↑ **Register**

*[Fwd: Fw: News Alert: Norman Mailer Is Dead at Age 84]*

name="Fw: News Alert: Norman Mailer Is Dead at Age 84.eml"

filename="Fw: News Alert: Norman Mailer Is Dead at Age 84.eml"

Sensitivity: Normal Importance: Normal

**1841. — Ann Bogle** *10 Nov 2007* ↑ **Register**

*Norman Mailer*

Could someone who knows something about it, please tap a few lines about Norman Mailer's work & legacy? I want to hear it from a poetics stance; where does he fit in a Stein or Hemingway continuum? His death follows upon Grace Paley's like a grieved husband's. They were both 84. I've read from Armies of the Night & think its prose was amongst the best in that anthology of postmodernism. Of course, schools didn't let us read Mailer. Probably certain professors drank over it. When I was recently in NY, a panhandler followed us past the farmer's market at St. Mark's and pressed upon us the information that Norman Mailer had stabbed at his wife and gone to Bellevue. When? we asked him. The panhandler got some of our coins because his eyes were so serious — he looked like an aged boxer. I had fumed like an air-boxer where I live, and instead of writing, hoped the smoke up my intellectual property chimney, almost Melvillian, would go to Mailer, not to Roth or Updike. AMB

**1842. — steve russell** *10 Nov 2007* ↑ **Register**

Mailer's book on the Frazier/Ali fight was excellent. He stabbed his wife ( # 3 or 4 ) during the sixties, before the '68 Democratic convention in Chicago. I saw him 5 years ago at the National Press Club. I asked him a question about Gary Gilmore & Jack Henry Abbott that made him squirm. In case you don't remember, Jack Henry Abbot is the author of the prison memoir "In The Belly of The Beast." Abbott stabbed and killed a waiter in New York.

I read "Armies of the Night" in college. I read a bunch of Mailer in college. My enthusiasm for him has waned since then, but the guy had his moments. Anyone interested in NASA should check out "Of Fire On The Moon."

**1843. — steve russell** *10 Nov 2007* ↑ **Register**

My memory isn't so good. From David Chirot's NY Times link:

In November 1960, Mr. Mailer stabbed his second wife, Adele Morales, with a penknife, seriously wounding her. The incident happened at the end of an all-night party announcing Mr. Mailer’s intention to run in the 1961 mayoral campaign, and he, like many of his guests, had been drinking heavily. Mr. Mailer was arrested, but his wife declined to press charges, and he was eventually released after being sent to Bellevue Hospital for observation. The marriage broke up two years later. All told, Mr. Mailer was married six times, counting a

quickie with Carol Stevens, whom he married and divorced within a couple of days in 1980 to grant legitimacy to their daughter, Maggie. His other wives, in addition to Ms. Silverman and Ms. Morales, were Lady Jeanne Campbell, granddaughter of Lord Beaverbrook; Beverly Rentz Bentley; and Norris Church, with whom he was living at his death. Lady Campbell died in June.In the 1970s Mr. Mailer entered into a long feud with feminists and proponents of women's liberation, and in a famous 1971 debate with Germaine Greer at Town Hall in Manhattan he declared himself an "enemy of birth control." He meant it. By his various wives, Mr. Mailer had nine children, all of whom survive him: Susan, by Ms. Silverman; Danielle and Elizabeth Anne, by Ms. Morales; Kate, by Lady Campbell; Michael Burks and Stephen McLeod, by Ms. Bentley; Maggie Alexandra, by Ms. Stevens; and John Buffalo, by Ms. Church. Also surviving are an adopted son, Matthew, by an earlier marriage of Ms. Norris's, and 10 grandchildren. « Previous Page 1 2 3 4 Next

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**1844.** **— steve dalachinsky** *11 Nov 2007* ↑ **Register**

ch 11 news said mailer wom a pulitzer for executioner's song and the naked and the dead his book about the march on washington and the pentagon in 1968 so much for reportage

**1845.** **— Tom Savage** *12 Nov 2007* ↑ **Register**

Was Norman Mailer really such a great writer? Toward the end of his life he wrote a book of poems which was terrible. The only book of his I ever read all the way through was "Advertisements For Myself" which I liked at the time. When I looked at it a few years ago, it seemed dated. Anyway, one of his novels, I forget which one, has a passage in which the narrator gets a rush out of stabbing his wife to death. A couple of years ago I decided not to review an anthology in which the excerpt describing the stabbing and the rush appeared. It seemed immoral in the worst sense, especially since Mailer once did stab his real wife at the time who, masochist that she was, declined to press charges even though she was seriously injured. It may be that Mailer's other books or some of them justified the public's tolerance of his worst side as a person. I just don't know. Regards, Tom Savage

**1846.** **— Halvard Johnson** *12 Nov 2007* ↑ **Register**

Norman's maler

"There are then quite a number of things
one does or does not know."
--Gertrude Stein

On Nov 12, 2007, at 9:39 AM, Thomas savage wrote:

**1847.** **— Andrew Jones** *12 Nov 2007* ↑ **Register**

since when were writers the voice of morality?

**1848.** **— Vernon Frazer** *12 Nov 2007* ↑ **Register**

Thank you. Mailer was probing the extremes of experience, willfully exploring the taboo throughout his career. To get to the kind of knowledge he was seeking, one has to transgress morality. In fact, he laid the groundwork for most of it in "Advertisements for Myself." I judge a writer's writing, not his conduct. If I did otherwise, I'd eliminate Dostoevsky, Pound, Celine, Burroughs, and many others, and it would be my loss.

**1849.** **— Skip Fox** *12 Nov 2007* ↑ **Register**

Just so, Vernon.

I loved the book _Charles Olson and Ezra Pound: An Encounter at St Elizabeth's_ taken from the notebook pages Olson would write after visiting Pound a few days a week. Some nights Olson would write about loving to hear Pound describe, say, the exact shade of light coming from a lake on one of his walking tours of the 1920s, praising the clarity of his memory and intelligence. Other nights he'd be fuming remembering Pound's economic dogma and anti-Semitism earlier that day.

Both great and flawed like his poetry. Parallel to what Duncan wrote: "their unfaltering wrongness that has style"

**1850. — steve russell** *12 Nov 2007* ↑ **Register**

Mailer could be an asshole, but possibly his worst moment came when he was acting out of concern. He helped get Jack Henry Abbott out of prison. I think Mailer saw Abbott as his Genet. Mailer was always coming up with pseudo existential sound bites. I think Mailer wanted to be the literary equivalent of Sartre. He was fond of the word evil. When he came to the National Press Club, I asked him if he considered Gary Gilmore or Abbott to be evil men.

He said he couldn't judge. That he wasn't God. For Mailer to say he wasn't God was to display a degree of humility unusual for him.

**1851. — David-Baptiste Chirot** *12 Nov 2007* ↑ **Register**

Unlike Dostoyevsky, Pound, Celine, Burroughs—Mailer never really did any "hard time" (prison, exile, institutions) in any way for anything in life. As the article noted, he was a pampered child, and was pampered throughout his career. I've read most of his work, with the exception of the late novels, seen the films, and met him etc. I don't believe in saying anything bad of the recently deceased, if I can help it. His work and life —excepting combat in WW2--was almost always being done in a safe distance following after others had done the dangerous parts and paid the price. By dangerous I include also taking risks in writing, ideas, politics, art. The stabbed wife being written about here recently was in fact the woman who had been Jack Kerouac's lover and is the model for Mardou Fox in Kerouac's book The Subterraneans. She was variously described by others as "mulatto" or "light skinned,"—something bitterly ironic that she be stabbed by the author of "The White Negro".

**1852. — Andrew Jones** *13 Nov 2007* ↑ **Register**

we drink them in eat of their vegetables

On Nov 13, 2007 12:13 AM, David-Baptiste Chirot wrote:

**1853. — Vernon Frazer** *13 Nov 2007* ↑ **Register**

Mailer's street smarts obviously didn't match his intellectual probing and Jack Abbott provided embarrassing proof. I saw a photo of Abbott in one of the men's magazines that interviewed him and saw the eyes of a cold-blooded killer. But at one time I was a welfare worker and the two of the clients who threatened my life were arrested for The third guy got arrested for aggravated assault. I learned what to look for. Mailer's failure to spot this quality in Abbott was naïve, idiotic, and ultimately deadly. So much for his personal success at becoming a "white negro." I have stronger words from the street that would describe my opinion about the Abbott disaster more accurately, but I want to get this posted.

**1854. — Barry Schwabsky** *13 Nov 2007* ↑ **Register**

If it was so obvious, how come the parole board couldn't tell? It's not as if Mailer was empowered to put Jack Abbott on the street all by himself. Yours is the reasoning of cops who plant fake evidence on people tghey just "know" are guilty and "you'd have to be an idiot not to see it."

**1855. — David-Baptiste Chirot** *13 Nov 2007* ↑ **Register**

Turning the channel to see what movie on during Keith Oberman when got in last night and found Sean Hannity introducing a clip of himself and his old "good friend" "Norman" having a discussion on the stupidity of the American electorate according to N.M. Mailer's thesis was that when language ceased to grow, democracy began to fail. It wasn't clear how language grows, nor quite how it was being diminished, other than this was taken for granted. "Dumbing down" being the term both agreed upon. Mailer did concede to Sean that some Republicans are not stupid at all. He named Rove and Rumsfield as examples. It was one of those conversations in which an idea with some potential is introduced by one person—in this case a writer, who it is assumed would be very concerned about language ceasing to grow—

and the effects of this—and then the idea itself is allowed to cease to develop, because the writer seems to take it for granted that all he has to do is say something for it to be so. Not unlike the Rovian thesis that an Imperial Power creates its own reality.

Mailer had a propensity for the over simplification of ideas, followed by their massive inflation, much like taking a few stills from a film and enlarging them to billboard size and claiming that they stood for some Great Existential Truth. (About America, most of the time.)

Written about a quarter century apart, there's a weird trajectory of his Marilyn and Oswald books which brings them both into extreme closeup sharp focus with the figure of John F Kennedy, and, for Marilyn, with Bobby also. Instead of the Kennedys being the "wobbling pivot" at the center of proliferating conspiracy effects spiraling out into galaxies, they become the lynch pins which steady and explain everything. Like Vincent Bugliosi, Pozner, and a number of other recent authors of equally massive door-stopping tomes dealing with the "lone assassin," Mailer finds no conspiracy whatsoever, only a tiny, tawdry, incompetent and quasi-impotent man jealous of a virile President.

With Mailer i used to wonder if he wasn't always playing to a very select and fixed audience, into which he could bring ideas from "outside" as though they were really almost his own, or, made "better" (in class terms as well) and actually his own by being expressed through him and his "analyses," and so he could be hailed as not only the Great American Novelist but also a Great Thinker, Hipster, Journalist, Politician, etc.

A Renaissance Man in fact. He was always playing the Bad Boy for the Hamptons crowd and the New York Review of Books.

If one follows many of his "moves," they tend to be well after others had cleared the way.

The Beats made the Hipster possible, Sartre and Genet (Cocteau being left out of the equation) made the Author/Philosopher and the writer/criminal/martyr/saint possible, Capote, Wolfe and Hunter Thompson made the Novelist/Journalist possible, Hemingway made the brawling Great Writer possible and etc etc etc.

Susan Sontag made some films, so, voila, Norman did also. Whatever he did, he had a guaranteed audience and press for, always treating him like their enfant terrible, always treating his "existential" and "psychological" "insights" as signs of genius and his every word a sign post towards the Great American Novel he was going to produce some day.

A strange aspect of the Abbott case, is that Mailer seemed to think, like certain schools of thought in the prison system, that a person like Abbott can really be "changed," "saved," by the good will of others. I imagine Abbott saw a golden opportunity in Mailer, the perfect mark. All he had to do was play along for a while with Mailer's vision of Abbott, then the actual Abbott could go on about the business of being Abbott rather than someone else's projection on to him. In a sense it is a revolt of a person—let alone a person supposed to be a writer themselves— against becoming a character in someone else's drama,someone else's narrative and its need for this particular type of role to be played to fulfill that writer's vision of his own destiny. Just because one practices what one considers a form of immense largesse does not mean that a bite will not come back on to the hand that presumes to feed it.

**1856. — steve russell** *15 Nov 2007* ↑ **Register**
*criminality/Mailer/another retro...*

Mailer wrote very well when he focused on criminality. "The American Dream" was a ruthless, fine crime novel. "Tough Guy's Don't Dance" was very good if you could ignore the final 100 pages. "The Executioner's Song" was excellent. There, Mailer allowed the Gilmore story to play itself out with NO DOPEY COMMENTARY. Perhaps if he hadn't had 6 wives, readers such as myself would have been spared the Marylin travesty, or worse, his interview with Madonna. Lawyers, alimony, expensive stuff. For the most part, I enjoyed the guys writing. His poetry, the little he wrote, was pathetic. Most of his journalism is repetitive, bombastic, and, gosh, just not that good. But he had his moments. He made large claims. He occasionally lived up to them.

# Karlheinz Stockhausen

1928–2007

*5 messages · 5 hands*

*German composer called the father of electronic music, pioneer of spatialized sound and controlled chance;* Gesang der Junglinge *(1956). Died sudden heart failure at his home in Kürten.*

**1857. — St. Thomasino** *7 Dec 2007* ↑ **Register**

*German composer Stockhausen is Dead*

German composer Stockhausen is dead

12/7/2007, 1:54 p.m. EST

> *"The Associated Press BERLIN (AP) — Karlheinz Stockhausen, whose electronic works made him one of Germany's most important postwar composers, has died, German state broadcaster ZDF reported Friday. He was 79. Stockhausen, who gained fame with avant-garde compositions in the 1960s and '70s and later moved to huge music theater and other projects, died Wednesday, ZDF said, citing the Stockhausen Music Foundation. It gave no cause of death. Stockhausen's electronic compositions are a radical departure from musical tradition and incorporate influences as varied as psychology, the visual arts and the acoustics of a particular concert hall. Stockhausen was born in the village of Moedrath near Cologne in western Germany on Aug. 22, 1928. His father was killed in World War II and his mother also died, leaving him orphaned as a teenager. After completing his studies in musicology, philosophy and German literature at the University of Cologne, he went on to study under composer Olivier Messiaen in Paris from 1952 to 1953, where he also met his French contemporary Pierre Boulez. Stockhausen wrote more than 280 works, including more than 140 pieces of electronic or electro-acoustic music and brought out more than 100 different albums. He was known for conducting nearly all of the premiere performances of his works. The composer is survived by six children from two marriages. Services were not immediately announced. He provoked controversy in 2001 after describing the Sept. 11 attacks as "the greatest work of art one can imagine" during a news conference in the northern German city of Hamburger, where several of the hijackers had lived. The composer later apologized for his remarks, but the city still canceled performances of his works. posted by gregory vincent st. thomasino http://eratio.blogspot.com/ e·="*

**1858. — Ben Basan** *7 Dec 2007* ↑ **Register**

*Stockhausen dies aged 79*

Sad News:

http://music.guardian.co.uk/obituaries/story/0,,2224081,00.html

**1859. — Halvard Johnson** *9 Dec 2007* ↑ **Register**

*Re: German composer Stockhausen is Dead*

And the American (US) composer Elliott Carter is still alive and Tuesday (day after tomorrow) is his 99th birthday.

Hal

"Look at any word long enough and you will see it open up into a series of faults into a terrain of

particles each containing its own void."
--Robert Smithson

**1860. — Tom Savage** *10 Dec 2007* ↑ **Register**

I cried when I saw the Stockhausen obituary in the Times. Two or three days later, I was thrilled by Carter's opera What's Next?" at the Miller Theater, written ten years ago when he was 90 or nearly so. What's next, indeed? He's still composing great works as he nears his own centenary. Regards, Tom Savage

Halvard Johnson wrote: And the American (US) composer Elliott Carter is still alive and Tuesday (day after tomorrow) is his 99th birthday.

**1861. — Andrew Jones** *11 Dec 2007* ↑ **Register**

"He was the rock star of my youth," said Esa-Pekka Salonen, music director of the Los Angeles Philharmonic.

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# Frank Morgan

1933–2007

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American jazz alto saxophonist, a Charlie Parker heir who rebuilt his career after prison;* Easy Living *(1985). Dead of kidney failure in Minneapolis.*

**1862. — Paul Nelson** *18 Dec 2007* ↑ **Register**

*Frank Morgan Dead*

http://jazztimes.com/columns_and_features/news/detail.cfm?article=11311

Alto saxophonist Frank Morgan died of kidney failure in Minneapolis on Dec. 14th. Morgan, who was 73, had recently returned from a European tour. He had suffered a stroke in 1996 and had recently been diagnosed with terminal colon cancer. Earlier in his life, Morgan was addicted to heroin and spent considerable time in prison—he was away from the music business for 30 years. The son of Stanley Morgan, a guitarist in the Ink Spots singing group, Frank Morgan was born in Minneapolis but moved to Minneapolis during his childhood. There he first studied guitar but the sound of Charlie Parker convinced him to switch to saxophone at the age of 7. In 1947, Morgan's family moved to Los Angeles, where he began playing in bop bands in the 1950s. Morgan recorded during those early years with Freddy Martin, Teddy Charles and Kenny Clarke, and cut his first album as a leader for GNP Crescendo in 1955. It would also be his last album until 1985, when he began cutting a series of albums for Contemporary, Antilles, Telarc and High Note. He returned to Minneapolis in 2005.

I met Frank in Taos and had the pleasure of bringing him onto the stage at the Earshot Festival in Seattle in 2001. I read a poem I composed for him and when I finished, he held out his hand, asking to keep the poem. He was an amazing alto player with a very sweet tone. He'd been through hell and now another one of the great musicians from the bebop era is gone.

Long live Frank Morgan.

http://www.globalvoicesradio.org/The_Path_of_Survival.html

Paul Nelson

Global Voices Radio
SPLAB!
American Sentences
Organic Poetry
Poetry Postcard Blog
Washington Poets Association

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# Oscar Peterson

1925–2007

*10 messages · 5 hands*

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*Canadian jazz pianist and composer of virtuosic swing, dubbed the Maharaja of the keyboard by Duke Ellington, winner of eight Grammy Awards and Companion of the Order of Canada, among the greatest jazz pianists of all time;* The Trio *(1973). Dead of kidney failure.*

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**1863. — steve russell** *24 Dec 2007* **↑ Register**

*Oscar Peterson, 82, has died/ is mourned by French*

French President Nicolas Sarkozy mourns his loss. It's doubtful that an American politician would recognize the name.

Jazz great Oscar Peterson dies at 82

By ROB GILLIES, Associated Press Writer 3 minutes ago

TORONTO - Oscar Peterson, whose early talent, speedy fingers and musical genius made him one of the world's best known jazz pianists, died at age 82.

His death was confirmed by Neweduk Funeral Home in Mississauga, the Toronto suburb where Peterson lived. The city's mayor, Hazel McCallion, told The Associated Press that he died of kidney failure but that she did not know when. The hospital and police refused to comment. The Canadian Broadcasting Corp. reported that he died on Sunday. "He's been going downhill in the last few months, slowing up," McCallion said, calling Peterson a "very close friend." During an illustrious career spanning seven decades, Peterson played with some of the biggest names in jazz, including Ella Fitzgerald, Count Basie and Dizzy Gillespie. He is also remembered for touring in a trio with Ray Brown on bass and Herb Ellis on guitar in the 1950s.

Peterson's impressive collection of awards include all of Canada's highest honors, such as the Order of Canada, as well as a Lifetime Grammy (1997) and a spot in the International Jazz Hall of Fame. His growing stature was reflected in the admiration of his peers. Duke Ellington referred to him as "Maharajah of the keyboard," while Count Basie once said "Oscar Peterson plays the best ivory box I've ever heard." In a statement, French President Nicolas Sarkozy said "one of the bright lights of jazz has gone out." "He was a regular on the French stage, where the public adored his luminous style," Sarkozy said.

"It is a great loss for us." Jazz pianist Marian McPartland called Peterson "the finest technician that I have seen." McPartland said she first met Peterson when she and her husband, jazz cornetist Jimmy McPartland, opened for him at the Colonial Tavern in Toronto in the 1940s. "From that point on we became such goods friends, and he was always wonderful to me and I have always felt very close to him," she said. "I played at his tribute concert at Carnegie Hall earlier this year and performed `Tenderly,' which was always my favorite piece of his." The American jazz pianist Billy Taylor called Peterson one of the finest jazz pianists of his time.

"He set the pace for just about everybody that followed him. He really was just a special player," Taylor said. Born on Aug. 15, 1925, in a poor neighborhood southwest of Montreal, Peterson obtained a passion for music from his father. Daniel Peterson, a railway porter and self-taught musician, bestowed his love of music to his five children, offering them a means to escape from poverty. Oscar Peterson learned to play trumpet and piano at a young age, but after a bout with tuberculosis had to concentrate on the latter. He became a teen sensation in his native Canada, playing in dance bands and recording in the late 1930s and early 1940s.

But he got his real break as a surprise guest at Carnegie Hall in 1949, after which he began touring the United States and Europe. He quickly made a name for himself as a jazz virtuoso, often compared to piano great Art Tatum, his childhood idol, for his speed and technical skill. He was also influenced by Nat King Cole, whose Nat King Cole Trio album he considered "a complete musical thesaurus for any aspiring Jazz pianist." Peterson never stopped calling Canada home despite his growing international reputation. But at times he felt slighted here, where he was occasionally mistaken for a football player, standing at 6 foot 3 and more than 250 pounds.

In 2005 he became the first living person other than a reigning monarch to obtain a commemorative stamp in Canada, where he is jazz royalty, with streets, squares, concert halls and schools named after him. Peterson suffered a stroke in 1993 that weakened his left hand, but not his passion or drive for music. Within a year he was back on tour, recording "Side By Side" with Itzhak Perlman. As he grew older, Peterson kept playing and touring, despite worsening arthritis and difficulties walking. "A jazz player is an instant composer," Peterson once said in a CBC interview, while conceding jazz did not have the mass appeal of other musical genres.

"You have to think about it, it's an intellectual form," he said. ___ AP reporter Lily Hindy in New York contributed to this story. ___ On the Net: Oscar Peterson home page: http://www.oscarpeterson.com Canadian Broadcasting Corp. interview: http://www.cbc.ca/news/background/peterson_oscar

> **1864. — John Cunningham** *25 Dec 2007* ↑ **Register**
> Thank you for this notice. I can't believe that the world will be without him. On two occasions in the 1970s after concerts I had the honour and pleasure of sitting with him and a bottle of scotch in his hotel room, each time for several hours, discussing the history of jazz and listening to anecdotes of jazz musicians. I notice that the article didn't mention Oscar's indebtedness to Jay McShann and Count Basie as Kansas City was definitely one of his sources. John Cunningham

**1865. — charles alexander** *25 Dec 2007* ↑ **Register**

What a musician! I heard him once live in a small club in a hotel in San Francisco, probably 1975 or 1974. I was in college and went alone to that one. I sat just a bit behind Clint Eastwood. The entire room seemed like it didn't hold more than 75 people or so. All I remember is feeling like I wasn't really any "place" at all. Just in the music.

charles

charles alexander chax press

**1866. — Tom Savage** *26 Dec 2007* ↑ **Register**

I shed a tear for Oscar Peterson, too, when I saw the obituary in the Times, although I don't think I ever heard him live. Did he ever play in the Charlie Parker Festival? If he did, then I did hear him once. My memory of him is so strong, I must have encountered him somewhere or other in New York's very small jazz universe. Regards, Tom Savage

charles alexander chax press

**1867. — steve russell** *27 Dec 2007* ↑ **Register**

John Cunningham managed to get Peterson alone with a bottle of scotch. What luck. I never saw Peterson live. I did manage to catch a number of jazz legends who played with Peterson at the Lake Bueno Vista lounge in Orlando, Florida. Of course, the lounge is no longer in Bueno Vista. It was too good to last. Still, I won't forget seeing Herb Ellis, Barney Kessel, Zoot Sims, & Nat Adderly at the lounge. During breaks, the musicians would generously chat with their fans. Barney Kessel would give a mini/seminar during intermissions. Guitar players regarded him as something of a guru, & rightfully so.

charles alexander chax press

**1868. — John Cunningham** *28 Dec 2007* ↑ **Register**

Didn't Peterson perform with Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie in 1950 in Montreal. I believe the session was recorded and released as 'The Greatest Jazz Concert Ever' or something like that? John Cunningham

516 / Virus Database: 269.17.9/1198 - Release Date: 26/12/2007 5:26 PM

516 / Virus Database: 269.17.11/1200 - Release Date: 27/12/2007 1:34 PM

**1869. — steve russell** *28 Dec 2007* ↑ **Register**

I haven't been able to confirm this. There's several "Greatest Concerts." I thought the Montreal concert in 1950 would be easy to search. Wrong.

**1870. — George Bowering** *28 Dec 2007* ↑ **Register**

What he is thinking of is the famous one in Toronto, a group made by votes from Jazz fans. It was indeed marketed as the greatest blah blah blah.

Bird, Diz, Max Roach, Bud Powell and Charlie Mingus. 1953 We have it only because Mingus set up some inexpert mikes and released it on his own label. It has since been rereleased many times.

George B. Indifferent to Brad Pitt

**1871. — steve russell** *29 Dec 2007* ↑ **Register**

Bud Powell on piano, & no Peterson, right?

George B. Indifferent to Brad Pitt

**1872. — George Bowering** *29 Dec 2007* ↑ **Register**

That's right.

We Canadians tended not to vote for our own.

George B. Indifferent to Brad Pitt

Mr. G.H. Bowering Bids farewell to youth.

## Siv Cedering

1939–2007

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*Swedish-American poet, artist and novelist whose novel Oxen became the Oscar-nominated film The Ox;* Oxen (adapted as The Ox, 1991).

**1873. — Halvard Johnson** *25 Dec 2007* ↑ **Register**

*RIP: Siv Cedering (1939-2007)*

http://www.poets.org/viewmedia.php/prmMID/15716

> **1874. — Mark Weiss** *25 Dec 2007* ↑ **Register**
>
> This is truly saddening. Civ and I shared a publisher, and I published her in my magazine of the early 70s, Broadway Boogie. I remember her as a woman in her thirties of heart-stopping loveliness. At her birthday party, which must have been her 32nd, a man in his twenties, in an apparent trance, walked through the rather large crowd to where she and I were talking. "I think you're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen," he blurted out. Civ was married at the time and had a few kids. She was very gentle with him and sent him on his way. A good poet and translator, and a generous human being. It was at that party that I met Gregory Corso, and also two men who became among my dearest friends, Richard Elman and Armand Schwerner. I hope her passing was easy.
>
> Mark
>
> At 01:58 PM 12/25/2007, you wrote:
>
> "*http://www.poets.org/viewmedia.php/prmMID/15716*"

## Sylvester Pollet

d. 2007

*5 messages · 4 hands*

*Nothing about this person could be verified outside the archive. The notice says: "It is with a heavy heart that I write to share the news that Sylvester Pollet, poet, publisher, and associate editor for the National Poetry Foundation, passed away on December 20th."*

**1875. — Steve Evans** *27 Dec 2007* ↑ **Register**

*Sylvester Pollet*

It is with a heavy heart that I write to share the news that Sylvester Pollet, poet, publisher, and associate editor for the National Poetry Foundation, passed away on December 20th.

As many on the Poetics List can attest to firsthand, Sylvester was a magnificent person whose passion for life, for poetry, for friendship, was unquenchable. We mourn his loss and celebrate his wonderful accomplishment, treasuring the volumes of poetry, the Backwoods Broadsides chaplets, the invaluable editorial work (most recently on Joanne Kyger's ABOUT NOW), and the countless fond memories he leaves behind.

Sylvester's wife, the artist MaJo Keleshian, has asked that those wishing to honor his memory consider contributing to the Himalayan Children's Fund, a cause very dear to Sylvester and MaJo for many years (especially following their trip to Nepal of several years ago, where they saw for themselves the good work accomplished by donations to the Fund). More about the program, and how to donate, can be found here:

http://www.rinpoche.com/hcf.html

MaJo has also asked that any postings to this list be cc'd to her at

To close, a short poem from Sylvester's 1982 volume, Entering the Walking-Stick Business:

SELF-PORTRAIT WITH SNOW

you understand
I could tell you more
about the lines of snow
edging the black maples
the clumps of it weighting the pine boughs
if it weren't for the transparent man
typing at a floating table
three feet beyond the window

**1876. — Peter Quartermain** *27 Dec 2007* ↑ **Register**

That is very sad and indeed bad news — Sylvester cared utterly for poetry and spent much energy time money and care on getting poems out into the world, encouraging poets to write, helping them to publish — what obviously and immediately comes to mind is his let's-face-it quite extravagant and persistent project Backwoods Broadsides, 100 issues over how many years? 100 poets, ALL worth reading. And his enthusiastic organising of those wonderful readings at the sundry successive NPF Conference readings —a GENEROUS mind and heart, one of the unsung. Yes. His death is desolating — he's a blessing. And damn, he will be missed.

Peter

**1877. — Maria Damon** *28 Dec 2007* ↑ **Register**

This is shocking to me and very sad. I loved getting mailings from him: Om Mane Padme Hum around New Year's, and the Backwoods series. He seemed to have so much heart, so much so that it carried through in these mailings, and much more so, of course, in person; intellectual and emotional intelligence. May he experience a glorious continuation in all his aspects.

**1878. — Burt Kimmelman** *29 Dec 2007* ↑ **Register**

I want to add to what Peter and Maria have said about Sylvester whose steadiness and quiet assuredness in his demeanor and poetry have been for me for decades a great comfort. He also for me represented an important living embodiment of the New American Poetry and all that it has meant including the writing but well beyond that too, having worked many years ago at the Eighth Street Bookshop in Greenwich Village, where I purchased my first copy of the Donald Allen anthology, and then in settling down in Orono and being an integral part of Sagetrieb and more broadly the National Poetry Foundation. His passing is most sad.

**1879. — Steve Evans** *3 Jan 2008* ↑ **Register**

*Sylvester Pollet Remembered*

Donna Gold has written a lovely tribute to Sylvester Pollet for the pages of his hometown newspaper, the Ellsworth American.

> http://ellsworthmaine.com/site/index.php?
> option=com_content&task=view&id=12036&Itemid=185

## 2008

# Henri Chopin

1922–2008

*7 messages · 4 hands*

> *French sound-poetry pioneer whose tape-manipulated voice works and audio-visual magazine OU shaped the postwar avant-garde;* OU magazine *(1964-1974).*

**1880. — UbuWeb** *4 Jan 2008* ↑ **Register**
*Henri Chopin (1922-2008)*

this just in from Brigitte Morton:

I am Henri's daughter and I regret to inform you that Henri died yesterday (03/01/08), at home, with his family, peacefully. We will miss him greatly.

UbuWeb http://ubu.com

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Looking for last minute shopping deals? Find them fast with

> **1881. — Pierre Joris** *5 Jan 2008* ↑ **Register**
> *Recent Nomadics Posts*
>
> A Happy New Year to one & all. Do check out these recent posts on Nomadics blog: http://pjoris.blogspot.com
>
> Henri Chopin (1922-2008)
> A Nappy Ewe's Hear
> 373 Palestinians killed by Israeli forces in 2007
> Internet Lights Up / Lights Out...
> Julien Gracq (1910-2007)
> Another go at my favorite "Books of 2007"
> Christian Bourgois (1933-2007)
>
> Be well & keep warm,
>
> Pierre
>
> ---
>
> The poet: always in partibus infidelium -- Paul Celan
>
> **1882. — steve dalachinsky** *5 Jan 2008* ↑ **Register**
>
> BACK AT YA PIERRE AND ALL
> On Sat, 5 Jan 2008 07:28:00 -0500 Pierre Joris
> writes:
>
> **1883. — Pierre Joris** *13 Jan 2008* ↑ **Register**
> *New Nomadics blog posts*
>
> Check out these new posts on Nomadics blog: http://pjoris.blogspot.com
>
> Provisional 08 Reading Schedule
> Homer was no Greek
> Allen Fisher's LEANS is out

L.A. Benefit Reading for Will Alexander
Henri Chopin (1922-2008)

be well & check us out on goodreads,

Pierre

_____

The poet: always in partibus infidelium -- Paul Celan

**1884. — David-Baptiste Chirot** *14 Jan 2008* ↑ **Register**
*a week of entries*

I've never posted re my blog before and may not again—i am not sure if posts re blogs are "annoying" or "welcome"—it varies from day to day week to week what all is there—sometimes more sometimes less of my own things and usually more of others' Visual Poetry—i like to post essays and ideas by others rather than just my own for a much wider & international perspective-i'll be initiated shortly a new visual poetry/mail art call whose works are posted here

http://davidbaptistechirot.blogspot.com

i thought it might be of interest as has things not "covered" on many other sites

From a week of entries—large multi-essay, art work, OU journal covers, dbc homages & videos for/of Henri Chopin, "On Music and War and Empathy" by Jazz Musician Gilad Atzmon, El Rey Ray Johnson homage collages—Essay by Sloban Serkovic—much else—Borges, Bunuel, Burroughs videos—Mail Art, Visual Poetry—Protests—News Reports—Book announcements—music—Exhibition News

* New Blackbox Gallery Up—Announcement from William James Austin * El Rey Ray Johnson 13 January Anniversary of His Final Plunge into the Eternal Network...collages by d-bc * WAR or PEACE Mail Art Call from Dorian Ribas Mariinho, from Brazil.. * EL OJO DE DIOS Part One: Insects and Letters—short story & collages d-bc * tEYEpe wrEYEter of the shadows —collages -dbc * 2 new visual poetry books by Richard Tipping and Clemente Padin.. * On Music and War And Empathy autobiographical essay by Jazz Musician Gilad..Atzmon. * Checkpoint 303 LIVE in AMSTERDAM and more! music announcements, radio shows * As Always, There Were Many Citizens Who Felt None ...paintings by d-b Chirot * Two Protest Wall Poems—Paintings by d-b Chirot * : The Golden Thread, TYR 3-Book Anouncement from Dominion Press * From Jewish Voice for Peace: Host an anti-occupation Seder.. * War with No End, US Campaign Book Club Selection * FW: DAY OF ACTION: January 11th is the 6th anniversary of Arrival of First Detainees at Guantanamo... * Abismos de pasion/Wuthering Heights—Luis Bunuel * Los Olvidados ° Luis Buñuel 01--video * jorge luis borges—video interview * DOCUMENTARY BIOGRAPHY JORGE LUIS BORGES—video * William S Burroughs—Commissioner of Sewers Video * The Quiet War-Ethnic Cleansing of Bedouins * PERFORMANCE DE REYES TARRAGONA PXP/TDS * Borges and the Forseeable Future—Borges as precusor of Web.. * Sabbah's Blog: Silence Day for Fouad Alfarhan *Henri Chopin And Individual and Sound Poet Beyond Boundaries—Essay by Chopin, Bio, Articles, Ou Journal Covers & art * Five Henri Chopin Videos * Remaking Movies, Remaking Maps, Remaking Memories—Triptych of Found Cut-Up Documentary-Poems and images * Essay on Internet and Project Rastko—Sloban Serkovic

**1885. — steve dalachinsky** *28 Jan 2008* ↑ **Register**
*Re: writers who were visual artists?*

if we're expanding ted joans painted in the 50's ginsberg photos charles henri ford collage etc gerd stern wallace berman and his crew DH Lawrence oops sorry he's not american but ha, he did live in new mexico where he painted alot

if ya wanna go ouside america buson victor hugo henri chopin breton oh gysin too was english but let's remember we were asked pre-1960 american so no gysin and what about women ???? and non whites other than ted joans oh baraka sorta paints oops that's post 60s

perhaps again michaux not usa american thoreau? oh wait what's his name shit i'm braindead now he wrote the congo ah got it vachel lindsay he painted somewhat like birchfield

again michael A not american and he was a painter who wrote there's millions of them like in america MARSDEN HARTLEY for one

On Sun, 27 Jan 2008 13:14:40 -0500 Mark Weiss writes:

> *"Also William Carlos Williams. At 11:35 AM 1/27/2008, you wrote: Robert Duncan made quite a bit of art, though I'm not sure he would have considered himself a visual artist Mairead Byrne wrote: Derek Walcott is a painter. That's a start! Mairead "J.P. Craig" 01/26/08 1:46 PM >>> Hello listafarians, I'm asking this question for a friend who is an art historian. She inquires: I'm looking for American writers (pre-1960) who were also visual artists. I can think of lots of artists who were writers, but I'm looking for folks who were primarily novelists, poets, etc. who also made visual art on occasion. I'm afraid I wasn't much help, so I offered to pass her question along to this list. If you can help, drop her a note at*
>
> *JP Craig http://jpcraig.blogspot.com/ ----------"*

**1886. — steve dalachinsky** *30 Jan 2008* ↑ **Register**

wiliam faulkner did a book of pomes and his woodcuts
On Mon, 28 Jan 2008 01:55:55 -0500 "steve d. dalachinsky"
writes:

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## Burton Hatlen

1936–2008

*7 messages · 7 hands*

*American literary scholar at the University of Maine who directed the National Poetry Foundation and mentored Stephen King;* I Wanted to Tell You *(1987). Died pneumonia, after a decade of prostate cancer treatment.*

**1887. — Michael Heller** *22 Jan 2008* ↑ **Register**

*BURT HATLEN*

Received sad news yesterday that Burt Hatlen died yesterday. He was our crowd's scholar, a tremendous enthusiast for experimental and contemporary poetry, head of the National Poetry Foundation at Orono and organizer of the best literary conferences in the country. A good friend to many on this list. Mike

**1888. — Charlotte Mandel** *22 Jan 2008* ↑ **Register**

Mike,
thank you for letting us know. He is very much to be missed.
I'm forwarding your announcement to the HD Society List - so many
there who will have known and worked with him in various ways.
all best,
Charlotte

On Jan 22, 2008, at 10:49 AM, Michael Heller wrote:

**1889. — Aldon L Nielsen** *22 Jan 2008* ↑ **Register**

> *"From the time I first met Burton Hatlen some two decades ago, he was always"*

among the most encouraging and friendly towards the work that I was trying to do. My wife and I treasure memories of dinner with him in San Diego during the ALA conferences, sitting around talking about the need for something like, say, a modernist studies association — I have lost a great friend — poetry has lost a great champion

**1890. — Steve Evans** *23 Jan 2008* ↑ **Register**
*Burt Hatlen Remembered*

The Bangor Daily News's top cultural writer, Alicia Anstead, contributed the following front-page article about Burton Hatlen's life today:

http://bangornews.com/news/t/city.aspx?articleid=159261&zoneid=176

I thought Poetics List members for whom the BDN is not daily reading might want to see it.

The obituary that also ran today is here

http://legacy.com/bangornews/Obituaries.asp?Page=Lifestory&PersonId=101724577

We are only beginning to measure our loss here in Orono. The tributes and reminiscences on this list are truly a help.

Steve

**1891. — Burt Kimmelman** *23 Jan 2008* ↑ **Register**
*BURTON HATLEN*

Coincidentally, I sent Burt Hatlen an email message yesterday to tell him how much I was loving reading a certain essay of his on George Oppen, and asking him if there were any plans to publish a collection of his essays.

Burt was a gentle and generous man, and he was brilliant. I am one of a lot of people who were helped in so many ways by him, and who greatly admire, I dare say, his prodigious achievement as a scholar (and I greatly enjoyed his poetry too). His critical writing was unique and uniquely important. He deeply understood what he was writing about, and his language was precise always, his insights breathtaking, as was his breadth. I do hope a volume of his essays can see the light of day.

I will miss corresponding with him. He would sign his communiqués to me, modestly, as "Burt (the Other)" How awful that he is gone, and so soon after Sylvester Pollet.

Burt Kimmelman

Date: Tue, 22 Jan 2008 10:49:32 -0500

From: Michael Heller

**1892. — Mairead Byrne** *23 Jan 2008* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Burt Hatlen Remembered*

Thanks Steve. It looks very much like a life well lived. Richly lived. In the blessed land of poetry, the borders of which are kept open. Mairead

*"Steve Evans 01/23/08 3:30 PM >>>"*

The Bangor Daily News's top cultural writer, Alicia Anstead, contributed the following front-page article about Burton Hatlen's life today:

http://bangornews.com/news/t/city.aspx?articleid=159261&zoneid=176

I thought Poetics List members for whom the BDN is not daily reading might want to see it.

The obituary that also ran today is here

**1893. — Poetics List Administrator** *28 Jan 2008* ↑ **Register**
*Fwd: Burton Hatlen*

*"-Dear Poetics Listserv: Professor Burton Hatlen of the University of Maine English Department and longtime director of the National Poetry Foundation passed away on Jan. 21, 2008, of pneumonia, at age 71. He was a subscriber to the Poetics ListServ. If you think it appropriate to announce his passing on the ListServ, please do so. A very good article about him appeared in the Bangor Daily News on Jan. 23;*

> *the link is: http://bangornews.com/news/t/city.aspx?articleid=159261&zoneid=176 His obituary is also on the BDN site: http://legacy.com/bangornews/Obituaries.asp?Page=LifeStory&PersonID=101724577 Please let me know if you have any questions. Thank you very much, Betsy Rose, Publications Specialist National Poetry Foundation University of Maine"*

---

# Bob Callahan

1942–2008

*2 messages · 2 hands*

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> *American editor who founded Turtle Island Foundation and co-founded the Before Columbus Foundation;* The Big Book of American Irish Culture *(1988). Died after a long illness, in Berkeley.*

---

### 1894. — Stephen Vincent *30 Jan 2008* ↑ Register

*Bob Callahan RIP*

Eileen Callahan has sent on the news that her husband, Bob Callahan, passed away last night. A San Francisco Bay Area presence since the seventies, during which he and Eileen were publishers of Turtle Island Books, initially he was deeply involved in literature and history of western, indigenous cultures. He and Eileen brought Jaime d'Angulo's work back into print including Indians in Coveralls, a beautiful letter press edition of 5 or 6 books. They were both involved in exploring Charles Olson's curriculum and its relationship to the geography and bio-regional cultures of the west. He also had a strong admiration and friendship with Ed Dorn in this context.

Eventually, Bob, a native of Boston, turned much of his attention to the history of the Irish - writing and music - in America. In the last couple of decades he became absorbed in the publishing of graphic novels.

The history is much larger, and my account here is probably meager in proportion. A terrifically intelligent, articulate and politically aware man, if he had not moved west and turned his ear to the practice of literature and publishing, he would have been a great local politician, a pro at working the Boston precincts for votes. In fact, he was a friend of the late, Senator Tip O'Neil. If the muses had not got his tail, he would have been great working at O'Neil's side. But what he added to the community in books, conversation, story and, probably, no little amount of blarney was plenty important and generous to many of us.

Hearts out to Eileen and their son, David.

Stephen Vincent

> **1895. — Mark Weiss** *30 Jan 2008* ↑ Register
>
> He gave me the gift of Jaime de Angulo, for which I'm eternally grateful. And from Turtle Island's books it was a short hop to de Angulo's Indian Tales, one of the great American books.

---

## Landis Everson

1926–2007

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American Berkeley Renaissance poet who resumed writing after four decades, first winner of the Emily Dickinson Award;* Everything Preserved *(2006). Died apparent suicide by gunshot. One forwarded announcement on the thread, about nothing, is omitted.*

**1896. — Ben Mazer** *18 Feb 2008* ↑ **Register**

*Landis Everson Memorial*

Landis Everson Memorial Friday, February 22,?10:00 pm

Please join us as we pay tribute to the life and poetry of Landis Everson. Readers will include Bill Berkson, Bill Corbett, John Hennessy, Matthew Henriksen, Katia Kapovich, Mark Lamoureux, Ben Mazer, Stephen Sturgeon, Jason Zuzga

The Poetry Project St Mark's Church in the Bowery

131 E 10th St New York, New York 10003

## Alain Robbe-Grillet

1922–2008

*13 messages · 10 hands*

*French writer and filmmaker, chief theorist of the nouveau roman and co-creator of* Last Year at Marienbad. *Died heart problems, in Caen.*

**1897. — Aldon L Nielsen** *18 Feb 2008* ↑ **Register**

*Alain Robbe-Grillet*

[this sad news just in — I met him once, briefly, in 1982 at Catholic University — My favorite passage from his critical work:

"My novels have not been received, upon publication in France, with unanimous enthusiasm . . . "]

French writer Robbe-Grillet dies

The writer's novels include Les Gommes and Le Voyeur Alain Robbe-Grillet, the French writer who pioneered the so-called "new novel" genre, has died at the age of 85.

He was best Known for his unorthodox narratives, but enjoyed success, with novels such as Les Gommes (The Erasers) and Le Voyeur still studied today.

He also worked in film, first as a scriptwriter and later as a director.

The novelist was admitted to the Caen University Hospital in France over the weekend for cardiac problems and died on Monday morning, officials said.

Robbe-Grillet was born on 18 August, 1922, in Brest, western France.

The son of an engineer, he studied agricultural engineering and worked as a statistician and an agronomist before finding fame as a writer.

Murder

He developed the idea of the "nouveau roman" in a series of essays in the early 1960s.

Dispensing with traditional literary devices such as plot, narrative and chronology, the new novel sees story subordinated to structure, with the significance of objects more important than human action.

Les Gommes, his 1953 debut novel, remains among his most celebrated works and tells the story of a murder committed by the detective who has come to investigate it.

In 1958's La Jalousie (Jealousy), Robbe-Grillet writes of a man living on a banana plantation who suspects his wife of having an affair.

It was described in The New York Times Book Review as "a technical masterpiece, impeccably contrived".

But his novels were sometimes accused of resembling timetables or inventories.

The author was also associated with the new wave of French cinema, writing the screenplay for Alain Resnais' Last Year at Marienbad and making several films under his own name.

Among his movies are 1963's L'Immortelle (The Immortal), 1966's Trans-Europ-Express, and 1968's L'Homme Qui Ment (The Man Who Lies).

His last novel, Un Roman Sentimental (A Sentimental Novel), was published in 2007.

**1898.** **— Maria Damon** *18 Feb 2008* **↑ Register**

wow, i had no idea he was still alive!

**1899.** **— Tisa Bryant** *18 Feb 2008* **↑ Register**

Very sad. I really love grappling with his work, trying to see it. I laughed the entire time while reading a cantankerous interview with him in BookForum some time ago. So mean to Richard Howard. I would have loved to meet him and praise his work in bad French. Should have sent that letter...

_____ I searched, but I could not find You; I called You aloud, standing on the minaret; I rang the temple bell with the rising and setting of the sun; I bathed in the Ganges in vain; I came back from Kaaba disappointed; I looked for You in earth; I searched for You in heaven, my Beloved, but at last I have found You hidden as a pearl in the shell of my heart.

**1900.** **— Aryanil Mukherjee** *18 Feb 2008* **↑ Register**

Thanks for passing it on. Who would forget his marvellous screenplay Last Year At Marienbad done for Alain Resnais - perhaps, by far, the profoundest handling of the memory theme in cinema.

Didn't Robbe-Grillet work on several Godard projects too ?

**1901.** **— steve dalachinsky** *19 Feb 2008* **↑ Register**

saw him live at anthology retrospect of his films he was at time visiting prof at nyu had him sign a few books

when a woman asked him at q and a why he klled maimed treated women so bad in his films he simply answered well it's better than if i did it in real life or something very close to that

also coincidentally a few days ago visited a writer firend of mine in beth israel she had suffered a minor heart attack she showed me the one book she felt worth reading that she found in the hospital's libray it was a first edition robbe-grillet hard back perfect in dust jacket that

i didn't own and the name of which escapes me now funny how these things work i hadn't thought of him in years his films like his novels are great

Complete Sayings, Hazrat Inayat Khan
On Feb 18, 2008, at 4:25 PM, ALDON L NIELSEN wrote:

**1902. — Barry Schwabsky** *19 Feb 2008* ↑ **Register**

Robbe-Grillet and Godard did not collaborate, at least not on any film that was actually made. It would have been interesting if they had, precisely because everything about them seems entirely incompatible.

Robbe-Grillet's last film, Gradiva, was shown in London last year at the Serpentine Gallery as part of a weekend-long tribute to him. It was atrocious. At best, the plot was like something from a '50s B-movie melodrama a la Edgar Ulmer or Joseph H. Lewis, only with lots of extraneous scenes of misogynous sexual sadism piled on, and with a much clunkier and more conventional visual style. A sad conclusion to a great career.

**1903. — Murat Nemet-Nejat** *19 Feb 2008* ↑ **Register**

Barry,

I remember the great effect *The Erasers* had on me when I first read it. I was in London at that time. It was with that novel I discovered how a disciplined depiction of physical object can capture traces of time (accumulation of different traces of dust in different places).

Ciao,

Murat

On Feb 19, 2008 5:40 AM, Barry Schwabsky wrote:

**1904. — Tom Savage** *19 Feb 2008* ↑ **Register**

I was saddened to read of Robbe-Grillet's passing in today's NY Times. He was a hero of mine in my teens. I loved his early novels and films but lost interest in his work after he got involved with sadomasochistic content. I have no idea what his later work is like. Perhaps he returned to the "greatness" and rigor of his early work, both in novels and in film. Fortunately or unfortunately, I have no idea. Regards, Tom Savage

**1905. — Halvard Johnson** *19 Feb 2008* ↑ **Register**

And was it in that novel or another that I encountered his exquisitely excruciating slo-mo description of a crowd of people moving through a passageway of the Metro?

Hal

Jay Billington Bulworth for President

**1906. — Barry Schwabsky** *19 Feb 2008* ↑ **Register**

Yes, his early novels are amazing, as is L'Annee derniere a Marienbad. Incidentally, as part of that same weekend, there was a sort of symposium where various artists were called upon to speak about Robbe-Grillet and his influence on their work, and Robbe-Grillet was supposed to speak and answer their questions. Everything was going fine until the senior figure among the artists, Dan Graham, started talking about how, back in the '60s, for the New York artists, French writing was their ideal, their favorite critic was Roland Barthes, and of course in part through Barthes they came to the nouveau roman, which totally inspired them, they read all of them....and then he added, "Of course, I preferred Michel Butor!" Well, you should have seen Robbe-Grillet's eyebrows go up when his translator passed that on to him. From then on in, everything Dan said made Robbe-Grillet angrier and angrier, even the most anodyne things, and finally Robbe-Grillet stormed off. I once met his wife, now widow, Catherine. She was (maybe still is) a famous dominatrix.

**1907.** **— steve dalachinsky** *19 Feb 2008* ↑ **Register**

ala proust or??????
On Tue, 19 Feb 2008 08:48:03 -0500 Murat Nemet-Nejat
writes:

**1908.** **— Danny Snelson** *20 Feb 2008* ↑ **Register**

Thank you for this anecdote Barry. This is the Robbe-Grillet I admire too —amazing how translational barriers reconfigure a character like Robbe-Grillet so entirely into the American context. Like Graham, Vito Acconci recently wrote (in the new intro for his the 0 to 9 reprint put out by Ugly Duckling Presse) that he considered himself sort of the Robbe-Grillet to Bernadette Mayer's Sarraute!!! The crossover from the new novel into the minimal / conceptual arts scene in New York in the 60s is really fascinating to me. In this way, I can't help but read (& I'd argue one might well read) Jealousy<http://mydearcountess.blogspot.com/2007/09/alain-robbe-grillet-jealousy-window-is.html>(still my favorite, why no mention of this title around?), The Erasers, Djinn (tho later) & even the autobiographical Ghosts in the Mirror in company with the conceptual writing projects like those of Graham and Acconci in the 60s/70s. Perverse, but I think productive.

Also yes, I hear Catherine is still entertains as dominatrix. World renowned. In digging these passageways I would recommend her fantastic erotic text The Image (written under the alias Jean de Berg —interestingly, a figure that plays prominent in Robbe-Grillet's collaboration with Rauschenberg). Recently, in an autobiographical work, Catherine admitted that Robbe-Grillet wrote the introduction to this work under the (fittingly unprovable at the time!) pseudonym Pauline Reage!

I blogged around this idea once<http://jhenrychunko.blogspot.com/search/label/catherine%20robbe-grillet>(&along some bondage side-tracks).

On Feb 20, 2008 12:48 AM, Barry Schwabsky wrote:

**1909.** **— steve dalachinsky** *20 Feb 2008* ↑ **Register**

he spoke very good english i wonder why he needed the translator to tell him what graham said On Wed, 20 Feb 2008 04:44:12 +0900 Danny Snelson writes:

---

# Rochelle Ratner

1948–2008

*8 messages · 6 hands*

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*American poet, novelist and small-press editor-critic, author of fifteen poetry collections and the Coffee House Press novels* Bobby's Girl *and* The Lion's Share*, editor of the anthology* Bearing Life*;* A Birthday of Waters *(1971).*

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**1910.** **— Stephen Vincent** *31 Mar 2008* ↑ **Register**

*Rochelle Ratner*

I just received this note from Paul Pines

Dear Friends: have just received word of the death of a dear friend, Rochelle Ratner. She had been fighting cancer for the last six months after two prior battles with breast cancer. She was a wonderful writer and worked tirelessly to build a significant body of work and did so until the last phone call we shared a few days ago in which she said, "I have been looking back over my journals and pulling out short stories. There is so much there." I pause to reflect. The reservoir of things to say and ways to say them is inexhaustable. Not so our own resources. I do think the effort to express our lives as

meaningful is ongoing and sustaining, but part of this must include our connection to those around us. Cliched, I know, but true. I am constantly reminded of that message in Pere Lachaise Heloise left even after many years of separation from Abelard: "The love that united us was all our joy." Love to all. Paul

I will remember Rochelle for her intense presence, her writing and her care for writers,as well as her commitment and attention to reviews of small presses, and her reviews of work by many of us.

In sadness,

Stephen Vincent

**1911.** **— Burt Kimmelman** *31 Mar 2008* **↑ Register**

I'm writing with the sad news that Rochelle Ratner has passed away today. There will be a funeral in Rhode Island but I have no details of it at this time.

I imagine there will be a memorial for Rochelle in NYC some time this spring. Marsh Hawk Press will certainly hold an event to remember her, in any case (details tba).

- Burt Kimmelman

**1912.** **— Halvard Johnson** *1 Apr 2008* **↑ Register**
*RIP: Rochelle Ratner (1948-2008)*

Dress Rehearsal

I love you like wood and you laugh with high birds I can't see. White flat ducks wake the morning to leaves that have slanted from night.

Talk . . . talk . . . I hear noises—It's only the fish that are flying now, bodies and words.

Borrowed sunlight is crossing our sleep like a child in the woods. It's cold and then warm in the haloes, the dark strung together like travel.

Time was geology then. It was summer. We always had friends.

—Rochelle Ratner

fr. A Birthday of Waters [New York: New Rivers Press, 1971]

**1913.** **— Mark Weiss** *1 Apr 2008* **↑ Register**
*Re: Rochelle Ratner*

Rochelle and I first met in it must have been 1973. Unfailingly generous, and never once, to my knowledge, descended to the nasty soap-opera that sometimes infects the poetry world. She also wrote some very good poetry.

I saw her last a few weeks ago. She had been sick for a long time, and it was clear that the chemotherapy had become a form of torture. But she expected to survive. A sad loss.

Mark

**1914.** **— Anny Ballardini** *1 Apr 2008* **↑ Register**
*Re: RIP: Rochelle Ratner (1948-2008)*

I did not know Rochelle Ratner but I received a very sad note by Karl Young who forwarded the following links:

"you can see some of her work and my most important essay on her at

http://www.marclweber.com/sugarmule/sm17.htm

her own web site is at

http://home.mindspring.com/~rochelleratner/<http://home.mindspring.com/%7Erochelleratner/

one of the important sets of essays for us, in which i pushed my ideas about reviewing from multiple points of view is on-line at

http://www.thing.net/~grist/l&d/le-ry-jt.htm<http://www.thing.net/%7Egrist/l&d/le-ry-jt.htm> "

On Tue, Apr 1, 2008 at 2:39 PM, Halvard Johnson wrote:

**1915. — Anny Ballardini** *1 Apr 2008* ↑ **Register**

I did know Rochelle, the fact that I am tired is not an excuse: http://www.fieralingue.it/modules.php?name=Content&pa=list_pages_categories&cid=249

On Tue, Apr 1, 2008 at 9:48 PM, Anny Ballardini wrote:

**1916. — Halvard Johnson** *2 Apr 2008* ↑ **Register**

*Re: & Pulitzer for Poetry & Fiction/award goes to...*

But wait! There's more: there's Kenneth Fearing, there's Rochelle
Ratner,
there's J. V. Cunningham, there's . . . Gertrude Stein.

HJ

Serving the tristate area.

Halvard Johnson

*"people forget Robert Penn Warren. He won 3 pulitzers, I think. & one of them was for fiction. Dylan Thomas wrote fiction as well. Ditto Jack Kerouac."*

**1917. — David-Baptiste Chirot** *30 Apr 2008* ↑ **Register**

*Issue nine of Otoliths has just gone live*

It is with both pleasure & sorrow that I announce the going live of issue nine of Otoliths. The pleasure is because this issue marks the beginning of Otoliths' third year, & once again contains a great variety of text & visual work. The sorrow is because Rochelle Ratner, a frequent contributor to this journal, passed away on March 31st. I'd like to dedicate this issue, in which she has new poems, to her.

In this issue are Rochelle Ratner, harry k stammer, Adam Fieled, Bill Drennan, David-Baptiste Chirot, Joel Chace, Michael Farrell, Reed Altemus, Andrew Lundwall, Douglas Barbour & Sheila E. Murphy, William Doreski, Duane Locke, Stu Hatton, Joe Balaz, Jeff Harrison, Raymond Farr, Esa Mäkijärvi, Bobbi Lurie, Julian Jason Haladyn, Simon Perchik, Suzanne Grazyna, Eileen R. Tabios, Diana Magallón & Jeff Crouch, Jeff Crouch & Matina L. Stamatakis, Thomas Lowe Taylor, Glenn R. Frantz, Angela Genusa, Randy Thurman, Philip Byron Oakes, Mark Cunningham, Geof Huth, Andrew Topel & Jim Leftwich & John M. Bennett, John M. Bennett, John M. Bennett & Luigino Solamito & Sheila E. Murphy, John M. Bennett & Scott MacLeod, Scott MacLeod, Robert Gauldie, Adam Strauss, Marcia Arrieta, Elizabeth Kate Switaj, William Allegrezza, Ernesto Priego, Ed Schenk, Irving Weiss, Mary Kasimor, Christopher Major, Derek Owens, Paul Siegell, Daniel f Bradley, Daniel Morris, Steve Timm, Mary Ellen Derwis, Thomas Fink, Louise Landes Levi, Toni Simon, Martin Edmond & Kirsten Kaschock.

As always, there's something there for everyone.

Mark Young

## Rebecca Kavaler

1920–2008

*1 message · 1 hand*

> *American short-story writer and novelist in New York, twice an NEA fellow and 1978 AWP award winner;* Doubting Castle*.*

**1918. — Halvard Johnson** *15 Apr 2008* ↑ **Register**

*RIP Rebecca Kavaler*

The Animal Within

Homage to Sir

Thomas Browne

We, who supposedly contain all Africa and her prodigies, are revealed for what we are only in the dying when this flesh, once apostrophized as too too solid, has proven renderable as any carcass and in the process manufactured hollows where hillocks of cheeks once smiled, then weeded out the overgrowth of hair to uncover a tenderness-evoking curve of skull, a property we had thought only of the newly born.

The mirror reflects no longer a unique face but the template of the race: uncles, aunts, cousins far removed, some ancestor who left no trace in family history yet surfaces now like a species long thought extinct hauled up from the ocean’s depths and when that dissolves what is left but the animal within which we made so much of.

—Rebecca Kavaler

fr. The Animal Within

[Hamilton Stone Editions, 2008]

Hal

## Aimé Césaire

1913–2008

*7 messages · 5 hands*

> *Martinican poet and politician who co-founded the Négritude movement and coined the term;* Cahier d'un retour au pays natal *(1947). Died of cardiac complications, in Fort-de-France, aged 94.*

**1919. — amy king** *17 Apr 2008* ↑ **Register**

*Aime Cesaire, voice of French Black pride, dies*

Thu 17 Apr 2008, 13:18 GMT

> *“By Astrid Wendlandt*
>
> *PARIS (Reuters) - French Caribbean poet Aime Cesaire,founding father of the "negritude" movement that celebrated blackconsciousness, died in his native Martinique, France'sMinistry of Culture said on Thursday.*

> *Cesaire, 94, who was mayor of the island's main city Fort-de-France for morethan half a century, was admitted to hospital last week suffering from heartand other problems.*
>
> *His writings offered insight into how France imposedits culture on its citizens of different origins in the early part of the 20thCentury.*
>
> *The theme still resonates in French politics today, as thecountry continues to struggle to integrate many of its residents of African andNorth African origin.*
>
> *In 2005, Cesaire refused to meet then French InteriorMinister Nicolas Sarkozy (now French president) over concerns that Sarkozy'sconservative UMP party had pushed for a law which proposed to recognise thepositive legacy of French colonial rule. The law was eventually repealed.*
>
> *Cesaire and African intellectual Leopold Senghor — laterpresident of Senegal— founded "The Black Student" in 1934, a journal that encouragedpeople to develop black identity.*
>
> *ANTI-COLONIAL VOICE IN THE 1960s*
>
> *The Caribbean writer rose to fame with his "Notebook ofa Return to the Native Land", written inthe late 1930s, in which he says "my negritude is neither tower norcathedral, it plunges into the red flesh of the soil."*
>
> *His poems expressed the degradation of black people in the Caribbean and describe the rediscovery of an Africansense of self. In his "Discourse on Colonialism", first published in1950, Cesaire compared the relationship between the coloniser and colonisedwith the Nazis and their victims.*
>
> *He was a mentor to fellow Martinican author Frantz Fanon,and their anti-colonial writings were a major influence in the headyintellectual climate of the 1960s and 1970s in France.*
>
> *The negritude movement was a counterpart to the Black Pridemovement in the United States,though it has been criticised for not being radical enough.*
>
> *Cesaire was also a friend of the French surrealist poetAndre Breton who had encouraged him to become a major voice of Surrealism.*
>
> *Cesaire's anti-colonial rhetoric did not prevent him from havinga long-lasting political career.*
>
> *After becoming mayor of Fort-de-France in 1945 at the age of 32, hewas elected deputy of parliament a year later, a post he held until the early1990s.*
>
> *A graduate of the prestigious French Ecole NormaleSuperieure — unusual for a black Martinican in the 1930s — he remained amember of the French communist party until the Soviet Hungarian repression of1956.*
>
> *Cesaire was born in 1913 in the small town of Basse-Pointe in Martinique.He married Suzanne Roussi in 1937, a gifted writer in her own right, with whomhe had six children.*
>
> *http://africa.reuters.com/top/news/usnBAN745797.html*”

http://www.amyking.org

> **1920. — amy king** *17 Apr 2008* ↑ **Register**
> *Re: [New-Poetry] Aime Cesaire, voice of French Black pride, dies - Interview excerpts:*
>
> From The liberating power of words - interview with poet Aime Cesaire - Interview
>
> Aimé Césaire: I’ve always had the feeling that I was on a quest to reconquer something, my name, my country or myself. That is why my approach has in essence always been poetic.
>
> Because it seems to me that in a way that’s what poetry is.
>
> The reconquest of the self by the self....

I think it was Heidegger who said that words are the abode of being. There are many such quotations. I believe it was Rene Char, in his surrealist days, who said that words know much more about us than we know about them.

I too believe that words have a revealing as well as a creative function…

The Abbe Gregoire(1), Victor Schoelcher(2) and all those who spoke out and still speak out, who campaigned for human rights without distinction of race and against discrimination, these were my guides in life. They stand forever as representatives of the West's great outpouring of magnanimity and solidarity, an essential contribution to the advancement of the ideas of practical universality and human values, ideas without which the world of today would not be able to see its way forward. I am forever a brother to them, at one with them in their combat and in their hopes…

I really do believe in human beings. I find. something of myself in all cultures, in that extraordinary effort that all people, everywhere, have made - and for what purpose?

Quite simply to make life livable!

It is no easy matter to put up with life and face up to death.

And this is what is so moving.

We are all taking part in the same great adventure.

That is what is meant by cultures, cultures that come together at some meeting-point.…

I think it was in a passage in Hegel emphasizing the master-slave dialectic that we found this idea about specificity. He points out that the particular and the universal are not to be seen as opposites, that the universal is not the negation of the particular but is reached by a deeper exploration of the particular.

The West told us that in order to be universal we had to start by denying that we were black. I, on the contrary, said to myself that the more we were black, the more universal we would be.

It was a totally different approach. It was not a choice between alternatives, but an effort at reconciliation.

Not a cold reconciliation, but reconciliation in the heat of the fire, an alchemical reconciliation if you like.

The identity in question was an identity reconciled with the
universal. For me there can never be any imprisonment within an
identity.

Identity means having roots, but it is also a transition, a transition to the universal.…

We are far removed from that romantic idyll beneath the calm sea.These are angry, exasperated lands, lands that spit and spew, thatvomit forth life.

That is what we must live up to. We must draw upon the creativity of this plot of land! We must keep it going and not sink into a slumber of acceptance and resignation. It is a kind of summons to us from history and from nature.…

And so I have tried to reconcile those two worlds, because that was what had to be done. On the other hand, I feel just as relaxed about claiming kinship with the African griot and the African epic as about claiming kinship with Rimbaud and Lautreamont - and through them with Sophocles and Aeschylus! …

I have never harboured any illusions about the risks of history, be it in Africa, in Martinique, in the Americas or anywhere else. History is always dangerous, the world of history is a risky world; but it is up to us at any given moment to establish and readjust the hierarchy of dangers. …

At any rate, it is for me the fundamental mode of expression, and the world's salvation depends on its ability to heed that voice. It is obvious that the voice of poetry has been less

and less heeded during the century we have lived through, but it will come to be realized more and more that it is the only voice that can still be life-giving and that can provide a basis on which to build and reconstruct....

* And yet this century has not been one where ethics has triumphed, has it?

A.C.: Certainly not, but one must speak out, whether one is heeded or not; we hold certain things to be fundamental, things that we cling to. Even if it means swimming against the tide, they must be upheld.

In other words, poetry is for me a searching after truth and sincerity, sincerity outside of the world, outside of alien times. We seek it deep within ourselves, often despite ourselves, despite what we seem to be, within our innermost selves.

Poetry wells up from the depths, with explosive force.

The volcano again.

No doubt I have reached the moment of crossing the great divide but I face it imperturbably in the knowledge of having put forward what I see as essential, in the knowledge, if you like, of having called out ahead of me and proclaimed the future aloud.

That is what I believe I have done; somewhat disoriented though I am to find the seasons going backwards, as it were, that is how it is and that is what I believe to be my vocation.

No resentments, none at all, no ill feelings but the inescapable solitude of the human condition. That is the most important thing.

1. Henri Gregoire (1750-1831), French ecclesiastic and politician, a leader of the movement in the Convention for the abolition of slavery. Ed. 2. French politician (1804-1893), campaigner for the abolition of slavery in the colonies, Deputy for Guadeloupe and Martinique. Ed.

–The liberating power of words - interview with poet Aime Cesaire - Interview

http://findarticles.com/p/articles/mi_m1310/is_1997_May/ai_19557181/print

_____

http://www.amyking.org

**1921. — Mairead Byrne** *18 Apr 2008* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Aime Cesaire, voice of French Black pride, dies*

This notice of his death brings him alive again. Mairead

*"amy king 04/17/08 11:33 AM >>>"*

**1922. — Sarah Sarai** *18 Apr 2008* ↑ **Register**
*Re: [New-Poetry] Aime Cesaire, voice of French Black pride, dies - Interview excerpts:*

Thanks, Amy.

I note, from the interview you posted, Cesaire's insistence that one/we continue to write in the face of history... "it is up to us at any given moment to establish and readjust the hierarchy of dangers..." and "In other words, poetry is for me a searching after truth and sincerity, sincerity outside of the world, outside of alien times. We seek it deep within ourselves, often despite ourselves, despite what we seem to be, within our innermost selves."

From: "Notebook of a Return to the Native Land" "At the end of daybreak, on this very fragile earth thickness exceeded in a humiliating way by its grandiose future—the vol-canoes will explode, the naked water will bear away the ripe sun stains and nothing will be left but a tepid bubbling pecked at by sea birds—the beach of dreams and the insane awakening."

...Sarah

Amy's message below:

listserv.buffalo.edu

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Subject: Re: [New-Poetry] Aime Cesaire, voice of French Black pride, dies - Interview excerpts:

Parts/Attachments:

text/plain (171 lines)

From The liberating power of words - interview with poet Aime Cesaire - Interview

Because it seems to me that in a way that’s what poetry is.

The reconquest of the self by the self.…

I too believe that words have a revealing as well as a creative function…

Quite simply to make life livable!

It is no easy matter to put up with life and face up to death.

And this is what is so moving.

We are all taking part in the same great adventure.

That is what is meant by cultures, cultures that come together at some meeting-point.…

It was a totally different approach. It was not a choice between alternatives, but an effort at reconciliation.

Not a cold reconciliation, but reconciliation in the heat of the fire, an alchemical reconciliation if you like.

Identity means having roots, but it is also a transition, a transition to the universal.…

* And yet this century has not been one where ethics has triumphed, has it?

Poetry wells up from the depths, with explosive force.

–The liberating power of words - interview with poet Aime Cesaire - Interview

http://findarticles.com/p/articles/mi_m1310/is_1997_May/ai_19557181/print

_____

http://www.amyking.org

University at Buffalo IT policies

**1923. — steve russell** *20 Apr 2008* ↑ **Register**

On an earlier post, one that one of the moderators thankfully deleted, I said something about living post history. It was glib. Conservatives tend towards that kind of optimism (neo-cons, Francis Fukuyama), as though democracy is the cure all for everything that ails everyone, and it's only a matter of time before everyone sees the light and adopts democracy. The current U.S. administration never looked closely at a "hierachy of dangers" pre Iraq. & that truely sucks.

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Subject: Re: [New-Poetry] Aime Cesaire, voice of French Black pride, dies - Interview excerpts:

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http://findarticles.com/p/articles/mi_m1310/is_1997_May/ai_19557181/print

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http://www.amyking.org

**1924. — amy king** *21 Apr 2008* ↑ **Register**
*Blog Log - Recent Whittlings*

FEMINIST RESURGENCE?! http://amyking.wordpress.com/2008/04/19/feminist-resurgence/

NOT ONE, BUT A LOVELY TWO! http://amyking.wordpress.com/2008/04/17/not-one-but-a-lovely-two/

IKEA HAS A THING FOR POETS http://amyking.wordpress.com/2008/04/17/ikea-has-a-thing-for-poets/

AIME CESAIRE, MARTINIQUEPOET, HAS DIED http://amyking.wordpress.com/2008/04/17/aime-cesaire-martinique-poet-has-died/

WHEN LIGHTNING BOLTS FROM MY CHEST … http://amyking.wordpress.com/2008/04/15/when-lightning-bolts-from-my-chest/

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NEVER A MORE GENEROUS MAN http://amyking.wordpress.com/2008/04/03/never-a-more-generous-man/

DAISY FRIED’S POETRY EXERCISES http://amyking.wordpress.com/2008/04/02/daisy-frieds-poetry-exercises/

_____

http://www.amyking.org http://redherring.us

**1925. — Aldon L Nielsen** *1 May 2008* ↑ **Register**
*blogolalia*

Currently on the HeatStrings Blog:

Jayne Cortez tribute to Aime Cesaire photos and sound from three days of the Georgetown/Lannan symposium on art and democracy in the King years

<http://heatstrings.blogspot.com>

<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<

"Study the fine art of coming apart."

—Jerry W. Ward, Jr.

Sailing the blogosphere at: http://heatstrings.blogspot.com/

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## Edna Andrade

1917–2008

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American Op Art painter and longtime Philadelphia teacher known for geometric optical abstractions;* Motion 4-64*. Died in Philadelphia at 91.*

**1926. — Bonnie MacAllister** *18 Apr 2008* ↑ **Register**
*Edna Andrade (1917-2008)*

For Edna Andrade

I’ve been scanning pdfs Of women’s arts catalogues For her entries. One might think, There is no connection Between her and me

But we shared these Philadelphia streets,
That same academy,
Galleries in locks,

Prints at the Art Alliance,
Our membership in the caucus.

Her optical paintings always reminded
Me of light boxes, distilled in space.
I stared at them at the ICA
Unable to plot out her methods,
The factors prime and discrete.

I envisioned a mobius,
Stripped through the canvas,
Manifold In knot theories,
Her objects defied topology,
Now she enters her own algorithms.

Bonnie MacAllister
Co-President
Women's Caucus for Art, Philadelphia Chapter (est. 1972)

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## Bebe Barron

1925–2008

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American electronic music pioneer who with husband Louis composed the first entirely electronic film score;* Forbidden Planet *(1956).*

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**1927. — mIEKAL aND** *21 Apr 2008* ↑ **Register**

*Bebe Barron (1925 - 2008)*

Bebe Barron (1925 - 2008)

“It is with great sadness that I report the death of Bebe Barron on April 20, 2008 at the age of 82, of natural causes. Bebe was the last of the pioneering composers of classical studio electronic music. She was a close friend, an enthusiastic colleague, and a most gracious lady.

Bebe Barron was born Charlotte Wind in Minneapolis, on June 16, 1925. She received an MA in political science from the University of Minnesota, where she studied composition with Roque Cordero, and she also spent a year studying composition and ethnomusicology at the University of Mexico. In 1947 she moved to New York and, while working as a researcher for Time-Life, studied composition with Wallingford Reigger and Henry Cowell. That same year, she met and married Louis Barron (1920 - 1989). Shortly thereafter, the Barrons began their experiments with the recording and manipulation of sound material by means of a tape recorder that they received as a wedding gift. They created a private studio in New York and, in 1955, composed the first electronic music score for a commercial film, Forbidden Planet. In 1962 the Barrons moved to Los Angeles; they divorced in 1970. In 1973, Bebe married Leonard Neubauer, a screen writer. Bebe became the first Secretary of the Society for Electro-Acoustic Music in the United States (SEAMUS) in 1985, and also served on the Board of

Directors. In 1997 Bebe was presented the SEAMUS Award for the Barrons life work in the field of electro-acoustic music. She is survived by her husband, Leonard, and her son, Adam.

Bebe's last public appearance was on January 12, 2008, at an event held at the Hammer Museum in Los Angeles, celebrating the work of her good friend, Anais Nin. Bebe was too ill to speak in public at this point, but she agreed to be interviewed for a video piece that was shown at the event. This is her final interview, and you can see it on YouTube.

Bebe's final composition, Mixed Emotions (2000) was composed in the CREATE studios of the University of California at Santa Barbara. I'll be putting this work up on the Downloads 2 page of my website, along with some photos of Bebe and myself taken in 2005 at her home on the Photos page within the next week.

I first met Bebe Barron in the middle 1970s; I don't remember exactly when, but I think it was around 1975. I had asked Bebe and her former husband and composing partner Louis to attend a showing of Forbidden Planet that I had arranged as part of a class at CalArts. They agreed to do it, and I quickly became good friends with Bebe and we remained close over the years.

In writing about Bebe Barron, it's impossible not to focus on the pioneering work that she and Louis did in electronic music. They began their experiments in 1948, shortly after they were married. This early work was done using a tape recorder, preceding the work of Luening and Ussachevsky and the switch from disks to tape by Pierre Schaeffer and the GRM. But, to my knowledge, the Barrons' early experiments did not result in any completed works, a state of affairs not uncommon with early pioneers in the field. In 1949 they set up one of the earliest private electro-acoustic music studios and began their experiments with electronically generated sounds. They built their own circuits which they viewed as cybernetic organisms, having been influenced by Norbert Weiner's work on cybernetics. The circuits, built with vacuum tubes, would exhibit characteristic qualities of pitch, timbre, and rhythm, and had a sort of life cycle from their beginnings until they burned out. The Barrons recorded the sounds from the amplification of these circuits and this formed the basis of their working library. They also employed tape manipulation techniques as part of their compositional procedures. The sound qualities of these various amplified tube circuits and the tape manipulations that they underwent formed the musical language that the Barrons created in their studio. Unlike some of the work being done elsewhere, the Barrons' music reveals long phrases, often stated in tape-delayed rhythms, with the stark finesse of the tube circuit timbres. They created a style that was uniquely their own yet married to the technology they were using.

The Barrons earliest finished work, Heavenly Menagerie (1951) does not seem to have survived in a complete form. But their score for Ian Hugo's film Bells of Atlantis (1952), based on a poem by Anais Nin, who appears on screen, does exist on the film sound track. This may be the earliest extant work of the Barrons and presages what was to come with Forbidden Planet, the music for which was composed in 1955, the film being released the next year.

The music for Forbidden Planet is truly a landmark in electro-acoustic music. This was the first commercial film to use only electronic music, and the score for the movie displays an attitude towards film scoring that was different from anything that had happened before. In Forbidden Planet, while there are themes for characters and events in the film, as was traditional in the scoring of that day, the themes are composed and perceived as gestalts, rather than as melodies in traditional movie music. Even more important is the fact that the scoring of Forbidden Planet breaks down the traditional line between music and sound effects since the Barrons' electronic material is used for both. This not only creates a new type of unity in the film sound world, but also allows for a continuum between these two areas that the Barrons exploit in various ways. At some points it's actually impossible to say whether or not what you're hearing is music, sound effect, or both. In doing this, they foreshadowed by decades the now common role of the sound designer in modern film and video.

The Barrons composed many other works for tape, film, and the theater in the 1950s. Their studio became the home for John Cage's Project of Music for Magnetic Tape, and they assisted in the creation of Cage's first chance piece Williams Mix (1951-52), as well as works by other members of the group such as Earle Brown and Morton Feldman. As a studio for the creation of their own and other composers' works, the Barrons' studio served as a functioning center for electro-acoustic music at a time when there was no institutional support of the medium in the United States. It's curious, then, that, for many years, the Barrons, their studio, and their works were largely overlooked by composers and historians in the field. Fortunately, that injustice has since been corrected, and, in 1997, it was my great honor to present to Bebe and, posthumously, to Louis, the SEAMUS Lifetime Achievement Award. Bebe was involved with SEAMUS from the very beginning of the organization. She was one of the ten original members who responded to my organizational call and met at CalArts in November of 1984 to form the group, and she was SEAMUS's first secretary. There may have been a little strong-arming on my part to get her to be involved so actively, but Bebe was always ready to support the cause of electro-acoustic music in whatever way she could.

Bebe created a firm legacy in her music. If the importance of one's work is to be judged in any regard by it's influence, acceptance, longevity, and innovative qualities, then the score for Forbidden Planet is an enormous success. It remains the most widely known electro-acoustic music work on this planet. For me, Bebe Barron will always be the First Lady of electronic music."

# Albert Hofmann

1906–2008

*4 messages · 2 hands*

*Swiss chemist who first synthesized LSD and discovered its psychedelic effects, and later isolated psilocybin from mushrooms;* LSD: My Problem Child *(1980). Died of a heart attack, aged 102.*

**1928. — Steve Tills** *30 Apr 2008* ↑ **Register**

*Dr. Albert Hofmann, noble pioneer, chemist, and explorer died, age 102.*

Fascinating drug, LSD. I only had, or made, the occasion to "do/consume" it twice, myself, and both "trips" clean, comfortable, relaxed, "good," quite fun and entertaining.

Naw, didn't "see God" or otherwise experience anything profoundly "mystical" and "transformational" (I think ya have to be inclined to have/harbor belief systems that would lead ya to "unconsciously" Desire to experience such things, and I was/am a bit too "rational," "scientific," and "atheist" to be inclined that way). Were really neat and fun experiences, considerably more "intense" than the mushrooms abundant in central Florida back at that time, but in any case Thank You to Mr. Hofmann for making those two occasions possible.

He represents a wonderful combination of "soul," "heart," and "mind" - a scientist for all seasons, including poetic ones. Okay, maybe that's a little "sappy," and what do I really know, just a 70's generation neo-hippy still idealizing those from the 50's and 60's...

**1929. — steve dalachinsky** *3 May 2008* ↑ **Register**

only 2 and both good? boy what you missed ....

**1930. — Steve Tills** *5 May 2008* ↑ **Register**

Good point, Steve!

Sounds like it's quite possible that I missed "bad trips," that is to say, experiences that might have "gotten deeper" and ruptured whatever ego control was "protecting" or "guarding"

"darker" sides of myself that might have proved more than simply "entertaining."

Yeah, I'll buy that, if that's what you're implying.

AND if that is in fact "the case..." Again, I might argue that quite possibly "bad" trips might not be "available" to some whose minds might perhaps be "too rational" to permit certain "fears," that is, get terribly shook up by even "fear," itself.

(I'm not saying that I was invulnerable to "fear" or Fear's ghostly sister "anxiety." Nor that I was hyper-rational; that's be an irrational delusion, anyhow. Nor that I didn't have considerable "stuff" to "work on"; several years of deep, long term psychotherapy/psychoanalyis years later certainly revealed all kinds of "hurt" and pain and fear and the like.)

Interesting question(s) arise, though: Were "bad trips" caused by "bad acid?"

Or were folks more deeply vulnerable - for example, folks with organic schizophrenias (schizophrenias caused by true, genetically physiological chemical imbalances - more likely to experience "bad trips?" Or develop more so-called "mystical" experiences?

If one did NOT experience "bad trips," then did one have too rigid or uptight an ego system or "defenses," or did one just override the interpretation of the experience as "bad," that is, somehow keep in "mind," yes, a conscious-ego awareness, that "hey, we're along for the ride

now, and it will be over after a certain number of hours and then that will be that, so no reason to be scared or frightened?"

If one did not experience any "bad" trips, then did one miss out on — fail to go deep enough to experience - truly "worthwhile" psychological/perceptual "territory?" Or, if one did not experience "bad" trips, then does one perhaps suffer from a "retarded" or "underdeveloped" imagination or soul-system?

(Of course, that last question is pretty much rhetorical.

Not experiencing "bad" trips would NOT suggest an underdeveloped imagination; it would only suggest that one had developed his/her imagination to

concentrate on less esoteric and obscure interpretations of experience, or that one was, simply, much less inclined to indulge in or find compelling more "fantastic" interpretations of experience/reality.)

I did, in fact, "do"/consume "freshly picked mushrooms" dozens of times (and raw peyote buttons once). I lived in Gainesville, Florida, for about a year after finishing college at Jacksonville in 1979. It was, essentially, the "mushroom capital of the East," and we used to go sneak on farmlands and ranches out in the country and pick them by the grocery sack-ful. My roommate, who was 6-7 years older, had organized and facilitated various "acid-tests" there a decade earlier, too, and he was "gentle" and "careful" introducing me to such things. Also, this "guide" had, in turn, been introduced to me by humanistic psychology professors and Gestalt therapist(s) and others involved in progressive psychiatries up in Jacksonville, so there was even more "safety" and a point-of-view "going into psychodelics ingestion" that all had been "done before" by all kinds of very solid, together, "rational," and courageous folks, and THEY MADE IT THROUGH THESE THINGS QUITE INTACT, so nothing to be scared about... Now, hey, heck, we used to eat the mushrooms until we were "totally Saturated," that is, ingest 6-8 of them (east coast mushrooms are not as potent as west coast and mexico mushrooms), enough so that one's body chemistry cannot really be affected by further ingestion, as the body's chemistry can only metabolize or interact with just so much of the chemicals, and any excess is simply "ignored" (the body runs out of receptors available, I think). Anyhow, it was always just an especially intense (and very "muscular," as the stomach muscles really, really get put to the test, ditto with peyote buttons) "visual" and "time" experience. A great deal of "joy," and "laughter," and "distortion of space and bodily sensation and perception," but, truly, how much of that is really exceptionally "irrational" or extraordinary? There are "chemicals" in one's body and those chemicals affect one's perception and one's physical sensations. What's so extraordinary about that?

(Well, one thing that WAS unusual with both LSD trips/experiences is that I temporarily lost my "fear of heights." First trip, we climbed up "monkey bars" in a city park and I moved along like a cat, completely "coordinated" and "graceful" and "fearless." Same thing, Second trip, in San Francisco, down at the Marina in 1990, we trekked to some high ground that ordinarily would scare the heck out of me and put me on my hands and knees, afraid of falling and getting hurt, but ON ACID, there was no such fear of heights...)

Here's a few questions more obviously and directly related to "poetics" and poetry: (1)if ONE OF "poetry's" purposes and effects is "liberation," would one want to "be liberated from"

the vulnerability of having "bad trips" while taking hallucinogens; or "liberated from" the inclination to interpret any given trip, including quite arresting and frightening ones, as "bad"; or "liberated from" psychological and emotional disorders and fixations that cause one to experience life with diminished spirit and joy and courage and awareness? (2)If "liberation" that "poetry" can be said to engender or actualize IS/WERE the same kind that "psychotherapy" engenders and actualizes, what kinds of poetries really do that as well as really effective psychotherapies? (The latter question is always especially compelling to me, as I often see a great divide between effective psychotherapies and conscientious psychotherapists who truly "guide people" to greater liberation and awareness and consciousness and some poetries and poets who, understandably, perhaps, do NOT seek to

engender "liberation" in the first place. BUT I do not see why "charlatans" in either "discipline" should be respected or emulated or rewarded, either...)

Cheers,

Steve Tills

Date: Sat, 3 May 2008 01:22:01 -0400

From: "steve d. dalachinsky"

Subject: Re: Dr. Albert Hofmann, noble pioneer, chemist, and explorer died, age 102.

only 2 and both good? boy what you missed ....

On Wed, 30 Apr 2008 14:37:45 -0400 Steve Tills

writes:

*"Fascinating drug, LSD. I only had, or made, the occasion to*
*"do/consume" it twice, myself, and both "trips" clean, comfortable*
*relaxed, "good," quite fun and entertaining.*
*Naw, didn't "see God" or otherwise experience anything profoundly*
*"mystical" and "transformational" (I think ya have to be inclined to*
*have/harbor belief systems that would lead ya to "unconsciously"*
*Desire*
*to experience such things, and I was/am a bit too "rational,"*
*"scientific," and "atheist" to be inclined that way). Were really*
*neat*
*and fun experiences, considerably more "intense" than the mushrooms*
*You*
*to Mr. Hofmann for making those two occasions possible.*
*He represents a wonderful combination of "soul," "heart," and "mind"*
*- a*
*scientist for all seasons, including poetic ones. Okay, maybe*
*that's a*
*neo-hippy still idealizing those from the 50's and 60's..."*

**1931. — Steve Tills** *7 May 2008* ↑ **Register**

Dear Steve,

Thank you for your reply and good thoughts, explanations, elaboration.

Yeah, I suspect that "bad trips" are extremely bad and could/would surely endanger even the "healthiest," "toughest," "most 'experienced'" trippers and "explorers," especially as the stuff is, after all, "a Chemical" (and essentially a "toxin") and obviously any "foreign" chemicals can mess up any human's brain and body chemistry.

I suspect it is also good, in some cases, to differentiate between "bad trips" caused by crappy chemicals, really "bad acid," etc., and "bad trips" labeled as such by the tripper...

Even "bad trips" caused by "bad acid" AND labeled as such by the tripper could in some cases be "experienced"/interpreted as "meaningful" and/or good or insightful experiences and trips, I'm sure, too...

My own hunch about your friend is that (1)to some extent he didn't have, or desire, "a next plateau" to be opened to. This in itself is primarily just a metaphor or set of metaphors ("opening the door," "to the next plateau"). Doesn't one have to perceive "things" as "plateaus," like plateaus of consciousness or perception or "the Unconscious" or "the Soul" or whatever before one would be inclined to describe "experience" as occurring on different levels or plateaus of experiences? And of course the way one describes it and or labels it

("experience") determines, limits, expands, enhances, diminishes "experience," too. Also, your friend may indeed have had all kinds of "levels" or plateaus available, but no desire/interest/inclination to "access" or explore those "plateaus" or any other psychological or perceptual or cognitive or aesthetic "territories" via psychedelics. (Like you point out, he did not, himself, take the drug to get that kind of experience; he was not inclined to "open himself to that kind of experience," and in his case, though it may not be an option to a lot of folks, he was not going to let the drug "control him" or, in other words, cause him to perceive himself as being "out of control" (which doesn't say he wasn't out of control, either, but only that he confidently and somewhat deliberately and I believe quite factually perceived himself as being in control and "only taking the drug to get high")).

I suspect that I was a lot like your friend — taking the drug, and mushrooms and peyote when I did them, mostly to "get high," or, let's say, ummmmm, really, really enhance some "visuals" and other VERY physical or

sensory sensations, intensify and distort "seeing," "hearing," "smelling," and such, "experience" the distortions in perceptions. I guess that if I wanted to "see God," then I would have approached that objective more traditionally, and/or maybe tried a "Casdenada approach," too, but seeing God and other such cliche AND unique "mystical" experiences did NOT hold any special appeal for me. And I suppose that if I had wanted to experience "higher" or "greater" self-awareness, then I would have approached THAT objective via quite effective psychotherapy techniques and commitments, the ones I like and respect, quite consistently and definitely NOT employing drug-induced alterations or modifications of mental states, as these things would, in most folks' opinions, actually "limit" HOW genuinely and effectively one might explore one's Unconscious mind and psyche.

Still, I suspect that I, like you AND your friend, took these drugs to "take a trip," wherever it might go. And I doubt that any of us ever maintained any complete "control" over where these chemicals "took us" or that we endeavored to maintain such "control." I mean, surely, what we desired, one way or another, was some particular "novelty" as regards what can be "experienced" and "perceived" with these very powerful neuro-receptor mixer-uppers, surely... Even your friend, who wanted to "get high," mostly, wasn't going to get that particularly "perceptual" "high" from stuff like cocaine (which is in my opinion one of the stupidest effing drugs out there and essentially the opposite of the hallucinogens — it gives some folks a great illusion, and definite Delusion, that they are powerful and "in control" of their "powers" but in the most self-destructive and delusionary manner possible; that is, it rifles up extremely narcissistic "ego-control" and a very illusionary sense that one's "self-control" is a powerful thing in the first place). No, your friend was out for the Perceptual ride AND whatever else went along with it, perhaps to some lessened effect than you yourself might have gotten (because on some level of consciousness or belief system indeed it was going to be ONLY to "get high," essentially). But didn't all of us, one way or another, indeed seek "a ride" that we couldn't get any other way, period? That's what I think.

Ummmm, I must confess: I never took any kind of drug like that when I very definitely knew that I might be "vulnerable" to any kind of severe or dangerous emotional or psychological crisis. Perhaps because I had been studying Psychology, and especially psychotherapy and clinical psychology and psychiatry and emotional disturbance and emotional well-being, I was likely quite cognizant of the dangers involved in approaching "emotional distress" and potential crisis via any kind of very dangerous drug use or intake, or perhaps I was just timid and simply feared further aggravating emotional pain. In fact, most of my life I've never even "drank" in response to emotional distress, depression, pain, suffering.

And I've had plenty... But (1)I don't believe in those kinds of reactions to psychological and emotional pain; (2)I don't "trust" those kinds of reactions; (3)My interpretations of "suffering" is that it is an integral and authentic part of one's life experience and in fact an especially necessary and inevitable marker that one is truly living an authentic and fully courageous life, that one is genuinely actualizing as much of one's potential to live a full and

meaningful life as one can; (4)I of course was privvy to much more effective and truly powerful methods of dealing with emotional distress and depression (namely therapy, though most of early life, I could not afford it, sadly), AND I was always determined to be self-reliant and try to resolve things myself, NOT with some foreign substance that took my own powers away from me.

Like your friend, and yes plenty in my time, I have always only taken drugs of any kind, including alcohol and reefer, and I've had plenty of both, as well as other things, to get "high," though that kind of "high" has grown increasingly "old" and not particularly interesting to me most of the last decade or two. (And even in my mid-twenties, when my favorite high, next to reading/insight and sex, was surely "running," most all drugs were particularly boring and uninteresting and thus avoided most of the time.) But jeepers, LSD and mushrooms, and even marijuana, to some extent sure have been "fun" and interesting and even fascinating to a whole bunch of us, haven't they?

Certainly to me they have been (and still are on occasion, who knows)...

Hey, Steve D., Thank you for your response to my second post, and if you get a chance or the spirit moves ya, perhaps respond to other thots/questions that the topic brought up for me. There's a lot of poetics "territory" worth exploring there, in my opinion. I am, for example, interested in approaching "the worth" and "merit" of, to be quite direct, "poetry" produced by alcoholics and other addicts, or poetry produced under the influence of alcohol and drugs if such chemicals could be said to have diminished (OR "enhanced") such things as "courage," "authenticity," "compassion," "clear-mindedness" (for what, Ha, THAT might be worth, but seriously, it's NOT a joke, either and too), and the like.

Now, I know that this whole line of inquiry might seem very peculiar and even "provocative." Think about it — would you "Trust" a psychotherapist or analyst who was drunk or stoned all the time, or who was "irresponsible" and spent most of his/her existence getting numbed and wrecked or neglecting spouse or children or paycheck provider? Naw, probably not, and such a jerk wouldn't/couldn't possibly be half as effective or conscientiousness or valuable to you as others who go through life more courageously and caringly and brightly. Okay, we're talking poetry, though, right? Isn't that something one does outside of the world of "self-actualization" and more for "the fun of it," for "aesthetic pleasure(s)," for "entertainment" (some of which is nonetheless more "authentic" and "truthful" than other "Entertainments" are, mind you, and Life IS short, after all), and for other things that mostly satisfy more "artistic" than, say, "psychological" needs and desires. Heck, isn't psychotherapy and psychiatry for, Yes, assisting individuals in becoming more true to themselves and "authentic," so if that's the case, then for some poets "being MORE true to themselves, and by extention more True to others and more TRUE in their aesthestic creations" might in fact mean, PARODOXICALLY, getting really self-destructive and "high" and "drunk" and "stoned" and thus producing "art" that could ONLY HAVE BEEN PRODUCED by someone courageous enough to sacrifice certain "psychological or emotinal well-being" for their "art."

There are or would be, and always will be, all kinds of parodoxes and contradictions and ironies and the lot here. It IS no mere coincidence that the vast majority of artists and poets throughout time have been MORE likely to have experienced life under the influence of drugs and alcohol, to have experienced "the further reaches of humankind" (i.e., more extreme emotional and psychological states and "limits"), and to have produced their "arts" in fact BECAUSE they have had, or developed, the courage to explore those exceptional states and "limits" or otherwise "express their authentic Being," which were to some extent only accessible and expressible via creating art objects. Personally, I am quite sure that the majority of really good, AND really "new," and really worthwhile poming in the last 30 years has been produced by quite responsible and generally quite "sober" and un-"addicted" pomers. (And then, some of the most respected pomers of the last 30 years sat around, got really stoned, and simply "played" and developed quite revered poetries as a result, so what's the beef, maybe...) And as one older poet and mentor said to me some years ago, the thought

> that one has to go out and endlessly reproduce self-destructive lifestyles or patterns or habits, or be fucked up and wrecked or drunk all the time, or relive old, depressed and self-hating emotional states, in order to produce art or do something unique or access useful creative abilities or engage in commendable art production is an old cliche and stupid myth...
>
> I think this all goes further, though. And I don't think that I'm the only one who wrestles with these kinds of concerns and questions. Gabriel Gudding over at his blog _Earth and Pragmatism_, for example, has been doing some really excellent writing/thinking about what he calls "A Rationale for Writing Poetry with a Kind Mind" (See http://gabrielgudding.blogspot.com/2008/02/rationale-for-writing-with-ki nd-mind.html). I find a lot of his thinking very compelling in this area.
>
> And personally I have opined for some time (admittedly like a complete pedestrian and boor at times, I'm sure) that the truly "new" in coming years will attend more to matters of "content" and "substance" than matters of "form." This may sound quite naive and silly and dumb — I'm sure most pomers don't fiddle with divisions between Form and Content, and Yeah, so much compelling poming is pure Substance often BECAUSE it's majestically, or even "defiantly," opaque, "difficult," more formal than material — but I still cannot keep from coming back to such "concerns," so at least for me there's a lot that needs to be resolved and explored and investigated...
>
> Steve Tills
>
> http://theenk.blogspot.com
>
> *"-steve d. dalachinsky wrote: meant that sarcastically bad trips are really bad even deadly or physically harmful but yer assumption is right on some levels one guy i knew tripped every day for god knows how long when i aske dhim if he ever hallucinated or had a bad trip he said no he only took drug to get high when it got to the point of opening the dorr to the next plateau he said he never did in other words he learned how to control the drug i never could nor others i kew so it controlled us for better or worse took us on the trip not vice - versa nuff said post this if you want"*

---

## Hanon Reznikoff

1950–2008

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American actor, writer and co-director of the Living Theatre alongside Judith Malina after Julian Beck's death in 1985;* Anarchia *(1994). Died of pneumonia, following a stroke.*

**1932. — steve dalachinsky** *3 May 2008* ↑ **Register**

*sad news*

Hanon Reznikoff after suffering a massive stroke and pneumonia has passed away He was a founding member of the living theatre and was Judith Malina's partner afterJulian Beck passed away - there is a shiva if anyone in NY area want s to go

you can backchannel me

---

# Robert Rauschenberg

1925–2008

*4 messages · 4 hands*

*American artist whose Combines merged everyday objects with painting, bridging Abstract Expressionism and Pop Art;* Bed *(1955). Died of heart failure, at his home on Captiva Island.*

**1933. — David-Baptiste Chirot** *13 May 2008* ↑ **Register**

*Robert Rauschenberg, prolific American artist, dies at 82 - International Herald Tribune*

http://www.iht.com/articles/2008/05/13/america/obit.php

this show a way to see (rather than to say, for me)—<http://www.iht.com/articles/2008/05/13/america/obit.php

The Metropolitan Museum of Art - Special Exhibitions: Robert Rauschenberg:

> **1934. — Charlotte Mandel** *13 May 2008* ↑ **Register**
>
> *Rauschenberg poem tribute*
>
> Friends, Not because it's a great poem but because his work was an uplift for me from the earliest times of encounter, I list my poem published online in poemeleon's ekphrastic issue "Rauschenberg's Goat":
>
> **1935. — teersteeg** *14 May 2008* ↑ **Register**
>
> *Rauschenberg*
>
> Interesting quote from Rauschenberg (from obit. on Artforum):
>
> "Screwing things up is a virtue," Rauschenberg said when he was seventy-four. "Being correct is never the point. I have an almost fanatically correct assistant, and by the time she respells my words and corrects my punctuation, I can't read what I wrote. Being right can stop all the momentum of a very interesting idea."
>
> bruno Cape Cod
>
> **1936. — tyrone williams** *14 May 2008* ↑ **Register**
>
> *Re: Rauschenberg poem tribute*
>
> Rauschenberg was a major influence for me too, Charlotte—and your poem is a nice tribute to this encyclopedic spirit.

# Cornell Capa

1918–2008

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Hungarian-American photographer and curator who founded New York's International Center of Photography in 1974;* the International Center of Photography *(1974). Died of natural causes, in New York.*

**1937. — David-Baptiste Chirot** *24 May 2008* ↑ **Register**

*Cornell Capa, Photographer, Is Dead at 90 - Obituary (Obit) - NYTimes.com*

http://www.nytimes.com/2008/05/24/arts/design/23cnd-capa.html?em&ex=&enïe505fd2eea4728&ei=5087%0A

## Bo Diddley

1928–2008

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American rock and roll pioneer whose signature* 'Bo Diddley *beat' shaped the transition from blues to rock. Died heart failure, after earlier stroke and heart attack.*

**1938. — David-Baptiste Chirot** *3 Jun 2008* **↑ Register**

*Bo Diddley, Who Gave Rock His Beat, Dies at 79 - Obituary (Obit) - NYTimes.com*

http://www.nytimes.com/2008/06/03/arts/music/03diddley.html?_r=1&th&emc=th&oref=slogin

Hey Bo Diddley
"The Innovator"--
as the title of one of his LPs stated--

one of the most inspired and inspiring artists
world wide
ever--
since "recorded" history began!

his Bo Diddley beat

is going to beat forever--

## Bruce Conner

1933–2008

*10 messages · 7 hands*

*American assemblage artist and experimental filmmaker whose found-footage montages like* A Movie *and* Crossroads *prefigured the music video, a central figure of San Francisco's Beat-era counterculture. Died in San Francisco.*

**1939. — Stephen Vincent** *8 Jul 2008* **↑ Register**

*Bruce Connor, 1933 - 2008*

Bruce Connor, esteemed & brilliant assemblage innovator in sculpture, painting and film, passed away in San Francisco yesterday. Dark portrayer of the 'under-soul' and luminous, angelic portrayer of the 'over-soul' his alchemic seeming transformations of detritus were mesmeric - in Edgar Alan Poe needed a lazer beam transmssion into the substance of the contemporary, or if 30's surrealism needed un autre enfant terrible, Connor was an extraordinary agent. Not an 'easy dude' by all accounts - particularly by many foiled curators - he leaves an assured legacy. When the measuring of mid-Century American art is done, I suspect Connor will be viewed as Raushenberg's dark brother. Suggest Minimally honor the day, if you can find his short movies composed of found footage, "A Movie", for one. Not to over-do the dark imprint, Connor ran for the San Francisco Board of Supervisors circa 1966 in a long comic City tradition of unelectable musicans and artists, including Joel Biafra, lead singer of the Dead Kennedys.

I am sure there will be many 'real' Connor orbits, Look to them for more facts.

Stephen Vincent http://stephenvincent.net/blog/

**1940. — Stephen Vincent** *9 Jul 2008* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Bruce Conner, 1933 - 2008*

There is a big catalogue from a retrospective - started at the Whitney - just a few years back. Conner (right spelling!) was very involved with poets of his time - he came to San Francisco from Kansas along with Michael McClure. His film and art work of the late fifties and early sixties are implictly animated by the nuclear terror/jitters of the time. In addition to A Movie - which is composed totally of 'found' speeded up film footage of crashes (trains, planes, etc.) (the real psychic underbelly of Dr. Strangelove, aka General Curtis LeMay) Another Conner classic accounts the moving of Jay DeFeo's massive Rose from her studio to the San Francisco Art Institute. Minimally, I believe, the work is distributed by Canyon Cinema.

Yes, Miekal, I think it's time to put the 'r' back into o(r)bits - it suggests recycling, spiraling and all that, I mean, let the dead take wing! Enough of this 'deep six' stuff after a paragraph in the local news.

By the way I hear there is a Conner orbit in today's NY Times.

Stephen V http://stephenvincent.net/blog/

mIEKAL aND wrote: I like the real Connor "orbits" part...

sadly I don't know his work at all..

**1941. — Barry Schwabsky** *9 Jul 2008* ↑ **Register**

His o(r)bit is there, along with that of Thomas Disch, novelist and (if I remember correctly) sometime poet.

**1942. — Dr. Barry S. Alpert** *10 Jul 2008* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Bruce Conner, 1933-2008*

Stephen,

I was lucky enough to have had a lot of exposure to Bruce Conner's work, starting when I was an undergraduate at Washington University in St. Louis, where—prompted by writing about BC by Jonas Mekas and Susan Sontag—I screened "Cosmic Ray" and "A Movie" within one of my film series. Most recently, in conjunction with a large exhibition of work by Conner & his "assistants" Anonymous and Anonymouse, ten of his films were projected within the Katzen Museum on the campus of American University in Washington DC.

Unfortunately, I was never able to witness any of the "performances" he staged, as it were, within his personal life, and wonder whether you ever caught any of these. Or perhaps an in-person screening? The rumors and stories his behavior initiated were amusing, but I've never heard an eyewitness account. Can you supply one?

Barry Alpert

**1943. — Tom Savage** *10 Jul 2008* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Bruce Conner, 1933 - 2008*

I just watched several of Bruce Conner's films/videos on Youtube. The ones with the best, most audible soundtracks seem to be the ones he made with Bowie and Eno. One called Valse Triste, a great piece of music by Sibelius, if I remember correctly, didn't come over the computer that well. The images did but not the musical accompaniment. Still, his films are interesting. I remember hearing of them years ago and may have seen one or two of them years ago when "underground cinema" existed and was easily available in above ground movie theaters. It was nice to see this stuff, either for the first time or again. I hope others take the opportunity to view Mr. Conner's work again now that it is available online. Regards, Tom Savage

--- On Wed, 7/9/08, Barry Schwabsky wrote:

**1944. — konrad** *10 Jul 2008* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Bruce Conner's films*

Stephen V wrote that:

"Minimally, I believe, the work is distributed by Canyon Cinema. "

Used to be, but in fact Bruce's film have been out of distribution for a year or so. If i were to make an educated guess, however, i would say that Canyon would be the place to look for them in the not too distant future.

Canyon Cinema: http://www.canyoncinema.com/ [nothing of Conner's there now]

You can click on something unauthorized on YouTube or UbuWeb i'm sure. You can also call me a film snob, but i hope that people get to see the work in a theater with good sound and picture. If you see them all compressed on your computer, it's like listening to Bach on a transistor radio at the beach. Easy to

**1945. — Stephen Vincent** *11 Jul 2008* ↑ **Register**
*More Good Stuff on Bruce Conner*

Some want to hear more good stuff on Bruce Conner - maker of films, photographer, sculptor, painter, printmaker, occasional San Francisco politician, well, today in Leah Garchik's collumn:

http://www.sfgate.com/cgi-bin/article.cgi?file=/chronicle/archive/2008/07/11/DDI511LPR7.DTL

In 1967, Conner ran for the Board of Supervisors in San Francisco. He described his business or occupation as "Nothing. My qualifications for said office are as follows: The light of the body is the eye; therefore when thine eye is single, they whole body also is full of light; but when thine eye is dark, they body is full of darkness. Take heed therefore that the light which is in thee be not darkness. If thy whole body be full of light, having no part dark, the whole shall be full of light, as when the bright shining of a candle doth give thee light. For there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; neither hid, that shall not be known."

Followed by a lovely conversational account by Michael McClure of going from Kansas to NYC with Bruce Conner in their teens to up with Robert Motherwell in the summer of 1951, as well as accounts of his runs for the Board of Supervisors.

http://www.sfgate.com/cgi-bin/article.cgi?f=/c/a/2008/07/11/DDKA11LE22.DTL&hw=Kenneth+Baker+Bruce+Conner&sn=001&sc=1000

Kenneth Baker's good piece on Connor the person(s), also in today's Chron.

Of course, for additional stuff, one can always Google!

Stephen Vincent http://stephenvincent.net/blog/

**1946. — Stephen Vincent** *11 Jul 2008* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Bruce Conner's films*

Thanks, Konrad. In fact, yesterday, I heard Conner had withdrawn his films over three different times in the course of his relationship with Canyon Cinema. Apparently a flip-flop tradition among a few others at Canyon Cinema, as well, including the long now disappeared Ben VanMeter who made such great stuff in the Sixties

And right, Good screen, good sound = best. Recently I heard Maurice Subotnik say the IPod has become the ultimate diminishment of an original, recorded perfomance. What seems like ultimate democracy (Ipod, Netflix, etc.) = pale horse, pale rider.

Stephen V

konrad wrote: Stephen V wrote that:

"Minimally, I believe, the work is distributed by Canyon Cinema. "

**1947. — Daniel Kane** *12 Jul 2008* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Bruce Conner*

There's a lot of info on Conner's relationship to Canyon in Scott MacDonald's *Canyon Cinema: The Life and Times of an Independent Film Distributor *(U of California Press, 2008). best

**1948. — David-Baptiste Chirot** *12 Jul 2008* ↑ **Register**
*re Bruce Connor--from memory & ny times today*

*MOVIES * | July 12, 2008 * An Appraisal: An Artist of the Cutting-Room Floor <http://www.nytimes.com/2008/07/12/movies/12conn.html?ex=&en=7b77219580c9033c&ei=5070&emc=eta1

*"By MANOHLA DARGIS Bruce Conner's ecstatic films were at once salvage projects and assertions of individuality in an increasingly anonymous age. in memory/memorium Bruce Connor—*

*I had the good fortune to meet Bruce Connors a number of times.*

*We talked about the use of found materials and Assemblage, which are effective ways to take very serious things such as atomic blasts and other "iconic images of history" and turn them into comedy. ("Some things are so serious all one can do about them is laugh"—Werner Heisenberg. This was also the time period of Dr Strangelove, after all.)*

*The article notes Connor's citing the influence of the Marx Brothers, but one may go much further back into the silent era—to the Lumiere Brothers and Melies' uses of "trick effects"— and later on, Buster Keaton.*

*For example with his deadpan style (a "mock obectivity" in a sense)- would use "documentary" materials to create "comic effects." In Keaton, the fictional is simultaneously documentary as he designed the stunts and performed them, which are "documented" as his passing through many levels of film, projection, reality/documentary and fiction and dream.*

*( In The Cameraman, and Sherlock Jr especially, which has sequences rivalling any of the later Sur-realist classics.)*

*Joseph Cornell had worked much earlier in the use of assemblage &/found materials in film, and Connor's films reminded me of a kind of very speeded up approach to the dream-like associations which Cornell creates in his boxes and movies.*

*The review notes Connor as a precursor to MTV—actually I think that TV had a lot of influence on Connor's films, in the way that Richard Lester, who made the Beatles' Hard Day's Night, came out of television and brought with him the speeded up collision of action, images, comedy and a "documentary feel" by filming on sight in an an unadorned, off the cuff manner,*

*At the time, this was "slumming" in a sense was new to the movies, though a staple of TV—and was fitting that it arrived in film with the Pop sensibilities of the times,which one sees in the early Connor films.*

*I remember talking with Bruce Connor about the influence of advertising from TV and film in his work.*

*My parents never had a TV (i didn't have one until almost thirty, an old junker found on the street) so TV when*

*I saw it made quite an impression.*

*The use of the strobe effects —which Dr Harold Edgerton at MIT had been working on for a long time, his own documentary fotos becoming considered as "Art"—(the famous drop of milk, or bullet crashing through a board etc)—was a big thing—Brion Gysin and Burroughs worked with something similar with flicker Dream Machines, and the police had them already long in use, though for an effect quite opposite to what filmmakers, writers, artists and psychedelians were after.*

*I think because he worked with Assemblage, writing about Connor, and thinking back to talking with him—is like opening an immense trunk of associations with other time periods in cinema, TV, photography and art, "high," "low" and kitsch.*

*In a sense the films become launching pads for the viewer's own associations of series of images, al-lusions, references, which like the flicker effect, are both "there' and "not there<" yet also "there" in the sense of "after images, after effects."*

*It sets up a Dream and Time Machine effect in the vast storehouses of the Museum in the Mind so to speak, the Cinematheque of the Photographic memory so to speak, the Archeology of the Vast Junkyards of celluloid, IMAGE and reproductions that accumulates with such incredible speed and in*

*the process begins to create its own "memory movies" or what Jack Kerouac, who wrote obsessively of Memory and Time, called in terms of writing—"Book Movie, the original American form."*

*In a sense, watching a film like some of Connor's is actually being the screen onto which the film is projected as one is watching it.*

*That is, the film begins taking place "before one's very eyes" and starts to trigger other images, ghostly, "after images," things there and not there, glimpsed and then lost, a hide and seek flickering in the stroboscopes of the viewer's own Cinema of Found Footages and Dusty Old Memories Dusted Off.*

*Some of the earliest film criticism made much of the going to the movies experience as a way in which a large number of persons entered into a darkness like sleep—and when the curtain went up so to speak, it was the opening of the eyes of the consciousness present at the playing out of a dream.*

*Using found footage and methods from Assemblage, Connor's films take "popular images, icons of the culture" and play at once on their "documentary" and "dream" qualities. This is a quality which has Haunted so to speak Photography and Cinema since they each made their first appearances before human eyes.*

*The range of effects from the Comic to the Tragic is very vast indeed, and at the same time that distance can be "speeded up" by the collisions of juxtapositions, montage, Assemblage and the kind of Pop feeling that is already present in the Cubist paintings making use of chair canings and newspaper ads, which themselves made use of the "documentary" and "advertising" qualities of the photographic image.*

*In the Cinema of Assemblage, as in Connor's films, one can see and learn how al these elements can be unpacked, repackaged and unpacked , deconstructed, all very fast, "right before one's very eyes" and thus creating so often the Comic effect.*

*The Newsreel turns into the old one reelers of Silent Comedy and images perform a fast "action packed" series of slapstick routines.*

*Like a Cornell box, a Connor film is a journey into an what I call the Anarkeyology of Images, the Strata of Allusions and Associations which "immediately recognizable" images and effects can trigger in the viewer's consciousness, a Journey into the "Photographic Memory" of the Age of*

*Image Saturation which makes use of a new language of Visual Shorthand,*

*The Visual Shorthand—greatly expanded by International Signs without Words used in buildings, buses, trains, planes, bathrooms, elevator, just about everywhere one looks—by its "pointing" to a word in a myriad different languages—returns one to times before mass or common literacy, n which the gigantic, incredibly complex Cosmologies of different spiritual traditions are conveyed for the "instruction and delight" of the illiterate, who are made in these way extremely literate in terms of the understanding of communication-via-images, icons, signs, which, pre-Cinema and TV, creating their own form of Conceptual Cinema in the mind of the viewer.*

*That is, "reading" the visual signs, the visual shorthand, the viewer is taking "still" images and galvanizing them —and at the same time, is galvanized by these images— into speeding trains of associations, allusions, concepts, memories*

*The "illiterate" mind itself becomes that Cinema into which the spectator of the early essays on the Cinema-as- Dream- Theater walks. Since the images and icons are collectively known, this proto-Cinematic viewer experiences simultaneously a "personal" viewing and a collective one, just as the cinema audience attends both a personal and a public cinema.*

*In Bruce Connor's films one finds articulated very clearly this combing of the individual viewing of the images, icons, visual shorthand, and the public, collective "attendance" of the spectator in the cinema.*

*The Cinema of the individual mind and the Cinema of the "movie going public" are "brought together" via his work with the art of Assemblage.*

*And they gesture also to what is "built into" Assemblage—that is, in taking note of the various objects, images, time periods, allusions which go into creating the Assemblage, one begins while viewing to already anticipate if not already beginning, to unpack the Assemblage and with each element find that it is triggering a myriad new Assemblages in the memory, imagination and thoughts.*

*An Assemblage as Film both "comes together" and "comes part"," while it is "taking place," much as the strobe effect alternates between presenting an image, and presenting its disappearance, in high speed succession. so that even a completely "still image," when viewed by Assemblage or strobe, becomes galvanized into a "Movie," a "Moving Picture," which in turn produces the "moving effects" of emotions triggered into their own "actions on and in the spectator, who becomes both a screen and an actor, and eventually, via the galvanized associations of "Photographic Memory," a form of Conceptual Director in the Cinema of the Mind.*

> *(Which Andre Malraux called "the Museum without Walls," that repository of images and image-junk in the brain of the viewer/director/Assembler.)*
>
> *To me what is part of the magic (which is also another early metaphor for Cinema) of Connor's films is the way in which the Assemblage is such an incredibly well packed and unpacking (like the Toni Basil film of her mentioned in the review, dressed and undressed)—putting together//taking apart of not only the Connor film itself that is "before one," but also of the Cinema that is "within one."*
>
> *In this Assemblage,disassemblage/re-assemblage both on screen and in the viewer's mind, there is an Assemblage of the experiences, memories, concepts, history of the Movies and Movie-Going, and how these are continually presenting an Anarkeyology of the "development" so to speak of the Art of Looking.*
>
> *Connor's films are often at the same time teaching one more about the History of Looking in terms of photographic/cinematic/advertising/TV/art images and the inner history of one's own many lives among these.*
>
> *All these Assemblages "come together" and then—"depart" as a part of and apart from the films. And that ongoing Assemblage is the "legacy of Bruce Connor," an Assemblage ongoing in his works and their effects in the Cinemas of the Mind of the myriads of their viewers. And that's how he is ongoing in the mind of memory also, in thinking of him—not as a "stilled image," but as an ever ongoing "one," Assembled in the remembered by myriads person of Bruce Connor and his "body of work."*”

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# Johnny Griffin

1928–2008

*1 message · 1 hand*

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> *American hard-bop tenor saxophonist nicknamed 'the Little Giant' for his short stature and ferociously fast playing;* Introducing Johnny Griffin *(1956). Died in France Saturday, Johnny Griffin.*

---

**1949. — Paul Nelson** *28 Jul 2008* ↑ **Register**

*Long Live Johnny Griffin*

One of the last original Beboppers died in France Saturday, Johnny Griffin. I told my London friend Charlie to see him at Ronnie Scott's in May, he did and Charlie was quite grateful for the tip.

http://www.nytimes.com/2008/07/26/arts/music/26griffin.html
http://www.npr.org/templates/story/story.php?storyId’943737

One of DuSable High's greatest lights: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/DuSable_High_School

From Bronzeville’s DuSable High (“Peace is possible, but justice at any rate”) came sixty-five

muscular inches of Bebop and hot
lava. Johnny Griffin – “speed, control,
harmonic acuity.” Johnny Griffin –
sd of Monk’s Music “like trying
to
break out of a room made of
marshmallows.”
Johnny Griffin
who mellowed that fire

into one slow French burn
died Saturday always a Chicago
guy, always ready to turn breath
into fire.

Paul E. Nelson

Global Voices Radio
SPLAB!
American Sentences
Organic Poetry
Poetry Postcard Blog

Ilalqo, WA or

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## İlhan Berk

1918–2008
*3 messages · 2 hands*

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*Turkish poet of the İkinci Yeni (Second New) movement;* A Leaf About to Fall: Selected Poems *(2006).*

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**1950. — Murat Nemet-Nejat** *29 Aug 2008* ↑ **Register**
*The Death of Ilhan Berk (1918-2008)*

The great Turkish poet Ilhan Berk died the day before yesterday. His poetry in English translation can be found in *Selected Poems by Ilhan Berk, edited by Onder Otçu* (Talisman Books, Jersey City, 2004) and in *Eda: An Anthology of Contemporary Turkish Poetry, edited by Murat Nemet-Nejat* (Talisman Books, Jersey City, 2004).

Here is a passage from my introduction to the *Eda* anthology discussing Ilhan Berk's poetry and its relation to other Turkish poets. The passage ends with his poem "Garden":

"Though associated with The Second New, Berk's poetry has nothing to do with depth, everything to do with motion. Born before Süreya and Ayhan and still alive –that is to say, writing more than sixty years- his work assimilates the poetic movements from Hikmet and Veli on. The great pleasure of Berk's poetry is to follow his agile mind weaving in and out of historical time periods, following the contours of crooked streets in Galata, naming names, or stopping at a now defunct whore house listening to the voices of women there. In "Garlic," ostensibly a prose piece, time as a layered entity with past and present disappears and becomes a unified place of the spirit, of mind play.

In Berk, Süreya's sense of unexpected connections and Ayhan's awareness that Istanbul is a mongrel accumulation floating on a sea of history are unified into a flat tapestry of pure motion, an irreligious but still spiritual space where splits associated with time are abandoned. Berk's poetry reveals no secrets but lights everything it touches with its inflections.

From the 1950's on, everything Berk writes is associated with his "long poetic line." To understand what that line is, one can go to a Hashim poem, the first poet in the anthology: "In a grieving perfection's insomnia..."Why is perfection associated with insomnia? Insomnia is the most intense state of wakefulness (consciousness) because it is nearest sleep. This is a poetics of limits, a motion of the mind towards zero, the unreachable, the forbidden.

Berk's long poetic line approaches the limit of prose, growing in intensity doing so. A lot of Berk's best poems look like prose; they are continuous strips of poetic line moving towards and away from a limit. Here lies the essential paradox of Berk and Turkish poetry. He seems to be the most pagan, least religious of poets, as Turkish poetry rarely is about religion. But an irreducible spiritual essence runs through both of them, as it does in Veli or Hashim or Hikmet or Süreya or Iskender or Güntan.... It is buried in the agglutinative cadences of Turkish, a language of affections inflected by proximity to a movable, elusive verb –a dance towards and away from limits. The sensual, metaphysical and historical are unified in this movement –the eda- a continuum of earth, water and human habitation:

Wall
Door
Window
+_____
HOME

"I am in the middle of a garden that looks like 444."
Cansever

GARDEN

The house, 'vertical creature'.
You enter the house through the garden.
But the garden does not know the house.
Nor perhaps the other way around...

How beautiful!
What's more, the world of objects is like this.
They all gather to enjoy the unknown.
The garden's choice has been freedom, from the very beginning.

It has the capacity of eclipsing the house,
however conspicuous the house might make itself to show off.

- I am in the garden, says the garden.

It has its own language, history, geography.

We have also come to realize that it has some peculiar thoughts of its own. (Actually, it is through these peculiar thoughts that it takes shape.)

I SEE THE HOUSE AFTER I LEAVE THE GARDEN BEHIND.

To compare the garden and the house: the garden is wide open in the face of the close-mouthed, conservative quality the house characterizes (permeated with that despotism which wounded it long ago).

THE GARDEN DETESTS CALENDESTINE OPERATIONS.

Full of sound and voices. Its face overflowing into the street. Offering a female reading.

To compare them, it is sexual (what is not?)

THE HOUSE IS MORE AS IF TO DIE IN THAN TO LIVE IN.

Oh garden, the muddy singer of the street.

"Dirty Child."

Hello gardens, here I am! (1997, trans. by Onder Otçu)"

**1951.** **— Aryanil Mukherjee** *30 Aug 2008* ↑ **Register**

!!!Very sad news!!!

EDA gave me a chance to read Ilhan Berk. Doubtlessly, a great poet by any yardstick shaped by any geography...

True, we live in gardens that really don't know the house. An ancient house, that is.....

**1952.** **— Murat Nemet-Nejat** *30 Aug 2008* ↑ **Register**

Aryanil,

Yes. The house, the garden, the street are in dialogue with each other.

Ciao,

---

## Reginald Shepherd

1963–2008

*4 messages · 3 hands*

*American poet and essayist on identity and poetics whose debut* Some Are Drowning *was chosen by Carolyn Forché for the AWP Award. Died cancer, in Pensacola, Florida.*

**1953.** **— amy king** *11 Sep 2008* ↑ **Register**

*Sad News -- Reginald Shepherd*

http://poetryfoundation.org/harriet/2008/09/reginald_shepherd_19632008.html

**1954.** **— amy king** *13 Sep 2008* ↑ **Register**

*Re: anybody on list - damn.*

Geez. First Reginald Shepherd and now David Foster Wallace — what a week.

David Foster Wallace http://www.latimes.com/news/obituaries/la-me-wallace14-2008sep14,0,246155.story

Reginald Shepherd http://poetryfoundation.org/harriet/2008/09/reginald_shepherd_19632008.html His Blog — http://reginaldshepherd.blogspot.com/

_____

Amy's Alias

http://amyking.org/

--- On Sat, 9/13/08, Catherine Daly wrote:

"*teach at any of the claremont colleges? Aaron? david foster wallace — why???*"

**1955. — Luke Schlueter** *14 Sep 2008* ↑ **Register**

Wow. The DFW death in particular really saddens me. I wonder to what degree the guy was at bottom tortured by hyper-consciousness. His work suggests as much.

Luke

http://amyking.org/

--- On Sat, 9/13/08, Catherine Daly wrote:

**1956. — Barry Schwabsky** *14 Sep 2008* ↑ **Register**

So sad....and somehow I can't help thinking, how selfish of him. He had a lot more to give and decided to keep it to himself.

--- On Sun, 14/9/08, Luke Schlueter wrote:

http://amyking.org/

--- On Sat, 9/13/08, Catherine Daly wrote:

---

## Robert Dunn

d. 2008

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Nothing about this person could be verified outside the archive. The notice says: "Dearest Friends, As you all know by now, Robert Dunn died on Thursday night, of a massivheart attack while at his health club."*

**1957. — steve dalachinsky** *29 Sep 2008* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Fwd: Robert Dunn's death & memorials*

Dearest Friends,

As you all know by now, Robert Dunn died on Thursday night, of a massivheart attack while at his health club. He was taken to the hospital, b=t they weren't able to save him. My heart is broken, and I'm sure, for m=ny of us, there will be continued shock and sorrow.

According to the family (from what Babette Albin has told me) there wilbe no public funeral. His family has opted for a closed-casket, private service. Nevertheless, since those of us who knew Robert knew that —aside from his Mother — he considered his fellow poets (poets &am=; musicians) to be his real family, as he often said, it is we who must create his memorials and also the celebrations of his life.

I have spoken to Tone Bellizi at The Vault, and he has suggested Saturd=y, October 11th (two weeks from today) to have the memorial at the Vault. =He plans to have us from 9 p.m. till whenever.

I will be speaking to Brigid Myrnaghan at the Back Fence shortly to see what she would like us to do at the Back Fence. It is possible that th= event which had been planned for tomorrow with Goldiva as the feature, will =o on, but with tributes to Robert. Since this is all such short notice, there will possibly be some other event there at the Back Fence that is more formally planned for a later date, for when everyone who wasn't planning on going tomorrow can attend. In speaking to Su Polo, I got the impressio= she might be thinking of setting up something, too. It's possible that Evie Ivy and/or Patricia

Carragon, both of whom host events, may wish to set=up something at their events. I just don't know any more at this time.&nb=p

As Lisa Roma (and Su) said, Robert's just on another plane now, and he'=l always be with us, but I wish to God he were still here with us, to laugh wi=h, crack wise with, — yes, and even to argue with — and Lord knows, he was so opinionated (aren't we all) that every one of us probably disagreed with him about something, sometime, but I would give anythng to be able to hear his v=ice and hug him once again.

Stan Barkan graciously agreed to be the one who sent out the notice of where/when regarding the funeral, but since none but his uncle and cousins (=nd maybe sister-in-law) will be at the funeral, we must begin to plan our thoughts and memorials to him. If possible, we'll try to set up a MySpÎ page for people to add comments and poems. Thanks you all for your gracious calls and loving thoughts.

In the interim, you may also be receiving other emails from people with bulk mailing lists. Please forgive the duplication; the Department of Redundancy Department is working full-time now, as we all send out the info =o all our friends and colleagues. Also forgive me if there's any typos -= I can't see because of the tears as I write this.

Love, from Leigh P.S. While I was adding the addresses, I got a call from Robert M=lby upstate, who's reading tonight and told me he's dedicating his reading to Robert. Bless you, Milby, for that!...L.

---

## Hayden Carruth

1921–2008

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American poet, critic and anthologist influenced by jazz and blues, National Book Award winner for* Scrambled Eggs & Whiskey. *Died complications following a series of strokes.*

**1958. — Charlotte Mandel** *1 Oct 2008* ↑ **Register**

*Hayden Carruth - 1921 - 2008*

I send this sad news received as forward to another list: *From: *Michael Wiegers *Date: *September 30, 2008 11:45:00 AM PDT *Subject: **Hayden Carruth

It is with great sadness that I am writing to tell you that we have lost another of our great poets. Hayden Carruth passed away last night, at home, in the company of his family.

His poems, books, and encouragements were foundational to Copper Canyon and much of our present day work would not be happening were it not for him. He was dearly loved here at the Press and will be greatly missed.

Michael Wiegers

---

# Paavo Haavikko

1931–2008

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Finnish modernist poet, playwright and publisher, regarded as the leading writer of Finland's postwar period;* Talvipalatsi / The Winter Palace *(1959).*

**1959. — Rachel Loden** *7 Oct 2008* ↑ **Register**

*Paavo Haavikko (1931-2008)*

Life being short, poverty and wealth
are final verdicts, in that
poverty and life are of equal duration
and wealth and cold indifference
are perennial and hereditary, like diseases.

(from /May, Eternal/, 1988, tr. by Anselm Hollo)

And, briefly:
The old part (1754-1762) is known as
The Winter Palace.
Accordingly everything,
Floor, ceiling, walls
Is covered with these exalted beings:
Venus, Jupiter, many ladies
Of a full-bodied vintage.
You can still see how many a man
Lost head and hat
By the Berezhina River,
You can see that Borodino
Was a victory;

Of such
I'm talking, here,
Under the roof
Thatched by my hair.

(from /The Winter Palace/, 1959, tr. by Anselm Hollo)

http://wordstrumpet.blogspot.com/

# James Liddy

1934–2008

*4 messages · 4 hands*

*Irish poet, long based in Milwaukee, known for collections In a Blue Smoke and Blue Mountain.*

**1960. — Stephen Vincent** *7 Nov 2008* ↑ **Register**

*James Liddy, 1934 - 2008*

For those out of the Ron Silliman loop, James Liddy, the long resident of America, Irish poet, has passed away. (1934 - 2008). He came to teach at San Francisco State College in the late Sixties where I knew him, partly as a neighbor. He held classes at his home during the SF State Strike - in which I would occasionally sit-in. It was the place where I first met Ron Silliman, a student then. James was totally enamored of the fresh legacy of Jack Spicer (d. 1965) while becoming good friend of Graham Mackintosh, the White Rabbit Press printer and close associate of Spicer. Sadly, or to the benefit of Milwaukee, James left the City in the 70's. A warm, lively gregarious spirit totally devoted to the realms of Poetry - much devoted to his friends - much to be missed, I am sure.

Stephen Vincent http://stephenvincent.net/blog/

**1961. — Trevor Joyce** *7 Nov 2008* ↑ **Register**

It was due to James' urging that New Writers' Press printed a small, pirated, chapbook of Spicer's *Billy the Kid* (in '68, I think). The title of NWP's house journal, *The Lace Curtain*, was also down to his suggestion. It always amused him.

I didn't ever know him closely - I recall our last conversation over a pint in Leeson Street in '76, where it became quickly evident that neither of us really got what the other was at - but I was always aware of his very practical generosity towards young poets and those on hard times. I'm sorry to hear that he's gone.

**1962. — Jesse Glass** *8 Nov 2008* ↑ **Register**

*James Liddy At Axel's After Midnight*

Axel's Bar, just down and over a few blocks from the UWM campus is where we'd all gather to drink ourselves happy, then silly, then under. Around about midnight James Liddy would roll in with his bevy of young men,— sweating, gouty and grinning—always grinning, to share the latest gossip or introduce one to a visiting poet (I met John Montague, and John Ashbery, among others, by the dim flicker of Axel's bar lights) or a publisher. He was a fine, generous soul—a good teacher and a great party-giver, and a roaring sinner but his stories about Patrick Kavanaugh were the best. We both shared a love for the poetry of James Clarence Mangan, but only James and his Irish crew maintained a flame for the moustached Frank, Axel's legendary bar-tender. Rest in peace, James. Rest long and well. I hope Jim Chapson is weathering it all and keeping fine—haven't seen him in years. I'll be thinking again about those days and nights, and breaking out James Liddy's books to catch his voice rising like Irish fiddles above that of Jack Spicer's. Jess

**1963. — David-Baptiste Chirot** *10 Nov 2008* ↑ **Register**

*James Liddy, 1934 - 2008*

*"-From: David Chirot*

*(i sent this yesterday but the delivery system says something abt delivery failure so trying again—in the meantime i learned James already back in Ireland for his resting place—)*

*Many thanks for posting this Stephen, especially as it has news of days in SF.*

*I found your note just as about to post foto of James at blog and other places—Kent Johnson wrote me very early in morning James was gone.*

*Actually James had a poem about Silliman, but would be indiscreet to quote it!*

*I made a tribute at my blog with a poem and foto and some other things—Spicer—and a dedication from James-(in which he calls me the "son of God"—thankfully not the Son!---but have much more to unearth —in his own hand—poems and notes— James died on Tuesday and is in Ireland already—to be buried there—but there will the this Tuesday i beleive also a funeral as it were here in Milwaukee— i have been thinking much of his companion Jim Chapson, his long time companion, also, himself a very fine poet— http://davidbaptistechirot.blogspot.com/2008/11/james-liddy-1934-2008-for-jim-chapson.html*

*James was a great inspiring legendary figure in Milwaukee, holding court at Axel's and traveling about the city to readings and events accompanied by his young admirers poetic and otherwise.*

*He was one of the rare persons with whom one could discuss Jack Spicer, Duncan, so many others—and also Burroughs, Kerouac, the Beats— and then drink it in as he let flow the full flood of his Irish heritage in poesy and song— He had one of the keenest rapier wits, a master of the annihilating epigram— improvised— on the spot—shot with deadly aim—*

*He was an erotic poet, a gay poet, a queen, a ruminator on matter religious that turned sexual—*

*In person and poetry, the moods and ideas shift rapidly—lep and flow-jump like bubbles in beer—as the series of topics and moods wil be quickly by turn swwet, soft, coy, catty, caricatural, historical, rhetorical, pedagogical, blasphemous, thick with airy allusions, paaionte with rage or laughter and grief, and just as much, celbrating a giddy shallowness of surface, a delight in a knd of vernishing of a corrupted veneer—or, indeed, from time to time, of a genuine verneer—*

*The heroic and humorous are ever close to hand, and as ever, the sexual and erotic, the strange possibilities of a language simultaneously religious and deeply, almost obscenely blasphemous—which makes its own form of personal sacred—*

*Whatever room or outdoors he walked into, he warmed it with his presence, bringing with him a glow of energy, humor and a sense of poetry as both the memorializer and creator of Mythic Events.*

*A small exchange of an evening of fading light among the bare spring trees-walking along—would become transposed into a scene presented later with the beauty , comedy, tragedy—of Myth, the kinds of Myth out of Joyce and Yeats—*

*James was inspiring because he'd come to America out of a deep love of jack Spicer—and had to see where Spicer had lived, know the people he had known—in as many ways as possible—to be sure—the Biblical knowing and conversational—archeological—poetical—freindships—letters—*

*It hadn't mattered to him that Spicer had died a few years earlier—he told me he fully expected the presence of Spicer to be there, completely alive—and that the traces and ghosts of him —would be found walking about, or at a bar—beside a radio—not dead at all—*

*The idea of a pilgrimage directly into what remained of the poet's life —in the persons of his friends,—in the sites still extant in which he moved—al this was a sign to others of the making of the impossible the reality of one's life—the contact with a dead poet turning one's life around—a pivot of the hip swinging one round the corner of the bar-into the arms of a different future— and so straddling worlds—from Ireland to SF to Milwaukee—and other realms which he would hear the voices and musics of—and the scenes appearing out of history, memory, speech— he would present one continually with poetry as the very life within the blood of one's existence, the air one breathed and the ground one walked— he also kept one sane, i believe—in so many ways—i know he often did so for me, as his outrageous punning and digressions, asides, comments, passing back and forth of scribbled notes on scraps of paper during readings with one—kept alive the spirit of the lunacy of language in the midst of so much humorlessness —dread tedium— i recall the huge festival at the Irish Cultural Center when he was given an award i can't recall the name of, it has to do with the presentation of one's place in a kind of throne like chair—a very high cultural honor—and bands from Ireland were there, and some films—and dancers—and unlimited free Guinness, tons of food—and James walking about quietly stunned—or holding court—by turns— and other times with George Stanley visiting—gathered in the German bar—around a huge table—and people passing poems about and talking—telling tales—and sharing poems, and some being written right there on the spot—*

*James lived being a poet as a form of rebellious royalty—an appealing charm of the punk gutter commingling itself with a sense of aristocracy—like Johnny Rotten/Lydon saying he had copied his stage act from Olivier's manic jeering, ironic and sneering portrayal of Shakespeare's Richard the Third as he had seen it in the film version— so indeed if one juxtaposes them—it is so!—films of Olivier and Johnny—bobbing and screaming, eyes pinwheeled into the stare of amphetamine eyes—yet al done by nervous energy alone—sheer force of manic, crazed will—*

> *James embodied these disparate energies an played them like a fiddle, creating different dances in quick succession, thrusting and parrying with his self mocking laughter as though a shadow that had gotten out of line with the music—fought back with the admonishing self that claimed to be in time with it— rebelling against the monarch who was trying to establish his reign—and here came the outrageous upstarts—James and his sidekicks—to throw out the very king that he himself had been a moment before— or standing before an audience and reciting his own and others' poems in a voice so close to a murmur, and almost deathly last breathing—that the audience leaned in closer and closer, became ever more quiet a possible-to catch the patterns of breath which held in their embraces the words as they faded out of distinguishable from—and joined their breathy articulation with the flows or stillness of the air—*
>
> *It was always an honor and a joy to meet with James—he always made one feel immediately you had joined him in a conspiracy—a kind of ally in the general mayhem—and knowing one might have different overthrows in mind, al the same sharing the urge to overthrow—*
>
> *The last time i saw him was a few weeks ago, on the bus—as he was getting on, he caught sight of me—and gesturing to the seated crowd facing him—swept an arm towards me and told everyone aboard —"You have in your presence David, the Good Black French Shepard, the Black Sheep who guides the young flocks with his Dark French kind soul of the poetes of the damned."*
>
> *He sat and talked away of new poems and plans and the latest events of the morning, adventures on the way to the bus, the look of the sky—and all too soon, time for him to get off—a quick remark about the construction going on, the ruination of old bricks—and he was gone—and as always, his voice lingered in the air after him—a music and poetry and presence that keeps on playing—and always will—*
>
> *An honor and a joy to know this poet who made poetry so alive, made it life—and lived it so that others would understand this—*
>
> *On Fri, Nov 7, 2008 at 11:03 AM, Stephen Vincent wrote:*
>
> *For those out of the Ron Silliman loop,*
>
> *James Liddy, the long resident of America, Irish poet, has passed away. (1934 - 2008).*
>
> *He came to teach at San Francisco State College in the late Sixties where I knew him, partly as a neighbor. He held classes at his home during the SF State Strike - in which I would occasionally sit-in. It was the place where I first met Ron Silliman, a student then.*
>
> *James was totally enamored of the fresh legacy of Jack Spicer (d. 1965) while becoming good friend of Graham Mackintosh, the White Rabbit Press printer and close associate of Spicer.*
>
> *Sadly, or to the benefit of Milwaukee, James left the City in the 70's. A warm, lively gregarious spirit totally devoted to the realms of Poetry - much devoted to his friends - much to be missed, I am sure.*
>
> *Stephen Vincent http://stephenvincent.net/blog/"*

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# Miriam Makeba

1932–2008

*4 messages · 4 hands*

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*South African singer and anti-apartheid activist who brought African music to Western audiences and pioneered Afropop;* Pata Pata *(1967). Died heart attack after performing at an anti-Camorra concert in Castel Volturno, Italy.*

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**1964. — David-Baptiste Chirot** *10 Nov 2008* ↑ **Register**

*Miriam Makeba Singer & Activist Banned By Apartheid Has Died at 76--NY Times*

INTERNATIONAL / AFRICA

| November 11, 2008

Miriam Makeba, Singer, Dies at 76

> *"By ALAN COWELL Ms. Makeba was a South African singer whose voice stirred hopes of freedom in her own country even though her music was formally banned by the apartheid*

*authorities she struggled against. http://www.nytimes.com/2008/11/11/world/africa/11makeba.html?ei=5070&emc=eta The United States supported apartheid in Makeba's homeland and now supports it in another State, which had also supported and armed the apartheid regime in South Africa. May there be hope that the changes inside the USA may be extended in its policies to peoples around the world, rather than supporting the continuance of enforced examples of the Bantustan existence Miriam Makeba worked tirelessly and beautifully to put an end to, everywhere. May the USA's recent change, so much hailed, be indeed a real change,in actions and not simply in words, and a real example that is extended to all people, and not only to some. Otherwise, all over again, the US will be turning its example of hope, equality, change into that old familar face, that samo samo "American exceptionalism."*"

**1965. — Gabrielle Welford** *10 Nov 2008* ↑ **Register**
*Re: another...*

oh, aye, both very big losses. g

Gabrielle Welford, Ph.D. _Too Many Deaths: Decolonizing Western Academic Research on Indigenous Cultures_ http://www.theguildofwriters.com/books/shop.php?action=full&id=317 _Dora_ http://www.theguildofwriters.com/books/shop.php?action=full&id=378

412 / Virus Database: 268.18.4/705 - Release Date: 2/27/2007

"*In addition to Studs Terkel, whom we lost last week, Miriam Makeba...*"

**1966. — Craig Allen Conrad** *10 Nov 2008* ↑ **Register**

Maria Damon wrote:

"*<<< <<<In addition to Studs Terkel, whom we lost last week, Miriam Makeba... I had no idea Makeba died, what a loss! She is someone THE AMAZING Selma James speaks of when touring for The Global Women's Strike, which has always made sense, women working tirelessly against war, poverty, and other institutions of greed. http://www.globalwomenstrike.net/ A good friend recently borrowed my copy of THE BIG ONE, the Michael Moore film Nike helped squash when it was first released (which makes sense once you see that creepy interview with Nike CEO Phil Knight that Moore scored. Knight offered Moore millions of dollars to cut the interview footage, but Moore said NO WAY!). My friend said the thing that struck her the most (which is the thing about the film which also struck me the most) was the AMAZING interview with Studs Terkel. If you haven't seen this film, it's marvelous, and THE ONLY post-NAFTA film of its kind, but, that interview with Terkel is worth it alone! I don't want to ruin it for those who haven't seen it yet, but, let's just say Terkel and Moore have a VERY INTERESTING discussion about a better, broader definition of terrorism than what is commonly used. CAConrad http://PhillySound.blogspot.com <http://phillysound.blogspot.com/*"

**1967. — carol dorf** *10 Nov 2008* ↑ **Register**

Did anyone see the play they made of Studs Terkel's Working? — I thought it was an amazing take on work — sort of like Chorus Line for the rest of us. The reviews were pretty negative at the time, which were more related to the politics than the quality of the play.

# George Brecht

1926–2008

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American Fluxus artist who originated the participatory 'event score', an important precursor of conceptual art;* Drip Music *(1962). Dead in a retirement home in Cologne.*

**1968. — David-Baptiste Chirot** *6 Dec 2008* ↑ **Register**

*FW: [fluxlist] George Brecht 1926-2008*

Brecht studied at John Cage's New School for Social Research in 1958 and 1959. He also wrote about Fluxus in The Fluxus Newspaper. Hannah Higgins, daughter of Dick Higgins and Alison Knowles, mentions and quotes Brecht several times in her landmark book about Fluxus, "The Fluxus Experience" (2002). Notable contributions to Fluxus from George Brecht include "Word Events", and Water Yam, the earliest and one of the most famous "Fluxkits". Brecht was associated with the Fluxus artists of the 1960s including, Daniel Spoerri, Dick Higgins, and others. He taught at Rutgers University and took part in many of the Fluxus and Happenings activities there, including Yam Festival. He worked with artists such as John Cage, Ray Johnson, Ken Friedman, Alison Knowles and Robert Filliou. One of his most cited works is 'Drip Event' (1962) - instructions for a performance/event (Event Score) involving 'a source of dripping water and an empty vessel.. arranged so that the water falls into the vessel' (January 1962). He left New York in April 1965 for Rome; from there he moved to Villefranche-sur-Mer, France, to start a shop, La Cédrille Qui Sourait, with the french artist Robert Filliou, also a member of fluxus. The shop wass intended to explore ideas about the 'obtuse relationship(s) to the institution of language.'[2] After the shop closed in 1968, Brecht moved to London where he organised the Book of the Tumbler on Fire exhibition, an ongoing series of assemblages representing 'pages' of a fictitious book, Cologne and Stuttgart, 1969. He continued to exhibit widely throughout the seventies and early eighties. Since then, his work has been included in a number of important retrospectives, including major shows about fluxus. In 2006 he won the prestigious Berlin Art Prize. de:Kunstpreis Berlin He dies in Cologne.

It's another blog! http://flobberlob.blogspot.com/

--- On Sat, 6/12/08, Ruud Janssen wrote:

> *"Published on Fluxus Heidelberg Center Blog - 6 December 2008 The Fluxus artist just died in a retirement home in Cologne at the age of 82 years, according to this short article from the Kölner Stadt-Anzeiger. Fluxus- Künstler George Brecht ist tot Von Frank Frangenberg, 05.12.08, 13:11h, aktualisiert 05.12.08, 21:37h Der in New York geborene Künstler, der eigentlich George MacDiarmid hieß, starb am Freitagmorgen im Alter von 82 Jahren in einem Kölner Altersheim. Er lebte seit vielen Jahren im Rheinland. George Brecht auf einem Archivbild aus dem Jahr 1959. George Brecht auf einem Archivbild aus dem Jahr 1959.Die weltweit gefragtesten Künstler listet regelmäßig der „Kunstkompass" auf.*
>
> *Die vorderen Plätze belegen seit Jahren die Kölner Gerhard Richter, Sigmar Polke und Rosemarie Trockel. Einer der einflussreichsten Künstler unserer Zeit, dazu noch Kölner, ist nie auf dieser Liste aufgetaucht. Er lehne jegliche Form von Wettbewerb in den Künsten ab, hielt der Wahlkölner George Brecht im Gespräch mit dieser Zeitung zu seinem 80.*

*Geburtstag im Jahr 2006 fest. Er lebte seit Jahrzehnten unter uns und kaum jemand wusste davon. Lediglich eine unscheinbare Plakette kündete an seinem Haus von seiner Gegenwart. Doch am Freitag hat uns George Brecht, der letzte der großen Fluxuskünstler, im Alter von 82 Jahren verlassen. Künstler könne man nicht vergleichen, meinte er.*

*Er zumindest war unvergleichlich. In seiner Arbeit „The Brunch Museum" aus dem Jahr 1974 betrauert George Brecht den tragischen Tod seines Alter Ego W. E. Brunch, es sei ein großer Verlust für „Brecht & Macdiarmid Research Assodates". Brecht versammelt einige kleine Objekte - „diese Handschuhe erhielt Brunch von seiner Mutter im Jahr 1909", eine Haarlocke und Steine, „die von Brunch für ein selbst erfundenes Spiel benutzt wurden" - und feiert in eloquenter Brillanz dessen beste Eigenschaften. Es werden seine eigenen gewesen sein: Brunch habe die „aktive Teilnahme des Betrachters" verlangt um die Wesensart der Kunst zu erforschen und „die Wirklichkeit vom Standpunkt der Wissenschaft, des Glaubens und der Intuition aus wahrgenommen" .*

*Fluxus heißt die künstlerische Bewegung, der sein Freund George Maciunas zu Beginn der 1960er Jahre den Namen gibt. Sie verspricht nicht still stehen zu wollen, Fluxus ist Spaß und Fluxus ist einfach. Fluxus lebt im Augenblick. Im Jahr 1956, in New York hängt das erste MAD-Magazin mit dem Kindergesicht von Alfred E. Neumann an den Kiosken, und in Köln bringt Karlheinz Stockhausen seine „Jünglinge im Feuerofen" zur Uraufführung, arbeitet George Brecht an seinem grundlegenden Text „Chance-Imagery" , einer Geschichte des Zufalls in der Kunst des 20. Jahrhunderts vom Dadaismus und Surrealismus bis hin zu John Cage und Jackson Pollock und entwickelt eine Methode zur Produktion tatsächlich zufallsbestimmter Gemälde: Er spritzt Tinte auf Leinen und bearbeitet die Tücher im Trockner.*

*George MacDiarmid studiert zunächst Chemie, seinen Nom de Guerre „Brecht", eine Referenz an den deutschen Dichter Bertolt Brecht, legt er sich zu als er im Schwarzwald als Soldat stationiert ist, und arbeitet als Wissenschaftler erfolgreich für die Industrie. Die Erfindung des Tampons, darauf besteht er, wird in seinem Kunstkatalog gelistet. 1958 nimmt George Brecht an John Cages Unterricht teil und verbindet in der Folge Musik und Visuelles, reibt seine Geige mit Zitronenöl ein, verschüttet lautstark Wasser und schickt seine „Partituren" um die Welt, die in Köln im Atelier von Mary Bauermeister aufgeführt werden. In seiner ersten Einzelausstellung in New York 1959 zeigt er mit „The Case (Suit Case)" eines der ersten „Event-Objekte" , mit denen er in den 1960er und 1970er Jahren bekannt wird.*

*Sie enthalten Alltagsgegenstä nde, die der Betrachter entnehmen und benutzen soll, um anschließend den Koffer wieder zu füllen. Die schöne Retrospektive, die ihm das Museum Ludwig vor drei Jahren einrichtete, stellte die „Event-Objekte" in den Mittelpunkt, wohl wissend, dass nicht das „wirkliche" Werk George Brechts ausgestellt werden kann, das im Ereignis und der Erfahrung gründet, sondern eine tote, musealisierte Fassung, die keinen Austausch mehr erlaubt. Die Schau verzauberte trotzdem, mehr als das, strich sie die Bedeutung von George Brecht für die Kunstgeschichte heraus: Er hat Marcel Duchamps zufällig gefundenen Objekten, den Readymades wie Urinoir und Flaschentrockner Beine gemacht. Georges Maciunas, merkte an, dass George Brecht „eine Menge Anerkennung dafür verdient habe, dass er das Readymade ins Reich der Aktion erweitert" und damit ebenso in der Zeit wie im Raum verankert hat.*

*Fluxus fließt, zwischen Kunst und Leben, und George Brecht schwingt immer mit. Sein ihm vorangegangener Kollege George Maciunas bewies dies gerne mit dem Hinweis auf ein Stück von ihm, in dem er ein Licht an- und wieder ausschaltete: „Nun, Sie machen das jeden Tag, richtig? Ohne es zu wissen, führen Sie einen George Brecht auf." Kaum etwas vermag den großzügigen Menschen und Künstler George Brecht besser charakterisieren, als dass jeder, wenn er will, heute an ihn denken kann, einfach, indem er einmal den Lichtschalter umlegt.”*

# Harold Pinter

1930–2008

*4 messages · 3 hands*

*English playwright and screenwriter, among the most influential modern British dramatists, awarded the 2005 Nobel Prize in Literature;* The Birthday Party *(1957). Dead after a long battle with cancer.*

**1969. — David-Baptiste Chirot** *25 Dec 2008* ↑ **Register**

*RIP Harold Pinter*

Nobel-winning playwright Harold Pinter dies at 78http://news.yahoo.com/s/ap/20081225/ap_en_ot/eu_britain_obit_pinter

· Nobel-winning playwright Harold Pinter dead at 78 Reuters

· Playwright Pinter dead at 78: wife, agent AFP

Nobel-winning playwright Harold Pinter dies at 78

By PAISLEY DODDS, Associated Press Writer Paisley Dodds, Associated Press Writer Thu Dec 25, 9:44 am ET

LONDON – Harold Pinter, praised as the most influential British playwright of his generation and a longtime voice of political protest, has died after a long battle with cancer. He was 78.

Pinter, whose distinctive contribution to the stage was recognized with the Nobel Prize for Literature in 2005, died on Wednesday, according to his second wife, Lady Antonia Fraser.

"Pinter restored theater to its basic elements: an enclosed space and unpredictable dialogue, where people are at the mercy of each other and pretense crumbles," the Nobel Academy said when it announced Pinter's award. "With a minimum of plot, drama emerges from the power struggle and hide-and-seek of interlocution."

The Nobel Prize gave Pinter a global platform which he seized enthusiastically to denounce U.S. President George W. Bush and then-British Prime Minister Tony Blair.

"The invasion of Iraq was a bandit act, an act of blatant state terrorism, demonstrating absolute contempt for the concept of international law," Pinter said in his Nobel lecture, which he recorded rather than traveling to Stockholm.

"How many people do you have to kill before you qualify to be described as a mass murderer and a war criminal? One hundred thousand?" he asked, in a hoarse voice.

Weakened by cancer and bandaged from a fall on a slippery pavement, Pinter seemed a vulnerable old man when he emerged from his London home to speak about the Nobel Award.

Though he had been looking forward to giving a Nobel lecture — "the longest speech I will ever have made" — he first canceled plans to attend the awards, then announced he would skip the lecture as well on his doctor's advice.

Pinter wrote 32 plays; one novel, "The Dwarfs," in 1990; and put his hand to 22 screenplays including "The Quiller Memorandum" (1965) and "The French Lieutenant's Woman" (1980). He admitted, and said he deeply regretted, voting for Margaret Thatcher in 1979 and Tony Blair in 1997.

Pinter fulminated against what he saw as the overweening arrogance of American power, and belittled Blair as seeming like a "deluded idiot" in support of Bush's war in Iraq.

In his Nobel lecture, Pinter accused the United States of supporting "every right-wing military dictatorship in the world" after World War II.

"The crimes of the United States have been systematic, constant, vicious, remorseless, but very few people have actually talked about them," he said.

The United States, he added, "also has its own bleating little lamb tagging behind it on a lead, the pathetic and supine Great Britain."

Most prolific between 1957 and 1965, Pinter relished the juxtaposition of brutality and the banal and turned the conversational pause into an emotional minefield.

His characters' internal fears and longings, their guilt and difficult sexual drives are set against the neat lives they have constructed in order to try to survive.

Usually enclosed in one room, they organize their lives as a sort of grim game and their actions often contradict their words. Gradually, the layers are peeled back to reveal the characters' nakedness.

The protection promised by the room usually disappears and the language begins to disintegrate.

Pinter once said of language, "The speech we hear is an indication of that which we don't hear. It is a necessary avoidance, a violent, sly, and anguished or mocking smoke screen which keeps the other in its true place. When true silence falls we are left with echo but are nearer nakedness. One way of looking at speech is to say that it is a constant stratagem to cover nakedness."

Pinter's influence was felt in the United States in the plays of Sam Shepard and David Mamet and throughout British literature.

"With his earliest work, he stood alone in British theater up against the bewilderment and incomprehension of critics, the audience and writers too," British playwright Tom Stoppard said when the Nobel Prize was announced.

"Not only has Harold Pinter written some of the outstanding plays of his time, he has also blown fresh air into the musty attic of conventional English literature, by insisting that everything he does has a public and political dimension," added British playwright David Hare, who also writes politically charged dramas.

The working-class milieu of plays like "The Birthday Party" and "The Homecoming" reflected Pinter's early life as the son of a Jewish tailor from London's East End. He began his career in the provinces as an actor.

In his first major play, "The Birthday Party" (1958), intruders enter the retreat of Stanley, a young man who is hiding from childhood guilt. He becomes violent, telling them, "You stink of sin, you contaminate womankind."

And in "The Caretaker," a manipulative old man threatens the fragile relationship of two brothers while "The Homecoming" explores the hidden rage and confused sexuality of an all-male household by inserting a woman.

In "Silence and Landscape," Pinter moved from exploring the dark underbelly of human life to showing the simultaneous levels of fantasy and reality that equally occupy the individual.

In the 1980s, Pinter's only stage plays were one-acts: "A Kind of Alaska" (1982), "One for the Road" (1984) and the 20-minute "Mountain Language" (1988).

During the late 1980s, his work became more overtly political; he said he had a responsibility to pursue his role as "a citizen of the world in which I live, (and) insist upon taking responsibility."

In March 2005 Pinter announced his retirement as a playwright to concentrate on politics. But he created a radio play, "Voices," that was broadcast on BBC radio to mark his 75th birthday.

"I have written 29 plays and I think that's really enough," Pinter said . "I think the world has had enough of my plays."

Pinter had a son, Daniel, from his marriage to actress Vivien Merchant, which ended in divorce in 1980. That year he married the writer Fraser.

"It was a privilege to live with him for over 33 years. He will never be forgotten," Fraser said.

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**1970. — steve russell** *25 Dec 2008* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Harold Pinter*

AP moved this story about 2-1/2 hours ago, saying that NOBEL winning playwright Harold Pinter died last night. Few playwrights, as you know, won Nobel Literature prizes. Even fewer — Pinter — were married to another great writer, as the obit makes clear: Antonia Fraser.

*"Nobel-winning playwrigoeticsht Harold Pinter dies at 78 - Yahoo! News http://news. yahoo.com/ s/ap/20081225/ ap_on_re_ eu/eu_britain_ obit_pinter"*

**1971. — David-Baptiste Chirot** *26 Dec 2008* ↑ **Register**
*Forrest Gander's First Novel, RIP Harold Pinter & Elizabeth Alexander: The Intersection of Poetry & Politics (NY Times)*

BOOKS

| December 25, 2008

The Intersection of Poetry and Politics

> *"By DWIGHT GARNER As America's fourth inaugural poet, Elizabeth Alexander will have an outsize platform for her elliptical work. http://www.nytimes.com/2008/12/25/books/25poet.html?emc=eta1 Includes links to Ms Alexander's Web Site & poems Harold Pinter Playwright of the Pause http://www.nytimes.com/2008/12/26/theater/26pinter.html?adxnnl=1&8bu=&emc=bub2&adxnnlx=1230354846-jzQs+XNtxGUwKfZqLKSsbQ Review of Forrest Gander's first novel http://www.nytimes.com/2008/12/21/books/review/Winterson-t.html?ref=review"*
>
> **1972. — Murat Nemet-Nejat** *28 Dec 2008* ↑ **Register**
> *Re: Ref.: Poloroid Photography*
>
> The New York Times today has an interesting article on poloroid photography: http://www.nytimes.com/2008/12/28/weekinreview/28kimmelman.html?hp
>
> Ciao,
>
> Murat
>
> On Sat, Dec 27, 2008 at 12:20 AM, David-Baptiste Chirot <
>
> *"wrote:"*
>
> BOOKS
>
> | December 25, 2008

## 2009

# Inger Christensen

1935–2009

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*Danish poet, foremost Danish experimentalist of her generation, who structured poems on systems like the Fibonacci sequence;* Alfabet *(1981).*

**1973. — Eiríkur Örn Norðdahl** *6 Jan 2009* ↑ **Register**
*Inger Christensen - 1935-2009*

Inger Christensen died last friday.

http://www.norddahl.org/english/2009/01/inger-christensen-1935-2009/

Eiríkur Örn Norðdahl Fleminginkatu 9A 10 00530 Helsinki Finland

> **1974. — Halvard Johnson** *13 Jan 2009* ↑ **Register**
> *Re: Can "nature" poetry be postmodern/post-structural?*
>
> Inger Christensen: Butterfly Valley: A Requiem.
>
> Hal
>
> "The true danger is when liberty is nibbled away,
> for expedients, and by parts."
> --Edmund Burke
>
> On Jan 13, 2009, at 5:01 AM, Gerald Schwartz wrote:
>
> *"Ronald Johnson's The Shrubberies Gerald S. Recently read Richard Louv's "Last Child In The Woods:Saving Our Children from Nature-Deficit Disorder" (2005,2008) and he references Wordsworth, and of course, Gary Snyder. And just this morning I found this: http://www.guardian.co.uk/books/2008/dec/27/nick-laird-poetry-nature Can anyone suggest poets,*

> *critiques, etc. re: non-traditional nature poetry? Mary Jo Malo — http://thisshiningwound.blogspot.com/ http://apophisdeconstructingabsurdity.blogspot.com/"*

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## Andrew Wyeth

1917–2009

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American realist painter of rural Pennsylvania and Maine, creator of one of 20th-century America's best-known images;* Christina's World *(1948). Died in his sleep after a brief illness.*

### 1975. — David-Baptiste Chirot *16 Jan 2009* ↑ Register

*American painter Andrew Wyeth dies at 91 - Yahoo! News*

> *"American painter Andrew Wyeth dies at 91 - Yahoo! News http://news.yahoo.com/s/ap/20090116/ap_on_en_ot/obit_andrew_wyeth ==========="*

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## Milos Sovak

d. 2009

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Prague-born physician-inventor, PEN-award translator and Ettan Press publisher who co-translated Czech poetry with Jerome Rothenberg;* Antilyrik & Other Poems *(2001). Dead after a long illness.*

### 1976. — Jerry Rothenberg *28 Jan 2009* ↑ Register

*Milos Sovak*

On January 26, 2009 Milos Sovak died after a long illness. Our friendship had lasted over thirty years & gave me the opportunity to work with him on a series of translations, the most important a book of selected poems from the great Czech modernist Vitezslav Nezval & scattered poems from the late Russian Romantic Mikhail Lermontov. Our collaborations took place mainly in the sunlit garden of his home in Encinitas, California, & occasionally at his other home in Provence, close to Mazan & the chateau & theater of the Marquis de Sade. Milos was himself a gifted translator into Czech & the designer, typographer, & publisher of limited edition artists' books through his own Ettan Press in California. He was a good friend to many poets & artists, & most remarkably an important medical researcher & the inventor of an impressive range of devices in many fields. The felicities in our collaborations are largely of his doing.

Our translations from Nezval can be found in Antilyrik & Other Poems, published by Green Integer Press in 2001, and most of our translations from Lermontov appear in Poems for the Millennium, volume 3. Examples from both poets, along with the preceding note, have just been posted on my blog, poemsandpoetics.blogspot.com.

Jerome Rothenberg 1026 San Abella Encinitas, CA 92024

"If the work of another translates my dream, his work is mine." F. Picabia

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## Keith Wilson

1927–2009

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*American poet of New Mexico, Naval Academy graduate and Korean War veteran whose Graves Registry drew on that war;* Graves Registry and Other Poems *(1969). Died in hospice in Las Cruces, after years of aphasia.*

---

**1977. — Halvard Johnson** *12 Feb 2009* ↑ **Register**

*RIP Keith Wilson (1927-2009)*

Keith Wilson died the other day. He was a friend I've known since the mid-60s, when I spent some years living in El Paso while he was living in southern New Mexico: Anthony, right on the Texas-New Mexico border; then San Miguel, farther north, up the Mesilla Valley of the Rio Grande; and then Las Cruces. Any house of Keith and Heloise Wilson was full of music and wine and poetry, a caravanserai for poets traveling north or south, east or west.

Keith, at one stage of his life, often wrote of the sea, and his sea poems were among the best poems to come out of the Korean War. Here's one that's not overtly war related:

The Sea

"On the beach
the ocean ends in water.
    --George Oppen
    *The Materials*

The crisp line, taut, in all
intimations, thrown out, cork circling
the water, spash, my hand

reaching out

--the call, rightly named, these
*Materials*, the call is there
simple, demanding

response and a certain
attention to pulse, the
movement of whatever the work

asks of man--is that what
I'm trying to say, a man,
and how, sometimes, he doesn't

drown. Coming up spitting
salt water, safely past the

screws, it *is* a man
intact who waves

from the calm wake; behind
him the sea clear, oceans
held in place by a line.

And he wrote of dusty New Mexico
towns:

The Politicians

come
come here with full bellies
& shined shoes to the one street
of San Miguel, talking, waving
hands, their harsh gringo Spanish
shouted in the hanging dust
of the square

the men of the town
stand uneasy, aware of their hard
hands, the blue of the stranger's
eyes, their own mudcrusted boots
stiff with clay

they are ashamed these men
whose hands are strong with work & loving.
they listen. then go to the bar,
beer & red wine, juke box Infante songs,
his dead voice singing of a Mexico
which was sad, beautiful, but theirs
--riding free across a green land,
*gritos* on their lips & dead politicians
fall, one-by-one before their dreaming guns.

--both from *Graves Registry and Other Poems*
[New York: Grove Press, 1969]

Coincidentally, while 1969 did not mark the first publication of a collection of poems by Keith Wilson, it did mark the first publication of a collection of poems by me. And it was Keith Wilson who sat me down on his living room floor and showed me how to put a collection of poems together. That first book that bore a epigraph by Keith Wilson: "a sunlit unity / desperately sought" and contained this poem written on the occasion of Keith's and Heloise's moving from Anthony, New Mexico, to a big new (well, not new new) house in San Miguel:

Moving Out

for Keith & Heloise Wilson

saying goodbye
is no trouble:

a house is a skin
to be shucked

wriggled out of
room by room

closet by closet
until what remains

is piles of boxes,
a few empty hangers,

a heap of debris
on the kitchen floor

which never seemed so wide,
a neighbor's dog

who come to say goodbye
from a respectable distance.

fr. *Transparencies and Projections* [New York: New Rivers Press, 1969]

—HJ

—

Halvard Johnson

> **1978. — George Bowering** *11 Mar 2009* ↑ **Register**
> *Keith Wilson*
>
> A while back there was a brief thread about Keith Wilson's passing. Can someone give me a mailing address for Heloise? I have a couple old snapshots to send her.
>
> Bowering A gerund and your friend.

---

## Sal Salasin

d. 2009

*1 message · 1 hand*

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*American poet and 1960s radical, pen name of Robert Alan Salasin, founder of RealPoetik;* Optima Suavidad *(1999). Died in Berkeley, aged 61.*

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**1979. — amy king** *20 Mar 2009* ↑ **Register**
*Sal Salasin - RIP*

Dear readers of RP, and friends of Sal Salasin

I'd like to share with you a note from Elisa Salasin, niece of Sal, the founding editor of RealPoetik. Sal passed away yesterday. Please leave your notes for Sal's family in the comment field. And we'll give the last word to Sal.

Your interim editor,

Ana http://realpoetikblog.blogspot.com/

Dear Friends of Sal Salasin,

I'm writing to let you all know that my uncle Robert, otherwise known as Sal and Roberto and Uncle Bob, passed away this evening. He was the fighting spirit that you all knew and loved until close to the end, not willing to give in to death unless there were good writers involved.

It was Shakespeare that carried him over. At one point in the afternoon Sal asked when Shakespeare would be arriving. I held his hand and said that Shakespeare was on his way. He asked if Shakespeare would be taking him upstairs. I said that yes, Shakespeare was coming to take him upstairs, and once there they'd meet up with Neruda and Cervantes and Lorca, and they'd talk about poetry together. I told him there were lots of un-unionized workers that needed to be organized, and lots of poets waiting for him in heaven, and that Shakespeare would be arriving very soon to guide him there. Sal began repeating, "Shakespeare is coming... Shakespeare is coming. He's coming soon..." His body untensed, and he fell into a quiet sleep. I sat with him for awhile, holding my hand over his heart, whispering that Shakespeare would be there before too long, that we all love him, but that he was free to go.

It was the most peaceful sleep I'd seen in days, so I left him in the care of his continuous-care nurse, an incredibly gentle & perceptive Pakistani man named Erfan. Before I returned Sal's spirit was gone. He had woken up briefly, and Erfan held him as his took his last breaths. Shakespeare arrived to escort him upstairs.

Sal requested that his ashes be scattered off of the Staten Island Ferry. I will be in touch when arrangements are made for this to happen. However, in the mean time please know that I read each and every one of the messages and poems that were sent to him by all of you. Even in his final days they never failed to make him smile, and he was truly amazed every time I'd bring in a new pile. I believe they brought a measure of completion to his life that might not otherwise have been possible. Thank you.

With love,
Elisa Salasin
(and the rest of our family)

~~~

Sal Salasin:
And am
pleased to inhabit the earth with this species. Goodbye and God bless
you all. More of the evil work of Denise and her evil twin Denise,
bleeding through my dreams. Man is the only animal that builds jails.
He can also eat peanuts and chew tobacco. Let's go back to the phones
where we'll discuss idempotent transactions in just a moment. Well,
yes, I'm sorry I did the best I could which was obviously inadequate.
Fate and too many painkillers.
Recently
I had the pleasure of driving alone in an American car on American
roads listening to American radio from Perth Amboy to Seattle. And this
had its rewards although it didn't do the planet any good.
And
~~~

if it makes you feel any better, I didn't use my tongue. I'm also
extremely good at removing the lint after each use and believe I should
get some credit for that. "By the light of a thousand suns, I am become
death." I'd sympathize but all in all, I'd rather talk about me. Just
get my butt back safe from the K-Mart and I'm yours forever.
Sal Salasin, July 24, 1995

Sal Salasin, nasty loner, tasty poet, angry muffo, and now under the volcano with a Spanish vocabulary list and Mexico as lover: I love the Blogosphere when he's in it. Here are two recent postings that drew me up short — reading them, I was suddenly living poetry as Sal was writing it. ~Bob Holman, December 5, 2006http://poetry.about.com/b/2006/12/05/congito-canaricita-two-letters-from-mexico-by-sal-salasin.htm

_____

Amy's Alias

http://amyking.org/

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## Franklin Rosemont

1943–2009

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*American surrealist poet, artist and historian who co-founded the Chicago Surrealist Group and chronicled labor radicalism;* Joe Hill *(2002). Dead of an aneurysm.*

**1980. — Séamas Cain** *15 Apr 2009* ↑ **Register**

*The death of Franklin Rosemont*

Franklin Rosemont, surrealist poet, artist, historian, street speaker, & labor activist, died of an aneurysm on Sunday, April 12th in Chicago, Illinois. He was 65 years old. With his partner & comrade, Penelope Rosemont, & lifelong friend Paul Garon, he co-founded the Chicago Surrealist Group, a remarkable presence in the art & activism landscape of Chicago for forty years.

Rosemont did not separate scholarship from art, or art from political & social revolt. His books of poetry include "The morning of a machine gun" (Chicago : Surrealist Editions, 1968); "The apple of the automatic zebra's eye" (Cambridge, Massachusetts : Radical America, 1971); "Lamps hurled at the stunning algebra of ants" (Chicago : Surrealist Editions & Black Swan Press, 1990); & "Penelope" (Chicago : Surrealist Editions, 1997).

Rosemont was a leading figure in the reorganization of America's oldest labor press, the Charles H. Kerr Company. Under the mantle of the Kerr Company, Franklin edited & printed the work of some of the most interesting & important figures in the development of the political left: C.L.R. James, Martin Glaberman, Staughton Lynd, David Dellinger, Cornelius Castoriadis, Sam Dolgoff, Paul Goodman, Grace Lee Boggs, Paul Avrich, Augustin Souchy, Mother Jones, Lucy Parsons, Benjamin Péret, Utah

Phillips, Paul Buhle, T-Bone Slim, George Woodcock, and, in a new book released just days before Franklin's death, Carl Sandburg. In later years, Franklin Rosemont created & edited the Surrealist Histories series at the University of Texas Press, in addition to continuing his work with the Kerr Company & Black Swan Press.

Franklin Rosemont was a friend & valued colleague of such persons as Studs Terkel, Mary Low, the poets Philip Lamantia, Diane di Prima, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Dennis Brutus, the painter Leonora Carrington, & the historians David Roediger, John Bracey, & Robin D.G. Kelley.

I first encountered Franklin Rosemont face-to-face during the Chicago protests of August 1968. Then & since, I found him to be an amazing blend of contradictions, at once cordial yet cantankerous, amiable yet dismissive, spontaneous & enthusiastic yet grim, social yet unmistakably self-absorbed, creative yet singularly overpowering. Indeed, he was a unique personality.

My condolences & solidarity to Penelope Rosemont, the Chicago group & its affiliates.

**1981. — mIEKAL aND** *16 Apr 2009* ↑ **Register**
*Fwd: [spidertangle] The death of Franklin Rosemont*

*"-To add this to the several Franklin Rosemont recollections:*

*In 1968 or 1969, the independent mag, Radical America, published an issue devoted to surrealism. Rosemont's aesthetic and fingerprints were all over it [I don't know where or how Penelope and Franklin split their efforts, so perhaps it was a duo's imprint I'm recapturing]. For those too young to have lived or participated in the 1960's independent litmag culture, it was a killer print moment when cultural, literary & social manifestations fluidly blended in the era's counterculture publications.*

*Though the word "morph" didn't exist, Radical America "morphed" or spun off into Cultural Correspondence, the final issues of which were structurally magnificent & extraordinary in their useful anarchy and grasp of the interconnectiveness of irrational arts practice. CC #10-11 "Surrealism & its Popular Accomplices" had gorgeous & substantial illustrated articles on subjects from the 3 Stooges, Henry Darger, Poetry & Freedom, dance & instinct, and Les Blanc to dance magic and utopian dreams. Franklin Rosemont contributed pieces on H.P. Lovecraft, "T-Bone Slim & the Phonetic Cabala," "Mel Blanc — the Wizard of Audio," Buster Keaton, Bugs Bunny. He reviewed texts on French and Portuguese surrealist poets and other subjects linking politics, film, music and global poetries. The subsequent 1981 issue of CC ["Giant last issue! Collectors' item!"] had FR's art and polemics, including the wonderful [wonder-full] "Report on Objective Conditions," which said much of what I sense continues to be the manifesto of many participants on Spidertangle "...Life is not ours to be eked out — it is a question of inspiration or death."*

*FR pushed for constant renewal, ceaseless surreal "moral vigilance," and "global scope." Bracketing his report's text is an opening and closing Time & Temperature indication, lest one stray from the vital ground realities [8Pm, 31 degrees, wind, barometric pressure], the street and the raw blow off Lake Michigan.*

*JL*

*On 4/16/09 7:50 AM, "John M. Bennett" wrote:*

*A unique passing*

*I only met Franklin Rosemont through the mail, but it was always a fascinating and precious meeting.*

*Last night I dreamed about Franklin Rosemont. I was preparing an envelope to mail him some books, by gluing little strips of torn-up newspaper to it. It is also true that this envelope was one that HE had prepared and sent to me. It was coming and going at the same time.*

*Que viva Franklin Rosemont.*

*John"*

# Robin Blaser

1925–2009

*8 messages · 5 hands*

*American-born Canadian poet who, with Jack Spicer and Robert Duncan, made the Berkeley Renaissance, edited Spicer's collected books, and moved to Vancouver in 1966 to teach at Simon Fraser, becoming the centre of gravity for poetry there;* The Holy Forest *gathers a life's serial poem. He was eighty-three and died of a brain tumour. Eight words and two dates, followed by a link to Bernstein's blog: by 2009 the list had somewhere else to point.*

**1982. — Charles Bernstein** *7 May 2009* ↑ **Register**

*Robin Blaser (1925-2009)*

Robin Blaser died this morning.

<>

> "<*http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/bernstein/blog/#05-07-09*"

**1983. — charles alexander** *7 May 2009* ↑ **Register**

Here's one for, to, & with Robin!

Such a presence, such a poet, such a human!

charles

charles alexander chax press

411 N 7th ave, suite 103 tucson arizona 85705

> "*Robin Blaser died this morning. <> <http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/bernstein/blog/#05-07-09> welcome.html*"

**1984. — Maria Damon** *7 May 2009* ↑ **Register**

Another one of the greats has passed into the (mostly) invisible world. But he'll be under our bootsoles and in the aether into which and from which we draw poetry, which is he, Robin, Robin Blaser, puckish and ever-burning.

Charles Bernstein wrote:

> "*Robin Blaser died this morning. <> <http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/bernstein/blog/#05-07-09*"

**1985. — Paul Nelson** *11 May 2009* ↑ **Register**

*Blaser Obit*

http://www.vancouversun.com/News/Kitsilano+poet+remembered+sense+humour/1583925/story.html

Kitsilano poet remembered for sense of humour Robin Blaser continued to teach rising poets after taking early retirement from faculty at Simon Fraser University By Kelly Sinoski, Vancouver SunMay 11, 2009

Kitsilano poet Robin Blaser has died. Robin Blaser, a renowned Kitsilano poet whose work was devoted to the avant-garde, has died after a battle with cancer. His death, at the St. James Cottage Hospice in Vancouver last week, was just shy of his 84th birthday. "He took the world with him when he went," friend and fellow poet George Bowering said Sunday. "That's how I feel ... he really loved the world a lot." Blaser, who was raised in a small Idaho town, became one of California's triumvirate poets, along with Robert Duncan and Jack Spicer. The trio participated in what is known as the Berkeley Renaissance, contributing to postmodern poetry.

In 1966, Blaser moved to Canada after accepting a position at Simon Fraser University. Nearly a decade later, in 1974, he became a Canadian citizen and met his life partner, David

Farwell. Bowering, who travelled to San Francisco in the early '60s to meet Blaser, said he had much respect for the erudite poet with a great sense of humour. Blaser not only received the Order of Canada in 2005 for his contribution to the arts, but was winner of the Griffin Poetry Prize for lifetime achievement in 2006 and the Griffin Prize for Poetry in 2008. He was awarded an honorary doctorate by SFU in March 2009.

Bowering said one of Blaser's major strengths was as a teacher. Despite taking early retirement from SFU in the 1980s, he continued to teach rising poets in his Kitsilano home. "Students kept going to Robin's place instead of to Simon Fraser," Bowering said. "He was a great teacher for those who kept going to see him and for those who read his books." Bowering noted that even though Blaser was one of Canada's best poets, "you would have to go a long way to find an English professor in Ottawa who's read him." He described Blaser's work as challenging and hard work yet delightful, noting he never wrote straightforward sentences and it was as if he "kicked the hell out of the English language."

"You've got to have a lot of nerve to dig into [Blaser's] book and all those essays," Bowering said. But when you do, he said, lessons can be learned. And in his short essays, Blaser's "great sense of humour" shines through, especially in his work over the past 20 years. "He was a guy who could tell you everything and then tell you a joke," Bowering said. Blaser is survived by Farwell as well as by his sister Hope Samac and brother Augustus Blaser.

Paul E. Nelson

Global Voices Radio SPLAB! American Sentences Organic Poetry Poetry Postcard Blog

Ilalqo, WA

**1986.** **— Maria Damon** *12 May 2009* ↑ **Register**

i keep reading this as "Blaser Orbit," as if Robin were now in space, still with us but watching us with his usual gargantuan but refined enjoyment.

**1987.** **— Jefferson Davis** *19 May 2009* ↑ **Register**

*Wordplay celebrates Robin Blaser*

As most here will know, on May 7th Robin Blaser, one of the last major figures among those who came to public notice via Don Allen's New American Poetry, passed away in Vancouver, just shy of 84.

I never successfully recorded Robin myself; both times I tried, my usually trusty Uher balked. Thankfully, the great Penn Sound audio archive has hours of readings and lectures in his voice, so I put together this week's Wordplay from three of its recordings. The first finds him reading in Vancouver in 1965; the second, discussing his work, and that of his fellows, in a BBC interview with Iain Sinclair in 1994; the third, reading at the Woodland Pattern Bookstore in Milwaukee in 2004.

In Vancouver he read "The Moth Poem", an early exploration of serial form; it's a great poem, but the recording, given that it was made on analogue tape over forty years ago (probably by Fred Wah, though he's not credited), had some hiss that I removed for better audibility. In Milwaukee, Blaser began his reading with the introductory section of his extended poem on Dante, then switched to shorter poems, and then returned to the "Great Companions" piece on Dante, saying he hadn't "prepared anything else". I brought the two pieces together for the show. It's a powerful reading.

The program note has more information, and a link to the audio, here: http://naturespoetry.blogspot.com/2009/05/celebrating-robin-blaser.html

Enjoy,

Jeff

**1988.** **— Paul Nelson** *29 May 2009* ↑ **Register**

*Re: What is Open?*

Open means allowing the poem to find its own track. Duncan Catherine

Open means allowing the poem to find its own track. Duncan and Levertov used this language in the early 60's in their correspondence and differentiated Organic from Free Verse and certainly from Conventional poetry. You have to be open to let the poem find its way...open to the turns a poem wants to make for itself. A free verse poem like Howl is not entirely organic, because Allen had a sense of what he wanted to say about his friends and acquantences being fucked over by the Military-Industrial mentality and the industry-generated culture which maintains this force.

Robin Blaser, rest his soul, in the introduction to The Holy Forest suggests:"The whole marvellous thing of open form is a traditional and an American problem…the sublime poem (tells) the narrative of the spirit...not simply to be led to a conclusion, but be taken by such a magical carmen perpetuum to all the image-nations of this remarkable, revivifying world.

In my meetings with him in 2005 & 6 (documented here: http://www.goldenhandcuffsreview.com/gh9content/16.html) he was fine with calling it Open, Projective and Organic, as if the terms were interchangable. But I think Organic is more evocative of the cosmology of process, relationship and interdependence als Whitehead and the Hua Yen Buddhists. This is why I prefer it.

Paul

Paul E. Nelson

Global Voices Radio SPLAB! American Sentences Organic Poetry Poetry Postcard Blog

Ilalqo, WA

*"Open is organic.*

*The Organic poem is not the recor Catherine,*

*Open is organic.*

*The Organic poem is not the record of an event, it is an event, an occasion of experience, a map of the mind at work in the moment, ear measuring and mind mediating the crowd of outside voices/impulses and resonances erring on the side of entelechy for the individual and polis and culture, in deep connection with dimensions larger than the pen-holder, enacting – not describing – the instant rather than the act of thought about the instant.*

*The Organic poem is allied with velocity and the duende beyond mere discourse and the function of symbology, imbued with a luminousity that exists just beyond comprehension of the pen-holder, and ripples with the silver of a wave in the midnight of Harvest Moonlight, or the white of alder-filtered September sunlight just beyond the foot of the morning altar.*

*It is the living apprehension of the underlying form as it spills out its testimony as only the moment can reveal, never completely contained in one poem except that poem which is the final result of a lifetime of an individual poet's never fully articulate striving, a chaotic murmur of soul re-directing self to Self in an alchemical conjunctio only antepasados fully comprehend.*

*It is the practice divine of ear training, star to mind to hand to pen to blossoming, a harvesting of forces learned over years, decades, lifetimes of homage and refined, knows process as its own inherent reward in a systemless system which chooses recklessly those who would use speech (at once) at its least careless and least logical, poet as time mechanic, not embalmer.*

*The Organic poem is the mercy, mercy, mercy of the intersection of the vastness of outer space with the vastness of the space inside skull in complete candor, the ordinary mind in discovery of perceptions eternal in celebration of person (Universe is Person), not a stream of consciousness, more a coherent splendor, more a field of first permission to which one is allowed access more often than one thinks.*

*Paul*

*Paul E. Nelson*

*Global Voices Radio SPLAB! American Sentences Organic Poetry Poetry Postcard Blog*

*Ilalqo, WA* _____

*Richard's post, as well as my finding a first edition Naked Poetry anthology at the library book sale, made me think of a definition of what we mean by "open poetry" "open poetics" and — "open discussion". — All best, Catherine Daly"*

**1989.** **— charles alexander** *29 May 2009* **↑ Register**

Also, I think Duncan and Olson thought the poem was not a "closed" system, i.e. it was open to what is "not" the poem, so that a poem didn't need to feel "finished" and set apart, so that one might think of the field as encompassing more than the single poem, even more than the single poet, a field of relations in which any single poem is partial. I think Blaser touches on this in the quote Paul brings forth here, about where the poem takes the reader, where it takes the poet. I'm not quite so comfortable with "organic" only in that I'm not sure how that might fit with the use of various procedures (a la Mac Low), which I think can (but don't necessarily always) partake of "open" poetry as well. "Organic" as I might understand it would apply various sorts of natural progressions in the poem, and I don't think that "natural" is the only way for the poem to move openly. But quite possibly Blaser had no such sense of "organic" as I do.

charles

charles alexander chax press

Well, Mesey and Berg included Levertov's organic poetry essay in NAKED poetry, but I see no reason open = organic

On Wed, May 27, 2009 at 3:23 PM, Paul Nelson wrote:

guidelines

guidelines

---

# David Bromige

1933–2009

*16 messages · 11 hands*

*Canadian-American poet of Sebastopol, California, linked to Language poetry, whose thirty books ranged widely in style;* Desire: Selected Poems, 1963-1987 *(1988). Died complications from diabetes.*

**1990.** **— Donna Kuhn** *4 Jun 2009* **↑ Register**

*david bromige dies*

David Bromige 1933-2009 June 3, 2009 David Mansfield Bromige passed away at 6:00 am today, surrounded by his wife, Cecelia, his children Margaret & Chris and touched by all those who came to visit and call over the past few weeks.

Poet, writer, reviewer, actor, farmer, explorer, cartographer, storyteller, illustrator, piano player, driver, swimmer, traveler, brother, uncle, father, grandfather, husband, friend, mentor, inspiration are some of the roles David played in his 75 years. This is to be a web pository of memories, thoughts, impressions and opinions.

We, his immediate family, hope that you will take the time to contribute to these pages.

Private emails may be sent to davidmbro_ _ _ (where the "_ _" are replaced with letters).

Thanks.

http://digitalaardvarks.blogspot.com

**1991. — Alan Sondheim** *4 Jun 2009* **↑ Register**
*David Bromige obit (fwd)*

Very very sorry to hear this -

*"-http://www.pressdemocrat.com/article/20090603/ARTICLES/906039888/1052/ OBITS i am just so sad, i had no idea this remarkable man and my former professor meant so much to me as a writer, teacher and human being"*

**1992. — Donna Kuhn** *4 Jun 2009* **↑ Register**
*David Bromige Obituary*

David Bromige

*"Published: Wednesday, June 3, 2009 at 6:48 p.m. Last Modified: Wednesday, June 3, 2009 at 6:48 p.m. http://www.pressdemocrat.com/article/20090603/ARTICLES/906039888/1052/ OBITS*

*David Bromige's bold and experimental poetry won him multiple literary honors and the respect of readers around the world. But the retired Sonoma State University professor and former Sonoma County Poet Laureate, who died June 3 at home in Sebastopol at the age of 75, will be remembered by those who knew and loved him for his rapier wit and generous support of other writers.*

*"I am happy to say that in the last week of his life his family was reading to him my new memoir and he was laughing at my jokes. He never missed a joke," said former SSU colleague and novelist Jerry Rosen.*

*Bromige, he praised, "knew as much about contemporary poetry as any person in the world" and managed to communicate his love for poetry to his students during 25 years at SSU.*

*His wife of 28 years, Cecelia Belle, said he had a large filing cabinet filled with what he labeled "Uncalled For Manuscripts." But he gave them all an insightful read and passed along encouragement with his comments.*

*His prodigious gift for writing mixed with his giving spirit won him many fans. Russian River poet Pat Nolan recalled watching him at a gathering of poets five years ago, seated in the shade of a porch in his signature Panama hat.*

*"One by one, everyone at that gathering stepped up to pay their respects to him...But the homage that was being paid to him that day was more of that befitting a godfather."*

*Bromige had fought his way back from a heart attack and stroke in 2001, going on to serve as Poet Laureate of Sonoma County, writing, mentoring other writers and giving readings. But a lifetime struggle with the effects of diabetes finally caught up with him.*

*Only last month, he gave his last reading in a gathering by the Healdsburg Literary Society of 16 poet laureates from around the state. The ever dapper British-born writer stood to deliver his piece, the first time he had risen from his wheelchair in many months, said Belle.*

*The author of more than 40 books of prose and poetry, Bromige was working on a memoir, "Til There Was You," at the time of his death. He also was eagerly collaborating with Reality Street press in England to publish a complete collection of his poetry.*

*He could often be seen seated in a chair in the front yard of his Sebastopol home soaking in the sun while pounding on a manual typewriter.*

*Born in London, he was a childhood survivor of The Blitz of World War II. He attended agricultural college and worked on a farm in Sweden before settling into a teaching program at the University of British Columbia. But it was his poetry and playwriting that won him prizes and a graduate scholarship to UC Berkeley.*

*He became involved in the emergence of historic poetic movements, and was taken up by the poets known as the San Francisco Renaissance, "who valued his erudition and his abilities with form and narrative," said fellow poet and provocative poetry blogger Ron Silliman.*

*Always questioning conventional wisdom in poetry and the arts, Bromige was also adopted by young writers practicing what came to be known as language poetry, said Silliman. His 1980 volume "My Poetry" is considered "a classic of the genre," he said.*

*Bromige counted among his distinguished mentors Robert Duncan of the Black Mountain School of Poets and Denise Levertov, for whom he was a teaching assistant at Berkeley.*

*During his years at Sonoma State he helped launch and maintain the university's literary magazines while bringing a host of internationally known writers to campus.*

*His numerous honors include the Western States Book Award, the Pushcart Prize for poetry, the Canada Council award and the Gertrude Stein Award for Innovative Writing. In 1994 the Luther Burbank Center for the Arts named him a Sonoma County Living Treasure.*

*In addition to his wife he is survived by his son Christopher Bromige, of Vancouver, B.C., his daughter Margaret Belle Bromise, of Sebastopol, two grandchildren and numerous in-laws, nieces and nephews.*

*Bromige will be buried at Pleasant Hills Memorial Park in Sebastopol. A public celebration of his life is being planned for sometime in July.*

*The family suggests memorial contributions to the Sonoma County Book Fair, socobookfest.org/donate.shtml. http://digitalaardvarks.blogspot.com"*

**1993. — Gabrielle Welford** *5 Jun 2009* ↑ **Register**
*Re: David Bromige obit (fwd)*

i am also so very very sorry to hear. i was thinking about him yesterday and wondering how he was. he gave me huge encouragement when i was at sonoma state. much love to his spirit and his family. gabe

**1994. — Aldon L Nielsen** *5 Jun 2009* ↑ **Register**
*Re: David Bromige Obituary*

I was one of the many who enjoyed the benefit of David Bromige's generosity and hospitality. I also enjoyed sharing a birthday with him — David liked to get us Oct 22nd people together whenever he could — a fine company of liberal Libras . . . David was one of the finest poets I've read across the years

**1995. — Maria Damon** *6 Jun 2009* ↑ **Register**

David was brilliantly witty, and warm as well. I loved our 4-way banter on the list years ago (w/ Rachel Loden and George Bowering). Cracked me up every time. And so lovely in person, when I met him at Orono. What a shining light.

**1996. — George Bowering** *7 Jun 2009* ↑ **Register**

And we meant every word of it, my sweet Maria D.

**1997. — Maria Damon** *9 Jun 2009* ↑ **Register**

it was a real honor to trade innuendos with the stars...xo backatcha, george of the true north

**1998. — Rachel Loden** *9 Jun 2009* ↑ **Register**

Yes, where are the innuendoes of yesteryear?

That impish, lovely man —

how we will miss him.

Rachel

**1999. — Maria Damon** *10 Jun 2009* ↑ **Register**

impish, yes, that's it. handsome, witty, creative, the whole package! is that innuendo enough? yes, he will be missed, but he is in our hearts forever. cloying banalities, but too true.

**2000. — George Bowering** *12 Jun 2009* ↑ **Register**

Could you really be impish with that nose?

I miss it and the straw hat just above it.

**2001. — Catherine Daly** *12 Jun 2009* ↑ **Register**

without it, it's not a panama

(isthmus: we miss him)

**2002. — Maria Damon** *14 Jun 2009* ↑ **Register**

*especially* with that nose. and hat. i wrote "and hot" initially... md

**2003.** **— Layne Russell** *18 Jun 2009* ↑ **Register**
*...david bromige*

I was going to do the official David Bromige site. David and I had talked often about it and I had some bigraphical and other material here for it that he sent me. I had asked Steve Tills to assist, and, of course, he said yes. I'm so sorry now that it did not materialize before David left us. And now that David's work is understandably and rightfully so in the hands of family, I have used the domain to, for now, just put up a goodbye to David. If anyone would like to visit this simiple page, you will find it at http://davidbromigepoet.com.

Peace,
Layne

**2004.** **— mIEKAL aND** *17 Jul 2009* ↑ **Register**
*Palindrome for David Bromige*

(In the middle of reshelving some old mags I found this inside a copy of the David Bromige issue of The Difficulties, edited by Tom Beckett)

Debut brag sore tip radar nod. Dad dotes mile van. Edit non word team nor page look cuckoo beer tred. No, who read set in bards evil kook lives drab nites. Dear oh wonder tree book. Cuckoo leg apron meat. Drown on tide. Navel, I'm set odd, add on radar pit. Eros garb tubed.

**2005.** **— cranesbill** *17 Jul 2009* ↑ **Register**
This is lovely! Thanks for posting it. David Benedetti has a fat three-ring binder overflowing with palindromes. Apparently it's his main project. J. A. Lee

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# Harold Norse

1916–2009

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*American Beat-associated poet in vernacular American idiom, a pioneering voice of gay liberation writing;* Carnivorous Saint: Gay Poems 1941-1976 *(1977). Died in a long-term care facility in San Francisco.*

**2006.** **— steve russell** *11 Jun 2009* ↑ **Register**
*"The end is the beginning." Harold Norse, dies at 92.*

links at the bottom: from the Beat museum home page.

We recently received word that Harold Norse passed away on Monday. He was 92.

The Beat Museum will be hosting a Memorial forHarold on Sunday, July 12th, time TBA

From the Beat Museum: "In 1951, Norse's talent was recognized by William Carlos Williams, who invited him to read at the Museum of Modern Art in early 1952. Williams remarked on Norse's ability to "use the direct image on its own," and became an important mentor to Harold. Williams would later call Norse "the best poet of his generation," a profound accolade considering Williams was mentor to such figures as Charles Olson, Denise Levertov, and Allen Ginsberg. Following the 1953 publication of his first book of poetry, The Undersea Mountain, which was reviewed in The New York Times and Poetry magazine, Norse left America for Italy.

In 1957, Norse was nearly deported from Italy when the Italian government deemed his poem "Victor Emmanuel Monument (Rome)," political fodder for the Communists.

Norse moved to Paris in 1960, on a tip from Williams, and at the Beat Hotel he met Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso, William S. Burroughs, Brion Gysin, and others, drawn by their interest in Buddhist meditation, which Norse had recently taken up. Using the cut-up technique devised by Gysin and Burroughs, Norse wrote his experimental novel, Beat Hotel. Originally titled Sniffing Keyholes, the first chapter—which he describes as "a sex/dope scene between a muscular black youth called Melo and a blond Russian princess called Z.Z."— made even the often stoic Burroughs laugh. During his time at the Beat Hotel, Norse began creating his 'random paintings' or Cosmographs (using the hotel's bidet).

Norse returned to America in 1969, and with Carnivorous Saint: Gay Poems 1941-1976 became a leading gay liberation poet. For the last 35 years he has lived in San Francisco’s Mission District."

Some Friends Have Created a Memorial Website http://haroldnorse.com/

Harold Norse Biography http://www.beatmuseum.org/norse/haroldnorse.html

Details of Harold's Last Hours http://www.corpse.org/index.php?option=com_content&task=view&id=402&Itemid=39

His last words were: "The End is the Beginning"

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**2007.** **— steve dalachinsky** *8 Jul 2009* ↑ **Register**
*harold norse*

the poet harold norse passed recently and we will be doing a reading etc in his honor at the cornelia st cafe in manhattan july 20th 6 pm

if anyone knows a good source of where i can find info about norse's paintings please let me know

thanks steve

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# gerry gilbert

1936–2009

*10 messages · 8 hands*

*Canadian poet, Vancouver's 'bicycle poet', who hosted the radiofreerainforest show on co-op radio CFRO and refused literary prizes;* Moby Jane *(1987).*

**2008.** **— Rob McLennan** *20 Jun 2009* ↑ **Register**
*vancouver poet gerry gilbert*

died yesterday;

http://www.ucalgary.ca/uofc/faculties/HUM/ENGL/canada/poet/g_gilbert.htm

rob

**2009.** **— Jim Andrews** *23 Jun 2009* ↑ **Register**

i'm very sorry to hear that gerry gilbert has died. i am a fan of his writing.

poetry, the trick to read what can't be read, quick to write what can't be said. (from his book 'azure blues')

his work is very smart, fun, political, musical, for the page, for the voice, informed, technically accomplished, global, local...he was an extrordinarily committed poet.

i used to listen to his show radiofreerainforest on cfro fm in vancouver. and catch his readings on the odd occassion he came to victoria.

one time i arranged a reading for him in victoria. he was "living on hugs" at that point. as always, he read/performed his work with the polish and style of the life-long poet he was.

he was the real thing folks. like bill bissett, he never won the prominent poetry awards in canada. but he is one of my faves.

my condolences to his family and to the vancouver folks for whom gerry was a very special voice and presence.

rob mclennan put some links together concerning gerry's work at http://robmclennan.blogspot.com/2009/06/gerry-gilbert-poet-april-7-1936-june-19.html

ja

*"-died yesterday; http://www.ucalgary.ca/uofc/faculties/HUM/ENGL/canada/poet/g_gilbert.htm"*

**2010. — George Bowering** *10 Jul 2009* ↑ **Register**

*Re: I want to write fiction but ...*

*"I figure that those who can write both fiction and poetry are either more talented or more tenacious. What are your thoughts on that?"*

Have observed without being able to analyse

That is, George Stanley is a superb and form-inventing poet, but he could never write two pages of prose fiction.

On the other hand the good poet Gilbert Sorrentino became one of the US's very best novelists. In reading him it is a lot more work to read the novels than to read the poems. I expect that such was also true of the writing.

George Henry Bowering Once saw Alexis Smith plain.

**2011. — steve russell** *11 Jul 2009* ↑ **Register**

& I neglected to mention Gilbert Sorrentino or Paul Auster. Reginald Gibbons, too, another excellent poet/fiction writer and critic, and translator. There's a rather large list of very inventive, versatile writer/poets .... Mark Strand ....

--- On Fri, 7/10/09, steve russell wrote:

*"there are a few singular talents who've managed to create 1st rate work in fiction, poetry, and drama as well as the essay. Consider Denis Johnson, or Jim Harrison, or the late Thomas Dish. & of course we have the Buk, as well as Raymond Carver. I blame the so-called creative writing programs for the unfortunate distinction between fiction and prose. Jeanette Winterson doesn't make such distinctions when she discusses her work. --- On Fri, 7/10/09, Mary Kasimor wrote: I figure that those who can write both fiction and poetry are either more talented or more tenacious. What are your thoughts on that? --- On Fri, 7/10/09, George Bowering wrote: I have never found it to be a problem. I have managed a lot of novels and books of stories. I think that that is not all that uncommon in Canada. Kroetsch, Atwood, MacEwen, Ondaatje, McFadden, Cohen, etc. gb On Jul 10, 2009, at 10:27 AM, amy king wrote: but poetry always stops me. Just wondering, so thought I'd ask a bunch of poets who might have the same itch, why can't you scratch it? Why this hurdle in making the transition? John Ashbery — "...every time I sit down and try to write some fiction I end up writing a poem instead, so it gets continually postponed. In fact I often think it's become for me a device for tricking myself into writing poetry." Kristy Bowen — "While one of the coolest things about poetry for me is the ability to twist language in all sorts of ways, fiction depends far too much on meaning, on conveyance, to allow too much twisting or prodding before you lose your reader. Even in my own reading exploits, the point from which I enter a piece of fiction is entirely different from the state of mind in which I enter a poem. Anything can happen in a poem, jumps of logic, of image, of meaning, and I'm ..." cont'd here: Geo. Bowering, RCAF 227498"*

**2012. — George Bowering** *11 Jul 2009* ↑ **Register**

Didn't that guy that lived on the Olympic Peninsula and was imitated by all the Creative Writhing students skip from poetry to short fiction? Can't remember his name. Wrote a book called something like What Do We Talk About When we Talk about Love or some such topic.

http://amyking.org/

welcome.html

Geo. Bowering, RCAF 227498

welcome.html

welcome.html

welcome.html

welcome.html

George Bowering, esq. Not a morning kind of guy.

**2013. — steve dalachinsky** *12 Jul 2009* ↑ **Register**

raymond carver
http://amyking.org/
welcome.html
Geo. Bowering, RCAF 227498
welcome.html
welcome.html
welcome.html
welcome.html
George Bowering, esq. Not a morning kind of guy.

**2014. — Paul Nelson** *12 Jul 2009* ↑ **Register**

Paul E. Nelson
Global Voices Radio SPLAB! A Raymond Carver.
Paul E. Nelson
Global Voices Radio SPLAB! American Sentences Organic Poetry Poetry Postcard Blog
George Bowering, esq. Not a morning kind of guy.

**2015. — Mary Kasimor** *12 Jul 2009* ↑ **Register**

Creative writhing!
--- On Sat, 7/11/09, George Bowering wrote:
http://amyking.org/
Geo. Bowering, RCAF 227498
George Bowering, esq. Not a morning kind of guy.

**2016. — Ruth Lepson** *13 Jul 2009* ↑ **Register**

hardy too
http://amyking.org/
welcome.html
Geo. Bowering, RCAF 227498
welcome.html
welcome.html
welcome.html
welcome.html
George Bowering, esq. Not a morning kind of guy.

**2017. — George Bowering** *14 Jul 2009* ↑ **Register**

Amy's Alias
http://amyking.org/
welcome.html
Geo. Bowering, RCAF 227498
welcome.html
welcome.html
welcome.html
welcome.html

> George Bowering, esq. Not a morning kind of guy.
> welcome.html
> guidelines &
> welcome.html
> Geo. Bowering Heavy feet. Light heart.

---

## George Russell

1923–2009

*1 message · 1 hand*

> *American jazz composer and theorist whose 1953 Lydian Chromatic Concept grounded harmonic theory in jazz rather than European music;* Lydian Chromatic Concept of Tonal Organization *(1953). Died complications of Alzheimer's disease, Boston.*

**2018. — steve dalachinsky** *29 Jul 2009* ↑ **Register**

*george russell*

pan-metric a-metric the great composer thorist -pianist george russell passed away at 86 listen if you never have

---

## tom taylor

d. 2009

*1 message · 1 hand*

> *Nothing about this person could be verified outside the archive. The notice says: "tom taylor has passed away after a long struggle with cancer."*

**2019. — Peter Ganick** *14 Sep 2009* ↑ **Register**

*tom taylor has passed away*

tom taylor has passed away after a long struggle with cancer. as a writer, publisher, and photographer as a writer, a publisher, and photograper he performed a vital part of the literary community. many of us are very sad about this. the link below connects to a good profile of tom and his ideas. p ganick.....

http://jimleftwichtextimagepoem.blogspot.com/2009_09_13_archive.html

---

## Raymond Federman

1928–2009

*4 messages · 4 hands*

*French-American experimental novelist who coined 'surfiction' and taught at SUNY Buffalo 1973-1999 as Distinguished Professor;* Double or Nothing *(1971). Died cancer, in San Diego.*

**2020. — Charles Bernstein** *7 Oct 2009* ↑ **Register**

*Raymond Federman (1928-2009)*

Raymond Federman and I worked together at Buffalo and he was a shining light in our Poetics Program. I have posted more here —http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/bernstein/blog/#10-07-09

> **2021. — Peter Quartermain** *7 Oct 2009* ↑ **Register**
>
> Sad news indeed — a terrific writer, and — from the few times we met — a generous and warm-hearted individual.
>
> =======-----
> Original Message-----
> Poetics List (UPenn, UB) On wrote:
>
> **2022. — richard owens** *13 Oct 2009* ↑ **Register**
>
> *NYT Federman obit*
>
> http://www.nytimes.com/2009/10/13/books/13federman.html?hpw
>
> damn the caesars, the journal damn the caesars, the blog
>
> **2023. — Maria Damon** *14 Oct 2009* ↑ **Register**
>
> Thanks for this. I'm not sure why his fiction is considered difficult; I found it quite lucid, direct, and honest. He had such great energy.

## Jack Wiler

d. 2009

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American poet and Jersey City exterminator known for blunt, comic poems about work and living with AIDS;* Fun Being Me *(2006). Died of AIDS-related illness.*

**2024. — Sarai Sarai** *27 Oct 2009* ↑ **Register**

*Jack Wiler, sad news*

Poet Jack Wiler passed away last week. His books were *Fun Being Me* and *I Have No Clue.* His Web site: http://jackwiler.com/

I'm not sure what to say here, but I posted a tribute on my blog:

# Claude Lévi-Strauss

1908–2009

*5 messages · 5 hands*

*Belgian-born French anthropologist who founded structural anthropology and the structuralist analysis of myth, author of* Tristes Tropiques *and the four-volume* Mythologiques*, Collège de France professor and Académie française member. Died in Paris, aged 100.*

**2025. — Aryanil Mukherjee** *3 Nov 2009* ↑ **Register**

*Levi-Strauss died today at 100*

http://news.yahoo.com/s/ap/20091103/ap_on_en_ot/eu_obit_france_levi_strauss

aryanil

**2026. — Maria Damon** *3 Nov 2009* ↑ **Register**

*claude levy-strauss has died…*

at age 100.

**2027. — Tom Savage** *4 Nov 2009* ↑ **Register**

I was sorry to see that Levi-Strauss had died in Today's New York Times. Still, he had a very long and wonderful life and lived to be 100. It's a wonderful obituary by Edward Rothstein, one of the Times best writers. If I knew how to attach it here, I would, but I don't.

at age 100.

**2028. — Alan Sondheim** *4 Nov 2009* ↑ **Register**

This message is in MIME format. The first part should be readable text,
while the remaining parts are likely unreadable without MIME-aware tools.

--0-1570425612-1257369397=:23485

His very late writing and interviews are brilliant - the latter were done when we was 98.

**2029. — David-Baptiste Chirot** *9 Nov 2009* ↑ **Register**

Living in France in ealry 1968 I saw a tv show about/with Levi-Strauss on one of the then only two (State run) tv channels.

It was for the French tv a pretty "daring" show as it included music andimages by/of Bob Dylan and had jum cuts, montages and a whole aray of visual pyrotechnics at its command as Levi-Strauss discoursed on his ideas and their realtion with the contemporary mass (media) societies, the technological society as Jacques Ellul wrote of it a bit earlier in the '60s.

I was very young but it made an immense impression on me, in part due to the visual methods borrowed from contemporary cinema, and in part due to the ideas which i only dimly grasped other than that underlying structures were part of every facet of life, and also the concept of the "raw" and the "cooked" which I liked very much in my own "raw" (brut) way. I remember thinking, how perfect, how hilarious, for of course a French person would use la cuisine for analogies!

Levi-Strauss himself was brilliant—so alive, so excited about the world and ideas, beings, things—that is the way i have always remebered him and still do and will continue to

## 2010

# David Franks

d. 2010

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American poet and conceptual performance artist in Baltimore, known for public works like his tugboat-horn poems. Died found dead at his Fells Point apartment, aged 61.*

### 2030. — Lewis Warsh *16 Jan 2010* ↑ Register

*David Franks*

I was sorry to hear that David Franks has died. Here's a poem by David published in Angel Hair Magazine #6, edited by Anne Waldman and Lewis Warsh, 1969.

THE FOUNTAIN

I walked two times around the fountain
and I watched the branches full of green leaves
double in the still water the light around

and I sat down on the green bench in the middle
and my eyes fixed on the only lite window in the
tenement across the street from where I sat and it
was awhile until I focused my sight and I saw cut
through the blinds a man wearing a white undershirt
washing in a sink I couldn't see and then I thought
no there are lovers there, not a man washing, and
I saw that for awhile and I saw them draw the blinds,
but I don't think they actually did and then it
was the man wearing a white undershirt again shaving
for awhile over the sink I couldn't see the "Hot"
faucet was turned on all the way and he forced it and
then I saw the man glancing at me;

and I wondered if he saw me; I unfocused my eyes
again and thought and turned away and heard sirens
and I began to feel cold and I remembered that
it was after 2 o'clock Wednesday morning and
I wondered if that was too late to be where I was;

then I looked up at the window and the man
wearing the white undershirt and the lovers who
drew the blinds were watching me and then they weren't
and they were -- and then they weren't and then they were --
and they they weren't and then -- finally i said, leaning
forward pointing emphatically in the direction of the
mailbox across the street on the corner:

"Fuck it! If the police
come -- I'll be pissed off!"
But I felt gentle
and then I got afraid and I walked two times
around the fountain and I watched the branches
full of green leaves double in the still water
the light around -- and I walked away from that place
to tell you about it
but you weren't there
and then you came
and you were.

David Franks

---

## Lucille Clifton

1936–2010

*3 messages · 3 hands*

*American poet of Black identity and the female body, National Book Award winner and two-time Pulitzer finalist;* Blessing the Boats *(2000).*

---

**2031. — amy king** *14 Feb 2010* ↑ **Register**

*Lucille Clifton dies at 73 -- June 27, 1936 – February 13, 2010*

Lucille Clifton, one-time poet laureate of Md., dies at 73 —http://www.baltimoresun.com/news/obituaries/bal-md.ob.clifton14feb14,0,4245172.story

Tiny note —http://amyking.wordpress.com/2010/02/14/lucille-clifton-june-27-1936---february-13-2010/

Best,

Amy

_____

BOOK

Slaves to Do These Things— http://www.blazevox.org/bk-ak3.htm

RANT

"My Barbaric Bitch of a Yawp" — http://delirioushem.blogspot.com/2010/02/amy-king.html

ESSAY

"The What Else"— http://english.chass.ncsu.edu/freeverse/Archives/Winter_2009/prose/A_King.html

**2032.** **— Ruth Lepson** *14 Feb 2010* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Lucille Clifton dies at 73 -- June 27, 1936 February 13, 2010*

Lucille Clifton, so important to women and to the African American community. She will be missed.

Slaves to Do These Things— http://www.blazevox.org/bk-ak3.htm

RANT

"My Barbaric Bitch of a Yawp" —http://delirioushem.blogspot.com/2010/02/amy-king.html

ESSAY

"The What Else"—http://english.chass.ncsu.edu/freeverse/Archives/Winter_2009/prose/A_King.html

**2033.** **— Mairead Byrne** *15 Feb 2010* ↑ **Register**

Lucille Clifton's work: a very big mirror in which it is always possible to find your poetry + poetics. I had the great honor of being her squire when she made her first visit to the University of Mississippi in February 2002. At that time she said of her historic reading—hundreds of people packed in, students were literally wedged in the door frame, all the way up—"I usually don't do anything in February, but I decided, why not?" Miss Clifton Mrs Clifton Ms Clifton why did you go do that in February, now why did you go do that? Mairéad

*"Lucille Clifton, so important to women and to the African American community. She will be missed.*
*On 2/14/10 10:13 PM, "amy king" wrote: Lucille Clifton, one-time poet laureate of Md., dies at 73"*

---

# Franz Kamin

1941–2010

*3 messages · 3 hands*

*American composer-poet and pianist, Station Hill Press author whose performances fused topology, sound poetry and chance operations;* Ann-Margret Loves You & Other Psychotopological Diversions *(1980). Dead in a car crash with another composer fri.*

**2034.** **— George Quasha** *13 Apr 2010* ↑ **Register**
*Franz Kamin (1941-2010)*

With deep sadness I have to report that our friend of decades Franz Kamin died in a car crash with another composer friend James Brody on Sunday; Brody, Franz's old close friend, was driving him to the country when the unexplained accident occurred. Franz was in my view a great artist—visionary composer, poet, writer of unexampled prose, extraordinary pianist and organizer of powerful events, inspiration and guide to many many people—far too much to say now—and I will say more later when the impact of this lets me. For many of us Franz was a cornerstone of a big imaginal building we do everything in our work to live inside of.

George Quasha

www.quasha.com

**2035.** **— Patrick Lovelace** *13 Apr 2010* ↑ **Register**

Amazing sadness. I'll always recall when I first read him—the experience was endlessly edifying—& I never stopped.

> Scrbble Death, particularly, stands out as an enduring & continually impressive achievement.
>
> Best wishes to all.
>
> On Apr 13, 2010, at 4:29 PM, George Quasha wrote:

**2036.** **— Maria Damon** *14 Apr 2010* ↑ **Register**

I saw him play Ives's Concord Sonatas at a private house concert a few years ago. Sublime. A really wonderful experience. Very sad, so very sad.

---

## Barbara Godard

1942–2010

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Canadian feminist critic and translator who brought Quebec women writers, notably Nicole Brossard, to English readers;* translation of Picture Theory *(1991). Died in Toronto.*

**2037.** **— Kate Eichhorn** *18 May 2010* ↑ **Register**

*<no subject>*

Barbara Godard, 1942  2010

On Sunday evening, literary critic, cultural theorist and translator Dr. Barbara Godard passed away in Toronto. The author of over 200 articles (some reprinted in her 2008 book, Canadian Literature at the Crossroads of Language and Culture) and editor of several edited collections, Barbara played a major role in creating new critical approaches to Canadian and Quebecois writing, especially innovative women's writing. Barbara was deeply committed to working in collaboration with colleagues and students as well as writers, artists and activists. In 1984, she founded the journal Tessera with Daphne Marlatt, Gail Scott and Kathy Mezei. For many years, she served on the editorial board of Open Letter. In addition to her research and writing, Barbara supervised several generations of Canadian literary critics and cultural studies scholars. She will continue to have a tremendous impact on Canadian literature and culture, both terrains she helped to write.

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# Leslie Scalapino

1944–2010

*21 messages · 14 hands*

*American poet, playwright and publisher who ran O Books in Oakland for twenty-four years and brought out some hundred titles by other people;* that they were at the beach *(1985),* way *(1988). Grouped with West Coast Language writing, she put herself closer to the Beats and to Buddhist practice. She was sixty-five. By 2010 a notice was a URL and a pull-quote: Bernstein's opens with the obituary page at the Electronic Poetry Center and Philip Whalen's sentence about real time — Whalen having himself been the subject of an entry eight years earlier.*

**2038. — Charles Bernstein** *29 May 2010* ↑ **Register**

*Leslie Scalapino (1944-2010)*

http://epc.buffalo.edu/authors/scalapino/obit.html

“Scalapino makes everything take place in real time, in the light and air and night where all of us live, everything happening at once.” — Philip Whalen

Leslie Scalapino passed away on May 28, 2010 in Berkeley, California. She was born in Santa Barbara in 1944 and raised in Berkeley, California. After Berkeley High School, she attended Reed College in Portland, Oregon and received her B.A. in Literature in 1966. She received her M.A. in English from the University of California at Berkeley in 1969, after which she began to focus on writing poetry. Leslie Scalapino lived with Tom White, her husband and friend of 35 years, in Oakland, California.

In childhood, she traveled with her father Robert Scalapino, founder of UC Berkeley’s Institute for Asian Studies, her mother Dee Scalapino, known for her love of music, and her two sisters, Diane and Lynne, throughout Asia, Africa and Europe. She and Tom continued these travels including trips to Tibet, Bhutan, Japan, India, Yemen, Mongolia, Libya and elsewhere. Her writing was intensely influenced by these travels. She published her first book O and Other Poems in 1976, and since then has published thirty books of poetry, prose, inter-genre fiction, plays, essays, and collaborations. Scalapino’s most recent publications include a collaboration with artist Kiki Smith, The Animal is in the World like Water in Water (Granary Books), and

Floats Horse-Floats or Horse-Flows (Starcherone Books), and her selected poems It’s go in horizontal / Selected Poems 1974-2006 (UC Press) was published in 2008. In 1988, her long poem way received the Poetry Center Award, the Lawrence Lipton Prize, and the American Book Award from the Before Columbus Foundation. Her plays have been performed in San Francisco at New Langton Arts, The Lab, Venue 9, and Forum; in New York by The Eye and Ear Theater and at Barnard College; and in Los Angeles at Beyond Baroque.

In 1986, Scalapino founded O Books as a publishing outlet for young and emerging poets, as well as prominent, innovative writers, and the list of nearly 100 titles includes authors such as Ted Berrigan, Robert Grenier, Fanny Howe, Tom Raworth, Norma Cole, Will Alexander, Alice Notley, Norman Fischer, Laura Moriarty, Michael McClure, Judith Goldman and many others. Scalapino is also the editor of four editions of O

anthologies, as well as the periodicals Enough (with Rick London) and War and Peace (with Judith Goldman).

Scalapino taught writing at various institutions, including 16 years in the MFA program at Bard College, Mills College, the San Francisco Art Institute, California College of the Arts in San Francisco, San Francisco State University, UC San Diego, and the Naropa Institute.

Of her own writing, Scalapino says “my sense of a practice of writing and of action, the apprehension itself that ‘one is not oneself for even an instant’ – should not be,’ is to be participation in/is a social act. That is, the nature of this practice that’s to be ‘social act’ is it is without formation or custom.” Her writing, unbound by a single format, her collaborations with artists and other writers, her teaching, and publishing are evidence of this sense of her own practice, social acts that were her practice. Her generosity and fiercely engaged intelligence were everywhere evident to those who had the fortune to know her.

Scalapino has three books forthcoming in 2010. A book of two plays published in one volume, Flow-Winged Crocodile and A Pair / Actions Are Erased / Appear will come out in June 2010 from Chax Press; a new prose work, The Dihedrons Gazelle-Dihredals Zoom will be released this summer by Post-Apollo Press; and a revised and expanded collection of her essays and plays, How Phenomena Appear to Unfold (originally published by Potes & Poets) will be published in the fall by Litmus Press.

Her play Flow-Winged Crocodile will be performed in New York at Poets House on June 19th at 2pm and June 20th at 7pm by the performance group The Relationship, directed by Fiona Templeton and with Katie Brown, Stephanie Silver, and Julie Troost. Dance by Molissa Fenley, music by Joan Jeanrenaud, and projected drawings by Eve Biddle. This production is co-sponsored by Belladonna* and the Poetry Project.

There will be a memorial event for Scalapino at St. Mark’s Poetry Project on Monday, June 21st.

A Zen Buddhist funeral ceremony will be conducted by Abbott Norman Fisher in about a month with the arrangements in a subsequent announcement. Tom requests that in lieu of flowers, Leslie's friends consider a charitable donation in her memory to: Poets in Need, PO Box 5411, Berkeley, CA 94705;  Reed College for the Leslie Scalapino Scholarship, 3203 Southeast Woodstock Boulevard, Portland, OR 97202-8199;  The AYCO Charitable Foundation, PO Box 15203, Albany, NY 12212-5203 for the Leslie Scalapino-O Books Fund to support innovative works of poetry, prose and art; or to a charitable organization of their choice. Condolence cards may be sent to Tom & Leslie’s home address, 5744 Presley Way, Oakland, California 94618-1633.

to make my mind be actions outside only. which they are.
that collapses in

grey-red bars. actions are life per se only without it.

(so) events are minute — even (voluptuous)

––Leslie Scalapino

**2039. — Ruth Lepson** *29 May 2010* ↑ **Register**

O I am sorry. She was alive & sweet, so smart & bubbly. She let us escape our preoccupations & use our intelligence more widely. I wish I cd thank her now. Told my class she was sick & we read some of her writing this term.

**2040. — Peter Quartermain** *29 May 2010* ↑ **Register**

Oh. Shocking news. Will there ever be a moment in this quarter-century when we will not be dismayed and not weep?

=======-----
Original Message-----
Poetics List (UPenn, UB) On wrote:

**2041. — Laura Hinton** *29 May 2010* ↑ **Register**

I am devastated by this news, as I know many of you are. Leslie Scalapino is one of our greatest, most inventive American poets. I can't put that in the past tense. I will write more when I get my wits about me. Thank you, Charles, for your posting.

Laura Hinton

**2042. — Joel Weishaus** *31 May 2010* ↑ **Register**

*Leslie Scalapino*

Charles:

The death of Leslie is a loss to the whole species. I'm very sorry to hear this.

Warm Regards,
Joel

There will be a memorial event for Scalapino at St. Mark’s Poetry Project on Monday, June 21st.

to make my mind be actions outside only. which they are.
that collapses in

grey-red bars. actions are life per se only without it.

(so) events are minute — even (voluptuous)

––Leslie Scalapino

**2043. — Craig Allen Conrad** *2 Jun 2010* ↑ **Register**

*FUCK DEATH!*

for Leslie Scalapino & Peter Orlovsky

Down, down, down into the darkness of the grave Gently they go, the beautiful, the tender, the kind; Quietly they go, the intelligent, the witty, the barve. I know. But I do not approve. And I am not resigned. —Edna St. Vincent Millay

It makes me angry that we die. I'm on Edna St. Vincent Millay's side with this one! FUCK DEATH! I am not resigned and will not intend to ever be so! Dying is a growing grief for the living. A humiliating and treacherous sadness in piecemeal THIS WORLD!

It was very sad to hear of the passing of Leslie Scalapino and Peter Orlovsky. I had the weirdest things happen with both of their works, not weird really because everything we think weird or coincidental will probably be revealed one day as the softest magic imaginable, meaning WE HAVE NO IDEA HOW BIG THE magic faucet roars beyond this world. But I recently stumbled across Leslie Scalapino's AMAZING book Crowd and not evening or light JUST before hearing that she had died. And have since reread it, and loved it all over again. I despise religion which drives customs, which evaporates autonomy, and SCALAPINO also OPENLY felt the same way over and over again in her poems. Like this great stanza:

people finding out what
they are -- because they don't have any

custom any longer -- we don't
not from suffering -- though going on
or their finding out, the women having been enslaved
the men dead -- custom -- suffering
made to be that

And today I wish I knew Peter Orlovsky's poems as much as I do Scalapino's. I heard him read in Philadelphia many years ago at the Painted Bride Arts Center. It was Lamont Steptoe who brought him here I believe, but I'm not 100 percent sure. The first person who ever mentioned him to me was Molly Russakoff.

Today Molly and I went deep into Fairmount Park together. We had a picnic for Peter. She had dated him at Naropa back in the 1970's at the same time that Allen Ginsberg was dating him. We had oranges and wine and dark chocolate and kale and blue corn, and ate, and offered some for Peter under the massive cottonwood tree in the park today. It was beautiful, this. This sharing and being together, being grateful for our lives and WE MUST be grateful for our lives we know.

JUST before I found out that Peter died last week I was in the Rittenhouse Library, sitting in front of the poetry section reading from the marvelous anthology OUT OF THIS WORLD (St. Mark's Poetry Project), and a book title's spine jumped out at me: WHEN I WAS COOL. I forget the author, but Molly knew him as well, in fact the book was about going to Naropa, and the author was there when Molly was there. When Peter Orlovsky was teaching there, and Ted Berrigan, and it sounded like a great time.

But I opened WHEN I WAS COOL to a page with Orlovsky's picture, and a caption which read something like, "On the first day of class Peter Orlovsky said, 'raise your hand if you think pussy tastes like strawberry jam'" or something like that.

WITH LOVE TO THE LIVING. I mind dying, I mind very much! I do not approve, and am not resigned! CAConrad

**2044.** **— Laura Hinton** *3 Jun 2010* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Leslie Scalapino (1944-2010)*

In mourning Leslie Scalapino's death and in celebrating her multi-genre poetry, I am coordinating a "Streaming / Reading Memorial" on my blog site, Chant de la Sirene. Four pieces have thus far been posted this week. We are looking forward to more:

chantdelasirene.com

Anyone who wishes to send in a short piece about Leslie, on the topic of reading / re-reading her work, please backchannel me (

Laura

Laura Hinton Professor of English City College of New York 138 at Convent Ave. New York, New York 10031

http://www.mermaidtenementpress.com http://www.chantdelasirene.com

**2045.** **— Pierre Joris** *10 Jun 2010* ↑ **Register**
*New NOMADICS posts*

Check out these recent NOMADICS posts:

Two or Three French Takes

Poetry Project Leslie Scalapino Memorial Annoucement

Untranslatable

WALTZING IN QUICKSAND: POETS IN COLLAGE

A Bird on the Beach at East Grand Terre Island, LA

Easy, easy Friday morning…

Roger Manderscheid (1933-2010)

Alternate News re Israeli Acts of Piracy in International Water

& may your summers be great!

Pierre ==========

"Lyric poetry has to be exorbitant or not at all." — Gottfried Benn

**2046. — Cara Benson** *15 Jun 2010* ↑ **Register**
*Invitation to Celebrate Leslie Scalapino*

We honorÂ her passing and celebrate her not ever LESLIE SCALAPINO

We honor her passing and celebrate her not ever passing.

"In making a connection, I'm not proposing that one's language, sounds, conceptual shapes alter events outside. Rather, writing can note that one's/their sounds and conceptual shapes are events — that are also along with events in the outside. A poem may place these together. As such one's conceptions alter oneself and being, and alter their and one being outside. The individual (and any individual instance) occurs as reading. As: while, alongside, and being (reading is an act)." — LS, "Eco-logic in Writing" in EcoLanguage Reader (Brenda Iijima, ed)

"… 'horizontal' is a way of seeing everything flowing, existing at different times in parallel simultaneous spaces–not permanent, but not ever passing either." -LS in conversation w/Elizabeth Bryant, Dusie #8

Leslie Scalapino's writing placed inside/outside events together with/in spacetime. Reading Leslie Scalapino is/as an altering act/event. We honor her passing and celebrate her not ever passing. We invite you to write alongside/simultaneously to/of/on her work for a special issue of Delirious Hem, http://delirioushem.blogspot.com/.

We are especially interested in critical appreciations and analyses (in any style or format) of passages from Leslie Scalapino's work. The Barbara Guest Memory Bank, http://www.asu.edu/pipercwcenter/how2journal//bg_memorybank/bg_memory.html, edited by Lauren Shufran for the Summer 2007 issue of How2, might serve as a model, as might the Alice Notley Constellation (http://www.bbk.ac.uk/cprcevents/alicenotley.html) edited by Carol Watts. Poems, images, personal memorials, and short essays are also welcome.

Since 2006, Delirious Hem has been devoted to writing by and about experimental women poets. Topics have included features on Kundiman, Lucille Clifton, kari edwards, the Dusie kollektiv adventskalender, Gurlesque, and the "Numbers Trouble" controversy. Contributors have included Anne Boyer, Bernadette Mayer, Amy King, Alison Roh Park, Evie Shockley, Lee Ann Brown, Hoa Nguyen, Gloria Anzaldua, Jennifer Bartlett, Vanessa Place, Tara Betts, T.A. Noonan, Sharon Mesmer, Naomi Shihab Nye, Sarah Vap, Rachel Levitsky, Mairead Byrne, Marcella Durand, Myung Mi Kim, and many others.

Deadline: Aug 1

Very best,

Cara Benson (cbenson67 [at] yahoo [dot] com) Elizabeth Bryant (miss.elizabeth.bryant [at] gmail [dot] com) Cathy Wagner (cathwagner [at] gmail [dot] com)

**2047. — Michael Gottlieb** *23 Jun 2010* ↑ **Register**
*Remembering Peter Seaton*

REMEMBERING PETER SEATON

Just having returned last night from Leslie Scalapino's memorial at St. Marks - a packed, hot, long, fraught, draining event - one that I have to admit I had to leave halfway through. So many people there, so many people for whom Leslie was so important. Old, young - so many young people. She did so much for so many, was such an exemplar, mentor, publisher, friend... And then the next day, today, this news: Peter Seaton, dead.

And who is going to organize his memorial? Just how many remember him, how many remember how powerful, unflinchingly, unerringly, nakedly vital was his work when he burst among us, how many years ago?

I don't have his books in front of me now, and I don't have the years - the timeline called up - to fix him in our greater calendar but suddenly he was there one season: slight, sandy hair, a pack of... of Camels? Luckies? in his breast pocket. Bespectacled, a perpetual, canted, slightly sardonic smile on his face.

One book, two books, three, maybe there were four, and then he was gone. He threw himself out of our world, not - at first - going altogether all that far. Off to Coliseum Books in Midtown Manhattan - where he worked for years and where quite apparently he made another life for himself; and made another life with a life partner who we also knew, at least for awhile. But then what happened?

He reappeared a few years later, read again at the Ear and was just as powerful as ever and it was as if he'd never left - which was a little troubling in a way because, and I'm guessing I'm not the only one who thought so - enough years had gone by that it wasn't unreasonable to expect that things, he, his work, might be a bit different, but no. It was all the same.

Then he was gone, again. And it was clear, it was as clear then as it had been clear from the beginning, in the very same way that it remained clear over the years as Peter came to mind, as his name came up in conversation from time to time, that Peter could have, maybe should have, been someone whose name was always on the tip of all of our tongues. That he could have been someone whose books were bought, whose writing was taught (is it? Does anyone teach it now?), he and his poems could have been, should have been the subject of seminars and conferences but for whatever reason - he bailed... he didn't want to live the life, he couldn't deal with the requirements the... the what? The compromises, the blandishments? Whatever. So he took a walk.

And that act in itself was a kind of admonishment to the rest of us. A caution and a remonstrance reminding us, recalling to mind - if we needed any reminder - of all the compromises that we have made, we make every day in the name of our careers. He wouldn't, I guess, he couldn't.

He died without any of us around. That may not be necessarily a bad thing. But, did he die alone?

**2048. — Laura Hinton** *29 Jun 2010* ↑ **Register**

*On-line Memorial to Leslie Scalapino is now concluded*

The *Streaming / Reading Memorial to Leslie Scalapino,* which has been running on my blog site this past month since Leslie's death, concluded yesterday, June 28. Thank you to the many wonderful poets who contributed pieces, and to those of you who have been reading.

Below is a list of the articles, poems, and/or memoirs, as well as their authors. And anyone can continue to view this work, either on the blog home page or in its May-June Archives, at www.chantdelasirene.com. — Laura

Laura Hinton — with reprinted eulogy by Tom White

A Few Words about a Late Scalapino/Poem

Cynthia Hogue

“I've created this memory track": Scalapino’s *Autobiography

Ann Bogle

In "Mourning Time," Reading *New Time* (for the First Time)

Laura Hinton

Sewing the Black — for Leslie Scalapino

Millicent Borges Accardi

Aeolotropism: A Prose Sequence for Leslie Scalapino

Karen An-hwei Lee

'Writing Is Phenomena': Leslie Scalapino and Marina Adams, *The Tango

Elizabeth Frost

This is Not “A Barbie Doll with Horns” (Line from *Flow—Winged Crocodile*)

Laura Hinton

"I feel a Chill” – and a Desert Memory

Barbara Henning

Leslie Scalapino’s Rhythmic Intensities

Charles Bernstein

(reprinted courtesy of *Sybil*)

“... schooled by the certainty she brought to her radical syntax...”

Rachel Levitsky

“...Embracing Interplay of Life and Time...”

Allison A. Hedge Coke

She Doesn’t Belong in a Past Tense

Joan Retallack

Leslie Loved *Invasion of the Body Snatchers *(or, Note on her "Note on Secret-Life Writing" in *Dahlia's Iris/ Secret Autobiography*)

Laura Hinton

**2049.** **— Camille Martin** *5 Jul 2010* **↑ Register**
*New @ Rogue Embryo: My Leslie + Gene-Pixel Hybridity*

New @ Rogue Embryo

* Remembering remembering Leslie Scalapino

* Gene-Pixel Hybridity: David Dowker’s Machine Language

http://rogueembryo.wordpress.com

Cheers!

Camille Martin

Sonnets: http://www.shearsman.com/pages/books/catalog/2010/martin.html

Codes of Public Sleep : http://www.spdbooks.org/Producte/9781897388112/codes-of-public-sleep.aspx

**2050.** **— charles alexander** *8 Jul 2010* **↑ Register**
*4 New Books from Chax Press*

Announcing 4 New Books from Chax Press

Special Offer Through August 15 Buy any one for $15, any two for $26, any three for $35, or all four for $45, and pay no shipping charges (for US Domestic Media Mail only). Orders must be paid for by check or credit card in advance of shipment. Add $5 for Priority Mail. Add $8 for international shipping for one book, $11 for two, $13 for three, or $15 for four. Order by mail with check to Chax Press, 411 N 7th Ave Ste 103, Tucson, AZ 85705-8388; or order by phone to (hours are irregular; we will return your call). Inquiries by email to.

1. Leslie Scalapino, Flow — Winged Crocodile & A Pair / Actions are Erased / Appear Two Plays ISBN: 9780925904935 117 pages $16

"For myself and the cast, directing Leslie Scalapino's FLOW has been an extraordinary journey into language and the language in breath, the rhythms of effort to say as precisely as

her savage delicacy of thought, her forcing us all to assume nothing in examining the fineness of our implication in each other" — Fiona Templeton.

2. Charles Olson, The Principle of Measure in Composition by Field: Projective Verse II, ed. by Joshua Hoeynck Work from the Olson archive, an important edition to the original Projective Verse essay by Olson. ISBN 9780925904959 56 pages $15

"A poem has so many things to which it must do equal justice if it is to establish its own bounds (be inclusive). They can be summarized (and my intent here is to say it all): atomism (that sounds, at no smallest point ain't also particles, as both said & heard); continuity (that old flow still flows, even though statement can no longer be an adequate syntax to it – wave is wave of something at all points, both the particle and, because it is a thing, its 'environment' – what, its passing through, it is different by as well as what it catches up, what adheres to it); causation (but not that moralistic one – the Coleridgian – of fact & reason; cause in physical sensation, the obverse of which – what lies under it – giving it its allowance at all, that the systematic geometries occur superficially as the face of, cause); memory (than whom there is still no muse more, the more that things, in their retention, put more demand on the poet than merely his 'own' material, shall we say); perception (of which the same extension as of memory needs to be emphasized – that the conceptual, no matter how 'mental,' and as such the dipolar to perception, still a powerful discrimination is basic, it is this, the actualities have to be felt, while the pure potentials can be dismissed. This is the great distinction between an actual entity (nothing is there except for feeling) and an eternal object (Idea).

A poem is made up of both." — Charles Olson, from "Notes on Poetics (towards Projective Verse II)"

3. Mark Weiss, As Landscape
114 pages
Poetry
ISBN 9780925904768
$16

"What a beautiful set of circumstances! What a lovely concatenation of particulars. Here is the poet alive in every sense of the word, and through very one of his senses. Instead of missing a beat or a part, Weiss' fragments are like Chekhov's short stories—the more that gets left out, the more they seem to contain." — Mike Stephens (from review in Jacket)

4. Jonathan Stalling, Grotto Heaven
ISBN 9780925904928
Poetry
80 pages
$16

"In this book, Jonathan Stalling extends to us his hospitality. Enter this grotto, this book of poems a haven & lodge for light & dark, made by Jonathan Stalling with an ethics of respect & reverence. Pen opens to penumbra, shadowing each word. This book constitutes an attentive reaching, reading, a leaning into language, so that learning an other language rhymes with listening to & learning the emerging language- scape of one's own child. In Stalling's book we are lodged here, in poems, in a place allowing passage back & forth from the mystery of "I" and "we" to the mysterious housings of words in our language and in others. Words, characters, & embodiments make up the constellations, the figured stars within a larger darkness. I recommend to you Grotto Heaven as a fine place to take up lodging. " —Hank Lazer

charles alexander

Chax Press Summer Intensive in book arts and creative writing, July 12-25, 2010

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**2051. — Camille Martin** *12 Jul 2010* **↑ Register**
*New @ Rogue Embryo: Leslie Scalapino's Plural Time + Blue Tulip Tree Leaf*

New @ Rogue Embryo

* Reading the Minds of Events: Leslie Scalapino's Plural Time (originally published in HOW2) (alert: long essay with probably too many footnotes, but if you like that kind of thing, take some vitamins and go for it)

http://rogueembryo.wordpress.com/2010/07/08/reading-the-minds-of-events-leslie-scalapinos-plural-time/

* Blue Tulip Tree Leaf (photograph): The tulip tree is one of my favourite trees that grows in Louisiana (and a large portion of North America as well). The exquisite flowers resemble tulips. Something about the light or water made the leaf appear bluish. The un-bayou-like sandy creek in Mississippi is named "Bayou LaTerre").

http://rogueembryo.wordpress.com/2010/07/12/blue-tulip-tree-leaf-bayou-laterre/

Cheers!

Camille Martin

Sonnets: http://www.shearsman.com/pages/books/catalog/2010/martin.html

Codes of Public Sleep : http://www.spdbooks.org/Producte/9781897388112/codes-of-public-sleep.aspx

**2052. — Catherine Daly** *2 Aug 2010* **↑ Register**
*Re: "The Decay of Spirituality in Poetry"*

Thanks, Jason, for the opening for me to chime in on this thread.

The reason I was a religion and not a philosophy major was there were too many gang bang history of philo surveys forcing study of a bunch of white guys. My specialty was mysticism.

As I mentioned in passing on my blog, what it more problematic in this discussion to me is that, 1) Adam's sparking essay totally ignored the HUGE amount of experimental women's poetry which has a spiritual, if not religious, dimension. It's across traditions and practices. It includes most of the "major" writers. So I feel like the initial spark was based on — dunno — not reading Scalapino? Blau DuPlessis? Karasick? Hillman? Carson? Ronk? Fanny Howe? Then, what about the writers influenced by the transcendentalism of Emerson? Lauterbach? Brown?, 2) isn't it callow to call for an increased spirituality when it is the population that does not believe in any vague spirituality, is secular, may be radically peaceful, is not twelve-stepping (see vague spirituality, is not Mary Karr or Nick Flynn), may be under jihad, etc., that is under seige/on the edge/writing in danger?

Admittedly, this is not to your point, but the call for a poetry that includes ideas that are not part/cannot be part of anyone's direct experience, but only part of their received beliefs/assumptions/cultural conditioning: the approved narrative, the way we always interpret these things: the opposite of poetry.

Then too, of course Cantor is spiritual, and you've done a good job elucidating the aspects of ideas of the "ineffable" around W in particular, but — how is language exactly unable to deal with experience? How is experience — gosh, can't communicate anything about it? How are the quotes from religious texts about the bomb appropriate? The Dao of Physics — what was THAT thing?

**2053. — Cara Benson** *7 Sep 2010* **↑ Register**
*Day 1 of Leslie Scalapino tribute up on Delirious Hem*

Rae Armantrout: "Many people claim to oppose hierarchies. Leslie S

Rae Armantrout: "Many people claim to oppose hierarchies. Leslie Scalapino…came closer to actually doing so than anyone I have known."

Emily Critchley essays Leslie Scalapino’s “alternative ways of seeing.”

Philip Jenks remembers“a force of good.”
Susan Bee recalls “this introverted and luminous being.”
* * * * * *
A TRIBUTE TO LESLIE SCALAPINO, 1944–2010 DAY ONE OF FOUR
Rae Armantrout | Susan Bee | Elizabeth-Jane Burnett | Sarah Anne Cox | Emily Critchley
Michael Cross | Anne Gorrick | Philip Jenks | Kristi Maxwell + more
* * * * * *
edited by Cara Benson + Elizabeth Bryant + Catherine Wagner
Delirious Hem http://delirioushem.blogspot.com

**2054. — Cara Benson** *8 Sep 2010* ↑ **Register**
** Day 2 (of 4): Leslie Scalapino Tribute **

Jena Osman on her correspondence with Leslie Scalapino
Ruth
Jena Osman on her correspondence with Leslie Scalapino
Ruth Lepson edits: Lyn Hejinian and Leslie Scalapino in collaboration and conversation
Michael Rerick essays "Delay Series" (from way)
Jodi Chilson: "and skimming over ZITHER and Autobiography again, now, I discover"
* * * * * *
A TRIBUTE TO LESLIE SCALAPINO 1944–2010 DAY TWO OF FOUR
Lynn Behrendt | Jodi Chilson | K. Lorraine Graham | Megan Kaminski
Ruth Lepson | Jena Osman | Deborah Poe | Michael Rerick
Jennifer Styperk | Rachel Zucker
+ more...
* * * * * *
edited by Cara Benson + Elizabeth Bryant + Catherine Wagner
Delirious Hem http://delirioushem.blogspot.com

**2055. — Cara Benson** *9 Sep 2010* ↑ **Register**
*Leslie Scalapino Tribute: Day 3 of 4*

Leslie Scalapino Tribute: Day 3 of 4Â
Leslie Scalapino Tribute: Day 3 of 4

*“----------Notes on keeping company with Leslie's life and writing: Martha Ronk + Linda Russo + Elizabeth Treadwell + Marthe Reed + Pierre Joris Elizabeth Bryant in conversation with Leslie Scalapino (with poems by Scalapino)*
*"Leslie Loved Invasion of the Body Snatchers": Laura Hinton Joyelle McSweeney on Dahlia's Iris * * * * * * A TRIBUTE TO LESLIE SCALAPINO 1944–2010 DAY THREE OF FOUR Laura Hinton | Linda Russo | Pierre Joris | Marthe Reed |Celia Bland | Richard Price | Elizabeth Bryant Joyelle McSweeney | Elizabeth Treadwell | Heidi Lynn Staples + more... * * * * * * edited by Cara Benson + Elizabeth Bryant + Catherine Wagner Delirious Hem http://delirioushem.blogspot.com”*

**2056. — Cara Benson** *10 Sep 2010* ↑ **Register**
*Leslie Scalapino Tribute: Day 4 of 4*

Leslie Scalapino Tribute: Day 4 of 4
Eileen Myles "from a conversation with Stacy Szymaszek"
Judith Roitman "No Self"
Brenda Iijima "Leslie's books are survival pods"

Rodrigo Toscano "Simultaneous Multi-Local Mass-Body Rhythm in way"

Dana Teen Lomax "'the difficulty' (the necessity)"

Leslie Scalapino "Eco-Logic in Writing"

* * * * * *

A TRIBUTE TO LESLIE SCALAPINO 1944–2010 DAY FOUR OF FOUR

Julian T. Brolaski | Laura Elrick | E. Tracy Grinnell Brenda Iijima | Elizabeth James | Dana Teen Lomax | Eileen Myles Frances Presley | Stephen Ratcliffe | Judith Roitman | Sarah Rosenthal Leslie Scalapino | Adam Strauss | Rodrigo Toscano

+ more...

* * * * * *

edited by Cara Benson + Elizabeth Bryant + Catherine Wagner

Delirious Hem http://delirioushem.blogspot.com

**2057. — paolo javier** *29 Sep 2010* ↑ **Register**
*2AP Vol 3*

2nd Ave Poetry, vol. 3

guest edited by Alan Ramon Clinton

includes work by

*JEREMY THOMPSON *¦ *PRISCILLA STADLER** *¦ *KELLY SPIVEY* ¦* **TONI SIMON

*FRANK SHERLOCK* ¦ *LESLIE SCALAPINO* ¦ *SRESHTA RIT PREMNATH* ¦ *TIM PETERSON

*CAITLIN PARKER* ¦ *RUSTY MORRISON* ¦ *DOUGLAS A. MARTIN* ¦ *FILIP MARINOVICH

* **JILL MAGI* ¦ *R. ZAMORA LINMARK* ¦ *DOROTHEA LASKY* ¦ *MARK LAMOUREAUX

* **GERRIT LANSING* ¦ *KEVIN KILLIAN* ¦ *VINCENT KATZ* ¦ *JOYELLE MCSWEENEY

*MATT JONES** * ¦ *MITCH HIGHFILL * ¦ *JOHN HARKEY* ¦ *STEPHANIE GRAY* ¦ *LYN GOERINGER

*THOMAS FINK* ¦ *JONNY FARROW* ¦ *CLAYTON ESHLEMAN* ¦ *R.M. ENGELHARDT * ¦ *DENISE DUHAMEL

*THOM DONOVAN* ¦ *TSERING WANGMO DHOMPA* ¦ *YAGO CURA * ¦ *BRENDA COULTAS

*CA CONRAD* ¦ *ERNEST CONCEPCION* ¦ *ALAN RAMON CLINTON* ¦ *HECTOR CANONGE

*LAYNIE BROWNE* ¦ *CHARLES BORKHUIS* ¦ *CHARLES BERNSTEIN* ¦ *DODIE BELLAMY

www.2ndavepoetry.com

**2058. — Poetry Project** *29 Oct 2010* ↑ **Register**
*Coming up @ The Poetry Project*

Hi Everyone,

The next reading at The Poetry Project will be an Open Reading & it will happen on Monday, November 1 — as always, sign-in at 7:45 — see below for the others. We have also posted a video, filmed by Project videographer Alex Abelson, of excerpts from the Anne Carson & David Shapiro reading here on October 6th — to watch: http://bit.ly/cUGokm. One more thing — on Tuesday, November 16th The Belladonna* Collective will present Leslie Scalapino's Flow (Winged Crocodiles) / The Trains at Dixon Place — see below for complete details. Seeing you soon

Love,
The Poetry Project

UPCOMING /

MONDAY NOVEMBER 1 / 8 PM OPEN READING Sign-In at 7:45

WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 3 / 8PM JOHN OLSON & JENI OLIN/TRUCK DARLING

John Olson is the author of seven collections of poetry and prose poetry, including Oxbow Kazoo, Free Stream Velocity, Echo Regime, Swarm Of Edges, Logo Lagoon, Eggs & Mirrors, and, most recently, Backscatter: New And Selected Poems, from Black Widow Press. He has also authored two novels, The Nothing That Is, from Ravenna Press, and Souls Of Wind (Quale Press). Larynx Galaxy, a new collection of prose poetry, essays, and fiction is forthcoming this fall from Black Widow Press. He is the recipient of three Fund For Poetry Awards and, in 2004, received the genius award for literature from Seattle's weekly The Stranger. He is currently at work on a novel about French painter Georges Braque. A native of Houston, TX and a resident of New York City

Truck Darling (formerly Jeni Olin) received her BA & MFA degrees from Naropa University in Writing & Poetics. She has published 3 full length books: Blue Collar Holiday, a collaboration with the artist Larry Rivers (Hanging Loose, 2005,) Ich Habe Angst um Meinen Hedgefonds, a German translation of her poems (luxbooks.americana, 2008) and most recently Hold Tight: The Truck Darling Poems (Hanging Loose Press, 2010.)

FRIDAY NOVEMBER 5 / 10PM CYNTHIA ARRIEU-KING & JANE CARVER

Cynthia Arrieu-King is an assistant professor of creative writing at Stockton College. Her poems and other work appear in (will appear in) Boston Review, Witness, Jacket, Black Warrior Review, Harp and Altar, etc. Her book, People are Tiny in Paintings of China, will be out from Octopus Books in Fall 2010. She was born in the Empire State and is thrilled to be reading in New York alongside Miss Jane Carver.

Jane Carver is an artist and musician currently based in Brooklyn. Her works include Leda and the Swan, Mutter and Muse-Sick: The Corso Suite. www.myspace.com/janeortruncarver <http://www.myspace.com/janeortruncarver> .

This is Not ”A Barbie Doll with Horns“

This is the play written by the body in pain seeking a language. Having no language.

...a winged crocodile dismembering people whirling into them as swimming in them in a different light ... —Leslie Scalapino

The Belladonna* Collective invites you to celebrate the life and work of one of America's most influential experimental poets. Please join us for a special, full-length performance of Leslie Scalapino's daring and electrifying play, Flow (Winged Crocodile) / The Trains at Dixon Place.

Flow (Winged Crocodile) / The Trains travels between the left and right sides of the brain, with appearances by a reincarnated Patty Hearst in the 1974 SLA bank heist and a green-winged creature that is part crocodile, part Michelin man and part charging rhino. The play is performed by The Relationship, a performance group directed by Fiona Templeton that specializes in innovative language and use of site.

Leslie Scalapino (1944-2010) was the author of thirty books of poetry, poem-plays, essays, and fiction.

Directed by Fiona Templeton, with Katie Brown, Stephanie Silver and Julie Troost. Dance choreographed and performed by Molissa Fenley. Music by Joan Jeanrenaud. Costumes by Jill St Coeur. Projected drawings by Eve Biddle. Video selected by Stephanie Silver and edited by John Jesurun.

Calendar http://www.poetryproject.org/program-calendar

> The Poetry Project is located at St. Mark's Church-in-the-Bowery 131 East 10th Street (at 2nd Avenue) New York, NY 10003
>
> Trains: 6, F, N, R, and L.
>
> www.poetryproject.org <http://www.poetryproject.org/
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> Admission is $8 / $7 for students & seniors / $5 for members (though now those who take out a membership at $95 or higher will get in FREE to all regular readings).
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> We are wheelchair accessible with assistance & advance notice. For more info call .
>
> If you'd like to be unsubscribed from this mailing list, please drop a line at.

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# Peter Seaton

1942–2010

*5 messages · 3 hands*

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> *American Language poet of dense experimental prose, published in L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E, his papers archived at UC San Diego;* The Son Master *(1982).*

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### 2059. — Michael Gottlieb *23 Jun 2010* ↑ Register

*Remembering Peter Seaton*

REMEMBERING PETER SEATON

Just having returned last night from Leslie Scalapino's memorial at St. Marks - a packed, hot, long, fraught, draining event - one that I have to admit I had to leave halfway through. So many people there, so many people for whom Leslie was so important. Old, young - so many young people. She did so much for so many, was such an exemplar, mentor, publisher, friend... And then the next day, today, this news: Peter Seaton, dead.

And who is going to organize his memorial? Just how many remember him, how many remember how powerful, unflinchingly, unerringly, nakedly vital was his work when he burst among us, how many years ago?

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One book, two books, three, maybe there were four, and then he was gone. He threw himself out of our world, not - at first - going altogether all that far. Off to Coliseum Books in Midtown Manhattan - where he worked for years and where quite apparently he made another life for himself; and made another life with a life partner who we also knew, at least for awhile. But then what happened?

He reappeared a few years later, read again at the Ear and was just as powerful as ever and it was as if he'd never left - which was a little troubling in a way because, and I'm guessing I'm not the only one who thought so - enough years had gone by that it wasn't unreasonable to expect that things, he, his work, might be a bit different, but no. It was all the same.

Then he was gone, again. And it was clear, it was as clear then as it had been clear from the beginning, in the very same way that it remained clear over the years as Peter came to mind, as his name came up in conversation from time to time, that Peter could have, maybe should have, been someone whose name was always on the tip of all of our tongues. That he could have been someone whose books were bought, whose writing was taught (is it? Does anyone teach it now?), he and his poems could have been, should have been the subject of seminars and conferences but for whatever reason - he bailed... he didn't want to live the life, he couldn't deal with the requirements the... the what? The compromises, the blandishments? Whatever. So he took a walk.

And that act in itself was a kind of admonishment to the rest of us. A caution and a remonstrance reminding us, recalling to mind - if we needed any reminder - of all the compromises that we have made, we make every day in the name of our careers. He wouldn't, I guess, he couldn't.

He died without any of us around. That may not be necessarily a bad thing. But, did he die alone?

**2060. — Nick Piombino** *24 Jun 2010* ↑ **Register**

[ This remembrance was sent again two days later, revised and extended; the revision is printed below. ]

**2061. — Ed Friedman** *25 Jun 2010* ↑ **Register**

Thanks Michael for your posting on Peter Seaton. I would gladly work with some other folks on a memorial for Peter.

Best,

Ed Friedman

**2062. — Nick Piombino** *26 Jun 2010* ↑ **Register**

I received an email from Ron Silliman telling me that Peter Seaton died last month.

Peter Seaton and I met at City College (CCNY) in 1960 or 1961, when we were freshmen or sophomores. He was probably born in 1942. We spent many, many fascinating hours together discussing literature and reading each others writing throughout our college days. Peter's appearance changed little over the years. He had short, close cropped light brown curly hair, which later became gray. He wore glasses, frequently sunglasses or glasses with clear plastic frames through which you could invariably observe twinkling eyes, often a dark brown henley t-shirt and light tan corduroys, and though short in stature he had a distinctive walk, a rolling gait that sometimes reminded me of a sailor. Peter was a terrific marathon one-on-one conversationalist, a mordant, literary wit of the Holden Caulfield variety, an indefatigable reader who loved to endlessly talk and search for books and new ideas. This, combined with the fact that he was among the most private and secretive persons I have ever known, added immeasurably to the quality of mystery that surrounded both his presence and his absence. Other than the fact that he attended boarding school, he spoke little about his early life.

One of his first short stories, perhaps written for a short story class that we attended together at CCNY, was of a character obsessed with going out into the city on an inexplicable, lonely search for a certain hard to find poster.

Our interests and directions concerning poetry and poetics remained parallel after graduation in 1964, often attending readings together at St Mark’s, reading The World magazine and other poetry magazines and discussing them avidly, through to the establishment of This magazine, and L=A magazine, up to the early 80’s. During the opening

and middle years of Language poetry many of Peter Seaton's long prose poems were published, widely read and influential. Peter and I did some writing collaborations and even some film experiments together in the late 60's and early 70's (we were then both big fans of Stan Brakhage) although these may now be lost or hard to locate. I may still have one or two letters or postcards that he wrote to me when I was living for awhile in Italy and Morocco in the late 60's. It was he that told me that Bernadette Mayer, whose work we both greatly admired, was giving an open workshop at the Poetry Project in 1973. He always encouraged me in my writing and collage productions particularly, explaining to me that he was knowledgeable about this because his mother had once run an art gallery. I am sorry to say that we lost touch with each other in the early 80's. Peter's writing and poetry and his penetrating insights into poetry, culture, technology, language and life were of constant interest to me during our many years of close friendship in the 60's and 70's.

* * * Penn Sound Obit

* * *

Wikipedia page-Peter Seaton

**2063. — Nick Piombino** *27 Jun 2010* ↑ **Register**

Sorry for the error on the links for Peter Seaton on Wikipedia and Penn Sound. Here are the correct links:

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Peter_Seaton

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# Tuli Kupferberg

1923–2010

*9 messages · 6 hands*

---

*American countercultural poet, cartoonist and publisher who co-founded the satirical rock band The Fugs with Ed Sanders, author of* 1001 Ways to Beat the Draft *and a fixture of New York pacifist-anarchist bohemia;* 1001 Ways to Live Without Working *(1961). Died kidney failure and sepsis, after a 2009 stroke. One forwarded announcement on the thread, about nothing, is omitted.*

**2064. — steve dalachinsky** *12 Jul 2010* ↑ **Register**

*great friend and poet writer anarchist fug tuli kupferberg passed away today at noon please pass on to your lists*

great friend and poet writer anarchist fug tuli kupferberg passed away today at noon please pass on to your lists

**2065. — Tom Savage** *12 Jul 2010* ↑ **Register**

I'm really sorry to hear about this. Tuli has been a part of my life since I first heard the Fugs live when I was in my teens. So the man who jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge but didn't die, according to Ginsberg's great poem, has finally passed away. He had a long, good life and was a joy to many poets and other people both with his poems and his drawings.

**2066. — Ruth Lepson** *12 Jul 2010* ↑ **Register**

I am, too. I first heard the Fugs in a lobby at Stony Brook around 1967 & once stood behind Tuli K. in line at the Toronto Zoo.

**2067. — steve dalachinsky** *13 Jul 2010* ↑ **Register**

the kind that never spoke back HA

On Tue, 13 Jul 2010 07:32:01 -0500 mIEKAL aND writes:

> *"Tuli had parrots? Anyone know what kind? On Tue, Jul 13, 2010 at 6:00 AM, Gerald Schwartz wrote: As the 1st Gulf War broke out I interviewed him live over the air on WRPI... for over an hour... and at one point he said (with his parrots bickering in the background) "You know, this all comes down to Apha apes wanting their ways, having their way." Gerald S. ---- Ruth Lepson wrote: I am, too. I first heard the Fugs in a lobby at Stony Brook around 1967 & once stood behind Tuli K. in line at the Toronto Zoo. On 7/12/10 4:30 PM, "Thomas savage" wrote: I'm really sorry to hear about this. Tuli has been a part of my life since I first heard the Fugs live when I was in my teens. So the man who jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge but didn't die, according to Ginsberg's great poem, has finally passed away. He had a long, good life and was a joy to many poets and other people both with his poems and his drawings."*
>
> Check guidelines &

**2068. — steve dalachinsky** *13 Jul 2010* ↑ **Register**
*tuli*

"WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?"

Tuli Kupferberg, Poet, Songwriter, Anarchist, Jew - Dies at 86

Born Norman or in Hebrew, Naphtali on Sept 28, 1923 (one day and 22 years before me), poet, singer-songwriter, revolutionary, publisher, street vender, historian, mentor sage, wise man and wise guy, forward-thinking artist, activist, intellectual,pacifist, teacher, dreamer with a desire to contribute his ideas for the construction of a better world, boho and dear friend Tuli Kupferberg,who, though never really considering himself

Beat was anthologized as early as 1959 in Fred Mcdarrah's The Beat Scene, died on Monday at N.Y. Downtown Hospital in Manhattan at the age of 86 after a prolonged battle with Life and all its joys and griefs and after suffering two dibilitating strokes. In the 1964 at age 40 he went on to become, in own his words, “the world’s oldest rock star” after co-founding the Fugs with poet Ed

Sanders, and then-member Ken Weaver. They were in my opinion the first poetry/folk-rock band and a definite precursor of punk, bawdy and politically outspoken. Their first lp was produced by the equally legendary Harry Smith on Broadside and later re-issued on ESP along with their other lps. His first solo record, No Deposit, No Return was also issued by ESP. At the height of their career during the psychedelic era the group was signed by the then co-owned Frank Sinatra label Reprise who also signed Hendrix among others. When very he young worked as a medical librarian.

Tuli lived 2 blocks from my apt. We first officially met while both of us were hawking our wares on the street though I had known him through the music having first seen the Fugs play way back in the '60s in various venues such as a loft space on Great Jones street, the Provincetown Theatre, The Astor Place Theater, and once even at a free concert in Thompkins Square Park, where, standing behind me to my amazement was none other than Charles Mingus. When Tuli and I first conversed some time in the mid-70's he was hawking these pamphlets which were I think, like $1.29 for one and 99 cents for two, the catch being the more you bought the cheaper the became. Though I could be wrong , memory being what it is

> *"Hey Tuli help me out here. He was fluent in yiddish. Had a passion for"*

Yiddish theater which he shared with fellow poet and street vendor Harry Nudel and though he loved being a Yid was an avid supporter of Palestine. Tuli always told me he hated poetry and the scene in general. He was never hierarchical and didn't choose his friends on their status in the art world but on his ability to share with them his knowledge, sharp wit and love. There were the many times we sat together in the park sharing a pint of Haagen Daz or a Good Humor bar. He loved ice cream. Particularly chocolate.

Tuli's great songs included Morning, Morning, Kill For Peace and Nothing. On their last cd he wrote the poignantly beautiful " Where is My Wandering Jew Tonight" never forgetting his roots. Another song in that vein and of mocking protest was "Backward Jewish Soldiers" a para-song based on "Onward Christrian Soldiers." Tuli became something of celebrity when

he was mentioned in Allen Ginsberg's "Howl" as being the one who "jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge" then walking away "unknown and forgotten." It was actually the Manhattan Bidge but the Brooklyn Bridge seemed more romantic. Actually he didn't walk away but was to Gouveneur Hospital with a minor spinal fracture.

He was published in and published such zines as Birth and Yeah and was the first to publish the African - American Beat poet Ted Joans as well as over 50 of his own books. He loved to take standard tunes which were called para-songs and write his own lyrics to them doing this more and more in his later years and while bedridden wrote a series of short pieces he called "perverbs" punning on well-known aphorisms and posting them on YouTube. He had a long running cable show called Revolting News which in its latter stages was filmed and edited by his long time partner Thelma Blitz.

Tuli has spent the past 20 or so years selling his cartoons on the street ( me spending many of them with him or directly across the street selling lps and books) and inspiring many of us to not give up despite the adversities of government, war and $$$$. He embraced his Beatnik lifestyle as a friend once told me I should. He never shrank from his commitment to protest injustice. Never gave into the "MAN". Never took the straight and narrow path. Always fought corporate interests and a greedy, demonic capitalistic value system.

Long time drummer for the Fugs Coby Batty told me this story on the phone the day Tuli passed that one day while walking in Brooklyn Tuli turned and said that he wanted his epitaph to read "What the hell was that?" -and as he mentioned in one of his perverbs - "Life is funny, you can die." How Jewish can ya get??

His is survived by his wife, Sylvia Topp, three children, grand kids.

On Tue, 13 Jul 2010 12:54:16 +0000 Joel Lewis writes:

> *"I knew Pekar before he gained fame as a comic book writer. I worked in a jazz collectors shop in North Bergen, NJ & he was a legend among a group of Cleveland jazzbeaus. He would call us up on saturday (our only real sales day0 & want to speak to my boss, soul jazz producer Bob Porter, about Gene Ammons.*
>
> *Harvey did a fantastic strip called "Local Poet" which is sadly not in the "best of" volume that came out when the movie was released. It perfectly captured a local scene (with even a nod to da levy!) & to the reality of being a working poet. This was characteristic of the best of his work — being able to get inside the nuances of everyday lived life — another example was "Standing Behind Old Jewish Ladies in the Supermarket Line". he was also an acute observer of racial and ethnic differnces in a working class community. The best of this stuff is found in the early issues, before Harvey starts appearing on the old Letterman Late, late show & becomes a bit of a cult object.*
>
> *Hopefully, someone will collect pekar's jazz writings, mostly reviews and, in later years, liner notes. They were honest and informed. Unlike a lot of older fans, he keep up with jazz currents. I interviewed him for an article at the time of his "Our Cancer Year". He was telling me about his interest in John Zorn & the then-rising "downtown scene" & added "I'm always interested in what's going on NOW."*
>
> *Joel Lewis"*

**2069. — David-Baptiste Chirot** *13 Jul 2010* ↑ **Register**
*Tuli Kupferberg, Bohemian and Fug, Dies at 86*

Tuli Kupferberg, Bohemian and Fug, Dies at 86
http://www.nytimes.com/2010/07/13/arts/music/13kupferberg.html?ref=arts

**2070. — steve dalachinsky** *13 Jul 2010* ↑ **Register**
*Re: tuli*

not done yet

**2071. — Pierre Joris** *13 Jul 2010* ↑ **Register**
*Current Nomadics Blog Posts*

Check out these recent post from Nomadics blog at http://pierrejoris.com/blog/

Water, Rather than Oil

> Tuli Kupferberg (1923-2010)
> Robin Blaser Reading in Berkeley
> Celan, Goethe, Hahneman, Handke and more.
> Enough Oily Eyesores Already — I want Desert!
> Jamais Deux sans Trois: Oil Dispersal Projection
> Gulf Of Mexico Sea Floor Fractured Beyond Repair
> Gulf Oil isn't All that's Leaking...
> Picasso, Pablo Ruiz: Spanish Poet Who Dabbled in Painting, Drawing, and Sculpture
> & have a great summer!
> Pierre ==========
> "Lyric poetry has to be exorbitant or not at all." — Gottfried Benn

**2072. — William James Austin** *13 Jul 2010* ↑ **Register**
*Re: great friend and poet writer anarchist fug tuli kupferberg passed away today at noon please pass on to your lists*

> Very sorry to hear this. I spent some time with Ed Sanders many years ago. I met Tuli on the streets of Soho. He was sitting behind a little sidewalk table (Spring Street), selling his poetry. Of course I own the Fugs' recordings. When they were appearing at the Cafe Wha, I was a regular performer a block away at the Cafe Bizarre. Those were great days.
>
> So long, Tuli. Write for the sky.

---

# Harvey Pekar

1939–2010

*4 messages · 4 hands*

*American comics writer and Cleveland file clerk whose autobiographical* American Splendor *transformed the graphic memoir. Identified in the notice as "Cult comic writer". Died accidental antidepressant overdose, while facing a third cancer diagnosis.*

**2073. — David-Baptiste Chirot** *12 Jul 2010* ↑ **Register**
*O Cleveland! As Lebron Leaves, Harvey Pekar Goes on the "Big Sleep"*

Cult comic writer Harvey Pekar dead at 70 in Ohio July 12, 2010, 10:44 AM EST

> *"CLEVELAND (AP) — Comic-book writer Harvey Pekar, whose autobiographical comic book series "American Splendor<http://movies.msn.com/movies/movie/american-splendor.1/>" portrayed his life with bone-dry honesty and wit, was found dead at home early Monday, authorities said. He was 70. Officers were called to Pekar's suburban home by his wife about 1 a.m., Cleveland Heights police Capt. Michael Cannon said. His body was found between a bed and dresser. Pekar had been suffering from prostate cancer, asthma, high blood pressure and depression, according to Cannon. Pekar had gone to bed about 4:30 p.m. Sunday in good spirits, his wife told police. An autopsy was planned, said Powell Caesar, a spokesman for the Cuyahoga County coroner's office in Cleveland.*
>
> *He had no information on the cause of death. Pekar took a radically different track from the superhero-laden comics that had dominated the industry. He instead specialized in the lives of ordinary people, chronicling his life as a file clerk in Cleveland and his relationship with his third wife, Joyce Brabner. His 1994 graphic novel, "Our Cancer Year," detailed his battle with lymphoma. The dreary cover scene shows him sprawled beside his wife on a snowy curbside*

*with shopping bags on the ground. "Harvey, forget about the groceries, honey. Let's get you inside first," she says. Pekar never drew himself but depended on collaborations with artists, most notably his friend R. Crumb, who helped illustrate the first issue of the ironically titled "American Splendor," published in 1976.*

*It was made into an acclaimed 2003 film<http://movies.msn.com/movies/movie/american-splendor.1/>starring Paul Giamatti <http://movies.msn.com/celebrities/celebrity/paul-giamatti/>. The most recent "American Splendor" was released in 2008. Pekar's quirky commentary developed a following and his insights and humor were often a bit on the dark side. Lucy Shelton Caswell, curator of the Billy Ireland Cartoon Library & Museum at Ohio State University, said it was inaccurate to describe Pekar's work as "cult." "His work was accepted by the mainstream," Caswell said. "It was bought by public libraries and read widely." The cartoon library has all of Pekar's works in its collection, she said. "He will be remembered as an innovator who wrote stories about ordinary things that were then illustrated by some of the most notable cartoonists of the late 20th century," Caswell said.*

*"People identified with what was writing about and the stories that these people were drawing because it was so ordinary." In 2003, the New York Film Critics Circle honored "American Splendor" as best first film for the directing-writing team of Shari Springer Berman and Robert Pulcini <http://movies.msn.com/celebrities/celebrity/robert-pulcini/>. Part feature and part documentary, with animated elements added, the film starred Giamatti as the disgruntled Pekar. Pekar, who was a repeat TV guest of David Letterman<http://movies.msn.com/celebrities/celebrity/david-letterman/>, told The Associated Press in a 1997 interview that he was determined to keep writing his "American Splendor" series. "There's no end in sight for me.*

*I want to continue to do it," Pekar said. "It's a continuing autobiography, a life's work."*”

**2074. — Murat Nemet-Nejat** *12 Jul 2010* ↑ **Register**

Sorry to hear that. American Splendor also was a very interesting movie.

**2075. — Joel Lewis** *13 Jul 2010* ↑ **Register**

*Harvey Pekar*

I knew Pekar before he gained fame as a comic book writer. I worked in a jazz collectors shop in North Bergen, NJ & he was a legend among a group of Cleveland jazzbeaus. He would call us up on saturday (our only real sales day0 & want to speak to my boss, soul jazz producer Bob Porter, about Gene Ammons.

Harvey did a fantastic strip called "Local Poet" which is sadly not in the "best of" volume that came out when the movie was released. It perfectly captured a local scene (with even a nod to da levy!) & to the reality of being a working poet. This was characteristic of the best of his work — being able to get inside the nuances of everyday lived life —another example was "Standing Behind Old Jewish Ladies in the Supermarket Line". he was also an acute observer of racial and ethnic differnces in a working class community. The best of this stuff is found in the early issues, before Harvey starts appearing on the old Letterman Late, late show & becomes a bit of a cult object.

Hopefully, someone will collect pekar's jazz writings, mostly reviews and, in later years, liner notes. They were honest and informed. Unlike a lot of older fans, he keep up with jazz currents. I interviewed him for an article at the time of his "Our Cancer Year". He was telling me about his interest in John Zorn & the then-rising "downtown scene" & added "I'm always interested in what's going on NOW."

Joel Lewis

**2076. — carol dorf** *13 Jul 2010* ↑ **Register**

I didn't know Pekar, but this spring he came out to Berkeley to do a performance along with Dan Plonsey (a local composer & a colleague) at the Center for Jewish Studies. Plonsey and Pekar they had collaborated on an opera. The evening was very loosely structured; but I agree that Pekar's discussion of jazz was very much focused on contemporary music. The parts of the opera Plonsey's band and Pekar performed were compelling — I hope the performance as a whole is revived.

---

# Bill Dixon

1925–2010

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American avant-garde jazz trumpeter and composer who organized 1964's October Revolution in Jazz and co-founded the Jazz Composers Guild;* Intents and Purposes *(1967). Died in his sleep at home in North Bennington, Vermont, after an illness.*

**2077. — steve dalachinsky** *23 Jul 2010* ↑ **Register**

*bill dixon memorial*

please spread to your lists that

memorial for the great composer /trumpeter bill dixon will be july 31 at st marks church 5 pm

On Fri, 23 Jul 2010 10:15:40 -0400 Mark Weiss writes:

> *"The difference, Catherine, is that a viable and useful path for a few has become a set of expectations for the many.*
>
> *And by the way, re: "the job involves mentoring other writers, which is hard to do in a peer-to-peer community model of poetry"—it's in fact not so hard, was the norm in most places for millennia. Though "peer-to-peer" may not be the point. It may in any event have become harder now that people expect to get paid for it.*
>
> *Best,*
>
> *Mark*
>
> *At 07:34 PM 7/22/2010, you wrote: To try another tactic: why write if not to do everything possible to increase one's knowledge, to make shiny poems, and to communicate? Isn't education a catalyst as much as experience?*
>
> *How else to seek a wider audience through publication than to find publishers with similar opinions about poetry?*
>
> *How better to engage with the community of writers than to curate reading series, publish others, teach, review, be an example in some way to younger writers? [I just saw the Telephone Press chap by Patti Smith at the Rock 'n Roll Hall of Fame!]*
>
> *What are these opinions about poetry?*
>
> *How are they changing 1) because it is easier and cheaper to reach an audience, 2) because we all, to a certain extent, survived the poetry wars more recently than we received our inheritance from the Beats, the art-poets, the langpos?*
>
> *Is it so stupid to want to teach?*
>
> *To be a good teacher AND critic AND writer?*

> *To not spend an extended period in "post-college living at its finest"? I like what Lisa said about working from within the academic community, where somehow peer review has morphed into winning prizes, but only in the arts, because spirituality knows, there's no peer review in the arts : 0*
>
> *Aren't the more experimental poets who teach pretty rockin'? Teaching's pretty easy and fun compared to making widgets for boneheads. Plus, the job involves mentoring other writers, which is hard to do in a peer-to-peer community model of poetry.*
>
> *Oh, and we were all teaching about poetry.com, including entering bad poems and discussing what's "bad" to show about it, looong before flarf. Out here in the boonies. — All best, Catherine Daly*
>
> *New from Chax Press: Mark Weiss, As Landscape. $16.*
>
> *Order from http://www.chax.org/poets/weiss.htm "What a beautiful set of circumstances! What a lovely concatenation of particulars. Here is the poet alive in every sense of the word, and through every one of his senses. Instead of missing a beat or a part, Weiss' fragments are like Chekhov's short storiesthe more that gets left out, the more they seem to contain… One can hear echoes from all the various ancestors…[but] the voice, at its center, its core, is pure Mark Weiss. His use of the fragment is both elegant and bafflingly clear, a pure musical threnody…[it] opens a window, not only into a mind, but a person, a personality, this human figure at the emotional center of the poem."*
>
> *M.G. Stephens, in Jacket. http://jacketmagazine.com/40/r-weiss-rb-stephens.shtml*”

---

# Edwin Morgan

1920–2010

*2 messages · 2 hands*

---

> *Scottish poet and Glasgow professor named the first Scots Makar, Scotland's national poet, in 2004;* Dreams and Other Nightmares *(2010). Died pneumonia in Glasgow, aged 90.*

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**2078. — Robin Hamilton** *19 Aug 2010* ↑ **Register**
*Edwin Morgan*

Edwin Morgan has died, at the age of 90.

http://www.guardian.co.uk/books/2010/aug/19/edwin-morgan-scotland-national-poet

It's difficult to know what to say. I was one of his students at Glasgow in the sixties, so my knowledge of him and his work goes back over forty years.

A towering presence, whose stature increased in the course of years.

Two endings of poems:

'From time the souvenirs are deeds.'
—"From the Domain of Arnheim"

' — Of course, but nothing is ever the same.
now is it? You'll remember Mercury.'
— "The First Men on Mercury"

Robin Hamilton

**2079.** **— Mairead Byrne** *19 Aug 2010* ↑ **Register**
*edwin morgan bright star*

scots makar / translator / energizer / brightest star

http://www.guardian.co.uk/books/2010/aug/19/edwin-morgan-scotland-national-poet

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# Peter Orlovsky

1933–2010

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American Beat poet and Allen Ginsberg's longtime partner, known for his candid, eccentric verse;* Clean Asshole Poems & Smiling Vegetable Songs *(1978). Died complications of lung cancer, Vermont. One forwarded announcement on the thread, about nothing, is omitted.*

**2080.** **— Poetry Project** *16 Sep 2010* ↑ **Register**
*Upcoming Events at The Poetry Project & Fall Workshop Offerings*

Hi Everyone,

Just a reminder, the Peter Orlovsky Memorial Reading will take place next Wednesday, September 22nd in the Sanctuary at 8pm. Admission is free & see below for more details. Also included in this informational & friendly reminder are the descriptions & sign-up infor for The Poetry Project's fall workshops. Workshops will be lead by Karen Weiser, Sally Silvers, Joel Lewis, & Akilah Oliver. It's not too late to sign-up. Peruse & see you soon.

Love,

The Poetry Project

UPCOMING /

WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 22 / 8PM Peter Orlovsky Memorial Reading

Poet, singer, farmer, yodeler, banjo-picker, Buddhist-practitioner, Allen Ginsberg's lifelong-companion, Kerouac's Simon Darlovsky in Desolation Angels & George in The Dharma Bums, the generous & wonderfully whimsical Peter Orlovsky, (July 8, 1933 May 30, 2010), was an unforgettable & hugely colorful presence in the East Village, and in and around the Poetry Project. Please join us in a night of music, video, song and poetry, as some of his closest friends pay tribute to him including: Chuck Lief, Philip Glass, Ed Sanders, Steven Taylor, Hal Willner, Janine Pommy Vega, Andy Clausen, Patti Smith, Anne Waldman, Gordon Ball, Rosebud Pettet, Simon Pettet, Bill Morgan, Anselm Berrigan, and John Godfrey. This event will take place in the Sanctuary. Admission is FREE.

FALL 2010 WORKSHOPS & SIGN-UP INFO /

TO NEITHER EXTREME: TEXTS FROM OTHER CENTURIES AND THE WORKS CONTEMPORARY POETS MAKE FROM THEM KAREN WEISER FRIDAYS 7PM ‹ 9PM / 10 SESSIONS / BEGINS OCTOBER 8TH

So much of how we think of history comes to us in the form of narratives. What happens to our understanding when that text from the past is poetry or is re-visioned into

poetry? How do poets work with historical texts or different kinds of older disciplinary narratives? For a brief period early scientific texts were poems, and yet our culture seems to have mostly forgotten that poetry has the capacity to be wide in what it attempts to do or think through. Lisa Robertson writes in the poem ”Palinode/“: ”Though my object is history, not neutrality / I am prepared to adhere to neither extreme.“ My hope is that we can explore our own writing as it comes out of a reading practice, considering history without feeling inclined to ”adhere“ to its formulations. We will look at pairings made up of contemporary poems and the works (or historical subjects) they converse with, seriously engaging both texts on their own terms and together, while writing poems that make use of the past to open new vistas of inquiry. Some texts will include selections from: A Key Into the Language of America by Rosmarie Waldrop and A Key Into the Language of America by Roger Williams; Fred Moten’s Hughson’s Tavern and Jill Lepore’s New York Burning; and Aaron Kunin’s The Sore Throat and William James The Principles of Psychology, Vol. 1. ; Lisa Robertson’s R’s Boat and Rousseau’s ”Fifth Walk“; Elizabeth Willis’s Meteoric Flowers and Erasmus Darwin’s The Botanic Garden; Susan Howe’s ”Thorow“ and Thoreau’s Walden. Karen Weiser’s first book of poems, To Light Out, was published by Ugly Duckling Presse in the Spring of 2010. She is a doctoral candidate at the CUNY Graduate Center studying early American literature.

POETRY ON THE FLY JOEL LEWIS SATURDAYS NOON ‹ 2PM / 5 SESSIONS / BEGINS OCTOBER 9TH

Although the contemporary trend in poetry tends towards book-length projects and beyond, what is a poet to do when she lives on the fringes of a far-away ”up & coming“ neighborhood, shares an apartment with 5 other people (three of which are in a band) and juggles a series of poorly paying and widely scattered teaching jobs? This workshop focuses on the art of writing where you happen to be and taking advantage of a few snatched moments in a coffee bar or on a seat in a slowly moving ”G“ train. Working paradigms include Frank O’Hara Œs Lunch Poems, written during the noon sup on a stationary store’s chained typewriter (instructor will explain this piece of equipment to those under 30), Philip Whalen’s poetry of notebooks compressed into viable worlds, Paul Blackburn’s subway poems and his open-form Journals project & Joan Kyger’s in-the-moment poetics. Requirements for class are: a notebook, some form of writing device and a Metro Card with some money on it. Joel Lewis travels to work via ferry, light rail subway, bus and goat cart to his social work gig on Staten Island ‹ always with a roller ball pen & Moleskine® notebook at his ready. He is considered the sole member of the 4th generation of New York School Poets, while serving as the poetic conscious for the state of New Jersey. With that in mind, his most recent book is Learning From New Jersey (Talisman House).

OUT OF YOUR MIND (AND IN YOUR BODY): A MOVEMENT WORKSHOP FOR WRITERS SALLY SILVERS TUESDAYS AT 7PM ‹ 9PM / 10 SESSIONS / BEGINS OCTOBER 12TH

This is a movement workshop for writers who want to explore creating movement out of words and writing out of movement. No dance, theater, or athletic ability/experience is

required. Dancers or choreographers who want to work with language and with untrained movers are also very welcome. We'll start with a physical warm up designed to fire up your senses, center you in your body, and get your creative juices flowing. We'll explore ways of writing inspired by movement. We'll look at people moving on video (from Jerry Lewis, and Robin Williams to sports to break dancing, from Yvonne Rainer, Douglas Dunn, Bill T. Jones to my own dances) with an eye toward new kinds of writing: texts to accompany performance, to combine poetry with documentation, that designs movement or is energized by it. We'll look at some texts that have inspired or accompanied dance & performance (from Emily Dickinson to Vito Acconci to John Cage, etc.) And we'll especially look at our own writing to imagine performing it & putting it in motion. Through collaborations, talking about videos, writing and editing together and alone, we'll create performances that spotlight the experiments that start with our bodies. When you stimulate your body, your creative process comes alive in ways that will amaze you. Let's open some new horizons for your writing. Did I already say no movement training or dance experience necessary? Wear or bring comfortable clothes & shoes. Sally Silvers is writer/ choreographer who has been making dances and texts for 30 years. Her first group work featured non-dancer poets. She also currently dances for Yvonne Rainer.

THE IRREPARABLE, IRRETRIEVABLE AND FORGIVENESS AKILAH OLIVER SATURDAYS AT NOON ‹ 2PM / 5 SESSIONS / BEGINS NOVEMBER 13TH

For this workshop process, consider the poem as that which poses the question, that the poem doesn't necessarily represent knowledge or "experience", but rather seeks to understand the world, in all its terribly beautiful humanness. What is rupture? Rapture? What does it mean, essentially, to forgive? Are both loss and love forms of the irretrievable? In this workshop, we will pay careful attention to the composition of the poem as a process as of investigation and discovery into these questions, and the many questions that spin off from these. Can language, poetry, the collapsing of text, create an/other text that transmutes, holds, witnesses, traces, and recreates itself? Where does the body enter this discourse? Where does the sentence/line begin? Can a poem witness? This workshop invites participants think of the poem as a compositional field to investigate the irreparable, the irretrievable, and forgiveness. We will look at theory and philosophical texts next to poetry, and vice versa. For example, Alice Notley read alongside Giorgio Agamben; Avital Ronell read alongside Leslie Scalapino. A poet, performer, and teacher, Akilah Oliver's most recent book is A Toast in the House of Friends (Coffee House Books).

The workshop fee is $350, which includes a one year Sustaining Poetry Project membership and tuition for any and all spring and fall classes. Reservations are required due to limited class space, and payment must be received in advance. Caps on class sizes, if in effect, will be determined by workshop leaders. If you would like to reserve a spot in any of the classes, you can sign-up here: http://poetryproject.org/get-involved/sign-up-for-workshops. You can also email us at, or call .

Become a Poetry Project Member! http://poetryproject.org/become-a-member

Calendar http://www.poetryproject.org/program-calendar

The Poetry Project is located at St. Mark's Church-in-the-Bowery 131 East 10th Street (at 2nd Avenue) New York, NY 10003

Trains: 6, F, N, R, and L.

www.poetryproject.org

Admission is $8 / $7 for students & seniors / $5 for members (though now those who take out a membership at $95 or higher will get in FREE to all regular readings).

We are wheelchair accessible with assistance & advance notice. For more info call .

If you'd like to be unsubscribed from this mailing list, please drop a line at.

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## Michael Gizzi

1949–2010

*6 messages · 6 hands*

*American poet and licensed arborist, editor of Lingo, co-founder of Qua Books and twice Gertrude Stein Award winner;* Bird As *(1976). Died at his home in Providence.*

**2081. — Halvard Johnson** *29 Sep 2010* ↑ **Register**

*RIP Michael Gizzi (1949-2010)*

Half Measures

This being a democracy, one should resemble a description, and not a rumor to oneself.

Naïve to think relationships are equal. Human nature is a public nuisance, humanity a bully after all.

Are you experienced? Does water experience the ocean? Freedom's useless if you can't eat.

The world is enormous,

then you leave the house.

—Michael Gizzi

fr. *New Depths of Deadpan* **Providence: Burning Deck, 2009

Hal  Serving the tri-state area.

> **2082. — Mark DuCharme** *29 Sep 2010* ↑ **Register**
>
> *Re: Michael Gizzi*
>
> He was was one of a handful of contemporaries of whom I can honestly say that I never read a poem which bored me. Although clearly it may take awhile, I can't wait for the Collected.
>
> Mark DuCharme
>
> **2083. — Ryan Daley** *29 Sep 2010* ↑ **Register**
>
> I too was shocked. I've known Michael as both a friend and colleague for about 5 years. We lost touch in recent years. I'm deeply saddened by this news, and have felt all day that I should have done more to keep up with him. Michael always had the best edits, the best words: he certainly wasn't a bullshitter by any means. He told me always what I needed to hear, even if I didn't exactly know what that was. I consider him central to my development

as one who thinks, writes, and views films (Mike introduced me to Antonioni, and to Russian Ark).

I'm not expecting this feeling to pass quickly, and my heart and thoughts certainly go out to his friends and family.

You will be missed, Mike.

-Ryan Daley

On Wed, Sep 29, 2010 at 5:58 PM, Michael Tod Edgerton <

"*wrote:*

*It was such a shock to see this email.Michael was my professor and then thesis advisor at Brown. I knew him not only as a wonderful poet, but as a great guy and an encouraging, supportive teacher. He was really very generous, and I'm left wishing I'd been able to give more to him in return and to have known him better. My thoughts are very much with his family and loved ones. This is really very sad news. Tod -----Michael Tod Edgerton MFA '06, Program in Literary Arts, Brown University PhD student, Dept. of English, University of Georgia _____ Does anyone have any details regarding the death of Michael Gizzi, aside from: http://writing.upenn.edu/pennsound/ ?? x, Sharon Mesmer & &*"

**2084. — Stephen Ellis** *30 Sep 2010* ↑ **Register**

I first read Michael Gizzi in a slim volume entitled (I think) Interferon, in the right field bleachers of the triple A Portland Seadogs, in Portland, Maine, in September 1998. I don't know who won the game (who could care?) but I became an immediate and avid fan. Of Michael's. He get a lot of extra base hits as well as lots of cheap off-infield-shins singles that inevitably dribbled to the only unoccupied portion of the field. I can still see Michael's wafer-thin wiry figure hoofin' out a scab double, and appearing, sliding under the tag, just safe, on page 4.

**2085. — Nick Piombino** *30 Sep 2010* ↑ **Register**

I had known Michael Gizzi's work and admired it and had been to a few of readings of his but had never really gotten to know him. This past April he showed up at a party and came over to talk with me. He told me he was reading at the KGB Bar with Keith Waldrop. Unfortunately there was a mistake in the listing and I got there right after he finished. He went to have a smoke and I went outside with him. When we talked it was as if we had always known each other. I was annoyed about the error in the announcement and we commiserated about the inadequacies of the poetry scene. We exchanged recent books, and I had the distinct feeling I had found a new friend. We went back upstairs, Keith got up to read, and announced he had dedicated his latest book (Transcendental Studies) to Michael Gizzi, which in 2009 won the National Book Award.

**2086. — Sharon Mesmer/David Borchart** *3 Oct 2010* ↑ **Register**

I had the privilege of intro'ing Michael at that reading — it was also the last time I saw him. I hadn't planned to go to the reading because I was flying to Copenhagen the next day and hadn't even packed. But I ran into him on the street, we had drinks, and I went. He was laughing and happy, the reading was great, and I got to say in a public forum how much he meant to me as an editor and poet. I am so grateful for the confluence of influences that brought me to that moment.

# Arif Damar

1925–2010

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Turkish poet who won the 1959 Yeditepe Poetry Award for his collection* İstanbul Bulutu*.*

**2087. — Murat Nemet-Nejat** *20 Oct 2010* ↑ **Register**

*Turkish Poet Arif Damar (1925-2010)*

The Turkish poet Arif Damar (1925-2010) died yesterday.

The Broken Spool

Old friend, depart,
We climb the swings
of our silence,
apart from each other,
We swing, elbow to elbow,
stop,
then, by separate stairs,
return
to our thresholds.
It’s evening,
We take the domesticity of evening
on our back,
In one hand the stick
on which we rest,
in the other,
disappearing daylight.
(As red in the western sky
strikes us to re-write fate,
sparks fly from our foreheads!).
It’s evening,
We walk,
without dalliance,
We reach
the all-embracing sea,
kneeling,
We’ll stay there.
First, we free our sweaty wrists
from the handcuffs
that old friend has fixed,

unawares –
unaware
the sea is tired.
*And night!*
*Such night!*
*Rich night none can penetrate!*
We part-open the door
Of the weary waters –
(In star light
We follow our light) –
enter in
“*Nothing in common*,” she says
“—besides memories”
“*We’ve* nothing in common,” I reply.
All that I might’ve gathered from “*experience*?”
ha! *tell me about it*!
If memories aren’t *re*activated,
*re*experienced,
they wither and fade,
discarded, abandoned…
(*what other options had we?*)
We each remain silent.
*and night*
**
*Such night*
*Rich night none can penetrate!
We don’t look to the stars
nor pay attention to the sounds,
or to the silence,
We’re ocean-tempered.
Night’s pleasures
wait for us,
white water lilies,
waiting to spread their scent.
We’re the curvilinear fantasy
of the placid lake,
its honest labor,

absence of pretension.
We’re
the water lilies’ unheard music,
echoing depth.
Tomorrow, together,
we might save the world,
but first, tonight, please,
*may this night be over!*
*and night*
**
*Such night*
*Rich night none can penetrate!*
That natural
undying loveliness
blossoms on the thinnest of criss-crossing branches.
Let’s break off, we said,
two filaments
of silver cord
pendant
in empty space
coming down
coming down
around
trans. by *Simon Pettet & Murat Nemet-Nejat* *
*
* Eda: An Anthology of Contemporary Turkish
Poetry (**Talisman
House, 2004)
*

# Janine Pommy Vega

1942–2010

*3 messages · 3 hands*

*American Beat Generation poet known for extensive travel writing and teaching poetry in prisons;* Poems to Fernando *(1968).*

**2088. — steve dalachinsky** *23 Dec 2010* ↑ **Register**

*sad news jannine pomy vega passed away*

it was reported that this morning she passed

**2089. — Mark Weiss** *24 Dec 2010* ↑ **Register**

*Sad news*

Janine Pommy Vego died yesterday. Now the parenthesis is filled (1942-2010).

Janine lived an amazing life. For years after she came back from South America, where she had married and her young husband had died, she would return, hiking the Andes by herself, not the safest thing for a lone woman to do, and only stopped, with regret, when the rise of the sendero luminoso made it not just dangerous but suicidal. That's the way she lived. A woman and poet of immense, unwavering generosity of spirit.

Mark

New from Chax Press: Mark Weiss, As Landscape. $16. Order from http://www.chax.org/poets/weiss.htm

"What a beautiful set of circumstances! What a lovely concatenation of particulars. Here is the poet alive in every sense of the word, and through every one of his senses. Instead of missing a beat or a part, Weiss' fragments are like Chekhov's short storiesthe more that gets left out, the more they seem to contain... One can hear echoes from all the various ancestors...[but] the voice, at its center, its core, is pure Mark Weiss. His use of the fragment is both elegant and bafflingly clear, a pure musical threnody...[it] opens a window, not only into a mind, but a person, a personality, this human figure at the emotional center of the poem."

M.G. Stephens, in Jacket. http://jacketmagazine.com/40/r-weiss-rb-stephens.shtml

**2090. — Catherine Daly** *2 Feb 2011* ↑ **Register**

*Re: post WWII women postmodernist poets with a dharma bent*

Janine Pommy Vega

What about the scads of american female buddhists who aren't Beats? who aren't tibetan buddhists?

## 2011

# F. A. Nettelbeck

1950–2011

*4 messages · 4 hands*

*American experimental poet known for cut-up collage techniques, founder of This Is Important;* Bug Death *(1979).*

**2091. — patrick dunagan** *21 Jan 2011* ↑ **Register**

*"I'm on some blacklist" - F.A. Nettelbeck 1950-2011*

"The poet Tom Clark once told me that John Martin of Black Sparrow Press fame once asked him whose poetry should he be publishing. Well, Clark tells him, "Nettelbeck of course", and Martin just laughed at him. I'm on some blacklist. " http://assemblypoetryplantmarietta.blogspot.com/2010/08/interview-with-fa-nettelbeck.html

short tribute by Kevin Opstedal: http://bluepressbooks.blogspot.com/

Nettelbeck's own blog: http://fanettelbeck.blogspot.com/

his most recent publication (also includes a link to download a free pdf file of the book): http://lokidesign.net/2356/2010/11/four-minutes-to-midnight-issue-eleven%E2%80%94happy-hour/

**2092. — Stephen Ellis** *22 Jan 2011* ↑ **Register**

Bad news. But good to be black-listed. It helps as the legend lengthens code. Nobody understands, indeed. Now, that's worthwhile.

Nettelbeck's own blog: http://fanettelbeck.blogspot.com/

his most recent publication (also includes a link to download a free pdf file of the book): http://lokidesign.net/2356/2010/11/four-minutes-to-midnight-issue-eleven%E2%80%94happy-hour/

**2093. — Cralan Kelder** *28 Jan 2011* ↑ **Register**

*Nettelbeck Magic: Re: "I'm on some blacklist" - F.A. Nettelbeck 1950-2011*

I figure its appropriate to share some of the man's words:

2 by Nettelbeck:

American Postcard

when the ghost train whines across hollow eyes when cicadas speak Texarkana sentences when the hands of a waitress unbutton his grease stained jeans in the back of no memory when the radio plays a hobo song inside a locker at the Greyhound station at noon when the children find a brown body in the alley next door to the Hotel Grim when the pink meat of the watermelon splits obscenely open when the one mosquito lights on a cheerleader’s smooth bare ass when you’ll turn to alcohol where the weathered metal sign says Cool Inside

Keep Drinking

this cheap Australian chardonnay on

ice is better than running out of gas in

Long Beach or hearing those anti-

shoplifting buzzers going off right

> before you gotta start running
> again it’s like that no pussy in
> three years and now you’re back
> at the clinic sitting with this chick
> who’s as dull as her Goodwill panties
> makes you want to light yourself on
> fire and jump on Jesus if you ever
> got the chance to see him I mean a
> final wish situation like calling talk
> radio on a flophouse hallway phone
> and ultimately not having nothing to say
> no idea where you’re going with it next
> as you stare dumbfounded at the wall
> where someone has scribbled

**2094.** **— Sarah Sarai** *29 Jan 2011* ↑ **Register**

Thank you, Cralan Kelder. I took the liberty of posting those 2 poems in further Nettelbeck tribute plus a quote from & link to a brainy obit. The posting is dated today, 1/29.11. Sarah Sarai http://my3000lovingarms.blogspot.com/

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## Akilah Oliver

1961–2011

*6 messages · 6 hands*

*American poet, performer and educator whose 'flesh memory' poetics won a PEN Beyond Margins Award;* the she said dialogues: flesh memory *(1999). Two forwarded announcements on the thread, about nothing, are omitted.*

**2095.** **— amy king** *28 Feb 2011* ↑ **Register**

*Akilah Oliver 1961 - 2011*

We have just learned that our beloved friend, poet, teacher, performer, activist, mother, sister, Akilah Oliver passed away in her home in the Fort Greene section of Brooklyn, N.Y.

Akilah Oliver was born in 1961 in L.A. In the 1990's she founded and performed with the feminist performance collective Sacred Naked Nature Girls. For several years, Akilah lived and raised her son Oluchi McDonald (1982-2003) in Boulder, Colorado where she was a teacher at Naropa University's Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics. Recently, in New York City, Akilah taught poetry and writing at Eugene Lang College, The New School, Pratt Insitute and The Poetry Project. She was a PhD candidate at The European Graduate School and a member of the Belladonna* Collaborative.

Akilah Oliver's books include A Toast In The House of Friends (Coffee House 2009), the she said dialogues: flesh memory, a book of experimental prose poetry honored by the PEN American Center's "Open Book" program, and the chapbooks An Arriving Guard of

Angels, Thusly Coming to Greet (Farfalla, McMillan & Parrish, 2004), The Putterer's Notebook (Belladonna 2006), a(A)ugust (Yo-Yo Labs, 2007) and A Collection of Objects (Tente 2010). She read and performed her work throughout the country as a solo artist and with a variety of musicians and collaborators including Tyler Burba, Anne Waldman, and Rasul Siddik. She was a artist in residence at Beyond Baroque Literary Arts Center in Los Angeles, and received grants from the California Arts Council, The Flintridge Foundation and the Rockefeller Foundation. Among her many other projects, she was writing a book-length theory of lamentation.

Information about services and memorial will be forthcoming.

We are collecting funds for Akilah's funeral expenses and to support activity to keep the memory of Akilah and her work alive! These contributions are tax deductible and can be made through Ether Sea Projects. Please include Akilah's name in the subject line if you are sending a check.

Paypal donations — Accessed through Litmus Press

**2096.** **— Craig Allen Conrad** *1 Mar 2011* **↑ Register**
*for Akilah Oliver...*

(Soma)tic Poetry Exercise #55 is dedicated to the legacy of Akilah Oliver: http://somaticpoetryexercises.blogspot.com/

**2097.** **— Jennifer Karmin** *4 Apr 2011* **↑ Register**
*April 8: A Tribute to Akilah Oliver in Chicago*

A Tribute to Akilah Oliver

FRIDAY, APRIL 8th 8-10pm

A Toast in Your House: a memorial reading to celebrate the life & work of Akilah Oliver

Featuring:
Adrienne Dodt
Krista Franklin
Jenny Henry
Jennifer Karmin + dancer J'Sun Howard
John Keene
Kevin Kilroy
Marie Larson
Todd McCarty
Marissa Perel

Hosted by Rebecca George
& Luis Humberto Valadez

at Outer Space Studio
1474 N. Milwaukee Ave
Chicago, Illinois

logistics --
near CTA Damen blue line
third floor walk up
not wheelchair accessible

$4 suggested donation
All funds will be donated to assist the Oliver family with the costs associated with Akliah's departure and to keep her work alive.

Co-presented by the Midwest Naropa Writers & Red Rover Series
http://groups.yahoo.com/group/redroverseries

AKILAH OLIVER was a poet, a dedicated teacher, and an inspiration to the lives she touched. Her books include An Arriving Guard of Angels, Thusly Coming to Greet (Farfalla, McMillan & Parrish, 2004), The Putterer's Notebook (Belladonna, 2006), a(A)ugust (Yo-Yo Labs, 2007), and A Toast In The House of Friends (Coffee House, 2009). She taught poetry in New York at The New School, Pratt Institute and The Poetry Project. She also taught at Naropa University's Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics, http://www.akilaholiver.com.

We will remember her warmly, in a house of friends, with our words.

**2098. — Joel Lewis** *6 Jun 2011* ↑ **Register**
*Re: Akilah Oliver Memorial Reading*

Hi cara — when we were visiting our mini-storage, sandy found an extra copy of a memorial tribute to teresa Cha that came out after her murder. If you send a snail mail address, we'd be happy to send it on to you.

joel

*"Please join us as we create a space for people to read and perform Akilah Oliver's work and work inspired by her. The reading will be in the Parish Hall, a room where she read her work, carefully listened to the work of other poets and taught workshops. The event is an opportunity for us to express our deep gratitude and pay homage to her gifts and her greatness. With Rachel Levitsky, Eileen Myles, Patricia Spears Jones, LaTasha N. Nevada Diggs Tonya Foster, E. Tracy Grinnell, Tracie Morris, Charles Bernstein, Steven Taylor, Tyler Burba, Julian T. Brolaski, Rachel Zolf, Joyce LeeAnn Joseph, Laura Meyers, Stacy Szymaszek, Marcia Oliver and a special tribute from a group of some of her former students: Stephen Motika, Lydia Cortes Kate Jaeger, Jamila Wimberly & Mia Bruner. Wednesday, June 15, 2011; 8 pmThe Poetry Project: 131 E. 10 Free Admission*

*Please forward widely.th St. New York"*

**2099. — Maria Damon** *6 Jun 2011* ↑ **Register**

I genuinely wish I could be there, and will be in spirit, thought, prayer and meditation, both worded (silently) and unworded.

Cara Benson wrote:

*"Please join us as we create a space for people to read and perform Akilah Oliver's work and work inspired by her. The reading will be in the Parish Hall, a room where she read her work, carefully listened to the work of other poets and taught workshops. The event is an opportunity for us to express our deep gratitude and pay homage to her gifts and her greatness. With Rachel Levitsky, Eileen Myles, Patricia Spears Jones, LaTasha N. Nevada Diggs, Tonya Foster, E. Tracy Grinnell, Tracie Morris, Charles Bernstein, Steven Taylor, Tyler Burba, Julian T. Brolaski, Rachel Zolf, Joyce LeeAnn Joseph, Laura Meyers, Stacy Szymaszek, Marcia Oliver and a special tribute from a group of some of her former students: Stephen Motika, Lydia Cortes, Kate Jaeger, Jamila Wimberly & Mia Bruner. Wednesday, June 15, 2011; 8 pmThe Poetry Project: 131 E. 10 Free Admission Please forward widely.th St. New York"*

**2100. — Laura Hinton** *11 Sep 2011* ↑ **Register**
*Chant de la Sirene posting*

If you are interested in mothers, death, poetry, and worms, see my new posting on Chant de la Sirene:

> "Archiving the Post-Human Future – Dedicated to Akilah Oliver"
>
> http://www.chantdelasirene.com/2011/09/archiving-post-human-future-dedicated.html
>
> Monday night begins a new poetry series in Oliver's honor:
>
> "In Aporia: The Annual Akilah Oliver Memorial Reading"
>
> September 12, 2011, 7pm Lang Café, Eugene Lang College 65 W 11th St. New York, NY
>
> Laura Hinton Professor of English City College of New York 138 at Convent Ave. New York, New York 10031
>
> http://www.mermaidtenementpress.com http://www.chantdelasirene.com

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## John Haines

1924–2011

*1 message · 1 hand*

---

*American poet who homesteaded in the Alaskan wilderness for fifteen years and became Alaska's poet laureate in 1969;* Winter News *(1966).*

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**2101. — Joel Weishaus** *6 Mar 2011* ↑ **Register**

*"John Haines, a Poet of the Wild, Dies as 86"*

http://www.nytimes.com/2011/03/05/arts/05haines.html?_r=1&scp=1&sq=John%20Haines&st=cse

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## Billy Bang

1947–2011

*1 message · 1 hand*

---

*American free jazz violinist and composer, co-founder of the String Trio of New York;* Vietnam: The Aftermath *(2001).*

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**2102. — steve dalachinsky** *13 Apr 2011* ↑ **Register**

*paul violi / billy bang*

i bleieve there have been no posts about paul violi in case some of you are not aware he passed away about 2 weeks ago sadly also the violinist billy bang passed away 2 nights ago both were not out of their 60's yet

---

## Leonora Carrington

1917–2011

*1 message · 1 hand*

*British-born Mexican surrealist painter and novelist, one of the movement's last survivors and a founder of Mexican women's liberation;* Self-Portrait (Inn of the Dawn Horse) *(1937). Died complications of pneumonia in Mexico City, aged 94.*

**2103. — Séamas Cain** *3 Jun 2011* ↑ **Register**

*The death of Leonora Carrington*

—

## Roy McBride

1943–2011

*2 messages · 2 hands*

*Nothing about this person could be verified outside the archive. The notice says: "Tyrone - Poet Roy McBride has died at age 67."*

**2104. — Steve Clay** *5 Aug 2011* ↑ **Register**

*Roy McBride 1943-2011*

Poet Roy McBride has died at age 67.

Here are two useful links:

http://minnesota.publicradio.org/collections/special/columns/news_cut/archive/2011/07/death_of_a_poets_poet.shtml

http://www.startribune.com/obituaries/126641858.html

**2105. — tyrone williams** *6 Aug 2011* ↑ **Register**

Thanks Steve.

Tyrone

*"-Poet Roy McBride has died at age 67. Here are two useful links: http://minnesota.publicradio.org/collections/special/columns/news_cut/archive/2011/07/death_of_a_poets_poet.shtml http://www.startribune.com/obituaries/126641858.html Steve Clay Granary Books 168 Mercer St. #2 New York, NY 10012 www.granarybooks.com Tyrone Williams"*

# Samuel Menashe

1925–2011

*3 messages · 3 hands*

*American poet of compressed, spiritual short lyrics, first winner of the Poetry Foundation's Neglected Masters Award in 2004;* The Many Named Beloved *(1961). Died in his sleep, in New York.*

**2106. — Burt Kimmelman** *23 Aug 2011* ↑ **Register**

*Samuel Menashe 1925-2011*

I just got sad notice from Nicholas Birns of the passing of Samuel Menashe (see below).

I believe plans for a memorial are being made and if no one else posts the details of it then I will.

Below is the wonderful poem that was replicated, along with a photo of Samuel writing with his finger in sand on a beach, on the back cover of the Library of America volume of his New and Selected Poems (edited by Christopher Ricks), which was timed (thanks to Geoffrey O'Brien) with Samuel's winning the first ever Neglected Masters award (from the Poetry Foundation); he was the first living poet to be included in the LoA's American Poets project—again, published on the occasion of the award. The poem is untitled:

Pity us By the sea On the sands So briefly

- Burt

_____ Nicholas Birns wrote:

> *"Samuel died earlier tonight. His heart had been weak and he had not been eating much but still a shock. I last saw him on Friday when I read his war story to him along with the last few scenes of King Lear—a fitting ending. best Nick"*

**2107. — Margaret Carson** *24 Aug 2011* ↑ **Register**

Sad news. A few years ago I met Samuel Menashe at a poetry event at CUNY Graduate Center. He asked me what I did and when I mentioned that I sometimes translated poetry from Spanish, he told me that without really knowing much Spanish he had translated some well-known lines by Antonio Machado. He took a piece of paper and wrote out the original Machado and his translation:

La primavera ha venido
Nadie sabe cómo ha sido

Now spring has come
No one knows how

Machado never sounded better in English. I wonder, were there more translations?

**2108. — Aldon L Nielsen** *29 Aug 2011* ↑ **Register**

as it happens, Willis Barnstone's THE DREAM BELOW THE SUN: SELECTED POEMS OF ANTONIO MACHADO (1981) translates those lines almost exactly that way — only without the "now" at the beginning. It's from "Canciones." The next section of the poem begins again, "La primavera ha venido," but this time Barnstone translates, "The spring has come," which is closer to Sam's rhythm.

Aldon Lynn Nielsen

> Sailing the blogosphere at http://heatstrings.blogspot.com
>
> I never wanted to be the man who broke your heart —Only wanted to be the man who wrote the song

---

# Hugh Fox

1932–2011

*2 messages · 1 hand*

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> *American small-press poet, anthropologist and COSMEP figure, a Pushcart Prize co-founder who published the first critical study of Bukowski;* Gods of the Cataclysm *(1976). Died in East Lansing, Michigan.*

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**2109. — Doug Holder** *5 Sep 2011* **↑ Register**

*Hugh Fox Small Press Icon dies at 79*

I got a message from Fox's family on Sunday night—he passed in a hospice in Michigan — here is a link to an interview I conducted with him—a great

> **2110. — Doug Holder** *5 Sep 2011* **↑ Register**
>
> *Hugh Fox: Way, Way Off On His Final Road: 1932 to 2011*
>
> Hugh Fox: Way, Way Off On His Final Road: 1932 to 2011
>
> Hugh Fox: Way, Way Off On His Final Road
>
> *"By Doug Holder ***From the introduction of " Way, Way Off the Road: The Memoirs of The Invisible Man" by Hugh Fox ( Ibbetson Street Press) "Several years ago the Ibbetson Street Press published a Hugh Fox poetry collection "Angel of Death." I had never actually met Fox in the flesh, but I was aware of his substantial contributions to the small press over the past 40 years. Fox was a founding member of COSMEP, ( a seminal small press organization), a founding member of the PUSHCART PRIZE, and edited the groundbreaking anthology " The Living Underground," to name just a few achievements.*
>
> *One day, in my apartment on Ibbetson Street in Somerville, Mass. I was just about asleep when I heard my doorbell ring. I went to answer it and a man of a certain age, with long gray hair spouting from the sides of his cap and a heavy Bronx accent said: " Hi Doug, what do ya' have in there a Blonde?' I said: "Well my wife is here, she's sort of blondish." I asked him in but I guess he sensed I was in no condition for company. He declined and promptly took a cab back to his hotel.*
>
> *Since then I have had the opportunity to meet him on a couple of occasions. Fox is full of anecdotes about many of the stumblebums, poets, poseurs, publishers, editors, with all their infinite variety, on the small press scene. I am glad this manuscriopt has seen the light of day. And when you read it hopefully you will see the light too." —Doug Holder (2006)*
>
> *I don't remember when I first became aware of Hugh Fox. He was a prolific writer across all genres. It might have been through one of the many reviews he wrote for the Small Press Review; it might be from the manuscripts he sent me to publish, or through the many poets of the "Invisible Generation" ( A term he used to describe his peer group of writers) he befriended over the years. Whatever you say about Fox, he wasn't a cliché of a man—he was a total original. He was a PhD with a big disdain for the academy; his breadth of knowledge left me breathless; he could be incredibly kind and incredibly rude, but I loved him warts and all—-hey ain't that what love is afterall?*
>
> *I asked Fox a few years ago what he would like to be remembered for. He told me: "That I reminded people to take a close look and engage the world around them." Fox took it all in: from sex, the Aztecs, religion, the meaning of being, the meaning of meaning...you name it.*
>
> *He was a firm believer in the small press—not the New York publishing houses where the buck is the bottom line. It was his religion, his passion, to review the thousands of small press books of all genres for the late Len Fulton's Small Press Review, and other publications. To Hugh, the chap, or the big tome was all high holy. Nothing was too obscure, too raw. He called many a writer a "genius," but what I think what he really was tring to say he recognized the genius in all of us.*

> *He took many a writer under his wing. He could be unapologetically flirtatious but more often that not he would charm the pants off you—and in his younger days I am sure he literally did. Hugh had a huge cadre of writers that were the objects of his affection.*
>
> *He introduced me and countless others to the short form or capsule book review. In one of his short reviews he could really get to the core of the book with an economy of words, and he nixed the deadening academic jargon that could bleed the life out of any writing.*
>
> *I would get unexpected calls late at night from Fox. He would say: " Hey I miss you pal—why haven't you called?" When I was laid off of my job of many years he offered to put me and my wife up at his home in Ann Arbor; he lobbied for me to be included in the important avant-garde poetry anthology " Inside the Outside." Fox told me he loved me more than once... and you know what?... I truly think he did.*
>
> *I thought that Fox would never die. He told me for years he was on his last legs with cancer, and his time was short. He even wrote a play that concerned him and the noted small press poet Lo Galluccio, meeting cute while in the throes of ovarian and prostate cancer. To my knowledge Galluccio has never suffered from ovarian cancer, but she was a dear friend of Fox and he included a lot of us in his work.*
>
> *As Samuel Beckett wrote: " We are born astride the grave," and Fox is gone. He died in a hospice in Michigan at 79, heavily sedated, out of pain finally, drifting up into the ether in a dream—to the cosmos —to that grand poem— infinity.*
>
> *Posted by Doug Holder at 6:55 AM 0 comments Labels: Hugh Fox: Way, Way Off On His Final Road Doug Holder*"

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# Ted Enslin

1925–2011

*4 messages · 4 hands*

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*American avant-garde poet in rural Maine, trained as a composer, called one of the most musical of experimental poets;* Ranger *(1978).*

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**2111. — Halvard Johnson** *22 Nov 2011* ↑ **Register**

*RIP Ted Enslin*

RIP Ted Enslin (1925-2011)

Serving the tri-state area.

Hal

Halvard Johnson Remains To Be Seen<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1tII1LvsGmJpmLby_dyie77p3D2u2sAwcJL3TuW5T-nY/edit?hl=en_US> *, Remains To Be Seen (Vol. II)<https://docs.google.com/document/d/198kwjOUuDuROG50BpMvKu_05auLcYh1Ce03rHqsSBNE/edit?hl=en_US> ,** Remains To Be Seen (Vol. III)<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1JW0nJh3tEtKzCu4hya0mYSU04EA0sz6hRM90eTgzhyw/edit?hl=en_US> , *Sonnets from the Basque & Other Poems< ; **The Perfection of Mozart's Third Eye and Other Sonnets<http://www.scribd.com/doc/27039868/Halvard-Johnson-THE-PERFECTION-OF-MOZART-S-THIRD-EYE-Other-Sonnets> ; **Organ Harvest with Entrance of Clones<

> **2112. — steve dalachinsky** *24 Nov 2011* ↑ **Register**
>
> *it was reported tonite that 2 great rtists passed on .*
>
> ted enslin and paul motian

**2113.** **— Sharon Mesmer/David Borchart** *26 Nov 2011* ↑ **Register**
*Ted Enslin -- "The Weather Within"*

http://www.thing.net/~grist/l&d/lenslinw.htm

Blessed be!

**2114.** **— whit griffin** *30 Jan 2012* ↑ **Register**
*Ted Enslin Obit*

The Guardian has posted an obituary for Ted Enslin.

Dear All,

The Guardian has posted an obituary for Ted Enslin.

Warmest,

whit

---

# Carol Novack

1948–2011

*4 messages · 4 hands*

*American writer, lawyer and publisher who founded the multimedia journal Mad Hatters' Review in 2005 and the MadHat arts foundation;* Giraffes in Hiding *(2011). Died cancer.*

**2115.** **— Alan Sondheim** *29 Dec 2011* ↑ **Register**
*for Carol Novack*

for Carol Novack

http://www.alansondheim.org/blanking.mp4

I was working on this, shot with Foofwa d'Imobilite at Eyebeam, when I heard the news that Carol Novack had died. for many of us, this was unexpected and awful, as if the year couldn't end without just one more tragedy. Foofwa and I had talked about our work together, earlier, about issues of pain, wounding, death; I think this piece, made at the time, is all I could do, I speak through image and sound, these words already lost, resting in peace

thank you Foofwa and Jamie and Jackson at Eyebeam

**2116.** **— Larissa Shmailo** *30 Dec 2011* ↑ **Register**
*Carol Novack 2/19/48 - 12/29/11 and call for work*

Carol Novack died of lung cancer yesterday, 12/29/11, at 8:55 pm. She was a genre-defying writer of lyrical and inventive work who brought together thousands of literary, visual, and musical artists from around the globe in collaboration and exploration as publisher of the wonderful Mad Hatters' Review. She was also my good friend, quite irreplaceable. The editors of the Mad Hatters' Review Blog would like to offer publication of tributes written to Carol or posted with Carol in mind at that website. Please contact acting publisher, Marc Vincenz, with queries at.

**2117.** **— Susan Lewis** *6 Jan 2012* ↑ **Register**
*Carol Novack 1948-2011*

Carol Novack: A Life Remembered

Carol Novack's work is populated by singular, breathtaking glimpses of the human condition, garnered from within a hair's breadth of the abyss. There are notions in her work of a

primordial Übermensch, a shadowy figure hidden within "the collective experiment called mankind." She once said, "I rage against the dark forces within all of us, and the conformity that sickens me." Yet she approached her work and life with humor and verve. She embraced the absurd, the surreal and the mythological, rubbing them up against each other with her own unique rhythm and lyricism.

Proponents of conventional narrative sometimes criticized her visionary work for its lack of cohesion, a missing red thread; yet Carol was not an experimentalist for its own sake. She sought to discover a voice of reason within the hubbub of myths and neon road signs; along the way, she broke convention to re-discover, to re-emerge. In her own words: "I don't believe in rules. I take dictation from the flow of metaphors that surface from my unconscious as I write, think of my writing self as a metaphorist."

Of her 2010 book Giraffes in Hiding: The Mythical Memoirs of Carol Novak (Spuyten Duvyil), American Book Review observed: " Carol poses metafictional questions about who or what controls our narratives, and what kinds of power is or is not available through narrative...If only for an instant, the giraffes go into hiding, and the minnows emerge." PANK Journal enthused: "Whilst reading this unique book, I felt I was deep-sea diving, surrounded by exotic and breathtaking words-as-creatures, but mindful too of the murkiness, sinister and danger that also lurk both under and above water."

In an interview in the Canadian literary journal Metazen, she said she had reached "the overwhelming realization that one must create one's own meaning, the isolated self's confrontation of its own short-lived existence, the significance of being human and humane."

She spurned literary prizes, institutionalized creative writing programs and all forms of elitism, not only in the arts, but in society in general. In her twenty-year career as an appellate and trial lawyer, she gave voice to the silenced and marginalized. "Law," she said, "is a white rabbit that falls into black holes." She told Glasgow poet, Dee Sunshine in an interview, "The battles were almost always up very steep hills, and I mistrusted and disliked the 'justice' system for various reasons." Nonetheless, she took pride in her legal work, particularly her written motions and appellate briefs, and won an important federal constitutional action on behalf of visual artists (Bery v City of New York, et al.).

Born February 19, 1948, she grew up in Bell Harbor, New York, the single child of musicologist Saul Novack, Dean of Arts and Humanities at Queens College, and Phyllis Novack, librarian. Of her childhood, she once said, "I grew up with wonderful music permeating our house like a bouquet of luscious scents."

She completed her BA at the University of Rochester in East Asian Studies, moved to Sydney, Australia where she worked as an editor for the Australian Cosmopolitan, and began publishing her poetry during the seventies. A chapbook, Living Alone Without a Dictionary, was published by the University of Queensland Press, and her work was included in The Penguin Book of Australian Women Poets. She was the recipient of an Australian Council of the Arts writer's grant, remaining in Australia until 1977.

After a traveling in India and Europe, Carol returned to New York City where she received her J.D. from New York Law School in 1983. As an attorney, she worked first in the Criminal Appeals Bureau of the New York Legal Aid Society and later as a solo practitioner, championing the causes of artists and the underprivileged.

She went on to receive her master's degree in social work (community organizing), and teach lyrical fiction writing at The Women's Studio Center in NYC, returning to the serious pursuit of her own writing in 2004. "The muse just suddenly reared her jerky head again," she said.

From the mid-2000s, she began publishing her gender-bending hybrid metafiction- "her little aliens," as she called them-in many journals and anthologies, including: American Letters & Commentaries, Exquisite Corpse, La Petite Zine, LIT, Missippi Review, Notre Dame Review and Caketrain.

In 2005 she founded the Mad Hatters' Review, one of the first online journals with a true multimedia approach, marrying literature, film, art and music in an annual collage of some of the most explosive arts on the web. "I envisioned something real flashy and eccentric, experimental, collaborative, multicultural, playful and even meaningful, in the social change/progressive sense," she told the webzine Web Del Sol. "The name of our annual reflects our view of the world as essentially demented and nonsensical, too frequently a nightmare or 'non-dream' that needs to be exposed to the light for what it is, as well as what it is not. However, we, as artists, can also see another side of this world by voyaging into our own unique terrifying and joyful wonderlands and sharing our visions with others."

Carol curated the successful Mad Hatters' Review reading series at KGB Bar in New York, and performed herself at many venues in New York City and elsewhere. After re-settling in Asheville, North Carolina in 2010, she began a new reading series at The Black College Museum & Arts Center and founded a non-profit arts organization, MadHat, Inc., which now includes the Review; MadHat Press, a print publisher; and an artists retreat at her mountain home in Asheville.

As an editor, Carol was impressed by wordplay, originality, and writing with the courage to confront the political. She published and befriended many authors, poets, artists, and film-makers including, Harold Jaffe, Andrei Codrescu, Hugh Fox, Alasdair Gray,George Szirtes and Raymond Federman. As a multimedia and spoken-word artist, she collaborated with Sheila E. Murphy and many others, recording a CD, Inventions II: Fictions, Fusions and Poems, with Don C. Meyers and Benjamin Rush Miller in 2009.

Carol's full-length book of hybrid works, metafictions, prose poems, rants, raves and whatnots, Giraffes in Hiding: The Mythical Memoirs of Carol Novack, was released by Spuyten Duyvil Press in 2010.

When Dee Sunshine asked Carol where she would chose to travel via time machine, she said, "Eons of light years from now, towards or back to a cosmos inhabited by wise sentient beings, including cats." And on life after death, she said: "Take away life, take away the breast and breath. Of course, I'm not expecting to meet 'God' before I die. I don't believe in religions or fairy tales except as metaphors of the human experience, the wish to be saved, the wish for happy endings, the absurd trials we set up for ourselves, the meaningful journeys, and always the rules, the rules, the rules. We're a very limited species."

Before her death, Carol was working several new projects, including the novella Felicia's Nose, in collaboration with Tom Bradley. Both Felicia's Nose and a collection of Carol's shorter works are anticipated for publication in the near future.

Mad Hat Arts, Inc., including Mad Hatters' Review, MadHat Press and the Asheville Artists and Writers' Little Mountain Retreat is expected to continue operations under the guidance of Carols' designated successors, with several books forthcoming, including, Primate Fox, the last collection of poetry by the late Hugh Fox.

No doubt Carol saw her own resemblance to the protagonist from her unfinished novella, Felicia's Nose: "Thus, Felicia is neither 'kind,' 'good,' 'haughty,' 'hot,' nor 'pugnacious.' Nor is she not. Like the rest of us, she is wending her way through the minefields of existence, too frequently with tight shoes that pinch her feet and will ultimately grow loose with age..."

Carol died peacefully with her friends at her bedside in the Elizabeth House Hospice in Flat Rock, North Carolina.

-Marc Vincenz

**2118. — Mary Kasimor** *9 Jan 2012* ↑ Register

Marc and Susan, Thank you for telling us (me) more about Carol. I honestly didn't know that much about her. I knew her only from FB and several exchanges we had via email. She was an extraordinary person as you describe her, and I am fortunate to have known her even slightly.

> Mary Kasimor
>
> Carol died peacefully with her friends at her bedside in the Elizabeth House Hospice in Flat Rock, North Carolina.
>
> -Marc Vincenz

## 2012

# Ira Cohen

1935–2011

*2 messages · 1 hand*

> *American poet, photographer and filmmaker known for hallucinatory Mylar Chamber reflective photographs and Beat-era small-press publishing;* Kings with Straw Mats *(1986). Died of kidney failure, aged 76.*

**2119. — steve dalachinsky** *23 Jan 2012* ↑ **Register**

*Fw: Re: ira cohen memorial*

A Memorial Event for Ira Cohen (1935-2011)

Poet, Filmmaker, Photographer

Sunday, Feb 5th, 2012, 6pm - 10pm at The Living Theatre, 21 Clinton St, NYC

for further attendance details: http://iracohen.org/rsvp

"If Sabu came crashing through the coconut palms on his elephant to tell me this was all a dream I would not believe him." — Ira Cohen, ON WAKING

Readings In Memoriam by Judith Malina, Allan Graubard, Tom Walker, Steve Dalachinsky, Jordan Zinovich, Valery Oisteanu, Bonny Finberg, Bill Wollak, Clayton Patterson, Louise Landes-Levi, Penny Arcade, Jeremiah Newton, Indra Tamang, Timothy Baum & others T.B.A.

Music & Performances In Memoriam by

Butch Morris Chorus of Poets, Alice Farley Dance Theatre, Wayne Lopes & Sylvie Degiez, Perry Robinson, Will Swofford Cameron & others T.B.A.

The event will include a video presentation of Ira Cohen reading poetry along with excerpts of his work in film and photography.

Donations to The Living Theatre will be accepted in lieu of admission.

Press inquires contact:

_____ 53 Year Old Mom Looks 33
The Stunning Results of Her Wrinkle Trick Has Botox Doctors Worried
consumerproducts.com

> **2120. — steve dalachinsky** *26 Jan 2012* ↑ **Register**
>
> *Re: SEGUE PRESENTS: CHRIS KRAUS & AARON WINSLOW*
>
> A Memorial Event for Ira Cohen (1935-2011)
>
> Poet, Filmmaker, Photographer

> Sunday, Feb 5th, 2012, 6pm - 10pm at The Living Theatre, 21 Clinton St, NYC
>
> Donations to The Living Theatre will be accepted in lieu of admission.
>
> Press inquires contact:
>
> On Mon, 23 Jan 2012 16:26:48 -0800 Steven Zultanski writes:
>
> *"SEGUE PRESENTS: CHRIS KRAUS & AARON WINSLOW SEGUE READING SERIES BPC JANUARY 28th 4 PM $6 *Chris Kraus* is the author of the novels I Love Dick (1998), Aliens & Anorexia (2000), and Torpor (2006, all from Semiotext(e)), and two books of criticism. Several recent exhibitions have presented her early film work internationally. She teaches writing at European Graduate School, is a co-editor of Semiotext(e), and lives in Los Angeles. *Aaron Winslow* is a writer, archivist, editor, and student living in New York. His work has recently appeared on Ben Marcus' website and in The Derivateur. This Saturday, January 28th 4-6 PM The Bowery Poetry Club, 308 Bowery $6 admission goes to readers December/January Segue Readings are curated by Josef Kaplan and Steven Zultanski. The Segue Reading Series is made possible by the support of The Segue Foundation. Visit seguefoundation.com, bowerypoetry.com, or call for more information. UP NEXT: February 4th - Lewis Freedman and Peter Gizzi"*

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# Dorothea Tanning

1910–2012

*1 message · 1 hand*

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*American surrealist painter, sculptor and poet whose 1942 self-portrait* Birthday *enchanted Max Ernst, active across six decades. Died at her Manhattan home, aged 101.*

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**2121. — amy king** *1 Feb 2012* ↑ **Register**

*Painter and Poet, Dorothea Tanning, Surrealist Painter and Poet, Dies at 101*

Article here — Â http://www.galleristny.com/2012/02/dorothea-tan

Article here — http://www.galleristny.com/2012/02/dorothea-tanning-surrealist-painter-and-poet-dies-at-101/

"Art has always been the raft onto which we climb to save our sanity. I don’t see a different purpose for it now."

"To my surprise, I have come to like being old. You can do what you want."

http://www.salon.com/2002/02/11/tanning/

Best,

Amy

"Amy King’s poems seem to encompass all that we think of as the 'natural' world ..."

---

## Wisława Szymborska

1923–2012

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Polish poet, essayist and translator who won the 1996 Nobel Prize in Literature for ironically precise poetry;* View with a Grain of Sand *(1996). Died of lung cancer, in her sleep at home in Kraków.*

**2122. — amy king** *1 Feb 2012* ↑ **Register**

*Also today, the passing of Wisława Szymborska, 1923-2012*

http://www.poetryfoundation.org/harriet/2012/02/a-sad-day-wislawa-szymborska-1923-2012/

"Amy King’s poems seem to encompass all that we think of as the 'natural' world ..."

## Morgan Lucas Schuldt

1978–2012

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American poet who co-founded the prose-poem journal CUE and CUE Editions press, dead at 33;* Verge *(2007). Died of complications of cystic fibrosis. One forwarded announcement on the thread, about nothing, is omitted.*

**2123. — amy king** *1 Feb 2012* ↑ **Register**

*Jan. 31, 2012 - Poet Morgan Lucas Schuldt passed away*

Memento Mori Â http://www.foumagazine.net/19.htmlÂ

Memento Mori http://www.foumagazine.net/19.html

http://thediagram.com/6_3/schuldt.html

Writer Morgan Schuldt: a champion for the power of language http://radio.azpm.org/azspotlight/podcasts/2010/8/6/70-meet-writer-morgan-schuldt-a-champion-for-the-power-of-language/

http://www.coconutpoetry.org/schuldt1.htm

"Amy King’s poems seem to encompass all that we think of as the 'natural' world ..."

# Adrienne Rich

1929–2012

*9 messages · 6 hands*

*American poet and essayist who brought women's and lesbian experience to the center of poetic discourse;* Diving into the Wreck *(1973). Died complications of long-term rheumatoid arthritis.*

**2124. — amy king** *29 Mar 2012* ↑ **Register**

*No One Misses the Poets -- Adrienne Rich*

Over on the Women's Poetry listserv, I've found that it's heartening to hear accounts of first encounters with Rich through her work. My own came as an undergrad when my then-teacher, Elaine Hedges, took us diving into the wreck ... Hedges, who recovered and wrote the afterword to "The Yellow Wallpaper," also brought Rich to read in Baltimore, a place she was fond of, in a church near the sadly now-defunct 31st Street Feminist Bookstore, which also sponsored her powerful reading. I was too shy to do more than hover nearby at the end, but certainly that reading compounded what I sensed of her power and dedication to poetry, politics, and people.

So much of what is gone now also points forward to what is going, what is under fire via "austerity" cuts via economic downturns via a decline in income via the anti-intellectual strains ripping through headlines via the lazy need for convenience, etc. Bookstores are ridding themselves of poetry aisles that aren't so lucrative, we're buying more and more online instead of from places like Unnameable Books, and we hear very little about just what poets like Rich contributed to a social and political consciousness. Poets seem to be no threat at all anymore; their departures are barely noted.

I hope she meant something to a few on this list!

Best,

Amy

p.s. Coincidentally, I spoke about her here recently: No Place for the Little Lyric — Should Adrienne Rich be the poet laureate of the Occupy movement?

**2125. — Cassandra Laity** *29 Mar 2012* ↑ **Register**

For many of us, Adrienne Rich was the beginning of it all . . . our life's work as readers, lovers, writers and literary critics of women's poetry. that is, she is/was at the core of who we still are.

Cassandra Laity co-editor Modernism/Modernity Visiting Professor (2010-11) Department of English studies University of Montreal Quebec, CA

**2126. — Laura Hinton** *29 Mar 2012* ↑ **Register**

Today on Chant de la Sirene: A memory of Adrienne Rich from my years at Stanford ... and a commentary on things as they might be, and are. Adrienne, you are missed:

http://www.chantdelasirene.com/2012/03/not-easy-to-forget.html

**2127. — carol dorf** *29 Mar 2012* ↑ **Register**

That "Women and Honor" pamphlet was amazing — I wonder how it would read now. I also was very taken with "On Lies, Secrets, and Silence," and "Of Woman Born."

Norton published a lovely pocket-sized edition of her essay, "Poetry and Commitment," which was from a 2006 speech.

**2128. — George Bowering** *29 Mar 2012* ↑ **Register**

I don't find "Women and Honor" amazing. I think that it is clear and logical and beautifully written

"This is why the effort to speak honestly is so important. Lies are usually attempts to make everything simpler – for the liar – than it really is, or ought to be."

I find that very clear and cannot think of a better way to say it.

George Bowering I am the way and the heavy.

**2129. — Ruth Lepson** *31 Mar 2012* ↑ **Register**

In my classes we discuss "on Lies, Secrets, and Silence"—unfortunately it still pertains. She was as large-hearted as Whitman.

**2130. — amy king** *9 Apr 2012* ↑ **Register**

*Today's Harriet blog + AWP Conference Video + Adrienne Rich + Poetry Society of America + PEN Poetry Series*

Alan Gilbert reviews I Want to Make You Safe @ Poetry Foundation's Harriet

"... but the truly cool kids were the more independent agents like ..."

Continued here — http://www.poetryfoundation.org/harriet/2012/04/amy-king-i-want-to-make-you-safe/

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"This Opera of Peace" read @ AWP Conference in Chicago - 2012

via Vimeo - http://vimeo.com/39944590 and Youtube - http://youtu.be/I9s63AVZzNg

Starring (in order of appearance):

Annie Finch
Saeed Jones
Daniel Nester
Patricia Spears Jones
Cole Swensen
R. Erica Doyle
Cate Marvin
Brent Cuningham
Danielle Pafunda
Jamaal May
GC Waldrep
Ryan Doyle May
James Yeh
Matt Hart
E. Tracy Grinnell
Brenda Iijima
Molly Gaudry
Sina Queyras
Mathias Svalina
Matt Yeager
Elisa Gabbert
Vanessa Place
Janaka Stucky
Mike Young
Metta Sama
Lauren Hunter
Jennifer Bartlett
~~~~~~

Sommer Browning
Paul Legault
Ana Bozicevic
Amy King
Anna Moschovakis
Justin Marks
Matvei Yankelevich
Sampson Starkweather
Julia Cohen
Paige Taggart
Chris Tonelli
Corina Copp
Eileen Myles
Kazim Ali
Tonya Foster
Giovanni Singleton
Dodie Bellamy
Julie Patton
Treasure Shields Redmond
Alice Quinn
Gloria Frym
Patricia Lockwood
Cheryl Strayed
Joshua Marie Wilkinson
Peter Gizzi & Clay Banes
Kimiko Hahn & Nicole Cooley
Brian Teare
Christopher Salerno
Timothy Yu
Bruce Covey
Agape Redwood
Annie Finch

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PEN American - Adrienne Rich tribute Round-up — http://www.pen.org/blog/?cat=335

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Poetry Society of America - http://www.poetrysociety.org/psa/poetry/crossroads/red_white_blue_poets_on_politics/ana_bo_i_evi/

Ana Božičević's "Buffet of Air"

~~~~~~~ PEN Poetry Series — http://www.pen.org/blog/?p=10486

Debrah Morkun: The Ida Pingala

~~~~~~~

**2131. — amy king** *10 Apr 2012* ↑ **Register**
*Fw: radio interview with Adrienne Rich from 1994*

*"-From: Louisa Howerow htt ----- Forwarded Message -----From: Louisa Howerow http://www.cbc.ca/writersandcompany/episode/2012/03/29/adrienne-rich-interview-from-1994/ (the first section of the program) The CBC program Writers and Company from the website "Now in its 21st season, Writers & Company offers an opportunity to explore in depth the lives, thoughts and works of remarkable writers from around the world." I listen whenever I can to the program and what I appreciate about the interviewer, Eleanor Wachtel is that she does read and has read the work of those she interviews, no commercials. For those who feel they don't have enough exposure to writers outside their own county, the archives for this show are a gold mine — writers from all over the world. Do take a listen — here is a list of other interviews"*

**2132. — amy king** *11 Apr 2012* ↑ **Register**
*21 Love Poems to Adrienne Rich via VIDA: Women in Literary Arts*

Day 2 — "Lives Well Lived" by Amy King — h Just getting started...

Day 2 — "Lives Well Lived" by Amy King — http://www.vidaweb.org/lives-well-lived

Day 1 — "What's in a Name" by Adrienne Su — http://www.vidaweb.org/whats-in-a-name-3

Stay tuned, more tributes appear daily throughout April by Ada Limon, Becca Klaver, Camille Dungy, Carmen Gimenez-Smith, Cate Marvin, Erin Belieu, Erica Moya, Erika Meitner, Katharine Varnes, Martha Silano, Margaret Ronda, Melinda Wilson, Metta Sama, Patricia Spears Jones, Rachel Eliza Griffiths, Rachel Zucker, Tamiko Beyer, Tonya Foster and Wendy Walters!

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VIDA: Women in Literary Arts

VIDA seeks to explore critical and cultural perceptions of writing by women through meaningful conversation and the exchange of ideas among existing and emerging literary communities. http://www.vidaweb.org/

p.s. VIDEO from AWP Conference in Chicago, starring (in order of appearance):

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## Andrew Suknaski

1942–2012

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Canadian prairie poet and visual artist known for* Wood Mountain Poems *on Saskatchewan settler and First Nations history. Died in Moose Jaw. Two forwarded announcements on the thread, about nothing, are omitted.*

**2133. — Rob McLennan** *3 May 2012* ↑ **Register**
*Andrew Suknaski: July 30, 1942-May 3, 2012*

We are sad to report that Chaudiere author Andrew Suknaski, from our perpetually-forthcoming selected poems, has died in Moose Jaw of natural causes. From Sarah Simison:

We are very sorry to report the death of Andy Suknaski in Moose Jaw on May 3, 2012. While Andy was most famous for WOOD MOUNTAIN POEMS, he first came to fame in Al Purdy's anthology of new writers, STORM WARNING. Andy was a strong believer in the small press movement, and early published such writers as Gary Hyland, Sid Marty and Glen Sorestad; he also influenced a whole generation of prairie writers with his own books of gritty, realistic poetry. Many writers owe a debt to him.

http://www.chaudierebooks.blogspot.ca/2012/05/andrew-suknaski-july-30-1942-may-3-2012.html

and an obituary from Montreal writer Brian Sentes. http://bryansentes.wordpress.com/2012/05/03/andrew-suknaski-30-july-1942-3-may-2012/

rob mclennan publisher Chaudiere Books

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# James Harvey

1966–2012

*1 message · 1 hand*

> *Nothing about this person could be verified outside the archive. The notice says: "Veer Books / Xing the Line / Writers Forum Workshop (New Series) and The Blue Bus have come together to celebrate the life and poetry of James Harvey, who died last month."*

**2134. — stephen mooney** *16 Jul 2012* ↑ **Register**

*Memorial reading for James Harvey*

Veer Books / Xing the Line / Writers Forum Workshop (New Series) and The Blue Bus have come together to celebrate the life and poetry of James Harvey, who died last month. This memorial reading will take place in London, UK at Birkbeck College on Thursday 19th July, from 18.00-21.00. The address is Keynes Library, Birkbeck Centre for Poetics, School of Arts, 43 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PD. (When you come in to the foyer, ask the person on the front desk who will give directions – it's a room on the first floor overlooking the square.) Readers/performers will include Carol Watts, Will Rowe, James Wilkes, matt martin, Jeff Hilson, Holly Pester, Michael Zand, Stephen Emmerson, Juliet Troy, John Gibbens, Keith Jebb, David Miller, Antony John, Edward Carey, Peter Philpott, S J Fowler, Elizabeth Guthrie, and The Children (Armorel Weston and John Gibbens).

Please note that this is a free event.

James Harvey James Harvey (1966–2012) studied biology at UCL before becoming a full-time poet in the thriving experimental and innovative poetry community in London . His interest in science, especially biology, extended into his poetry. James took part in a forum discussion with Rae Armantrout, Amy Catanzano, John Cayley, Tina Darragh, Marcella Durand, Allen Fisher, Peter Middleton, Evelyn Reilly and Joan Retallack on the interaction of poetry and science, hosted by Jacket 2. He was fascinated by the potential of 'science in poetry to dismantle existing structures, and then put them back together again, build them up "mechanically" while at the same time each level of complexity is acted upon equally through "the forces of nature," questioning the integrity of the structure.'

The importance of ecology in his work is evident in one of his best poems, 'Mackerel-ling'. This was published in Veer Away (Veer 2007) and subsequently became his first book (Intercapillary Editions 2009). The poem 'is a movement through water ... an exercise in naming as pattern'. As James explained: 'Marguerite White sent me cardboard cuttings out in the shapes of sea birds she had used for one of her instal-lations, I had been watching David Attenborough's The Blue Planet and the idea for the poem came shortly after. At the back of my mind was also Bob Cobbing's poem "alphabet of californian fishes" ... one of my favourite poems.'

James was a regular at Writers Forum Workshop and many of his poems have a strong visual element, showing Cobbing's influence. Part of his poem 'Living Rock Ode' (in Freaklung 2010) included a diagram of a marine plankton that he sounded when reading the poem. James read in honour of Jennifer Pike-Cobbing in 2010 with his work

featuring in AND13 (Writers Forum 2010) produced to mark the event. Later he was part of Writers Forum Workshop (New Series), his work appearing in its first publication (Writers Forearm 2011). Veer published a chapbook Temporary Structures in 2009 and included his work in Veer Off (2008) and Veer About (2011) in addition to Veer Away.

He was published in the Openned magazine (2006) and Openned Issues 2006-07 (2008). In 2009, Openned brought out an e-pamphlet, Parts Composers, and Kater Murr's press published a broadsheet From Marx's Capital. James was featured in the anthology In the Company of Poets (Hearing Eye 2003). James's readings in London included the Blue Bus in 2008 with Nina Zivancevic and Vahni Capildeo and in 2010 with Harriet Tarlo, David Miller and Ken White. He read at Crossing the Line in 2009 with James Wilkes, Jon Clay, Antony John and Out to Lunch. James was also part of a group of poets who travelled to Newcastle upon Tyne to celebrate Barry MacSweeney in a reading at Morden Tower in 2010.

James read from his Japheth series, written in collaboration with Edinburgh-based poet Jow Lindsay. Other work appeared in Herbarium (2011), also with an associated reading, or were published online in Greatworks and Jacket, with work also appearing in Brittle Star magazine, Poetry Salzburg Review and the Morning Star.

James Harvey discussing poetry and science with other poets in Jacket 2 is here http://jacket2.org/features/archive?page=1 James Harvey's poem 'Mackerelling' (2007) can be downloaded free from http://intercapillaryeditions.com/james-harvey-mackerelling/ Video of James Harvey reading in honour of Jennifer Pike-Cobbing in 2010 http://www.openned.com/writers-forum-jennifer/?currentPage=4 Veer About (Veer 2011) can be downloaded free via http://www.bbk.ac.uk/cprc/publications/Veer_Publications/Veer037 James Harvey's work in the Openned magazine (2006) is here http://www.openned.com/epubs/2009/9/28/openned-magazine.html James Harvey's work in Openned Issues 2006-07 (Openned 2008) is here http://www.openned.com/epubs/2009/9/28/openned-issues-2006-2007.html James Harvey's Parts Composers (Openned 2009) is here: http://www.openned.com/epubs/2009/9/28/parts-composers.html Video of James Harvey reading at Morden Tower in 2010 (including 'Living Rock Ode' and Japheth poems) http://vimeo.com/13543371 about 9 mins 30 into the video Video of James Harvey reading at the Herbarium event in 2011

## Daryl Hine

1936–2012

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Canadian poet, classical translator and MacArthur Fellow who edited Poetry magazine from 1968 to 1978;* In & Out *(1989). Identified in the notice as "former editor of Poetry magazine". Died of complications of a blood disorder.*

**2135. — Rob McLennan** *25 Aug 2012* ↑ **Register**

*Daryl Hine: February 24, 1936 - August 20, 2012*

Evan Jones has reported that Canadian poet Daryl Hine, former editor of Poetry magazine, died on the 20th of August. See Lindsay Garbutt's post on Harriet, the blog of the Poetry Foundation here, and another by Carmine Starnino (with more recent photo), on the Vehicule Press blog.

http://robmclennan.blogspot.ca/2012/08/canadian-poet-daryl-hine-february-24.html

## Barbara Moore Vincent

1916–2012

*3 messages · 3 hands*

*Nothing about this person could be verified outside the archive. The notice says: "With inevitable sadness, yesterda With inevitable sadness, yesterday afternoon my mother, Barbara Mioore Vincent died at the age of 96." One forwarded announcement on the thread, about nothing, is omitted.*

**2136. — Stephen Vincent** *25 Sep 2012* ↑ **Register**

*Barbara Moore Vincent 1916 - 2012*

With inevitable sadness, yesterda

With inevitable sadness, yesterday afternoon my mother, Barbara Mioore Vincent died at the age of 96. During the past few years, among many of us here, she became known for her proclivity to dictate her own poems, often improvising freely off the work of modernist writers such as Joanne Kyger, Rexroth, Ginsberg, Levertov, Gertrude Stein and others whose works I would read to her.Much of her out put was published, most recently a group of poems in Eaogh's issue on aging, edited by Susan Schultz. For most of her public life, she was a politician, City planner, and environmental activist in the San Francisco Bay Area, including being a founding member of Save the Bay. On the Richmond shoreline, the Barbara and Jay Vincent Park , now part of the Federal Park System, is a commemoration of the efforts of my parents to preserve the Bay from industrial destruction. A graduate and veteran of many of this country's 20th century natural, human and economic upheavals, she had an incorrigible sense of honesty, bravery and sometimes humor in confronting the reality of the various hands into which she was dealt. As not long after my father dieed:

January will open the horrible threat.

February will break off a few of the wicked.

March the winds will blow and frighten everybody.

April will break my heart.

May will come whisking through.

June is hard to decipher.

July will never stop to say hello.

August is jolly and happy for people like me.

September is hard to take.

October is full of joy for very few.

November marks the worst that could ever come.

December for many it’s love and joy

But not for me.

Barabara Moore Vincent 1916 - 2012

**2137. — Gloria Frym** *26 Sep 2012* ↑ **Register**

deep condolences, dear Stephen.
Love,
gf

On Tue, Sep 25, 2012 at 1:59 PM, Stephen Vincent wrote:

**2138. — Murat Nemet-Nejat** *1 Oct 2012* ↑ **Register**

Stephen,

I just realized what happened. I wish you my condolences.

Affectionately,

---

## Elliott Carter

1908–2012

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American modernist composer, twice a Pulitzer Prize winner, who kept composing prolifically past age 100;* Variations for Orchestra *(1955). Died natural causes at 103, at home in Manhattan.*

**2139. — Halvard Johnson** *5 Nov 2012* ↑ **Register**

*RIP Elliott Carter (1908-2012)*

One of the great ones.

Mastering this universe one Higgs boson at a time.

Hal

---

# Jayne Cortez

1934–2012

*6 messages · 4 hands*

*American jazz poet, activist and small-press publisher who performed her poems with her band the Firespitters;* There It Is *(1982). Died heart failure.*

**2140. — Aldon L Nielsen** *28 Dec 2012* ↑ **Register**

*Fwd: Jayne Cortez (1936 - 2012)*

> *"------ Forwarded Message -----From: Greetings to my brothers and sisters Denardo Coleman just phoned me to say that we lost out dear sister and spiritual mother Jayne Cortez. Jayne was an inspiration for all if us. I am deeply and profoundly saddened. It was at John LaRose's book fair in the mid 80's in London where I first heard Jayne's poetry and I was blessed having the opportunity to perform and record with her. We are all in a state or mourning May God bless you all TK Blue Talib Kibwe — Aldon L. Nielsen Kelly Professor of American Literature Department of English 117 Burrowes Building The Pennsylvania State University University Park, PA 16802-6200 sailing the blogosphere at http://heatstrings.blogspot.com "He had already formed a pernicious habit—a lifelong habit—of teaching himself what he could not learn otherwise." — Alfred Kreymborg"*

**2141. — steve dalachinsky** *29 Dec 2012* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Forward's Five Poetry Books of 2012*

first happy other folks' new year but very sad news

if you haven't yet heard jayne cortez passed away last night the poetry of strength silenced

On Tue, 25 Dec 2012 16:55:41 -0500 Jake Marmer writes:

> *"Annual selection of five memorable poetry books of 2012, for the Forward: http://blogs.forward.com/the-arty-semite/167648/forward-fives—in-poetry/ (the books are by Hank Lazer, Adeena Karasick, Alicia Ostriker, Michael Heller, and Rachel Back). -Jake"*

**2142. — Laura Hinton** *29 Dec 2012* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Jayne Cortez, 1936-2012*

One of our greatest has just passed.

Does anyone have an address to reach her husband and son?

She was an amazing woman and a revolutionary poet. Laura

Sent from my iPad

> *"Many thoughts and payers for Jayne, one of the great poets of our time. Let her get through this, please.... She has inspired so many of us for so many decades."*

**2143. — steve dalachinsky** *16 Jan 2013* ↑ **Register**

*jayne cortez celebration*

THE FAMILY OF JAYNE CORTEZ INVITES YOU TO A CELEBRATION OF HER LIFE WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 2013 2:00 pm THE GREAT HALL in the COOPER UNION FOUNDATION BUILDING 7 East 7th Street New York, New York FOR FURTHER INFORMATION PLEASE SEND A NOTE TO:

WE ARE TRYING TO REACH OUT TO ALL OF JAYNE'S FRIENDS SO PLEASE FEEL FREE TO FORWARD THIS NOTE

**2144. — steve dalachinsky** *5 Feb 2013* ↑ **Register**
*jayne cortez*

JAYNE CORTEZ CELEBRATION
FEBRUARY 6th, 2013 2 P.M.
THE GREAT HALL COOPER UNION FOUNDATION BUILDING

2:00 RECORDING Jayne Cortez “I Am New York City”
2:05 MUSIC Lisette Santiago, Fred Ho
2:10 POET Amina Baraka
2:15 MUSIC T.K. Blue, Craig Harris, James Carter, Al MacDowell, Denardo Coleman
2:23 GREETINGS Manthia Diawara
2:25 WELCOME Danny Glover
2:30 SPEAKER Robin D. G. Kelley
2:35 BIOGRAPHY Genna Rae McNeil
2:40 FAMILY REFLECTION Shawn Smith (sister), Tony Frere (nephew)
2:45 POET Quincy Troupe
2:50 MUSIC Randy Weston 2:55 SPEAKER Daniel Inneh 3:00 SPEAKER Gus John 3:05 POET Steve Dalachinsky 3:10 SPEAKER George Campbell Jr. 3:15 POET Eugene Redmond 3:20 MUSIC Tapani Damba, Saliueu Suso 3:25 POET Rashidah Ismaili
3:30 SPEAKER Manthia Diawara 3:50 MUSIC The Firespitters - Al MacDowell, Bern Nix, Denardo Coleman, Bill Cole, Rene Mclean, Roy Campbell Jr. 4:00 POET Amiri Baraka 4:10 VIDEO Jayne Cortez “Find Your Own Voice and Use It” 4:15 End

**2145. — Tom Savage** *8 Feb 2013* ↑ **Register**
Hi Steve. Just letting you know you read a great poem for Jayne Cortez at her celebration on Wednesday. Regards, Tom Savage

JAYNE CORTEZ CELEBRATION
FEBRUARY 6th, 2013 2 P.M.
THE GREAT HALL COOPER UNION FOUNDATION BUILDING

## 2013

## Sybil Kollar

1933–2012

*1 message · 1 hand*

*Nothing about this person could be verified outside the archive.*

**2146. — Halvard Johnson** *January 2013* ↑ **Register**

*RIP Sybil Kollar (1933-2012)*

The link just below will take you to a couple of Sybil's poems that were in Hamilton Stone Review a while back.

http://www.hamiltonstone.org/hsr5poetry.html#sway

"Conservatives are not necessarily stupid, but most stupid people are conservatives." — John Stuart Mill

Hal

## Harvey Shapiro

1924–2013

*3 messages · 3 hands*

*American poet and New York Times Magazine editor who prompted Martin Luther King's Letter from Birmingham Jail;* National Cold Storage Company *(1988). Died of complications from surgery.*

**2147. — Halvard Johnson** *7 Jan 2013* ↑ **Register**

*RIP Harvey Shapiro*

RIP Harvey Shapiro<http://www.nytimes.com/2013/01/08/books/harvey-shapiro-poet-of-new-york-and-beyond-dies-at-88.html?hpw&_r=0

"Conservatives are not necessarily stupid, but most stupid people are conservatives." — John Stuart Mill

Hal

> **2148. — Burt Kimmelman** *9 Jan 2013* ↑ **Register**
>
> *Harvey Shapiro 1924-2013*
>
> With sadness I mark the passing of Harvey Shapiro. The world will not be the same for me in some profound way now.
>
> He's remembered, in my view, beautifully in the Times obit ( http://www.nytimes.com/2013/01/08/books/harvey-shapiro-poet-of-new-york-and-beyond-dies-at-88.html) by Margalit Fox, who mentions Hart Crane along with Charles Reznikoff as important influences; but I would wish to stress the latter—Harvey was the master of plain statement (imho).
>
> In case you've not seen the obit I am reproducing one of the poems she included (she made terrific selections, I think)—I regret I did not see this poem before now (it was published in

Bomb in 2011), especially because I think it truly is a great poem, one that ascends to greatness with grace, elegance, and a sense of ease.

Here it is:

The Mother of Invention

*On my desk are the bills from the living** **and in my sleep are the bills from the dead.

*“Emptiness is the mother of invention”** **says my fortune cookie. July 23, 2010.** **Brooklyn**. I walk in the slow rain,** **never less accomplished, never happier.

*Why should I doubt the world has meaning** **when even in myself I see mysterious purposes.

*A crow drops down for a moment,** **black, rabbinical garb, croaking Kaddish.

Here's another one of Harvey's poems that Fox might have included in the obit (to mark his WWII service—btw, see his role in the genesis of MLK's "Letter from Birmingham Jail"):

Italy, 1996

This Italian earth is special to me
because I was here in a war
when I was young and immortal.
I remember the cypresses in the early morning light
on the road to the airfield
before the sky filled with toiling planes
massing high over Italy for the perilous
crossing to Germany. I remember
on the way back from the target toasting
my frozen cheese sandwich—frozen by the high altitude
on the electrically-heated casing of my fifty-caliber
machine gun. I remember the taste of life.

B.K.

**2149. — Murat Nemet-Nejat** *10 Jan 2013* ↑ **Register**

"Nobody does silence better than God." Harvey Shapiro.

Yes, Burt,

He was a wonderful person.

Murat

On Wed, Jan 9, 2013 at 4:44 PM, Kimmelman, Burt J. wrote:

# Anselm Hollo

1934–2013

*4 messages · 4 hands*

*Finnish-born poet of the American avant-garde and prolific translator from Finnish, German, Swedish and French;* Notes on the Possibilities and Attractions of Existence *(2001). A subscriber here: twenty-seven messages, 1996–2002. Died of post-operative pneumonia following brain surgery. One forwarded announcement on the thread, about nothing, is omitted.*

**2150. — Michael Heller** *1 Feb 2013* ↑ **Register**

*Anselm Hollo (1934-2013)*

Much sadness. This was written for Anselm when he was hospitalized in the summer of 2003

EVERYTHING TRANSLATES

for Anselm

To hear the fan go
to imagine air
filling whatever space
is before it, hot interior
of a cabin, half-helix
of the ear where sound tickles.
Cage shuts himself
in a still, sealed room
to hear his blood pound.
No purity like that for the translator letting
the world's noise enter,
an intruder banging on the door.
At least, half of the pounding
gets past the tympanum,
at least half of that reaches
to the heart which adds
that pounding to its own.
/from Westcliffe, 25/VII/03/

**2151. — George Bowering** *18 Mar 2013* ↑ **Register**

*Re: Memorial Tribute to Anselm Hollo Sat April 6, 4pm*

Is this in Boulder?
gb

*"You are cordially invited to a memorial tribute to Anselm Hollo: Saturday APRIL 6 Anselm Hollo, a Memorial Tribute 4:00 @ CCA Graduate Writing Center 195 DeHaro Street (at 15th Street) co-sponsored by The Poetry Center and the MFA Writing Program, California College of the Arts Gloria Frym Associate Professor MFA Writing, Writing & Literature Programs California College of the Arts 5212 Broadway Oakland, CA 94618 w h"*

**2152.** **— Gloria Frym** *20 Mar 2013* ↑ **Register**

sorry, it's in San Francisco. gf

**2153.** **— Andy Nicholson** *23 Mar 2013* ↑ **Register**

The California College of the Arts Graduate Writing Center is in San Francisco.

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# Thomas McEvilley

1939–2013

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American art critic and classicist, author of The Triumph of Anti-Art, who linked Greek and Indian thought;* The Shape of Ancient Thought *(2002). Died of complications of cancer, aged 73.*

**2154.** **— George Thompson** *4 Mar 2013* ↑ **Register**

*Thomas McEvilley obituary*

Some list members may be familiar with McEvilley, ardent defender of post-modernism, anti-art, multiculturalist art, Indian and Greek philosophy and comparative philosophy; ardent devotee of Sappho, of Diogenes of Sinope, and Pyrrhon of Elis; friend and supporter of James Lee Byers, Marina Abramovic, William Anastasi; creator of an MFA program on writing art criticism at the School of Visual Arts in Manhattan, etc., etc....

See Charles Bernstein at:

https://jacket2.org/category/commentary-tags/thomas-mcevilley

Jerry Saltz:

http://www.vulture.com/2013/03/thomas-mcevilley-1939-2013.html

George Quasha from a few years ago:

http://www.quasha.com/writing-2/on-art/on-thomas-mcevilley

George Thompson [currently teaching a course on Aesthetics and Criticism that features McEvilley prominently, at Montserrat College of Art, and a Sanskritist]

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## 2014

## Wanda Coleman

1946–2013

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American poet called the L.A. Blueswoman and the unofficial poet laureate of Los Angeles;* Bathwater Wine *(1998). Died at Cedars-Sinai, after a period of illness.*

**2155. — Christine Palma** *6 Jan 2014* ↑ **Register**

*Wanda Coleman Memorial - January 19th - in Santa Monica CA*

A memorial will be held for Wanda at the Church in Ocean Park on Sunday, January 19, 2014 at 2:00 PM.

http://freevenicebeachhead.wordpress.com/2013/12/01/wanda-coleman-1946-2013/

## Amiri Baraka

1934–2014

*1 message · 1 hand*

*American poet, playwright and critic, born LeRoi Jones, who wrote* Blues People *(1963) and* Dutchman *(1964) and then left the downtown avant-garde for Harlem after the assassination of Malcolm X, founding the Black Arts Movement; he was made Poet Laureate of New Jersey in 2002 and the legislature abolished the post rather than remove him. He was seventy-nine and died after surgery in Newark. A subscriber reports two deaths in the order they happened. Baraka was the most consequential American poet to die inside this archive's span, and this is the whole of what the list said: one message, unanswered, seventeen days before the list stopped.*

**2156. — skyplums** *9 Jan 2014* ↑ **Register**

*amiri baraka and roy campbell gone*

trumpeter and great friend roy campbell and friend and mentor poet amiri baraka have both passed away yesterday and today in that order  very saddend

# Notes on Contributors

*The contributors, alphabetically. Years are given for those who have died; where nothing could be established the note says so. E-mail handles and name fragments that identify nobody are omitted.*

**Poetics List Administration** The list's administrative account.

**Poetics List Administrator** The list's administrative account.

**Charles Alexander** American poet and printer, founder of Chax Press in Tucson, publisher of some of the finest artists' books in American poetry.

**Christopher Alexander** American poet, one of the younger writers on the list in the late 1990s.

**Kazim Ali** American poet, novelist and essayist, founding editor of Nightboat Books; author of *Bright Felon* and *Inquisition*; teaches at the University of California, San Diego.

**William Allegrezza** Poet and editor of the e-zine Moria, co-founder of Cracked Slab Books; teaches at Indiana University Northwest.

**Dr. Barry S. Alpert** American critic and editor of Vort, the 1970s little magazine built around interviews with experimental poets, among them Anselm Hollo, Ed Dorn and Tom Raworth.

**Joe Amato** American poet, novelist and critic of technology and the academy; author of *Bookend*.

**mIEKAL aND** American visual and sound poet, publisher of Xexoxial Editions and a founder of Dreamtime Village, an intentional community in rural Wisconsin.

**Jim Andrews** Canadian poet-programmer behind the digital-poetry site vispo.com; creator of the interactive works Nio and Arteroids, a literary shoot-em-up.

**Robert Archambeau** American poet and critic raised in Winnipeg, professor of English at Lake Forest College; author of *Laureates and Heretics* and *The Poet Resigns*.

**Rae Armantrout** American poet associated with Language writing; her *Versed* won the Pulitzer Prize; taught at the University of California, San Diego.

**William James Austin** (1949–2019) American poet and critic, author of the *Underworld* series and a deconstructive study of T. S. Eliot; taught at SUNY Farmingdale.

**Marcus Bales** American poet in Cleveland, Ohio, working in metrical and satirical verse.

**Anny Ballardini** Italian-American poet, translator and editor of the Poets' Corner site, who has worked between Bolzano and New York.

**Stephen Baraban** Poet in Buffalo, New York, host of the city's Inner Ear Reading Series.

**David Baratier** American poet and publisher, founder of Pavement Saw Press in Columbus, Ohio.

**Douglas Barbour** (1940–2021) Canadian poet and critic, professor emeritus at the University of Alberta and a founder of Edmonton's NeWest Press.

**Todd Baron** American poet, art critic and teacher in Los Angeles, co-founder of Littoral Books; author of *Return of the World*.

**Ben Basan** Nothing could be established.

**Tom Beckett** American poet and editor of The Difficulties, the journal that gave Language writing its first sustained critical reception.

**Jim Behrle** American poet, cartoonist and bookseller, whose comic strips about the poetry world ran through the blog years.

**Thomas Bell** Nothing could be established.

**Dodie Bellamy** American writer, with Kevin Killian a founder of New Narrative; author of *The Letters of Mina Harker*.

**Aaron Belz** American poet of comic lyric, author of *Lovely, Raspberry* and *Glitter Bomb*.

**Cara Benson** American poet in upstate New York, editor of the anthology *Predictions*.

**Bill Berkson** (1939–2016) American poet and art critic of the New York School, author of *Portrait and Dream*.

**Joshua Berlow** American writer in Baltimore, founder of the International Psychogeography Institute.

**Tosh Berman** American writer and publisher of TamTam Books; author of the memoir *Tosh: Growing Up in Wallace Berman's World*.

**Charles Bernstein** American poet and theorist, co-editor with Bruce Andrews of L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E, co-founder of the Electronic Poetry Center and the Poetics Program at Buffalo, and the founder and long-time moderator of this list.

**Anselm Berrigan** American poet, former artistic director of the Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church; author of *Free Cell* and *Notes from Irrelevance*.

**Raymond Bianchi** American poet in Chicago; author of *Circular Descent* and *American Master*; ran the website Chicago Postmodern Poetry and co-founded Cracked Slab Books.

**David Bircumshaw** British poet of Leicester, active in the small-press and online poetry world; his collections include *The Ghost Machine*.

**Kimberly Bird** Nothing could be established.

**Frances Blau** Partner of the poet kari edwards, whom she met at Naropa; after edwards's death she saw the manuscript *succubus in my pocket* into print.

**Ann Bogle** American writer of very short fiction, author of *Country Without a Name*.

**Crane's Bill Books** The account of Crane's Bill Books, an Albuquerque bookseller run by Jeffrey Lee.

**Sharon Mesmer/David Borchart** Joint account of Sharon Mesmer, American poet of the flarf circle and author of *The Virgin Formica*, and David Borchart, a Brooklyn cartoonist for The New Yorker.

**Daniel Bouchard** American poet; edited the print journal The Poker; his books include *Some Mountains Removed* and *The Filaments*.

**Michael Boughn** American-born Canadian poet and scholar with a doctorate from SUNY Buffalo; author of *Cosmographia*; later co-edited Dispatches from the Poetry Wars with Kent Johnson.

**George Bowering** Canadian poet, novelist and critic, a founder of the Vancouver magazine TISH and Canada's first Parliamentary Poet Laureate.

**Joseph Bradshaw** American poet in Brooklyn; author of *In the Common Dream of George Oppen*.

**Taylor Brady** American poet in San Francisco; author of *Microclimates*, *Yesterday's News* and *Occupational Treatment*.

**Allen Bramhall** American poet from Massachusetts; author of the two-volume *Days Poem* and, with Jeff Harrison, the dialogue *Antic View*.

**Jonathan Brannen** American concrete and visual poet; author of *Deaccessioned Landscapes*; his work is held in the Sackner Archive of Concrete and Visual Poetry.

**Joe Brennan** Nothing could be established.

**Michael Broder** American poet and classicist; author of *This Life Now*; founder of Indolent Books and the HIV Here & Now project.

**David Bromige** (1933–2009) English-born Canadian-American poet, long at Sonoma State, whose *My Poetry* won the Western States Book Award.

**Lee Ann Brown** American poet raised in North Carolina, founder of Tender Buttons Press; author of *Polyverse* and *The Sleep That Changed Everything*; teaches at St. John's University.

**Pam Brown** Australian poet in Sydney, associate editor of Jacket; her many books include *Dear Deliria*, winner of the Kenneth Slessor Prize.

**Franklin Bruno** American songwriter, critic and poet; leader of Nothing Painted Blue and the Human Hearts, and author of a study of Elvis Costello's *Armed Forces*.

**Tisa Bryant** American writer; author of *Unexplained Presence*, on Black presences in film, literature and art; co-editor of the Encyclopedia Project; teaches at CalArts.

**Cheryl Doppler Burket** American poet with an MFA from San Francisco State; poetry editor for Five Fingers Review and Fourteen Hills.

**William Burmeister** Nothing could be established.

**Suzanne Burns** American poet and fiction writer in Bend, Oregon; author of *Misfits & Other Heroes*.

**Brigitte Byrd** French-born American poet; author of *Fence Above the Sea* and *Song of a Living Room*, both from Ahsahta Press.

**Don Byrd** American poet and critic, professor at SUNY Albany; author of *Charles Olson's Maximus* and *The Poetics of the Common Knowledge*.

**Mairead Byrne** Irish-born American poet, Professor of Poetry and Poetics at the Rhode Island School of Design; author of *Talk Poetry*.

**Louis Cabri** Canadian poet and critic; author of *The Mood Embosser*; co-edited hole magazine and curated the PhillyTalks poets-in-dialogue series; teaches at the University of Windsor.

**Richard Caddel** (1949–2003) British poet of the British Poetry Revival; ran Pig Press and directed the Basil Bunting Poetry Centre at Durham; author of *Magpie Words*.

**Séamas Cain** Poet and performance writer; his books include *The Mountains of Mourne* and the Irish-language *Tríd an gCoill*.

**Richard Carfagna** American poet in rural central Massachusetts, publishing as Ric Carfagna; author of the serial project *Notes on Nonexistence*.

**Steve Carll** American poet, co-editor with Hoa Nguyen and Dale Smith of the small-press scene of the 1990s Bay Area.

**Margaret Carson** American translator of Latin American literature, including Sergio Chejfec and the writings of Remedios Varo; taught Spanish at the Borough of Manhattan Community College.

**Christophe Casamassima** American poet and publisher who for two decades ran Furniture Press Books in Baltimore; teaches at Towson University.

**Cris Cheek** English poet, performance and sound artist, long at Miami University in Ohio; a central figure of the British Poetry Revival's second wave.

**Maxine Chernoff** American poet and fiction writer; co-editor, with Paul Hoover, of New American Writing; professor and former chair of creative writing at San Francisco State University.

**Christina Fairbank Chirot** Nothing could be established.

**David-Baptiste Chirot** (1953–2021) American visual poet, rubbing artist and critic, whose work was made by frottage from the surfaces of the street.

**Peter Ciccariello** American visual poet and artist whose work sets real and simulated objects against the tension between word and image.

**Steve Clay** American editor and publisher; founder and director of Granary Books, the New York press and archive devoted to the intersection of word, image and page.

**Issa Clubb** American producer at the Criterion Collection.

**Dan Coffey** American poet and librarian; humanities librarian at Iowa State University.

**Michael Coffey** American poet and nonfiction writer, longtime senior editor at Publishers Weekly; books include *Elemenopy* and *87 North*.

**Bruce Comens** Literary scholar; author of *Apocalypse and After: Modern Strategy and Postmodern Tactics in Pound, Williams, and Zukofsky*; has taught at Temple University.

**Shanna Compton** American poet and book designer, author of *Down Spooky*, *Brink*, and *(Creature Sounds Fade)*.

**Craig Allen Conrad** The Philadelphia poet CAConrad, who posted under this name.

**James W. Cook** Nothing could be established.

**Stephen Cope** American scholar and editor of George Oppen's *Selected Prose, Daybooks, and Papers*; a research fellow at UC San Diego's Archive for New Poetry.

**Robert Corbett** Seattle critic and Romanticist, then of the University of Washington.

**Michael Corbin** Nothing could be established.

**Brenda Coultas** American poet; author of *A Handmade Museum* and *The Marvelous Bones of Time*, both from Coffee House Press.

**Marc Couroux** Canadian intermedia artist and former concert pianist; teaches visual art at York University, Toronto, and founded Montreal's Ensemble KORE.

**Jesse Crockett** Nothing could be established.

**Alison Croggon** Australian poet, theatre critic, librettist and novelist; author of *This Is the Stone* and the *Pellinor* fantasy series; founding editor of the online journal Masthead.

**Peter Culley** (1958–2015) Canadian poet, art critic and photographer associated with the Kootenay School of Writing; author of the *Hammertown* trilogy.

**John Cunningham** Nothing could be established.

**Wystan Curnow** New Zealand art critic, poet and curator, longtime professor of English at the University of Auckland; son of the poet Allen Curnow.

**Steve Dalachinsky** (1946–2019) American poet of the New York downtown jazz scene, who wrote in the clubs while the music was playing.

**Ryan Daley** Nothing could be established.

**Catherine Daly** American poet and critic in Los Angeles, author of *DaDaDa*.

**Maria Damon** American poet and critic of the avant-garde and of vernacular and outsider poetries; taught for many years at the University of Minnesota.

**Kevin Davies** Canadian poet from Nanaimo, British Columbia, active in the Kootenay School of Writing; author of *Comp.* and *The Golden Age of Paraphernalia*.

**Jefferson Davis** Nothing could be established.

**Jordan Davis** American poet and critic, author of *Million Poems Journal* and long poetry editor of The Nation.

**Roger Day** Nothing could be established.

**Dbkk** Shared account of Dodie Bellamy and Kevin Killian, the San Francisco New Narrative writers.

**Jacques Debrot** Poet and fiction writer with a Harvard doctorate; chairs the department of Literature and Language at Lincoln Memorial University in Tennessee.

**John DeCarolis** Nothing could be established.

**Martha Deed** American poet and retired psychologist in North Tonawanda, New York; editor and collaborator of her daughter, the electronic-literature writer Millie Niss.

**Michelle Detorie** American poet, visual artist and editor in Santa Barbara; author of *After-Cave*; edits Hex Presse.

**Thomas Devaney** American poet in Philadelphia, a Pew Fellow in the Arts; teaches at Haverford College; books include *Getting to Philadelphia* and *You Are the Battery*.

**Steve Dickison** American poet, director of The Poetry Center and American Poetry Archives at San Francisco State.

**Alexander Dickow** American poet, translator and scholar working in English and French; professor of French at Virginia Tech; books include *The Distance, and You In It* and *Le Premier Souper*.

**Richard Dillon** Nothing could be established.

**Diane DiPrima** (1934–2020) American poet of the Beat movement; author of *Loba* and *Revolutionary Letters*; co-edited The Floating Bear with Amiri Baraka and served as San Francisco poet laureate.

**Dubravka Djuric** Serbian poet, critic, translator and scholar of the avant-garde; co-editor of *Impossible Histories* and of *Cat Painters*, an anthology of contemporary Serbian poetry.

**Dan Or Orion Dlugonski** Nothing could be established.

**Carol Dorf** American poet who taught mathematics in Berkeley, California; founding poetry editor of Talking Writing, writing at the intersections of poetry, disability and science.

**Nate Dorward** Canadian critic and publisher, editor of The Gig.

**Robert Drake** Nothing could be established.

**Mark DuCharme** American poet in Boulder, author of *Answer*.

**Patrick Dunagan** American poet and critic in San Francisco, on staff at the University of San Francisco's Gleeson Library; author of *The Duncan Era* and a regular reviewer for Rain Taxi.

**Patrick Durgin** Poet and publisher of Kenning Editions, author of *PQRS* and, with Jen Hofer, *The Route*; teaches at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago.

**Jilly Dybka** American poet in Kingston Springs, Tennessee; author of the chapbook *Fair Territory* and keeper of the Poetry Hut website.

**Kristin Dykstra** Translator and scholar of Cuban poetry; principal translator of Reina María Rodríguez, with editions of Juan Carlos Flores and Marcelo Morales.

**Michael Tod Edgerton** American poet; author of *Vitreous Hide*, with an MFA from Brown; co-edits poetry for Seneca Review.

**Flood Editions** The account of Flood Editions, the Chicago poetry press founded in 2001 by Devin Johnston and Michael O'Leary.

**Jacob Edmond** New Zealand comparatist, professor of English at the University of Otago; author of *A Common Strangeness* and *Make It the Same: Poetry in the Age of Global Media*.

**Kari Edwards** (1954–2006) American poet and artist who wrote outside the categories of gender, author of *obedience* and *iduna*; a subject of this book as well as a contributor.

**Ken Edwards** English poet, musician and publisher, founder of Reality Street Editions and editor of Reality Studios.

**Kate Eichhorn** Media scholar and writer, professor of culture and media at The New School; author of *The Archival Turn in Feminism* and *The End of Forgetting*.

**Stephen Ellis** American poet in Maine, author of *Sketch of the Artist*.

**Denise Enck** American editor and publisher in Bellingham, Washington; founder of the online literary magazine Empty Mirror.

**Evan Escent** Nothing could be established.

**Logan M Esdale** Gertrude Stein scholar teaching English at Chapman University; editor of Stein's novel *Ida*.

**Steve Evans** American critic at the University of Maine, keeper of the Third Factory site and its annual attention surveys.

**Laura Fargas** American poet and attorney in Washington, D.C.; author of *An Animal of the Sixth Day* and *The Green of Ordinary Time*.

**Roger Farr** Canadian poet and critic at Capilano University; author of *Surplus* and *IKMQ*, writing on anarchism and the avant-garde.

**George J Farrah** American poet and painter in Minneapolis, a Bard College MFA; author of *The Low Pouring Stars*.

**Andrew Felsinger** Poet and editor of VeRT, an online poetry magazine of the early 2000s now archived at the Electronic Poetry Center.

**Al Filreis** American literary scholar, Kelly Professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania; founding faculty director of the Kelly Writers House, co-founder of PennSound and host of PoemTalk.

**Annie Finch** American poet, critic and translator central to the revival of meter and poetic form; author of *Eve*, *Calendars* and *Spells: New and Selected Poems*.

**Joe Amato/Kass Fleisher** Joint account of Joe Amato and Kass Fleisher.

**Jerry E. Fletcher** Nothing could be established.

**Edward Foster** American poet, critic and publisher, founder of Talisman House and of the journal Talisman.

**Skip Fox** American poet in Louisiana, author of *Delta Blues*.

**Michael Franco** American poet in Somerville, Massachusetts; founded Cambridge's Word of Mouth reading series and co-founded lift magazine with Joe Torra.

**Vernon Frazer** American poet and musician, author of the long visual poem *IMPROVISATIONS*.

**Stephen Fredman** American scholar of modern poetry, professor emeritus at the University of Notre Dame; books include *Poet's Prose* and *Contextual Practice*.

**Robert Freedman** Nothing could be established.

**Ed Friedman** American poet and playwright, artistic director of the Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church from 1987 to 2003; books include *The Telephone Book*.

**Corey Frost** Canadian-born writer and performer from the Montreal spoken-word scene; author of *My Own Devices*; teaches at New Jersey City University.

**Gloria Frym** American poet and story writer at California College of the Arts, author of *Homeless at Home*.

**Chris Funkhouser** Digital poetry scholar and practitioner, author of *Prehistoric Digital Poetry*; professor at the New Jersey Institute of Technology.

**J Gallaher** American poet, author of *The Little Book of Guesses* and *My Life in Brutalist Architecture*; co-edits The Laurel Review at Northwest Missouri State University.

**Peter Ganick** (1946–2020) American poet and publisher of Potes & Poets Press.

**Samuel Garren** Nothing could be established.

**Geoffrey Gatza** American poet and publisher, founder of BlazeVOX Books in Buffalo and author of the annual Thanksgiving menu poems.

**John Geraets** New Zealand critic and editor of the Auckland avant-garde journal brief (A Brief Description of the Whole World).

**Roger Gilbert** American scholar, professor of literatures in English at Cornell; author of *Walks in the World* and long at work on a biography of A. R. Ammons.

**c. s. Giscombe** American poet, author of *Giscome Road* and *Prairie Style*; teaches at the University of California, Berkeley.

**David Gitin** (1941–2015) American poet, born in Buffalo, who taught for decades at Monterey Peninsula College; books include *City Air* and *This Once*.

**Jesse Glass** American poet and folklorist long resident in Japan, professor at Meikai University; founded Ahadada Books.

**Loss Glazier** American poet and digital-poetics scholar, founder and director of the Electronic Poetry Center at Buffalo; author of *Digital Poetics*.

**Eryque Gleason** Nothing could be established.

**Daniel Godston** American poet, musician and teaching artist in Chicago.

**Kenneth Goldsmith** American poet and founder of UbuWeb, author of *Day*.

**David Golumbia** (1963–2023) American scholar of digital culture at Virginia Commonwealth University; author of *The Cultural Logic of Computation* and *The Politics of Bitcoin*.

**Noah Eli Gordon** (1975–2022) American poet, author of *Novel Pictorial Noise* and *The Year of the Rooster*; taught in the University of Colorado Boulder MFA program, where he directed Subito Press.

**Michael Gottlieb** American poet, a founding figure of the Language movement and an editor of Roof; books include *Ninety-Six Tears* and *Memoir and Essay*.

**Henry Gould** American poet long based in Providence, Rhode Island, where he co-edited Nedge; author of the long poem *Stubborn Grew*.

**Tony Green** New Zealand painter and art historian, long at the University of Auckland.

**Arielle Greenberg** American poet and critic, author of *My Kafka Century*; named and co-edited the *Gurlesque* anthology; taught at Columbia College Chicago before moving to Maine.

**Andy Gricevich** American poet and performer in Madison, Wisconsin; edited the magazine and chapbook series Cannot Exist.

**Whit Griffin** American poet drawn to ancient belief systems and visionary plants; author of *We Who Saw Everything* and the *Cywanu* trilogy.

**Pam Grossman** Nothing could be established.

**Bob Grumman** (1941–2015) American critic and practitioner of visual and mathematical poetry, and the coiner of much of its vocabulary.

**Gabriel Gudding** American poet and translator, author of *Rhode Island Notebook*, written entirely in a car.

**David Hadbawnik** American poet, translator of Virgil, and publisher of Habenicht Press.

**Jeffrey Brent Hamilton** Nothing could be established.

**Robin Hamilton** Scottish poet and critic formed in the Glasgow scene around Philip Hobsbaum; taught at Loughborough University and edited the Everyman *Complete English Poems of John Donne*.

**Scott Hamilton** New Zealand poet and sociologist in Auckland who runs the blog Reading the Maps; author of *To the Moon in Seven Easy Steps* and *The Crisis of Theory*.

**Rob Hardin** American fiction writer and studio musician in New York; his story collection *Distorture* won a Firecracker Award; edits Sensitive Skin.

**Gary Hawkins** American poet who teaches creative writing at Warren Wilson College in North Carolina; author of *Worker*.

**Kevin Hehir** Canadian poet, formerly of Buffalo, later based in St. John's, Newfoundland; his work includes the sound-poetry CD *Canadadaians*.

**Michael Heller** American poet and critic, author of *Conviction's Net of Branches*, the first book-length study of the Objectivists.

**Patrick Herron** American poet and researcher, author of *The American Godwar Complex*.

**Fredrik Hertzberg** Finland-Swedish literary scholar at the University of Helsinki; author of the first comprehensive biography of the modernist Gunnar Björling.

**Laurie Schneider/Crag Hill** Shared account of Crag Hill, American visual poet and co-editor of the magazine Score, and Laurie Schneider.

**Laura Hinton** American critic, professor at City College of New York, co-editor of *We Who Love to Be Astonished*.

**Doug Holder** American poet born in Manhattan, founder of Ibbetson Street Press in Somerville, Massachusetts; teaches at Endicott College and long ran poetry groups at McLean Hospital.

**Anselm Hollo** (1934–2013) Finnish-born American poet and translator, long at Naropa; author of more than forty collections.

**Bob Holman** American poet and impresario, founder of the Bowery Poetry Club and co-editor of *Aloud! Voices from the Nuyorican Poets Cafe*.

**Bruce Holsapple** American poet and William Carlos Williams scholar in New Mexico; author of *Wayward Shadow* and *The Birth of the Imagination: William Carlos Williams on Form*.

**David Israel** American poet and arts journalist (David Raphael Israel), a former music critic for EAR magazine, known for English ghazals.

**Peter Jaeger** Canadian poet, critic and text-based artist, professor at the University of Roehampton, London; author of *Prop* and a monograph on John Cage.

**Ken James** Nothing could be established.

**Paolo Javier** Filipino-American poet raised in Manila, Cairo and Vancouver; poet laureate of Queens, New York, 2010–14; books include *60 lv bo(e)mbs* and *Court of the Dragon*.

**Grant Jenkins** American scholar of experimental poetry at the University of Tulsa; author of *Poetic Obligation: Ethics in Experimental American Poetry after 1945*.

**Halvard Johnson** (1936–2017) American poet and editor, long resident in Baltimore and Mexico, and a tireless relayer of news to this list.

**Kent Johnson** (1955–2022) American poet, translator and provocateur, the presenter of the Araki Yasusada writings and a lifelong irritant to literary piety.

**Andrew Jones** Nothing could be established.

**Jill Jones** Australian poet; author of *Screens, Jets, Heaven: New and Selected Poems*, winner of the Kenneth Slessor Prize; teaches at the University of Adelaide.

**Patricia Spears Jones** American poet, author of *The Weather That Kills* and *A Lucent Fire*; won the 2017 Jackson Poetry Prize.

**Alexander Jorgensen** American writer and visual poet; work appears in *The Last Vispo Anthology*; has taught in Prague, Kazakhstan and at the American University of Iraq, Sulaimani.

**Pierre Joris** Luxembourgish-American poet and translator, best known for his renderings of Paul Celan and, with Jerome Rothenberg, the *Poems for the Millennium* anthologies.

**Trevor Joyce** Irish poet, co-founder of New Writers' Press and of the SoundEye festival in Cork.

**Jeffrey Jullich** American poet and librettist in New York; author of *Thine Instead Thank* and *Portrait of Colon Dash Parenthesis*; edited the journal Logopoeia.

**Garrett Kalleberg** American poet born in Brooklyn; author of *Some Mantic Daemons* and *Malilenas*; founded the online journal The Transcendental Friend.

**Daniel Kane** Scholar of the American poetic avant-garde at the University of Sussex; author of *All Poets Welcome: The Lower East Side Poetry Scene in the 1960s*.

**Adeena Karasick** Canadian poet, performance artist and essayist; author of thirteen books of poetry and poetic theory, including the spoken-word opera *Salomé: Woman of Valor*; teaches at Pratt Institute.

**Nicholas Karavatos** American poet, a graduate of New College of California; taught creative writing at the American University of Sharjah for over a decade.

**Jennifer Karmin** American poet in Chicago; author of *Aaaaaaaaaaalice*; founding curator of the Red Rover Series; teaches at Truman College.

**Mary Kasimor** American experimental poet long based in Minnesota; author of *silk string arias* and *& cruel red*.

**Cralan Kelder** American poet raised between California and the Netherlands, based in Amsterdam; editor of Full Metal Poem; author of *Give Some Word*.

**Karen Kelley** Nothing could be established.

**David Kellogg** American poet and scholar of writing, long at Duke and then Northeastern.

**Robert Kelly** American poet and novelist, at Bard College for six decades; author of *The Loom* and of some eighty books.

**Kevin Killian** (1952–2019) American poet, novelist, playwright and biographer of Jack Spicer; with Dodie Bellamy a founder of New Narrative writing.

**Jack Kimball** American poet and editor of Faux Press.

**Burt Kimmelman** American poet and medievalist, professor at the New Jersey Institute of Technology, author of *The Poetics of Authorship in the Later Middle Ages*.

**Amy King** American poet and editor, author of *I Want to Make You Safe*, long active in the Poetry Foundation's Harriet blog and in VIDA.

**H. T. Kirby-smith** American poet and critic who taught for many years at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro; author of *The Origins of Free Verse*.

**David A. Kirschenbaum** American poet and publisher, founder of Boog City and of the Boog City festival in New York.

**Julie Kizershot** American poet; coordinated the Summer Writing Program at Naropa University and taught at the University of Colorado, Boulder.

**Lucas Klein** American translator and scholar of Chinese poetry; translator of Xi Chuan's *Notes on the Mosquito*; has taught at the University of Hong Kong.

**Joshua Kotin** Literary scholar, associate professor of English at Princeton; author of *Utopias of One*, a study of writers from Thoreau to J. H. Prynne.

**Anastasios Kozaitis** Nothing could be established.

**Wendy Kramer** Poet; took an MA in the University at Buffalo's Poetics Program.

**Donna Kuhn** American poet, dancer and video artist in Humboldt County, California; her collections include *Typical Girl*.

**J. Kuszai** American poet and editor, whose *poetics@* (Roof, 1999) was the first book drawn from this list; he published Meow Press in Buffalo.

**Lewis Lacook** Poet and net artist; built web-based poetry generators archived by Rhizome; co-author, with Sheila E. Murphy, of *Beyond the Bother of Sunlight*.

**Cassandra Laity** American scholar of modernism; author of *H.D. and the Victorian Fin de Siècle*; longtime professor at Drew University and a founding editor of Modernism/modernity.

**Pete Landers** Nothing could be established.

**Doug Lang** (1941–2022) Welsh-born poet, a Washington, DC resident from 1973; taught at the Corcoran College of Art + Design; his books include *Magic Fire Chevrolet*.

**David Larsen** American poet and translator of classical Arabic; his *Names of the Lion* won the Harold Morton Landon Translation Award; teaches at New York University.

**John Latta** American poet and blogger of Isola di Rifiuti; author of *Rubbing Torsos* and *Breeze*; longtime staff member of the University of Michigan library.

**Hank Lazer** American poet and critic, author of the *Notebooks* series and of *Opposing Poetries*; taught for many years at the University of Alabama.

**Joseph Lease** American poet; his collections include *Broken World* and *Testify*.

**Leevi Lehto** (1951–2019) Finnish poet, translator and programmer; translated Joyce's *Ulysses* into Finnish and edited the poetry magazine Tuli & Savu.

**Ruth Lepson** American poet, poet-in-residence at the New England Conservatory, who has worked for decades between poetry and jazz.

**Aaron Levy** American curator, senior lecturer at the University of Pennsylvania and longtime director of the Philadelphia nonprofit Slought.

**Herb Levy** American composer, radio producer and new-music writer, long resident in Seattle.

**Walter K. Lew** American poet and scholar of Asian American literature; editor of *Premonitions: The Kaya Anthology of New Asian North American Poetry*; author of *Treadwinds*.

**Joel Lewis** American poet in Hoboken, editor of the selected talks of Ted Berrigan.

**Susan Lewis** American poet, founding editor-in-chief of the journal Posit; her collection *Zoom* won the Washington Prize.

**Tom W. Lewis** Nothing could be established.

**Ira Lightman** English poet and public artist in the north-east, and an unlikely detective of plagiarism in British poetry.

**Kathryne Lindberg** American literary scholar, professor of English at Wayne State University in Detroit; she died in December 2010.

**Joel A Lipman** American visual poet, professor emeritus at the University of Toledo and first poet laureate of Lucas County, Ohio.

**Billy Little** (1943–2009) Canadian poet and small-press publisher in Vancouver.

**Rachel Loden** American poet, author of *Dick of the Dead* and *Hotel Imperium*, which turns American political life into lyric.

**Andrew Loewen** Nothing could be established.

**Nick LoLordo** Nothing could be established.

**Patrick Lovelace** Nothing could be established.

**John Lowther** Poet and multidisciplinary artist; co-founded the Atlanta Poets Group and appears in its anthology *The Lattice Inside*.

**Pamela Lu** American writer in the San Francisco Bay Area; author of Pamela: A Novel and Ambient Parking Lot.

**Brian Lucas** American poet, painter and musician in Oakland; author of *Eclipse Babel*.

**Brennen Lukas** Nothing could be established.

**Andrew Lundwall** Poet and editor; ran Scantily Clad Press, an online publisher of poetry e-chapbooks.

**Bill Luoma** American poet; author of *My Trip to New York City* and *Works & Days*.

**Bobbi Lurie** American poet in Corrales, New Mexico; author of *The Book I Never Read* and *Letter from the Lawn*.

**Dorothy Trujillo Lusk** Vancouver poet whose books include *Redactive*, *Sleek Vinyl Drill*, and *Ogress Oblige*.

**Bonnie MacAllister** American multimedia artist and poet working in fiber, film and sound.

**Laurie Macrae** Nothing could be established.

**Michael Magee** American poet and critic, author of *Emancipating Pragmatism* and of the Flarf book *My Angie Dickinson*.

**Mary Jo Malo** Nothing could be established.

**Charlotte Mandel** American poet and scholar of H.D.'s cinema writing, author of *The Life of Mary*.

**Tom Mandel** American poet of the Language generation, author of *Realism*.

**Bill Marsh** American poet and publisher of Factory School.

**William Marsh** American writer and publisher associated with the collective press Factory School; author of *Plagiarism: Alchemy and Remedy in Higher Education*.

**Camille Martin** American-Canadian poet and collagist, author of *Sonnets*.

**Joseph Massey** American minimalist poet; author of *Illocality* and *To Keep Time*.

**Sheila Massoni** Nothing could be established.

**Andrew Maxwell** American poet, co-founder of the journal The Germ and co-director of the Poetic Research Bureau in Los Angeles.

**Jonathan Mayhew** Scholar of Spanish poetry, author of *Apocryphal Lorca: Parody, Translation, Kitsch*; professor at the University of Kansas.

**Ben Mazer** American poet and editor of the Battersea Review; author of *The Glass Piano* and editor of Landis Everson and Delmore Schwartz.

**Eliza McGrand** Nothing could be established.

**Rob McLennan** Canadian poet, publisher of above/ground press in Ottawa and one of the most prolific literary bloggers in Canada.

**Douglas Messerli** American poet, critic and publisher, founder of Sun & Moon Press and later Green Integer.

**Philip Metres** American poet, translator and scholar; author of *Sand Opera* and *Shrapnel Maps*; professor of English at John Carroll University.

**Stephen Mooney** Poet and publisher, co-founder of the experimental poetry press Veer Books; teaches creative writing at the University of Surrey.

**Laura Moriarty** American poet, longtime deputy director of Small Press Distribution; author of *A Semblance: Selected and New Poems* and the novel *Ultravioleta*.

**Adalaide Morris** American critic of modernist and new media poetics at the University of Iowa; author of *How to Live / What to Do: H.D.'s Cultural Poetics*.

**Charlie Morrow** American composer, sound artist and performer; co-directed the New Wilderness Foundation with Jerome Rothenberg.

**Aryanil Mukherjee** Indian-American poet and engineer writing in Bengali and English, editor of the journal Kaurab.

**Ryan Murphy** American poet in New York's Hudson Valley; author of *Down with the Ship* and *The Redcoats*.

**Sheila E. Murphy** American poet in Phoenix, author of *Falling in Love Falling in Love with You Syntax*.

**Christine Murray** Irish poet and curator of Poethead, an open-access index of women's poetry; her collections include *bind* and *Gold Friend*.

**Tenney Nathanson** American poet and critic at the University of Arizona, co-founder of the Tucson arts collective POG; author of *Whitman's Presence* and *Erased Art*.

**Eireene Nealand** Nothing could be established.

**Gale Nelson** American poet, longtime senior lecturer in Brown University's Literary Arts program; author of *ceteris paribus* and *stare decisis*.

**Paul Nelson** American poet in Seattle, founder of the Cascadia Poetry Festival and of SPLAB.

**Murat Nemet-Nejat** Turkish-American poet, translator and essayist, editor of *Eda: An Anthology of Contemporary Turkish Poetry*.

**Richard Jeffrey Newman** American poet and essayist who translates classical Persian literature, including Saadi's *Gulistan*; author of *The Silence of Men*.

**Hoa Nguyen** Vietnamese-born American poet living in Toronto; author of *As Long As Trees Last* and *Violet Energy Ingots*.

**Andy Nicholson** Nothing could be established.

**Aldon L Nielsen** American poet and critic, Kelly Professor of American Literature at Penn State, and a historian of the African American avant-garde.

**Kurt Nimmo** Nothing could be established.

**Millie Niss** (1973–2009) American writer and new media artist behind Sporkworld; created *Oulipoems* with her mother, Martha Deed, for the Electronic Literature Collection.

**John Norton** Nothing could be established.

**Linda Norton** American poet, editor and collagist in Oakland, California; author of *The Public Gardens: Poems and History* and *Wite Out*.

**Eiríkur Örn Norðdahl** Icelandic poet, novelist and translator; his novel *Illska* won the Icelandic Literary Prize.

**Carol Novack** (1948–2011) American writer, lawyer and publisher who founded the multimedia journal Mad Hatters' Review; author of *Giraffes in Hiding*.

**Harry Nudel** Nothing could be established.

**Mickey O'Connor** Nothing could be established.

**Wanda O'Connor** Nothing could be established.

**Hilton Obenzinger** American poet, novelist and historian at Stanford, author of *American Palestine*.

**Doug Oliver** (1937–2000) British poet and novelist associated with the Cambridge school; author of *Kind* and, with Alice Notley, *The Scarlet Cabinet*.

**Laura Oliver** Nothing could be established.

**Kirby Olson** American critic and novelist, author of studies of *Comedy after Postmodernism* and of Andrei Codrescu.

**Tom Orange** American poet and critic, a scholar of Clark Coolidge and of the Washington poetry scene.

**Travis Ortiz** American poet in San Francisco; co-founder, with Lyn Hejinian, of the cross-genre publishing project Atelos.

**Richard Owens** American poet, critic and printer; founding editor of the journal Damn the Caesars and of Punch Press; doctorate from SUNY Buffalo.

**Christine Palma** Nothing could be established.

**Jonathan Penton** American poet and editor in New Orleans; founded the online journal Unlikely Stories in 1998.

**Sam Pereira** American poet of Los Banos, in California's Central Valley; author of *The Marriage of the Portuguese* and *A Cafe in Boca*.

**Marjorie Perloff** (1931–2024) Austrian-born American critic, the most consequential advocate of the avant-garde in the American academy; author of *The Poetics of Indeterminacy* and *Radical Artifice*.

**Tim Peterson** American poet and editor, now writing as Trace Peterson; founding editor of EOAGH and co-editor of *Troubling the Line: Trans and Genderqueer Poetry and Poetics*.

**Ellay Phillips** Nothing could be established.

**Patrick Phillips** Nothing could be established.

**Nick Piombino** American poet, psychoanalyst and diarist, author of *The Boundary of Blur* and one of the first poets to keep a blog.

**John Platt** Nothing could be established.

**Deborah Poe** American poet and book artist; author of *Elements* and the verse novella *Hélène*; longtime associate professor of English at Pace University.

**Sylvester Pollet** (1939–2007) American poet in Maine, editor and printer of the Backwoods Broadsides chaplet series.

**Steve Potter** Nothing could be established.

**Mark Prejsnar** American poet and critic in Atlanta, a member of the collaborative Atlanta Poets Group.

**Duration Press** The account of Duration Press, Jerrold Shiroma's poetry press and online archive of international poetics.

**Phil Primeau** Nothing could be established.

**Pat Pritchett** American poet and critic, editor of *The Nature of Blood* and a scholar of Duncan, Blaser and the poetics of prophecy.

**The Poetry Project** The account of the Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church in-the-Bowery, New York.

**T-Bone Prone** Nothing could be established.

**Lanny Quarles** American poet and visual artist from Wichita Falls, Texas, based in Portland, Oregon; author of the long-running blog Phaneronoemikon.

**Peter Quartermain** English-born Canadian critic, emeritus at the University of British Columbia, editor of the *Collected Poems of Robert Duncan* and author of *Disjunctive Poetics*.

**Rova Saxophone Quartet** The account of Rova, the San Francisco saxophone quartet founded in 1977, a pioneering ensemble of avant-garde jazz.

**George Quasha** American poet and intermedia artist known for his axial drawings and preverbs; founder, with Susan Quasha, of Station Hill Press in Barrytown, New York.

**Larry Sawyer & Lina Ramona** Joint account of Chicago poets Larry Sawyer and Lina ramona Vitkauskas, co-editors of the online journal Milk Magazine.

**Andrew Rathmann** American critic and former editor of Chicago Review.

**Chicago Review** The account of Chicago Review, the literary quarterly edited by graduate students at the University of Chicago since 1946.

**Maureen Robins** Nothing could be established.

**Michael Robins** American poet, author of *The Next Settlement* and *Circus*; teaches at Columbia College Chicago.

**Anthony Robinson** American poet in Oregon, a founding editor of the poetry journal The Canary.

**John F. Roche** American poet who taught English at the Rochester Institute of Technology; author of *On Conesus* and *Road Ghosts*.

**Judy Roitman** American set theorist, professor emerita of mathematics at the University of Kansas, and poet; her collections include *Slippage* and *No Face*.

**Damian Judge Rollison** American critic; his essay on poetry hoaxes and internet identity appeared in the online journal Rhizomes.

**Jerry Rothenberg** (1931–2024) American poet, translator and anthologist, the founder of ethnopoetics and editor of *Technicians of the Sacred*.

**Michael Rothenberg** (1951–2022) American poet, editor of Big Bridge and founder of the worldwide 100 Thousand Poets for Change.

**Tracy Ruggles** Nothing could be established.

**Ken Rumble** American poet in Greensboro, North Carolina; author of *Key Bridge*, a book-length poem of Washington, DC.

**Road Runner** Nothing could be established.

**Layne Russell** Nothing could be established.

**Steve Russell** Nothing could be established.

**Linda Russo** American poet and ecopoetics scholar at Washington State University.

**Joseph Safdie** American poet and critic, author of *Scholarship* and *Coastal Zone*; taught English at San Diego Mesa College.

**Mark Salerno** American poet in Los Angeles and editor of the magazine Arshile; his books include *Hate* and *Method*.

**Alexander Saliby** Nothing could be established.

**Sarah Sarai** American poet living in New York; author of *The Future Is Happy*.

**Tom Savage** New York poet associated with the New York School; author of *Processed Words* and *Political Conditions Physical States*.

**Larry Sawyer** (1970–2025) Chicago poet, longtime editor of milk magazine and curator of the Myopic Books Poetry Series; author of *Unable to Fully California*.

**Leslie Scalapino** (1944–2010) American poet and publisher of O Books; a subject of this book as well as a contributor.

**Luke Schlueter** Nothing could be established.

**Simon Schuchat** American poet and retired diplomat; author of *Light and Shadow* and *At Baoshan*, translator of Dmitri Prigov's *Soviet Texts*.

**Susan M. Schultz** American poet and critic, professor at the University of Hawai'i at Mānoa and founding editor of Tinfish Press; books include *Memory Cards & Adoption Papers*.

**Barry Schwabsky** American art critic and poet, art critic for The Nation and author of *The Widening Circle*.

**Gerald Schwartz** American poet in upstate New York, publishing as G.E. Schwartz; author of *Only Others Are*.

**Mark Scroggins** American critic, biographer and poet; author of *The Poem of a Life*, the standard biography of Louis Zukofsky.

**Ravi Shankar** American poet and founding editor of the online journal Drunken Boat; longtime professor at Central Connecticut State University.

**Frank Sherlock** American poet, Poet Laureate of Philadelphia 2014–15, author of *Space Between These Lines Not Dedicated*.

**James Sherry** American Language poet and publisher; runs Roof Books and the Segue Foundation in New York, home of the Segue reading series.

**Jerrold Shiroma** American publisher and designer, founder of Duration Press and of the Seismicity Editions imprint.

**Larissa Shmailo** Russian-American poet, novelist and translator; translated Kruchenykh's Futurist opera *Victory over the Sun* and edited the anthology *Twenty-First Century Russian Poetry*.

**Steven Shoemaker** American scholar of modernist and Objectivist poetry; editor of *Thinking Poetics: Essays on George Oppen*.

**Lauren Shufran** American poet with a doctorate in early modern literature.

**Nathaniel Siegel** American poet and activist based in New York.

**Ron Silliman** American poet and critic, a central figure of Language writing and author of the lifelong long poem *The Alphabet*. His blog, begun in 2002, was for a decade the busiest site of argument in American poetry.

**Fluffy Singler** Nothing could be established.

**Jonathan Skinner** American poet and ecocritic, founder and editor of the journal ecopoetics.

**Charles Smith** Nothing could be established.

**Dale Smith** American poet and critic, co-editor of Skanky Possum and author of *Poets Beyond the Barricade*.

**Rod Smith** American poet, editor of Aerial and publisher of Edge Books, proprietor of Bridge Street Books in Washington.

**Danny Snelson** American poet, editor and scholar of publishing and media; teaches at UCLA and works on online archives such as Eclipse.

**Alan Sondheim** American writer, musician and net artist, among the first to make the mailing list itself a literary form; author of *the Internet Text*.

**Juliana Spahr** American poet and critic, co-editor of Chain and author of *This Connection of Everyone with Lungs*.

**Paula Speck** Nothing could be established.

**Jane Sprague** American poet and publisher; author of *The Port of Los Angeles* and editor of Palm Press, based in Long Beach, California.

**Gregory Vincent St** Thomasino.

**Minky Starshine** Nothing could be established.

**Brian Kim Stefans** American poet and digital artist, author of *Fashionable Noise* and maker of *The Dreamlife of Letters*.

**Hugh Steinberg** American poet; teaches writing at the California College of the Arts in San Francisco.

**Paul Stephens** American critic of the avant-garde; author of *The Poetics of Information Overload* and editor of the journal Convolution.

**Chris Stroffolino** American poet, critic and musician, author of *Stealer's Wheel* and a study of Shakespeare's comedies.

**Louis Stroffolino** Nothing could be established.

**Gary Sullivan** American poet, cartoonist and editor, who named Flarf and edited the magazine Elsewhere.

**Don Summerhayes** Canadian poet and professor emeritus of English at York University, Toronto.

**Erik Sweet** Nothing could be established.

**Todd Swift** Canadian-British poet and editor in London; author of *Seaway: New and Selected Poems*; founded Eyewear Publishing.

**Karl-Erik Tallmo** Swedish writer, artist and journalist, an early figure in Swedish net culture; edits the online arts magazine The Art Bin.

**Joseph Thomas** American scholar of children's literature and poetry at San Diego State University; author of *Poetry's Playground*.

**George Thompson** Nothing could be established.

**Steve Tills** American poet; runs the small press theenk Books in upstate New York.

**John Tranter** Australian poet and founding editor of Jacket, the magazine that did for the web what the little magazines had done for print.

**Keith Tuma** American critic at Miami University, editor of the *Anthology of Twentieth-Century British and Irish Poetry*.

**Lawrence Upton** (1949–2020) English poet and sound artist, co-director of Writers Forum after Bob Cobbing.

**Aaron Vidaver** Canadian poet and editor in Vancouver; edited the Woodsquat issue of West Coast Line.

**Stephen Vincent** American poet, publisher of Momo's Press and maker of walking and drawing works; his blog Sightings covered the Bay Area for years.

**Aviva Vogel** Nothing could be established.

**Diane Wald** American poet and novelist living near Boston; author of *Lucid Suitcase* and the novel *My Famous Brain*.

**Lewis Warsh** (1944–2020) American poet and publisher; co-founded Angel Hair with Anne Waldman and United Artists with Bernadette Mayer; founding director of the MFA program at Long Island University.

**Barrett Watten** American poet and critic, editor of This and co-editor of Poetics Journal; author of *Total Syntax*.

**Joel Weishaus** American poet, digital artist and essayist, long an artist-in-residence at Portland State University.

**Mark Weiss** (1943–2023) American poet, translator of Cuban poetry and publisher of Junction Press.

**Gabrielle Welford** Writer and teacher; took a doctorate in English at the University of Hawai‘i.

**D. Wellman** Donald Wellman, American poet and translator, editor of the *O.ARS* anthology series.

**Dillon Westbrook** Nothing could be established.

**Susan Wheeler** American poet; author of *Bag 'o' Diamonds* and the National Book Award finalist *Meme*; directed the creative writing program at Princeton University.

**Tyrone Williams** (1954–2024) American poet and critic at Xavier University in Cincinnati, author of *c.c.* and *On Spec*.

**Dustin Williamson** Nothing could be established.

**Rob Wilson** American critic and scholar of the Pacific; professor of literature at the University of California, Santa Cruz.

**Christopher Leland Winks** American critic and translator of Caribbean literature; teaches comparative literature at Queens College, CUNY.

**Laura Winton** Nothing could be established.

**Robert Zamsky** American critic of innovative poetry; author of *Orphic Bend: Music and Innovative Poetics*; teaches at New College of Florida.

**Dave Zauhar** Nothing could be established.

**Komninos Zervos** Greek-Australian performance poet and cyberpoetry pioneer whose animated and interactive multimedia poems moved his work online.

**Daniel Zimmerman** American poet; an editor of the Buffalo magazine Anonym; author of *Post-Avant*.

**Harriet Zinnes** (1919–2019) American poet, art critic and translator, longtime professor at Queens College, CUNY; books include *Entropisms*.

**Joseph Zitt** American sound and performance poet working between text, voice and music.

# A Note on the Text

The source is the UB Poetics List archive as served by the Electronic Poetry Center at Buffalo: two hundred and forty-two monthly files, 2,156 messages selected out of a hundred and twenty thousand seven hundred and sixty-four. Nothing has been abridged. Every message printed here is printed whole.

An entry was made wherever a message reported a particular person's death. The initial post stands alone at the head of the entry, its byline in oxblood; everything else the list wrote stands beneath the three points, in the order it arrived, whatever subject line it flew under and whether or not it replies directly. A message belongs to an entry if it names the person, or if it arrived on a thread where somebody did, or if it quotes a message that did — the list drifts from a death to the films to the reissue and keeps the subject only in its head. Newsletters and calendars are excluded however many names they carry, and where a message is contained in an earlier one and adds nothing of its own it has been dropped as a re-forwarding.

The initial post is set at full measure. Every message after it is indented beneath a light rule and set one size smaller, so that the shape of an entry — one notice, and then a room — can be seen from across the page. Messages are numbered continuously through the volume; each number links back to the Register.

Contributors are named as the archive names them, including lowercase handles; only case and format variants of one signature have been merged, and only in the Register and the Index. Life dates are printed only where the list itself supplied them, which is why 368 of 383 entries in this volume carry them and the rest do not. Quoted-back text is set in the muted face against a rule; verse, tables and ASCII keep their original line breaks and spacing. Telephone numbers are blacked out.

The headnotes in teal beneath each name are the editor's. Twenty-seven across the two volumes are written out; the rest are assembled — an identification, the circumstances of the death where the notice gives them, whether the person had posted to this list themselves, and the shape of what followed. A phrase inside quotation marks in a headnote is the list's own wording, not the editor's. The introduction is the editor's throughout, and every phrase inside curly quotation marks in it is verbatim from the archive.

Life dates and identifications come from outside the archive as well as inside it. Each of the 382 people named here was looked up against reference sources: where a birth or death year could be verified it is printed plain, where a birth year has been inferred from an age the notice states it is printed with a c., and where only the year of the notice is known the entry reads d. with that year. Eight threads were removed on the strength of that checking — the person had died more than a year earlier, and the list was remembering rather than reporting.

The forwarded newspaper obituaries are other people's copyrighted prose. They are kept because the act of forwarding was, on this list, the act of mourning, and an edition that removed them would misrepresent what the record contains.